

# LORE OF THE KINSFOLK

## BOOK VI



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## Book VI

*A nine-volume anthology edited and compiled by*  
D.S. BLAIS

First Edition  
MMXVII

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For my sons.

*Ac se maga geonga under his maéges scyld elne  
geéode þá his ágen wæs glédum forgrunden.*



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# Introduction

*Lore of the Kinsfolk* is a large anthology of literature that reflects the cultural soul and values of our “Germanic,” “Nordic,” and “Celtic” European ancestors. While these ethnic terms are broad and imprecise, they provide sufficient distinction for there exists within their spiritual nexus a markedly different *Weltanschauung* from those of other cultures.

But what is this world-view? What is the true nature of our forefathers, our folk? I take the position that the best way we can discover the answer is through direct experience of their works. Thanks to the availability of their primary sources, we may “hear” the voices of our ancestors once more in their songs, sagas, epics, and chronicles. In this way their histories return to life as their sentiments and wisdom are renewed and reawakened within our own lives.

Until the availability of this compilation, an anthology such as this was lacking. To understand why, let us look at the “Great Books” and “Western Canon.” Though sometimes pilloried as out-moded and archaic, these canonical selections are still taught in many universities and should be considered carefully with a mind to not only what is included, but also what is excluded. Specifically, what is the perspective of the scholar who chooses Adam Smith over Thomas Malory, *Paradise Lost* over the *Song of Roland*, and so on?

The perspective of such a scholar is not at all original, but instead extends tastes which have their origin in the 14th century with the Renaissance and its disparagement of what Petrarch called the “Dark Ages.” There are three chief roots to this mentality, which so displaced our indigenous one and now completely possesses the modern world: (1) the Black Plague which spread with trade and altered the appearance of the world from one of divine order to that of a grim lottery, (2) the “Little Ice Age” that collapsed the agriculture of the Medieval Warm Period, and (3) Levantine trading and lending practices spreading through Europe, especially as the *Reconquista* ended *al-Andalus*. Together these instilled abstracted, rationalistic materialism and erected an irreconcilable barrier between Nature and Self.

As I have argued in *Mysteries of the Obvious*, the penchant and skill of the Jewish people for cosmopolitan trade was formed in the survival strategies of the Near Eastern sociological and climatological milieu following desertification. This climate change was central to the fall of the previous agriculturally-rooted kingdoms of the Near East, as that fertile, orderly, and harmonious natural world was turned to chaos, plunging good and bad alike into the throes of misfortune.

During this time the hostility of natural forces outside of human control led many to a sense of alienation from life; a perception of divine order as either cruel, indifferent, or nonexistent; and a resulting cynical egoistical materialism. The resource scarcity encouraged competition and selfishness as short-term personal opportunism prevailed over long-term social good, practical strategies in a starving land filled with predatory raiders. When the Black Plague and climate change occurred in Europe, a similar shift in the perception of Nature followed, most especially in the cities where the links to Her spirit were already tenuous and it is indeed in the cities of northern Italy that we first see the resolve of the old European spirit crumble into ruin.

The Jewish merchants and moneylenders who entered Florence found their Gentile champions in the Medici family, who pro-

tested and encouraged the Jewish population and trade practices. The House of Medici, bankrolled by the Jewish moneylenders whose wealth greatly expanded in the Islamic “Golden Age,” became exceedingly rich and powerful. The Medici possessed the largest bank in Europe through the 15th century, sired three popes and many royals, and lent to avaricious royalty throughout Europe.

Jewish collaboration with Gentiles towards international corporatism or imperialism may be found earlier in Rome, among the Muslim Caliphates, onwards through Europe via the Renaissance and Enlightenment, and ongoing in this corrupt age of Modernity. The style of Jewish-Gentile partnership capitalizes on the respective strengths of Jewish financial acumen and legalism in conjunction with Gentile military and industrial power. Contrary to the rhetoric of simplistic anti-Semites, this situation is not due to manipulation or exploitation on the part of the Jews, but transparently achieves precisely what both collaborating parties want, namely power and wealth — of exaggerated importance in desperate times as with decaying Rome or plague-ridden Europe.

Though the oligarchs thereby advance, the congress of commercial enterprise is not without its casualties and detractors, and perhaps no values are truly more antithetical to it than those of our European ancestors. Our concepts of Honor and Love are entirely opposed to the peddler’s *ethos*; the basis of the former is Nature and the deep sense of belonging to Her, while that of the latter is a rationalistic abstraction of life and spirituality entirely away from our Earthly origin to an abstract conception of Universe and Self. These two world views are not simply different perspectives of the same truth, but two diametrically opposed directions of the soul to or away from the real, living natural world.

Chivalry cannot abide Capitalism, nor the contrary. To defeat the obstacle posed to trade, the merchant must disarm the knight; neuter the old concepts of masculinity and femininity; replace “person” with “consumer;” mock sacrifice, loyalty, and honor; and endlessly advertise the Self over the Folk, that is, the individual over their larger sense of belonging within Nature.

Thus it is was that Petrarch, the Tuscan father of Renaissance, was to first describe the previous era as the “Dark Age” (i.e. *saeculum obscurum*), elevating the Greeks and Romans of antiquity while debasing the European successors as ignorant primitives. The Renaissance is the reaction that he and other Northern Italians, informed by cynicism derived of pestilence and famine, initially fashioned in choosing the glittering ephemerality of wealthy and decadent past empires over the ancestral European outlook. While the ancestral outlook could be characterized as ultimately based on the intimate faith in Nature’s inherent goodness and correctness (i.e. the harmonious expression of the divine in the Middle World), the future mentality was utterly aloof from such pedestrianly mundane notions of God, Soul, and Nature.

The New Man of commerce, technology, and imperialism would spread the inticements of the Jews and their imitative collaborators into Belgium, Amsterdam, England, and throughout Europe, promoting his cosmopolitan oligarchical *ethos* everywhere he went. Fresh imperialism caught on fire, profitable colonies were established overseas, ruthless slavery came back into vogue, the cruel Jehovah replaced the compassionate Christ — and subsequently was entirely displaced with Spinoza, Hobbes, Diderot, *et al* — and thereafter all “enlightened” people only

looked with embarrassment and contempt upon those ridiculous old views of the past.

And, so it is that conventional scholars ever since may find Shakespeare's street-smart wit or Cervantes' satirical mocking palatable, but reject the Matter of Britain as unworthy of canonical inclusion. Mortimer J. Alder's famed *Great Books of the Western World* well demonstrates this myopia. After eighteen massive volumes of classical works, not a single piece is included from the eight hundred years spanning Augustine to Aquinas! The modern corruption of value is so great that hundreds of pages of pointless astronomical tables from Kepler and Copernicus are included, but not a paragraph of the Nordic Sagas. And, why but because science and technology are so exceptionally valued in our present society — not due to an innate love of Natural Philosophy or Natural History, but because of their singular utility to commercial advantage!

Some have cast this conflict as a theological one, positing that the Church stifled creativity and imagination prior to the Renaissance. This belief reveals a tremendous myth in the historical understanding of the Christian religion, one that the religion's defenders and detractors both like to perpetuate: that the Christian religion of the Middle Ages is the same slavish, biblical creed as that of today, ignoring the hidden truth of the Reformation. In actuality, the historical Christianity of our ancestors was far more a reflection and furtherance of their own inherent nature than the supposed alien imposition of a Jewish sect.

To understand this, let us consider some facts. Once Imperial Rome had sufficiently weakened due to their own decadence and overreaching dilution, our kinsmen, the Visigoths, sacked Rome and German law, as with the *Visigothic Code*, replaced Roman law over the Western stretches of the former Roman Empire. Unlike the Roman subjects of Constantine *et al*, Christianity was not imposed on the ruling tribes or their kinsmen, but voluntarily adopted over time by the Northern peoples.

Why did Christianity appeal to them? Christianity was, from the beginning, a highly accessible and universal theological system formed from a mosaic of other beliefs including Roman paganism, Mithraism, Stoicism, and Buddhism. Until the dogmatism of the philo-Semitic Puritans and their restoration of Old Testament legalism, Christianity in practice was largely a matter of adopting what most resonated with the believer as variously realized from sect to sect, people to people. Our ancestors could see the strong similarities in the astro-theological underpinnings of Christianity to their heathen systems which had thousands of years travelled with them in their migration from the winnowing agricultural lands of the Near East. Free to adapt Christianity as they wished, they accepted and encouraged what they found interesting, useful, and true, while simultaneously preserving their own beliefs and practices. This was very much like the Roman's espousal of Greek mythology, and they were free to fit the religion to the mold they wished so that it was additive to, rather than subtractive from their own extant philosophies.

This adaption occurred in just the same manner as when the Franks adopted and shaped the Latin language into what we now know as French. Valuing Latin's vocabulary, grammar, literature, and wide usage, the Franks, Burgundians, *et al* repurposed the Roman's language for their own expressive goals, preserving Germanic linguistic traits but, more importantly, the overall personality of their own folk. Thus, Christianity through the Middle Ages, while not a Germanic invention, was a Germanic (and Celtic) *adaptation* of a flexible, complex religion into their own existing spiritual frameworks, from the Yggdrasil tree of salvation to the Celtic Cross.

A tremendous example of this is given us by the *Heliand*, the Saxon gospel of the 9th century. After the tyrannical behavior of Charlemagne towards the Saxons, a different approach by the Frankish Christians was used to convert the remaining pagans. Radically dissimilar from the conventional gospels of Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John, the Saxon gospel has a great many divergences from the traditional story of Jesus, portraying him and his Apostles as honorable and brave warriors. Jesus himself is shown as a heroic warrior chief imbued with pagan magical ability, his story a strong fusion of Germanic and early Christian *mythoi*.

As with Christianity, the ideas of our ancestors being generally brutish and cruel, predisposed to early deaths, and acutely scientifically ignorant are wholly in error. Fortunately, this older view of medievalism, so widely propagated by the Renaissance and its followers, has been undergoing a significant revisionism at the hands of some academics. This began with the Romantics, themselves a reaction to the inhumanity of modernity and industrialism, many of whom embraced the spirit of the past and sought to continue its traditions into their own time.

In fact, the true nature of our ancestral character is shown by its honorableness, compassion, piety, idealism, humaneness, and vigor. As such, it reflects the best aspects of the continued soul of our European folk. For the truth is that the so-called "Dark Ages" were really the *Living Ages*, as every interaction was with an intelligent, organismic entity and perceived as within a like-wise Holism. Whereas commercial and, now, mechanical interactions have robbed life of its natural depth, our past kinsfolk lived fully amidst its inherent living complexity. For our ancestors, all of the world was an orderly, living organism, interdependent and related; all the world was a manifestation of the living nature god-head.

The Greeks and Romans were both peoples originally from the North, both spoke Indo-European languages, and both had many cultural traits familiar to our own. This connection is particularly evident with the Romans, and it was a difficult decision to omit works by the Romans, including Virgil's *Aeneid*, Plutarch's *Lives*, the especially insightful works by Julius Caesar and Tacitus on Gaul and Germania, and so on. Likewise, there are strong relations to be found in Slavic literature and such Eastern European history as Nestor's *Tales of Past Years*, but a choice was made to specifically feature the continuous inner path of the Western and Northern Europeans, in no small part because the *Lore* already exceeds 5,000,000 words. Perhaps these deficiencies and others will be remedied in future editions.

The fundamental nature of reality and our own spiritual instincts remain the same as when our ancestors wrote the works that follow. All that has really changed are the form and pervasiveness of the illusions and confutations we face. We can find inspiration in the like-minded revival of the old truths by certain Romantics, several of whom are included in the latter sections of the *Lore* for the beauty and authenticity of their continuations. These recent ancestors remind us that we can today still listen to and learn from the wisdom of our ancient kinsmen, and thereby rekindle within our hearts the truth of our blood, our world, and our soul.

Not only *can* we do this, but this what we *must* do! For it is the path back to reality, back to truth, and back to Nature in all of Her beautiful splendor. The works in the *Lore* are not merely historical relics; they are a sacred heirloom which has been passed to you so that you may live as accords your natural being. Listen to the *Lore of the Kinsfolk* and hear in the spirits of your ancestors your own living nature. And for you who hearken to the call of your forefathers, may their words cause your heart and mind to follow the wisdom of heroes over the wending path of time and fate.

— D.S. Blais, Vinland, December 2017

# Malory: Le Morte d'Arthur

## BOOK I.

**CHAPTER I. How Uther Pendragon sent for the duke of Cornwall and Igraine his wife, and of their departing suddenly again.** IT befell in the days of Uther Pendragon, when he was king of all England, and so reigned, that there was a mighty duke in Cornwall that held war against him long time. And the duke was called the Duke of Tintagil. And so by means King Uther sent for this duke, charging him to bring his wife with him, for she was called a fair lady, and a passing wise, and her name was called Igraine.

So when the duke and his wife were come unto the king, by the means of great lords they were accorded both. The king liked and loved this lady well, and he made them great cheer out of measure, and desired to have lain by her. But she was a passing good woman, and would not assent unto the king. And then she told the duke her husband, and said, I suppose that we were sent for that I should be dishonoured; wherefore, husband, I counsel you, that we depart from hence suddenly, that we may ride all night unto our own castle. And in like wise as she said so they departed, that neither the king nor none of his council were ware of their departing. All so soon as King Uther knew of their departing so suddenly, he was wonderly wroth. Then he called to him his privy council, and told them of the sudden departing of the duke and his wife.

Then they advised the king to send for the duke and his wife by a great charge; and if he will not come at your summons, then may ye do your best, then have ye cause to make mighty war upon him. So that was done, and the messengers had their answers; and that was this shortly, that neither he nor his wife would not come at him.

Then was the king wonderly wroth. And then the king sent him plain word again, and bade him be ready and stuff him and garnish him, for within forty days he would fetch him out of the biggest castle that he hath.

When the duke had this warning, anon he went and furnished and garnished two strong castles of his, of the which the one hight Tintagil, and the other castle hight Terrabil. So his wife Dame Igraine he put in the castle of Tintagil, and himself he put in the castle of Terrabil, the which had many issues and posterns out. Then in all haste came Uther with a great host, and laid a siege about the castle of Terrabil. And there he pight many pavilions, and there was great war made on both parties, and much people slain. Then for pure anger and for great love of fair Igraine the king Uther fell sick. So came to the king Uther Sir Ulfius, a noble knight, and asked the king why he was sick. I shall tell thee, said the king, I am sick for anger and for love of fair Igraine, that I may not be whole. Well, my lord, said Sir Ulfius, I shall seek Merlin, and he shall do you remedy, that your heart shall be pleased. So Ulfius departed, and by adventure he met Merlin in a beggar's array, and there Merlin asked Ulfius whom he sought. And he said he had little ado to tell him. Well, said Merlin, I know whom thou seekest, for thou seekest Merlin; therefore seek no farther, for I am he; and if King Uther will well reward me, and be sworn unto me to fulfil my desire, that shall be his honour and profit more than mine; for I shall cause him to have all his desire. All this will I undertake, said Ulfius, that there shall be nothing reasonable but thou shalt have thy desire. Well, said Merlin, he shall have his intent and desire. And therefore, said Merlin, ride on your way, for I will not

be long behind.

**CHAPTER II. How Uther Pendragon made war on the duke of Cornwall, and how by the mean of Merlin he lay by the duchess and gat Arthur.** THEN Ulfius was glad, and rode on more than a pace till that he came to King Uther Pendragon, and told him he had met with Merlin. Where is he? said the king. Sir, said Ulfius, he will not dwell long. Therewithal Ulfius was ware where Merlin stood at the porch of the pavilion's door. And then Merlin was bound to come to the king. When King Uther saw him, he said he was welcome. Sir, said Merlin, I know all your heart every deal; so ye will be sworn unto me as ye be a true king anointed, to fulfil my desire, ye shall have your desire. Then the king was sworn upon the Four Evangelists. Sir, said Merlin, this is my desire: the first night that ye shall lie by Igraine ye shall get a child on her, and when that is born, that it shall be delivered to me for to nourish there as I will have it; for it shall be your worship, and the child's avail, as mickle as the child is worth. I will well, said the king, as thou wilt have it. Now make you ready, said Merlin, this night ye shall lie with Igraine in the castle of Tintagil; and ye shall be like the duke her husband, Ulfius shall be like Sir Brastias, a knight of the duke's, and I will be like a knight that hight Sir Jordanus, a knight of the duke's. But wait ye make not many questions with her nor her men, but say ye are diseased, and so hie you to bed, and rise not on the morn till I come to you, for the castle of Tintagil is but ten miles hence; so this was done as they devised. But the duke of Tintagil espied how the king rode from the siege of Terrabil, and therefore that night he issued out of the castle at a postern for to have distressed the king's host. And so, through his own issue, the duke himself was slain or ever the king came at the castle of Tintagil.

So after the death of the duke, King Uther lay with Igraine more than three hours after his death, and begat on her that night Arthur, and on day came Merlin to the king, and bade him make him ready, and so he kissed the lady Igraine and departed in all haste. But when the lady heard tell of the duke her husband, and by all record he was dead or ever King Uther came to her, then she marvelled who that might be that lay with her in likeness of her lord; so she mourned privily and held her peace. Then all the barons by one assent prayed the king of accord betwixt the lady Igraine and him; the king gave them leave, for fain would he have been accorded with her. So the king put all the trust in Ulfius to entreat between them, so by the entreaty at the last the king and she met together. Now will we do well, said Ulfius, our king is a lusty knight and wifeless, and my lady Igraine is a passing fair lady; it were great joy unto us all, an it might please the king to make her his queen. Unto that they all well accorded and moved it to the king. And anon, like a lusty knight, he assented thereto with good will, and so in all haste they were married in a morning with great mirth and joy.

And King Lot of Lothian and of Orkney then wedded Margawse that was Gawaine's mother, and King Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elaine. All this was done at the request of King Uther. And the third sister Morgan le Fay was put to school in a nunnery, and there she learned so much that she was a great clerk of necromancy. And after she was wedded to King Uriens of the land of Gore, that was Sir Ewain's le Blanchemain's father.

**CHAPTER III. Of the birth of King Arthur and of his nurture.** THEN Queen Igraine waxed daily greater and greater, so it befell after within half a year, as King Uther lay by his queen, he asked her, by the faith she owed to him, whose was the body; then she sore abashed to give answer. Dismay you not, said the king, but tell me the truth, and I shall love you the better, by the faith of my body. Sir, said she, I shall tell you the truth. The same night that my lord was dead, the hour of his death, as his knights record, there came into my castle of Tintagil a man like my lord in speech and in countenance, and two knights with him in likeness of his two knights Brastias and Jordanus, and so I went unto bed with him as I ought to do with my lord, and the same night, as I shall answer unto God, this child was begotten upon me. That is truth, said the king, as ye say; for it was I myself that came in the likeness, and therefore dismay you not, for I am father of the child; and there he told her all the cause, how it was by Merlin's counsel. Then the queen made great joy when she knew who was the father of her child.

Soon came Merlin unto the king, and said, Sir, ye must purvey you for the nourishing of your child. As thou wilt, said the king, be it. Well, said Merlin, I know a lord of yours in this land, that is a passing true man and a faithful, and he shall have the nourishing of your child, and his name is Sir Ector, and he is a lord of fair livelihood in many parts in England and Wales; and this lord, Sir Ector, let him be sent for, for to come and speak with you, and desire him yourself, as he loveth you, that he will put his own child to nourishing to another woman, and that his wife nourish yours. And when the child is born let it be delivered to me at yonder privy postern unchristened. So like as Merlin devised it was done. And when Sir Ector was come he made fiancée to the king for to nourish the child like as the king desired; and there the king granted Sir Ector great rewards. Then when the lady was delivered, the king commanded two knights and two ladies to take the child, bound in a cloth of gold, and that ye deliver him to what poor man ye meet at the postern gate of the castle. So the child was delivered unto Merlin, and so he bare it forth unto Sir Ector, and made an holy man to christen him, and named him Arthur; and so Sir Ector's wife nourished him with her own pap.

**CHAPTER IV. Of the death of King Uther Pendragon.** THEN within two years King Uther fell sick of a great malady. And in the meanwhile his enemies usurped upon him, and did a great battle upon his men, and slew many of his people. Sir, said Merlin, ye may not lie so as ye do, for ye must to the field though ye ride on an horse-litter: for ye shall never have the better of your enemies but if your person be there, and then shall ye have the victory. So it was done as Merlin had devised, and they carried the king forth in an horse-litter with a great host towards his enemies. And at St. Albans there met with the king a great host of the North. And that day Sir Ulfius and Sir Brastias did great deeds of arms, and King Uther's men overcame the Northern battle and slew many people, and put the remnant to flight. And then the king returned unto London, and made great joy of his victory. And then he fell passing sore sick, so that three days and three nights he was speechless: wherefore all the barons made great sorrow, and asked Merlin what counsel were best. There is none other remedy, said Merlin, but God will have his will. But look ye all barons be before King Uther to-morn, and God and I shall make him to speak. So on the morn all the barons with Merlin came to-fore the king; then Merlin said aloud unto King Uther, Sir, shall your son Arthur be king after your days, of this realm with all the appurtenance? Then Uther Pendragon turned him, and said in hearing of them all, I give him God's blessing and mine, and bid him pray for my soul, and righteously and worshipfully that he claim the crown, upon forfeiture of my blessing; and therewith he yielded up the ghost, and then was he interred as longed to a king. Wherefore the queen, fair Igraine, made great sorrow, and all the barons.

**CHAPTER V. How Arthur was chosen king, and of wonders and marvels of a sword taken out of a stone by the said Arthur.** THEN stood the realm in great jeopardy long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop

of Canterbury, and counselled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come by Christmas, upon pain of cursing; and for this cause, that Jesus, that was born on that night, that he would of his great mercy show some miracle, as he was come to be king of mankind, for to show some miracle who should be rightful king of this realm. So the Archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms that they should come by Christmas even unto London. And many of them made them clean of their life, that their prayer might be the more acceptable unto God. So in the greatest church of London, whether it were Paul's or not the French book maketh no mention, all the estates were long or day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone; and in midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus:—Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightful king born of all England. Then the people marvelled, and told it to the Archbishop. I command, said the Archbishop, that ye keep you within your church and pray unto God still, that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done. So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture some assayed, such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. He is not here, said the Archbishop, that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel, said the Archbishop, that we let purvey ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword. So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should assay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a jousts and a tournament, that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play, and all this was ordained for to keep the lords together and the commons, for the Archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword.

So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur that was his nourished brother; and Sir Kay was made knight at All Hallowmass afore. So as they rode to the jousts-ward, Sir Kay lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. I will well, said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day. So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alighted and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at the jousting. And so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said: Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be king of this land. When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alighted all three, and went into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay swear upon a book how he came to that sword. Sir, said Sir Kay, by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me. How gat ye this sword? said Sir Ector to Arthur. Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword; and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain. Found ye any knights about this sword? said Sir Ector. Nay, said Arthur. Now, said Sir Ector to Arthur, I understand ye must be king of this land. Wherefore I, said Arthur, and for what cause? Sir, said Ector, for God will have it so; for there should never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be rightful king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again. That is no

mastery, said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone; wherewithal Sir Ector assayed to pull out the sword and failed.

**CHAPTER VI. How King Arthur pulled out the sword divers times.** Now assay, said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might; but it would not be. Now shall ye assay, said Sir Ector to Arthur. I will well, said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth, and Sir Kay. Alas, said Arthur, my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me? Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so; I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wot well ye are of an higher blood than I weened ye were. And then Sir Ector told him all, how he was betaken him for to nourish him, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance.

Then Arthur made great dole when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father. Sir, said Ector unto Arthur, will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king? Else were I to blame, said Arthur, for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholden to, and my good lady and mother your wife, that as well as her own hath fostered me and kept. And if ever it be God's will that I be king as ye say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you; God forbid I should fail you Sir, said Sir Ector, I will ask no more of you, but that ye will make my son, your foster brother, Sir Kay, seneschal of all your lands. That shall be done, said Arthur, and more, by the faith of my body, that never man shall have that office but he, while he and I live. Therewithal they went unto the Archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth-day all the barons came thither, and to assay to take the sword, who that would assay. But there afore them all, there might none take it out but Arthur; wherefore there were many lords wroth, and said it was great shame unto them all and the realm, to be overgoverned with a boy of no high blood born. And so they fell out at that time that it was put off till Candlemas and then all the barons should meet there again; but always the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword day and night, and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched. So at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore aggrieved and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur sped before, so did he at Easter; yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off in a delay till the feast of Pentecost.

Then the Archbishop of Canterbury by Merlin's providence let purvey then of the best knights that they might get, and such knights as Uther Pendragon loved best and most trusted in his days. And such knights were put about Arthur as Sir Baudwin of Britain, Sir Kay, Sir Ulfius, Sir Brastias. All these, with many other, were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

**CHAPTER VII. How King Arthur was crowned, and how he made officers.** AND at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men assayed to pull at the sword that would assay; but none might prevail but Arthur, and pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were there, wherefore all the commons cried at once, We will have Arthur unto our king, we will put him no more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it, we will slay him. And therewithal they kneeled at once, both rich and poor, and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long, and Arthur forgave them, and took the sword between both his hands, and offered it upon the altar where the Archbishop was, and so was he made knight of the best man that was there. And so anon was the coronation made. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life. Also then he made all lords that held of the crown to come in, and to do service as they ought to do. And many complaints were made unto Sir Arthur of great wrongs that were done since the death of King Uther, of many lands that were bereaved lords, knights, ladies, and gentlemen. Wherefore King Arthur made the lands to be given again unto them that owned

them.

When this was done, that the king had stablished all the countries about London, then he let make Sir Kay seneschal of England; and Sir Baudwin of Britain was made constable; and Sir Ulfius was made chamberlain; and Sir Brastias was made warden to wait upon the north from Trent forwards, for it was that time the most party the king's enemies. But within few years after Arthur won all the north, Scotland, and all that were under their obeissance. Also Wales, a part of it, held against Arthur, but he overcame them all, as he did the remnant, through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table.

**CHAPTER VIII. How King Arthur held in Wales, at a Pentecost, a great feast, and what kings and lords came to his feast.** THEN the king removed into Wales, and let cry a great feast that it should be holden at Pentecost after the incorporation of him at the city of Carlion. Unto the feast came King Lot of Lothian and of Orkney, with five hundred knights with him. Also there came to the feast King Uriens of Gore with four hundred knights with him. Also there came to that feast King Nentres of Carlot, with seven hundred knights with him. Also there came to the feast the king of Scotland with six hundred knights with him, and he was but a young man. Also there came to the feast a king that was called the King with the Hundred Knights, but he and his men were passing well beseen at all points. Also there came the king of Carados with five hundred knights. And King Arthur was glad of their coming, for he weened that all the kings and knights had come for great love, and to have done him worship at his feast; wherefore the king made great joy, and sent the kings and knights great presents. But the kings would none receive, but rebuked the messengers shamefully, and said they had no joy to receive no gifts of a beardless boy that was come of low blood, and sent him word they would none of his gifts, but that they were come to give him gifts with hard swords betwixt the neck and the shoulders: and therefore they came thither, so they told to the messengers plainly, for it was great shame to all them to see such a boy to have a rule of so noble a realm as this land was. With this answer the messengers departed and told to King Arthur this answer. Wherefore, by the advice of his barons, he took him to a strong tower with five hundred good men with him. And all the kings aforesaid in a manner laid a siege to-for him, but King Arthur was well victualled. And within fifteen days there came Merlin among them into the city of Carlion. Then all the kings were passing glad of Merlin, and asked him, For what cause is that boy Arthur made your king? Sirs, said Merlin, I shall tell you the cause, for he is King Uther Pendragon's son, born in wedlock, gotten on Igraine, the duke's wife of Tintagil. Then is he a bastard, they said all. Nay, said Merlin, after the death of the duke, more than three hours, was Arthur begotten, and thirteen days after King Uther wedded Igraine; and therefore I prove him he is no bastard. And who saith nay, he shall be king and overcome all his enemies; and, or he die, he shall be long king of all England, and have under his obeissance Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, and more realms than I will now rehearse. Some of the kings had marvel of Merlin's words, and deemed well that it should be as he said; and some of them laughed him to scorn, as King Lot; and more other called him a witch. But then were they accorded with Merlin, that King Arthur should come out and speak with the kings, and to come safe and to go safe, such surance there was made. So Merlin went unto King Arthur, and told him how he had done, and bade him fear not, but come out boldly and speak with them, and spare them not, but answer them as their king and chieftain; for ye shall overcome them all, whether they will or nill.

**CHAPTER IX. Of the first war that King Arthur had, and how he won the field.** THEN King Arthur came out of his tower, and had under his gown a jesseraunt of double mail, and there went with him the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Baudwin of Britain, and Sir Kay, and Sir Brastias: these were the men of most worship that were with him. And when they were met there was no meekness, but stout words on both sides; but always King Arthur answered them, and said he would make them to bow as he lived. Wherefore they departed with wrath, and King Arthur bade keep them well, and they bade the king keep him well. So the

king returned him to the tower again and armed him and all his knights. What will ye do? said Merlin to the kings; ye were better for to stint, for ye shall not here prevail though ye were ten times so many. Be we well advised to be afeared of a dream-reader? said King Lot. With that Merlin vanished away, and came to King Arthur, and bade him set on them fiercely; and in the meanwhile there were three hundred good men, of the best that were with the kings, that went straight unto King Arthur, and that comforted him greatly. Sir, said Merlin to Arthur, fight not with the sword that ye had by miracle, till that ye see ye go unto the worse, then draw it out and do your best. So forthwith King Arthur set upon them in their lodging. And Sir Baudwin, Sir Kay, and Sir Brastias slew on the right hand and on the left hand that it was marvel; and always King Arthur on horseback laid on with a sword, and did marvellous deeds of arms, that many of the kings had great joy of his deeds and hardness.

Then King Lot brake out on the back side, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and King Carados, and set on Arthur fiercely behind him. With that Sir Arthur turned with his knights, and smote behind and before, and ever Sir Arthur was in the foremost press till his horse was slain underneath him. And therewith King Lot smote down King Arthur. With that his four knights received him and set him on horseback. Then he drew his sword Excalibur, but it was so bright in his enemies' eyes, that it gave light like thirty torches. And therewith he put them a-back, and slew much people. And then the commons of Carlion arose with clubs and staves and slew many knights; but all the kings held them together with their knights that were left alive, and so fled and departed. And Merlin came unto Arthur, and counselled him to follow them no further.

**CHAPTER X. How Merlin counselled King Arthur to send for King Ban and King Bors, and of their counsel taken for the war.** SO after the feast and journey, King Arthur drew him unto London, and so by the counsel of Merlin, the king let call his barons to council, for Merlin had told the king that the six kings that made war upon him would in all haste be awroke on him and on his lands. Wherefore the king asked counsel at them all. They could no counsel give, but said they were big enough. Ye say well, said Arthur; I thank you for your good courage, but will ye all that loveth me speak with Merlin? ye know well that he hath done much for me, and he knoweth many things, and when he is afore you, I would that ye prayed him heartily of his best advice. All the barons said they would pray him and desire him. So Merlin was sent for, and fair desired of all the barons to give them best counsel. I shall say you, said Merlin, I warn you all, your enemies are passing strong for you, and they are good men of arms as be alive, and by this time they have gotten to them four kings more, and a mighty duke; and unless that our king have more chivalry with him than he may make within the bounds of his own realm, an he fight with them in battle, he shall be overcome and slain. What were best to do in this cause? said all the barons. I shall tell you, said Merlin, mine advice; there are two brethren beyond the sea, and they be kings both, and marvellous good men of their hands; and that one hight King Ban of Benwick, and that other hight King Bors of Gaul, that is France. And on these two kings warreth a mighty man of men, the King Claudas, and striveth with them for a castle, and great war is betwixt them. But this Claudas is so mighty of goods whereof he getteth good knights, that he putteth these two kings most part to the worse; wherefore this is my counsel, that our king and sovereign lord send unto the kings Ban and Bors by two trusty knights with letters well devised, that an they will come and see King Arthur and his court, and so help him in his wars, that he will be sworn unto them to help them in their wars against King Claudas. Now, what say ye unto this counsel? said Merlin. This is well counselled, said the king and all the barons.

Right so in all haste there were ordained to go two knights on the message unto the two kings. So were there made letters in the pleasant wise according unto King Arthur's desire. Ulfius and Brastias were made the messengers, and so rode forth well horsed and well armed and as the guise was that time, and so passed the sea and rode toward the city of Benwick. And there besides were

eight knights that espied them, and at a strait passage they met with Ulfius and Brastias, and would have taken them prisoners; so they prayed them that they might pass, for they were messengers unto King Ban and Bors sent from King Arthur. Therefore, said the eight knights, ye shall die or be prisoners, for we be knights of King Claudas. And therewith two of them dressed their spears, and Ulfius and Brastias dressed their spears, and ran together with great raundom. And Claudas' knights brake their spears, and theirs to-held and bare the two knights out of their saddles to the earth, and so left them lying, and rode their ways. And the other six knights rode afore to a passage to meet with them again, and so Ulfius and Brastias smote other two down, and so passed on their ways. And at the fourth passage there met two for two, and both were laid unto the earth; so there was none of the eight knights but he was sore hurt or bruised. And when they come to Benwick it fortuneth there were both kings, Ban and Bors.

And when it was told the kings that there were come messengers, there were sent unto them two knights of worship, the one hight Lionses, lord of the country of Payarne, and Sir Phariance a worshipful knight. Anon they asked from whence they came, and they said from King Arthur, king of England; so they took them in their arms and made great joy each of other. But anon, as the two kings wist they were messengers of Arthur's, there was made no tarrying, but forthwith they spake with the knights, and welcomed them in the faithfullest wise, and said they were most welcome unto them before all the kings living; and therewith they kissed the letters and delivered them. And when Ban and Bors understood the letters, then they were more welcome than they were before. And after the haste of the letters they gave them this answer, that they would fulfil the desire of King Arthur's writing, and Ulfius and Brastias, tarry there as long as they would, they should have such cheer as might be made them in those marches. Then Ulfius and Brastias told the kings of the adventure at their passages of the eight knights. Ha! ah! said Ban and Bors, they were my good friends. I would I had wist of them; they should not have escaped so. So Ulfius and Brastias had good cheer and great gifts, as much as they might bear away; and had their answer by mouth and by writing, that those two kings would come unto Arthur in all the haste that they might. So the two knights rode on afore, and passed the sea, and came to their lord, and told him how they had sped, whereof King Arthur was passing glad. At what time suppose ye the two kings will be here? Sir, said they, afore All Hallowmass. Then the king let purvey for a great feast, and let cry a great jousts. And by All Hallowmass the two kings were come over the sea with three hundred knights well arrayed both for the peace and for the war. And King Arthur met with them ten mile out of London, and there was great joy as could be thought or made. And on All Hallowmass at the great feast, sat in the hall the three kings, and Sir Kay seneschal served in the hall, and Sir Lucas the butler, that was Duke Corneus' son, and Sir Griflet, that was the son of Cardol, these three knights had the rule of all the service that served the kings. And anon, as they had washen and risen, all knights that would joust made them ready; by then they were ready on horseback there were seven hundred knights. And Arthur, Ban, and Bors, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Ector, Kay's father, they were in a place covered with cloth of gold like an hall, with ladies and gentlewomen, for to behold who did best, and thereon to give judgment.

**CHAPTER XI. Of a great tourney made by King Arthur and the two kings Ban and Bors, and how they went over the sea.** AND King Arthur and the two kings let depart the seven hundred knights in two parties. And there were three hundred knights of the realm of Benwick and of Gaul turned on the other side. Then they dressed their shields, and began to couch their spears many good knights. So Griflet was the first that met with a knight, one Ladinus, and they met so eagerly that all men had wonder; and they so fought that their shields fell to pieces, and horse and man fell to the earth; and both the French knight and the English knight lay so long that all men weened they had been dead. When Lucas the butler saw Griflet so lie, he horsed him again anon, and they two did marvellous deeds of arms with many bachelors. Also Sir Kay came out of an ambushment with five knights with him, and

they six smote other six down. But Sir Kay did that day marvellous deeds of arms, that there was none did so well as he that day. Then there came Ladinus and Gracian, two knights of France, and did passing well, that all men praised them.

Then came there Sir Placidus, a good knight, and met with Sir Kay, and smote him down horse and man, where fore Sir Griflet was wroth, and met with Sir Placidus so hard, that horse and man fell to the earth. But when the five knights wist that Sir Kay had a fall, they were wroth out of wit, and therewith each of them five bare down a knight. When King Arthur and the two kings saw them begin to wax wroth on both parties, they leapt on small hackneys, and let cry that all men should depart unto their lodging. And so they went home and unarmed them, and so to evensong and supper. And after, the three kings went into a garden, and gave the prize unto Sir Kay, and to Lucas the butler, and unto Sir Griflet. And then they went unto council, and with them Gwenbaous, the brother unto Sir Ban and Bors, a wise clerk, and thither went Ulfius and Brastias, and Merlin. And after they had been in council, they went unto bed. And on the morn they heard mass, and to dinner, and so to their council, and made many arguments what were best to do. At the last they were concluded, that Merlin should go with a token of King Ban, and that was a ring, unto his men and King Bors'; and Gracian and Placidus should go again and keep their castles and their countries, as for [dread of King Claudas] King Ban of Benwick, and King Bors of Gaul had ordained them, and so passed the sea and came to Benwick. And when the people saw King Ban's ring, and Gracian and Placidus, they were glad, and asked how the kings fared, and made great joy of their welfare and cording, and according unto the sovereign lords desire, the men of war made them ready in all haste possible, so that they were fifteen thousand on horse and foot, and they had great plenty of victual with them, by Merlin's provision. But Gracian and Placidus were left to furnish and garnish the castles, for dread of King Claudas. Right so Merlin passed the sea, well victualled both by water and by land. And when he came to the sea he sent home the footmen again, and took no more with him but ten thousand men on horseback, the most part men of arms, and so shipped and passed the sea into England, and landed at Dover; and through the wit of Merlin, he had the host northward, the priviest way that could be thought, unto the forest of Bedegraine, and there in a valley he lodged them secretly.

Then rode Merlin unto Arthur and the two kings, and told them how he had sped; whereof they had great marvel, that man on earth might speed so soon, and go and come. So Merlin told them ten thousand were in the forest of Bedegraine, well armed at all points. Then was there no more to say, but to horseback went all the host as Arthur had afore purveyed. So with twenty thousand he passed by night and day, but there was made such an ordinance afore by Merlin, that there should no man of war ride nor go in no country on this side Trent water, but if he had a token from King Arthur, where through the king's enemies durst not ride as they did to-fore to espy.

**CHAPTER XII. How eleven kings gathered a great host against King Arthur.** AND SO within a little space the three kings came unto the castle of Bedegraine, and found there a passing fair fellowship, and well beseen, whereof they had great joy, and victual they wanted none. This was the cause of the northern host: that they were reared for the despite and rebuke the six kings had at Carlion. And those six kings by their means, gat unto them five other kings; and thus they began to gather their people.

And now they sware that for weal nor woe, they should not leave other, till they had destroyed Arthur. And then they made an oath. The first that began the oath was the Duke of Cambenet, that he would bring with him five thousand men of arms, the which were ready on horseback. Then sware King Brandegoris of Strangore that he would bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. Then sware King Clariance of Northumberland he would bring three thousand men of arms. Then sware the King of the Hundred Knights, that was a passing good man and a young, that he would bring four thousand men of arms on horseback. Then there swore King Lot, a passing good knight, and Sir Gawain's father, that he would bring five thousand men of arms on horse-

back. Also there swore King Urience, that was Sir Uwain's father, of the land of Gore, and he would bring six thousand men of arms on horseback. Also there swore King Idres of Cornwall, that he would bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. Also there swore King Cradelmas to bring five thousand men on horseback. Also there swore King Agwisanse of Ireland to bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. Also there swore King Nentres to bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. Also there swore King Carados to bring five thousand men of arms on horseback. So their whole host was of clean men of arms on horseback fifty thousand, and a-foot ten thousand of good men's bodies. Then were they soon ready, and mounted upon horse and sent forth their fore-riders, for these eleven kings in their ways laid a siege unto the castle of Bedegraine; and so they departed and drew toward Arthur, and left few to abide at the siege, for the castle of Bedegraine was holden of King Arthur, and the men that were therein were Arthur's.

**CHAPTER XIII. Of a dream of the King with the Hundred Knights.** So by Merlin's advice there were sent fore-riders to skim the country, and they met with the fore-riders of the north, and made them to tell which way the host came, and then they told it to Arthur, and by King Ban and Bors' council they let burn and destroy all the country afore them, there they should ride.

The King with the Hundred Knights met a wonder dream two nights afore the battle, that there blew a great wind, and blew down their castles and their towns, and after that came a water and bare it all away. All that heard of the sweven said it was a token of great battle. Then by counsel of Merlin, when they wist which way the eleven kings would ride and lodge that night, at midnight they set upon them, as they were in their pavilions. But the scout-watch by their host cried, Lords! at arms! for here be your enemies at your hand!

**CHAPTER XIV. How the eleven kings with their host fought against Arthur and his host, and many great feats of the war.** THEN King Arthur and King Ban and King Bors, with their good and trusty knights, set on them so fiercely that they made them overthrow their pavilions on their heads, but the eleven kings, by manly prowess of arms, took a fair champaign, but there was slain that morrowtide ten thousand good men's bodies. And so they had afore them a strong passage, yet were they fifty thousand of hardy men. Then it drew toward day. Now shall ye do by mine advice, said Merlin unto the three kings: I would that King Ban and King Bors, with their fellowship of ten thousand men, were put in a wood here beside, in an ambushment, and keep them privy, and that they be laid or the light of the day come, and that they stir not till ye and your knights have fought with them long. And when it is daylight, dress your battle even afore them and the passage, that they may see all your host, for then will they be the more hardy, when they see you but about twenty thousand men, and cause them to be the gladder to suffer you and your host to come over the passage. All the three kings and the whole barons said that Merlin said passingly well, and it was done anon as Merlin had devised. So on the morn, when either host saw other, the host of the north was well comforted. Then to Ulfius and Brastias were delivered three thousand men of arms, and they set on them fiercely in the passage, and slew on the right hand and on the left hand that it was wonder to tell.

When that the eleven kings saw that there was so few a fellowship did such deeds of arms, they were ashamed and set on them again fiercely; and there was Sir Ulfius's horse slain under him, but he did marvellously well on foot. But the Duke Eustace of Cambenet and King Clariance of Northumberland, were alway grievous on Ulfius. Then Brastias saw his fellow fared so withal he smote the duke with a spear, that horse and man fell down. That saw King Clariance and returned unto Brastias, and either smote other so that horse and man went to the earth, and so they lay long astonished, and their horses' knees brast to the hard bone. Then came Sir Kay the seneschal with six fellows with him, and did passing well. With that came the eleven kings, and there was Griflet put to the earth, horse and man, and Lucas the butler, horse and man, by King Brandegoris, and King Idres, and King Agwisanse. Then waxed the medley passing hard on both par-

ties. When Sir Kay saw Griflet on foot, he rode on King Nentres and smote him down, and led his horse unto Sir Griflet, and horsed him again. Also Sir Kay with the same spear smote down King Lot, and hurt him passing sore. That saw the King with the Hundred Knights, and ran unto Sir Kay and smote him down, and took his horse, and gave him King Lot, whereof he said gramercy. When Sir Griflet saw Sir Kay and Lucas the butler on foot, he took a sharp spear, great and square, and rode to Pinel, a good man of arms, and smote horse and man down, and then he took his horse, and gave him unto Sir Kay. Then King Lot saw King Nentres on foot, he ran unto Melot de la Roche, and smote him down, horse and man, and gave King Nentres the horse, and horsed him again. Also the King of the Hundred Knights saw King Idres on foot; then he ran unto Gwiniart de Bloi, and smote him down, horse and man, and gave King Idres the horse, and horsed him again; and King Lot smote down Clariance de la Forest Savage, and gave the horse unto Duke Eustace. And so when they had horsed the kings again they drew them, all eleven kings, together, and said they would be revenged of the damage that they had taken that day. The meanwhile came in Sir Ector with an eager countenance, and found Ulfius and Brastias on foot, in great peril of death, that were foul deformed under horse-feet.

Then Arthur as a lion, ran unto King Cradelment of North Wales, and smote him through the left side, that the horse and the king fell down; and then he took the horse by the rein, and led him unto Ulfius, and said, Have this horse, mine old friend, for great need hast thou of horse. Gramercy, said Ulfius. Then Sir Arthur did so marvellously in arms, that all men had wonder. When the King with the Hundred Knights saw King Cradelment on foot, he ran unto Sir Ector, that was well horsed, Sir Kay's father, and smote horse and man down, and gave the horse unto the king, and horsed him again. And when King Arthur saw the king ride on Sir Ector's horse, he was wroth and with his sword he smote the king on the helm, that a quarter of the helm and shield fell down, and so the sword carved down unto the horse's neck, and so the king and the horse fell down to the ground. Then Sir Kay came unto Sir Morganore, seneschal with the King of the Hundred Knights, and smote him down, horse and man, and led the horse unto his father, Sir Ector; then Sir Ector ran unto a knight, hight Lardans, and smote horse and man down, and led the horse unto Sir Brastias, that great need had of an horse, and was greatly deformed. When Brastias beheld Lucas the butler, that lay like a dead man under the horses' feet, and ever Sir Griflet did marvellously for to rescue him, and there were always fourteen knights on Sir Lucas; then Brastias smote one of them on the helm, that it went to the teeth, and he rode to another and smote him, that the arm flew into the field. Then he went to the third and smote him on the shoulder, that shoulder and arm flew in the field. And when Griflet saw rescues, he smote a knight on the temples, that head and helm went to the earth, and Griflet took the horse of that knight, and led him unto Sir Lucas, and bade him mount upon the horse and revenge his hurts. For Brastias had slain a knight to-fore and horsed Griflet.

**CHAPTER XV. Yet of the same battle.** THEN Lucas saw King Agwisance, that late had slain Moris de la Roche, and Lucas ran to him with a short spear that was great, that he gave him such a fall, that the horse fell down to the earth. Also Lucas found there on foot, Bloias de La Flandres, and Sir Gwinas, two hardy knights, and in that woodness that Lucas was in, he slew two bachelors and horsed them again. Then waxed the battle passing hard on both parties, but Arthur was glad that his knights were horsed again, and then they fought together, that the noise and sound rang by the water and the wood. Wherefore King Ban and King Bors made them ready, and dressed their shields and harness, and they were so courageous that many knights shook and bevered for eagerness. All this while Lucas, and Gwinas, and Briant, and Bellias of Flanders, held strong medley against six kings, that was King Lot, King Nentres, King Brandegoris, King Idres, King Uriens, and King Agwisance. So with the help of Sir Kay and of Sir Griflet they held these six kings hard, that unnethe they had any power to defend them. But when Sir Arthur saw the battle would not be ended by no manner, he fared wood as a lion, and steered his horse here and

there, on the right hand, and on the left hand, that he stinted not till he had slain twenty knights. Also he wounded King Lot sore on the shoulder, and made him to leave that ground, for Sir Kay and Griflet did with King Arthur there great deeds of arms. Then Ulfius, and Brastias, and Sir Ector encountered against the Duke Eustace, and King Cradelment, and King Clariance of Northumberland, and King Carados, and against the King with the Hundred Knights. So these knights encountered with these kings, that they made them to avoid the ground. Then King Lot made great dole for his damages and his fellows, and said unto the ten kings, But if ye will do as I devise we shall be slain and destroyed; let me see have the King with the Hundred Knights, and King Agwisance, and King Idres, and the Duke of Cambenet, and we five kings will have fifteen thousand men of arms with us, and we will go apart while ye six kings hold medley with twelve thousand; an we see that ye have foughten with them long, then will we come on fiercely, and else shall we never match them, said King Lot, but by this mean. So they departed as they here devised, and six kings made their party strong against Arthur, and made great war long.

In the meanwhile brake the ambushment of King Ban and King Bors, and Lionses and Phariance had the vanguard, and they two knights met with King Idres and his fellowship, and there began a great medley of breaking of spears, and smiting of swords, with slaying of men and horses, and King Idres was near at discomforture.

That saw Agwisance the king, and put Lionses and Phariance in point of death; for the Duke of Cambenet came on withal with a great fellowship. So these two knights were in great danger of their lives that they were fain to return, but always they rescued themselves and their fellowship marvellously. When King Bors saw those knights put aback, it grieved him sore; then he came on so fast that his fellowship seemed as black as Inde. When King Lot had espied King Bors, he knew him well, then he said, O Jesu, defend us from death and horrible maims! for I see well we be in great peril of death; for I see yonder a king, one of the most worshipfullest men and one of the best knights of the world, is inclined unto his fellowship. What is he? said the King with the Hundred Knights. It is, said King Lot, King Bors of Gaul; I marvel how they came into this country without witting of us all. It was by Merlin's advice, said the knight. As for him, said King Carados, I will encounter with King Bors, an ye will rescue me when myster is. Go on, said they all, we will do all that we may. Then King Carados and his host rode on a soft pace, till that they came as nigh King Bors as bow-draught; then either battle let their horse run as fast as they might. And Bleoberis, that was godson unto King Bors, he bare his chief standard, that was a passing good knight. Now shall we see, said King Bors, how these northern Britons can bear the arms: and King Bors encountered with a knight, and smote him throughout with a spear that he fell dead unto the earth; and after drew his sword and did marvellous deeds of arms, that all parties had great wonder thereof; and his knights failed not, but did their part, and King Carados was smitten to the earth. With that came the King with the Hundred Knights and rescued King Carados mightily by force of arms, for he was a passing good knight of a king, and but a young man.

**CHAPTER XVI. Yet more of the same battle.** BY then came into the field King Ban as fierce as a lion, with bands of green and thereupon gold. Ha! a! said King Lot, we must be discomforted, for yonder I see the most valiant knight of the world, and the man of the most renown, for such two brethren as is King Ban and King Bors are not living, wherefore we must needs void or die; and but if we avoid manly and wisely there is but death. When King Ban came into the battle, he came in so fiercely that the strokes redounded again from the wood and the water; wherefore King Lot wept for pity and dole that he saw so many good knights take their end. But through the great force of King Ban they made both the northern battles that were departed hurtled together for great dread; and the three kings and their knights slew on ever, that it was pity on to behold that multitude of the people that fled. But King Lot, and King of the Hundred Knights, and King Morganore gathered the people together passing knightly, and did great prowess of arms, and held the battle all that day, like hard.

When the King of the Hundred Knights beheld the great damage that King Ban did, he thrust unto him with his horse, and smote him on high upon the helm, a great stroke, and astonished him sore. Then King Ban was wroth with him, and followed on him fiercely; the other saw that, and cast up his shield, and spurred his horse forward, but the stroke of King Ban fell down and carved a cantel off the shield, and the sword slid down by the hauberk behind his back, and cut through the trapping of steel and the horse even in two pieces, that the sword felt the earth. Then the King of the Hundred Knights voided the horse lightly, and with his sword he broached the horse of King Ban through and through. With that King Ban voided lightly from the dead horse, and then King Ban smote at the other so eagerly, and smote him on the helm that he fell to the earth. Also in that ire he felled King Morganore, and there was great slaughter of good knights and much people. By then came into the press King Arthur, and found King Ban standing among dead men and dead horses, fighting on foot as a wood lion, that there came none nigh him, as far as he might reach with his sword, but he caught a grievous buffet; whereof King Arthur had great pity. And Arthur was so bloody, that by his shield there might no man know him, for all was blood and brains on his sword. And as Arthur looked by him he saw a knight that was passingly well horsed, and therewith Sir Arthur ran to him, and smote him on the helm, that his sword went unto his teeth, and the knight sank down to the earth dead, and anon Arthur took the horse by the rein, and led him unto King Ban, and said, Fair brother, have this horse, for he have great myster thereof, and me repenteth sore of your great damage. It shall be soon revenged, said King Ban, for I trust in God mine ure is not such but some of them may sore repent this. I will well, said Arthur, for I see your deeds full actual; nevertheless, I might not come at you at that time.

But when King Ban was mounted on horseback, then there began new battle, the which was sore and hard, and passing great slaughter. And so through great force King Arthur, King Ban, and King Bors made their knights a little to withdraw them. But alway the eleven kings with their chivalry never turned back; and so withdrew them to a little wood, and so over a little river, and there they rested them, for on the night they might have no rest on the field. And then the eleven kings and knights put them on a heap all together, as men adread and out of all comfort. But there was no man might pass them, they held them so hard together both behind and before, that King Arthur had marvel of their deeds of arms, and was passing wroth. Ah, Sir Arthur, said King Ban and King Bors, blame them not, for they do as good men ought to do. For by my faith, said King Ban, they are the best fighting men, and knights of most prowess, that ever I saw or heard speak of, and those eleven kings are men of great worship; and if they were longing unto you there were no king under the heaven had such eleven knights, and of such worship. I may not love them, said Arthur, they would destroy me. That wot we well, said King Ban and King Bors, for they are your mortal enemies, and that hath been proved aforehand; and this day they have done their part, and that is great pity of their wilfulness.

Then all the eleven kings drew them together, and then said King Lot, Lords, ye must other ways than ye do, or else the great loss is behind; ye may see what people we have lost, and what good men we lose, because we wait always on these foot-men, and ever in saving of one of the foot-men we lose ten horsemen for him; therefore this is mine advice, let us put our foot-men from us, for it is near night, for the noble Arthur will not tarry on the footmen, for they may save themselves, the wood is near hand. And when we horsemen be together, look every each of you kings let make such ordinance that none break upon pain of death. And who that seeth any man dress him to flee, lightly that he be slain, for it is better that we slay a coward, than through a coward all we to be slain. How say ye? said King Lot, answer me all ye kings. It is well said, quoth King Nentres; so said the King of the Hundred Knights; the same said the King Carados, and King Uriens; so did King Idres and King Brandegoris; and so did King Cradelment, and the Duke of Cambenet; the same said King Clariance and King Agwisance, and sware they would never fail other, neither for life nor for death. And whoso that fled, but did as they did, should be

slain. Then they amended their harness, and righted their shields, and took new spears and set them on their thighs, and stood still as it had been a plump of wood.

**CHAPTER XVII. Yet more of the same battle, and how it was ended by Merlin.** WHEN Sir Arthur and King Ban and Bors beheld them and all their knights, they praised them much for their noble cheer of chivalry, for the hardest fighters that ever they heard or saw. With that, there dressed them a forty noble knights, and said unto the three kings, they would break their battle; these were their names: Lionse, Phariance, Ulfius, Brastias, Ector, Kay, Lucas the butler, Griffet le Fise de Dieu, Mariet de la Roche, Guinas de Bloi, Briant de la Forest Savage, Bellaus, Morians of the Castle [of] Maidens, Flannedrius of the Castle of Ladies, Annecians that was King Bors' godson, a noble knight, Ladinus de la Rouse, Emerause, Caulas, Graciens le Castlein, one Blois de la Case, and Sir Colgrevaunce de Gorre; all these knights rode on afore with spears on their thighs, and spurred their horses mightily as the horses might run. And the eleven kings with part of their knights rushed with their horses as fast as they might with their spears, and there they did on both parties marvellous deeds of arms. So came into the thick of the press, Arthur, Ban, and Bors, and slew down right on both hands, that their horses went in blood up to the fetlocks. But ever the eleven kings and their host was ever in the visage of Arthur. Wherefore Ban and Bors had great marvel, considering the great slaughter that there was, but at the last they were driven aback over a little river. With that came Merlin on a great black horse, and said unto Arthur, Thou hast never done! Hast thou not done enough? of three score thousand this day hast thou left alive but fifteen thousand, and it is time to say Ho! For God is wroth with thee, that thou wilt never have done; for yonder eleven kings at this time will not be overthrown, but an thou tarry on them any longer, thy fortune will turn and they shall increase. And therefore withdraw you unto your lodging, and rest you as soon as ye may, and reward your good knights with gold and with silver, for they have well deserved it; there may no riches be too dear for them, for of so few men as ye have, there were never men did more of prowess than they have done today, for ye have matched this day with the best fighters of the world. That is truth, said King Ban and Bors. Also said Merlin, withdraw you where ye list, for this three year I dare undertake they shall not dere you; and by then ye shall hear new tidings. And then Merlin said unto Arthur, These eleven kings have more on hand than they are ware of, for the Saracens are landed in their countries, more than forty thousand, that burn and slay, and have laid siege at the castle Wandesborow, and make great destruction; therefore dread you not this three year. Also, sir, all the goods that be gotten at this battle, let it be searched, and when ye have it in your hands, let it be given freely unto these two kings, Ban and Bors, that they may reward their knights withal; and that shall cause strangers to be of better will to do you service at need. Also you be able to reward your own knights of your own goods whensomever it liketh you. It is well said, quoth Arthur, and as thou hast devised, so shall it be done. When it was delivered to Ban and Bors, they gave the goods as freely to their knights as freely as it was given to them. Then Merlin took his leave of Arthur and of the two kings, for to go and see his master Bleise, that dwelt in Northumberland; and so he departed and came to his master, that was passing glad of his coming; and there he told how Arthur and the two kings had sped at the great battle, and how it was ended, and told the names of every king and knight of worship that was there. And so Bleise wrote the battle word by word, as Merlin told him, how it began, and by whom, and in likewise how it was ended, and who had the worse. All the battles that were done in Arthur's days Merlin did his master Bleise do write; also he did do write all the battles that every worthy knight did of Arthur's court.

After this Merlin departed from his master and came to King Arthur, that was in the castle of Bedegraine, that was one of the castles that stand in the forest of Sherwood. And Merlin was so disguised that King Arthur knew him not, for he was all befurred in black sheep-skins, and a great pair of boots, and a bow and arrows, in a russet gown, and brought wild geese in his hand, and it was on the morn after Candlemas day; but King Arthur knew him

not. Sir, said Merlin unto the king, will ye give me a gift? Wherefore, said King Arthur, should I give thee a gift, churl? Sir, said Merlin, ye were better to give me a gift that is not in your hand than to lose great riches, for here in the same place where the great battle was, is great treasure hid in the earth. Who told thee so, churl? said Arthur. Merlin told me so, said he. Then Ulfius and Brastias knew him well enough, and smiled. Sir, said these two knights, it is Merlin that so speaketh unto you. Then King Arthur was greatly abashed, and had marvel of Merlin, and so had King Ban and King Bors, and so they had great disport at him. So in the meanwhile there came a damosel that was an earl's daughter: his name was Sanam, and her name was Lionors, a passing fair damosel; and so she came thither for to do homage, as other lords did after the great battle. And King Arthur set his love greatly upon her, and so did she upon him, and the king had ado with her, and gat on her a child: his name was Borre, that was after a good knight, and of the Table Round. Then there came word that the King Rience of North Wales made great war on King Leodegrance of Cameliard, for the which thing Arthur was wroth, for he loved him well, and hated King Rience, for he was alway against him. So by ordinance of the three kings that were sent home unto Benwick, all they would depart for dread of King Claudas; and Phariance, and Antemes, and Gratian, and Lionses [of] Payarne, with the leaders of those that should keep the kings' lands.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How King Arthur, King Ban, and King Bors rescued King Leodegrance, and other incidents.** AND then King Arthur, and King Ban, and King Bors departed with their fellowship, a twenty thousand, and came within six days into the country of Cameliard, and there rescued King Leodegrance, and slew there much people of King Rience, unto the number of ten thousand men, and put him to flight. And then had these three kings great cheer of King Leodegrance, that thanked them of their great goodness, that they would revenge him of his enemies; and there had Arthur the first sight of Guenever, the king's daughter of Cameliard, and ever after he loved her. After they were wedded, as it telleth in the book. So, briefly to make an end, they took their leave to go into their own countries, for King Claudas did great destruction on their lands. Then said Arthur, I will go with you. Nay, said the kings, ye shall not at this time, for ye have much to do yet in these lands, therefore we will depart, and with the great goods that we have gotten in these lands by your gifts, we shall wage good knights and withstand the King Claudas' malice, for by the grace of God, an we have need we will send to you for your succour; and if ye have need, send for us, and we will not tarry, by the faith of our bodies. It shall not, said Merlin, need that these two kings come again in the way of war, but I know well King Arthur may not be long from you, for within a year or two ye shall have great need, and then shall he revenge you on your enemies, as ye have done on his. For these eleven kings shall die all in a day, by the great might and prowess of arms of two valiant knights (as it telleth after); their names be Balin le Savage, and Balan, his brother, that be marvellous good knights as be any living.

Now turn we to the eleven kings that returned unto a city that hight Sorhaute, the which city was within King Uriens', and there they refreshed them as well as they might, and made leeches search their wounds, and sorrowed greatly for the death of their people. With that there came a messenger and told how there was come into their lands people that were lawless as well as Saracens, a forty thousand, and have burnt and slain all the people that they may come by, without mercy, and have laid siege on the castle of Wandesborow. Alas, said the eleven kings, here is sorrow upon sorrow, and if we had not warred against Arthur as we have done, he would soon revenge us. As for King Leodegrance, he loveth Arthur better than us, and as for King Rience, he hath enough to do with Leodegrance, for he hath laid siege unto him. So they consented together to keep all the marches of Cornwall, of Wales, and of the North. So first, they put King Idres in the City of Nautes in Britain, with four thousand men of arms, to watch both the water and the land. Also they put in the city of Windesan, King Nentres of Garlot, with four thousand knights to watch both on water and on land. Also they had of other men of war more than eight

thousand, for to fortify all the fortresses in the marches of Cornwall. Also they put more knights in all the marches of Wales and Scotland, with many good men of arms, and so they kept them together the space of three year, and ever allied them with mighty kings and dukes and lords. And to them fell King Rience of North Wales, the which and Nero that was a mighty man of men. And all this while they furnished them and garnished them of good men of arms, and victual, and of all manner of habiliment that pretendeth to the war, to avenge them for the battle of Bedegraine, as it telleth in the book of adventures following.

**CHAPTER XIX. How King Arthur rode to Carlion, and of his dream, and how he saw the questing beast.** THEN after the departing of King Ban and of King Bors, King Arthur rode into Carlion. And thither came to him, King Lot's wife, of Orkney, in manner of a message, but she was sent thither to espy the court of King Arthur; and she came richly beseen, with her four sons, Gawaine, Gaheris, Agravaine, and Gareth, with many other knights and ladies. For she was a passing fair lady, therefore the king cast great love unto her, and desired to lie by her; so they were agreed, and he begat upon her Mordred, and she was his sister, on his mother's side, Igraine. So there she rested her a month, and at the last departed. Then the king dreamed a marvellous dream whereof he was sore adread. But all this time King Arthur knew not that King Lot's wife was his sister. Thus was the dream of Arthur: Him thought there was come into this land griffins and serpents, and him thought they burnt and slew all the people in the land, and then him thought he fought with them, and they did him passing great harm, and wounded him full sore, but at the last he slew them. When the king awaked, he was passing heavy of his dream, and so to put it out of thoughts, he made him ready with many knights to ride a-hunting. As soon as he was in the forest the king saw a great hart afore him. This hart will I chase, said King Arthur, and so he spurred the horse, and rode after long, and so by fine force oft he was like to have smitten the hart; whereas the king had chased the hart so long, that his horse lost his breath, and fell down dead. Then a yeoman fetched the king another horse.

So the king saw the hart enbushed, and his horse dead, he set him down by a fountain, and there he fell in great thoughts. And as he sat so, him thought he heard a noise of hounds, to the sum of thirty. And with that the king saw coming toward him the strangest beast that ever he saw or heard of; so the beast went to the well and drank, and the noise was in the beast's belly like unto the questing of thirty couple hounds; but all the while the beast drank there was no noise in the beast's belly: and there with the beast departed with a great noise, whereof the king had great marvel. And so he was in a great thought, and therewith he fell asleep. Right so there came a knight afoot unto Arthur and said, Knight full of thought and sleepy, tell me if thou sawest a strange beast pass this way. Such one saw I, said King Arthur, that is past two mile; what would ye with the beast? said Arthur. Sir, I have followed that beast long time, and killed mine horse, so would God I had another to follow my quest. Right so came one with the king's horse, and when the knight saw the horse, he prayed the king to give him the horse: for I have followed this quest this twelvemonth, and either I shall achieve him, or bleed of the best blood of my body. Pellinore, that time king, followed the Questing Beast, and after his death Sir Palamides followed it.

**CHAPTER XX. How King Pellinore took Arthur's horse and followed the Questing Beast, and how Merlin met with Arthur.** SIR knight, said the king, leave that quest, and suffer me to have it, and I will follow it another twelvemonth. Ah, fool, said the knight unto Arthur, it is in vain thy desire, for it shall never be achieved but by me, or my next kin. Therewith he started unto the king's horse and mounted into the saddle, and said, Gramercy, this horse is my own. Well, said the king, thou mayst take my horse by force, but an I might prove thee whether thou were better on horseback or I.—Well, said the knight, seek me here when thou wilt, and here nigh this well thou shalt find me, and so passed on his way. Then the king sat in a study, and bade his men fetch his horse as fast as ever they might. Right so came by him Merlin like a child of fourteen year of age, and saluted the king, and asked him why he was so pensive. I may well be pensive, said the king, for I

have seen the marvellest sight that ever I saw. That know I well, said Merlin, as well as thyself, and of all thy thoughts, but thou art but a fool to take thought, for it will not amend thee. Also I know what thou art, and who was thy father, and of whom thou wert begotten; King Uther Pendragon was thy father, and begat thee on Igraine. That is false, said King Arthur, how shouldest thou know it, for thou art not so old of years to know my father? Yes, said Merlin, I know it better than ye or any man living. I will not believe thee, said Arthur, and was wroth with the child. So departed Merlin, and came again in the likeness of an old man of fourscore year of age, whereof the king was right glad, for he seemed to be right wise.

Then said the old man, Why are ye so sad? I may well be heavy, said Arthur, for many things. Also here was a child, and told me many things that meseemeth he should not know, for he was not of age to know my father. Yes, said the old man, the child told you truth, and more would he have told you an ye would have suffered him. But ye have done a thing late that God is displeased with you, for ye have lain by your sister, and on her ye have gotten a child that shall destroy you and all the knights of your realm. What are ye, said Arthur, that tell me these tidings? I am Merlin, and I was he in the child's likeness. Ah, said King Arthur, ye are a marvellous man, but I marvel much of thy words that I must die in battle. Marvel not, said Merlin, for it is God's will your body to be punished for your foul deeds; but I may well be sorry, said Merlin, for I shall die a shameful death, to be put in the earth quick, and ye shall die a worshipful death. And as they talked this, came one with the king's horse, and so the king mounted on his horse, and Merlin on another, and so rode unto Carlion. And anon the king asked Ector and Ulfius how he was begotten, and they told him Uther Pendragon was his father and Queen Igraine his mother. Then he said to Merlin, I will that my mother be sent for that I may speak with her; and if she say so herself then will I believe it. In all haste, the queen was sent for, and she came and brought with her Morgan le Fay, her daughter, that was as fair a lady as any might be, and the king welcomed Igraine in the best manner.

**CHAPTER XXI. How Ulfius impeached Queen Igraine, Arthur's mother, of treason; and how a knight came and desired to have the death of his master revenged.** RIGHT SO came Ulfius, and said openly, that the king and all might hear that were feasted that day, Ye are the falsest lady of the world, and the most traitress unto the king's person. Beware, said Arthur, what thou sayest; thou speakest a great word. I am well ware, said Ulfius, what I speak, and here is my glove to prove it upon any man that will say the contrary, that this Queen Igraine is causer of your great damage, and of your great war. For, an she would have uttered it in the life of King Uther Pendragon, of the birth of you, and how ye were begotten ye had never had the mortal wars that ye have had; for the most part of your barons of your realm knew never whose son ye were, nor of whom ye were begotten; and she that bare you of her body should have made it known openly in excusing of her worship and yours, and in like wise to all the realm, wherefore I prove her false to God and to you and to all your realm, and who will say the contrary I will prove it on his body.

Then spake Igraine and said, I am a woman and I may not fight, but rather than I should be dishonoured, there would some good man take my quarrel. More, she said, Merlin knoweth well, and ye Sir Ulfius, how King Uther came to me in the Castle of Tintagil in the likeness of my lord, that was dead three hours to-fore, and thereby gat a child that night upon me. And after the thirteenth day King Uther wedded me, and by his commandment when the child was born it was delivered unto Merlin and nourished by him, and so I saw the child never after, nor wot not what is his name, for I knew him never yet. And there, Ulfius said to the queen, Merlin is more to blame than ye. Well I wot, said the queen, I bare a child by my lord King Uther, but I wot not where he is become. Then Merlin took the king by the hand, saying, This is your mother. And therewith Sir Ector bare witness how he nourished him by Uther's commandment. And therewith King Arthur took his mother, Queen Igraine, in his arms and kissed her, and either wept upon other. And then the king let make a feast that lasted

eight days.

Then on a day there came in the court a squire on horseback, leading a knight before him wounded to the death, and told him how there was a knight in the forest had reared up a pavilion by a well, and hath slain my master, a good knight, his name was Miles; wherefore I beseech you that my master may be buried, and that some knight may revenge my master's death. Then the noise was great of that knight's death in the court, and every man said his advice. Then came Griflet that was but a squire, and he was but young, of the age of the king Arthur, so he besought the king for all his service that he had done him to give the order of knighthood.

**CHAPTER XXII. How Griflet was made knight, and joustet with a knight** THOU art full young and tender of age, said Arthur, for to take so high an order on thee. Sir, said Griflet, I beseech you make me knight. Sir, said Merlin, it were great pity to lose Griflet, for he will be a passing good man when he is of age, abiding with you the term of his life. And if he adventure his body with yonder knight at the fountain, it is in great peril if ever he come again, for he is one of the best knights of the world, and the strongest man of arms. Well, said Arthur. So at the desire of Griflet the king made him knight. Now, said Arthur unto Sir Griflet, sith I have made you knight thou must give me a gift. What ye will, said Griflet. Thou shalt promise me by the faith of thy body, when thou hast joustet with the knight at the fountain, whether it fall ye be on foot or on horseback, that right so ye shall come again unto me without making any more debate. I will promise you, said Griflet, as you desire. Then took Griflet his horse in great haste, and dressed his shield and took a spear in his hand, and so he rode a great wallop till he came to the fountain, and thereby he saw a rich pavilion, and thereby under a cloth stood a fair horse well saddled and bridled, and on a tree a shield of divers colours and a great spear. Then Griflet smote on the shield with the butt of his spear, that the shield fell down to the ground. With that the knight came out of the pavilion, and said, Fair knight, why smote ye down my shield? For I will joust with you, said Griflet. It is better ye do not, said the knight, for ye are but young, and late made knight, and your might is nothing to mine. As for that, said Griflet, I will joust with you. That is me loath, said the knight, but sith I must needs, I will dress me thereto. Of whence be ye? said the knight. Sir, I am of Arthur's court. So the two knights ran together that Griflet's spear all to-shivered; and there withal he smote Griflet through the shield and the left side, and brake the spear that the truncheon stuck in his body, that horse and knight fell down.

**CHAPTER XXIII. How twelve knights came from Rome and asked truage for this land of Arthur, and how Arthur fought with a knight.** WHEN the knight saw him lie so on the ground, he alighted, and was passing heavy, for he weened he had slain him, and then he unlaced his helm and gat him wind, and so with the truncheon he set him on his horse, and so betook him to God, and said he had a mighty heart, and if he might live he would prove a passing good knight. And so Sir Griflet rode to the court, where great dole was made for him. But through good leeches he was healed and saved. Right so came into the court twelve knights, and were aged men, and they came from the Emperor of Rome, and they asked of Arthur truage for this realm, other else the emperor would destroy him and his land. Well, said King Arthur, ye are messengers, therefore ye may say what ye will, other else ye should die therefore. But this is mine answer: I owe the emperor no truage, nor none will I hold him, but on a fair field I shall give him my truage that shall be with a sharp spear, or else with a sharp sword, and that shall not be long, by my father's soul, Uther Pendragon. And therewith the messengers departed passingly wroth, and King Arthur as wroth, for in evil time came they then; for the king was passingly wroth for the hurt of Sir Griflet. And so he commanded a privy man of his chamber that or it be day his best horse and armour, with all that longeth unto his person, be without the city or to-morrow day. Right so or to-morrow day he met with his man and his horse, and so mounted up and dressed his shield and took his spear, and bade his chamberlain tarry there till he came again. And so Arthur rode a soft pace till it was day, and

then was he ware of three churls chasing Merlin, and would have slain him. Then the king rode unto them, and bade them: Flee, churls! then were they afraid when they saw a knight, and fled. O Merlin, said Arthur, here hadst thou been slain for all thy crafts had I not been. Nay, said Merlin, not so, for I could save myself an I would; and thou art more near thy death than I am, for thou goest to the deathward, an God be not thy friend.

So as they went thus talking they came to the fountain, and the rich pavilion there by it. Then King Arthur was ware where sat a knight armed in a chair. Sir knight, said Arthur, for what cause abidest thou here, that there may no knight ride this way but if he joust with thee? said the king. I rede thee leave that custom, said Arthur. This custom, said the knight, have I used and will use maugre who saith nay, and who is grieved with my custom let him amend it that will. I will amend it, said Arthur. I shall defend thee, said the knight. Anon he took his horse and dressed his shield and took a spear, and they met so hard either in other's shields, that all to-shivered their spears. Therewith anon Arthur pulled out his sword. Nay, not so, said the knight; it is fairer, said the knight, that we twain run more together with sharp spears. I will well, said Arthur, an I had any more spears. I have enow, said the knight; so there came a squire and brought two good spears, and Arthur chose one and he another; so they spurred their horses and came together with all their mights, that either brake their spears to their hands. Then Arthur set hand on his sword. Nay, said the knight, ye shall do better, ye are a passing good joust as ever I met withal, and once for the love of the high order of knighthood let us joust once again. I assent me, said Arthur. Anon there were brought two great spears, and every knight gat a spear, and therewith they ran together that Arthur's spear all to-shivered. But the other knight hit him so hard in midst of the shield, that horse and man fell to the earth, and therewith Arthur was eager, and pulled out his sword, and said, I will assay thee, sir knight, on foot, for I have lost the honour on horseback. I will be on horseback, said the knight. Then was Arthur wroth, and dressed his shield toward him with his sword drawn. When the knight saw that, he alighted, for him thought no worship to have a knight at such avail, he to be on horseback and he on foot, and so he alighted and dressed his shield unto Arthur. And there began a strong battle with many great strokes, and so hewed with their swords that the cantels flew in the fields, and much blood they bled both, that all the place there as they fought was overbled with blood, and thus they fought long and rested them, and then they went to the battle again, and so hurtled together like two rams that either fell to the earth. So at the last they smote together that both their swords met even together. But the sword of the knight smote King Arthur's sword in two pieces, wherefore he was heavy. Then said the knight unto Arthur, Thou art in my daunger whether me list to save thee or slay thee, and but thou yield thee as overcome and recreant, thou shalt die. As for death, said King Arthur, welcome be it when it cometh, but to yield me unto thee as recreant I had liefer die than to be so shamed. And therewithal the king leapt unto Pellinore, and took him by the middle and threw him down, and raced off his helm. When the knight felt that he was adread, for he was a passing big man of might, and anon he brought Arthur under him, and raced off his helm and would have smitten off his head.

**CHAPTER XXIV. How Merlin saved Arthur's life, and threw an enchantment on King Pellinore and made him to sleep.** THEREWITHAL came Merlin and said, Knight, hold thy hand, for an thou slay that knight thou putttest this realm in the greatest damage that ever was realm: for this knight is a man of more worship than thou wotest of. Why, who is he? said the knight. It is King Arthur. Then would he have slain him for dread of his wrath, and heaved up his sword, and therewith Merlin cast an enchantment to the knight, that he fell to the earth in a great sleep. Then Merlin took up King Arthur, and rode forth on the knight's horse. Alas! said Arthur, what hast thou done, Merlin? hast thou slain this good knight by thy crafts? There liveth not so worshipful a knight as he was; I had liefer than the stint of my land a year that he were alive. Care ye not, said Merlin, for he is wholer than ye; for he is but asleep, and will awake within three hours. I told you, said Merlin, what a knight he was; here had ye

been slain had I not been. Also there liveth not a bigger knight than he is one, and he shall hereafter do you right good service; and his name is Pellinore, and he shall have two sons that shall be passing good men; save one they shall have no fellow of prowess and of good living, and their names shall be Percivale of Wales and Lamerake of Wales, and he shall tell you the name of your own son, begotten of your sister, that shall be the destruction of all this realm.

**CHAPTER XXV. How Arthur by the mean of Merlin gat Excalibur his sword of the Lady of the Lake.** RIGHT SO the king and he departed, and went unto an hermit that was a good man and a great leech. So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him good salves; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go, and so departed. And as they rode, Arthur said, I have no sword. No force, said Merlin, hereby is a sword that shall be yours, an I may. So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. Lo! said Merlin, yonder is that sword that I spake of. With that they saw a damosel going upon the lake. What damosel is that? said Arthur. That is the Lady of the Lake, said Merlin; and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly beseen; and this damosel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she will give you that sword. Anon withal came the damosel unto Arthur, and saluted him, and he her again. Damosel, said Arthur, what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword. Sir Arthur, king, said the damosel, that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it. By my faith, said Arthur, I will give you what gift ye will ask. Well! said the damosel, go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time. So Sir Arthur and Merlin alighted and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him, and the arm and the hand went under the water. And so [they] came unto the land and rode forth, and then Sir Arthur saw a rich pavilion. What signifieth yonder pavilion? It is the knight's pavilion, said Merlin, that ye fought with last, Sir Pellinore; but he is out, he is not there. He hath ado with a knight of yours that hight Egglame, and they have foughten together, but at the last Egglame fled, and else he had been dead, and he hath chased him even to Carlion, and we shall meet with him anon in the highway. That is well said, said Arthur, now have I a sword, now will I wage battle with him, and be avenged on him. Sir, you shall not so, said Merlin, for the knight is weary of fighting and chasing, so that ye shall have no worship to have ado with him; also he will not be lightly matched of one knight living, and therefore it is my counsel, let him pass, for he shall do you good service in short time, and his sons after his days. Also ye shall see that day in short space, you shall be right glad to give him your sister to wed. When I see him, I will do as ye advise, said Arthur.

Then Sir Arthur looked on the sword, and liked it passing well. Whether liketh you better, said Merlin, the sword or the scabbard? Me liketh better the sword, said Arthur. Ye are more unwise, said Merlin, for the scabbard is worth ten of the swords, for whiles ye have the scabbard upon you, ye shall never lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded; therefore keep well the scabbard always with you. So they rode unto Carlion, and by the way they met with Sir Pellinore; but Merlin had done such a craft, that Pellinore saw not Arthur, and he passed by without any words. I marvel, said Arthur, that the knight would not speak. Sir, said Merlin, he saw you not, for an he had seen you, ye had not lightly departed. So they came unto Carlion, whereof his knights were passing glad. And when they heard of his adventures, they marvelled that he would jeopard his person so, alone. But all men of worship said it was merry to be under such a chieftain, that would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did.

**CHAPTER XXVI. How tidings came to Arthur that King Rience had overcome eleven kings, and how he desired Arthur's beard to trim his mantle.** THIS meanwhile came a

messenger from King Rience of North Wales, and king he was of all Ireland, and of many isles. And this was his message, greeting well King Arthur in this manner wise, saying that King Rience had discomfited and overcome eleven kings, and everych of them did him homage, and that was this, they gave him their beards clean flayed off, as much as there was; wherefore the messenger came for King Arthur's beard. For King Rience had purfled a mantle with kings' beards, and there lacked one place of the mantle; wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and burn and slay, and never leave till he have the head and the beard. Well, said Arthur, thou hast said thy message, the which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent unto a king; also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet to make a purfle of it. But tell thou thy king this: I owe him none homage, nor none of mine elders; but or it be long to, he shall do me homage on both his knees, or else he shall lose his head, by the faith of my body, for this is the most shamefulest message that ever I heard speak of. I have espied thy king met never yet with worshipful man, but tell him, I will have his head without he do me homage. Then the messenger departed.

Now is there any here, said Arthur, that knoweth King Rience? Then answered a knight that hight Naram, Sir, I know the king well; he is a passing good man of his body, as few be living, and a passing proud man, and Sir, doubt ye not he will make war on you with a mighty puissance. Well, said Arthur, I shall ordain for him in short time.

**CHAPTER XXVII. How all the children were sent for that were born on May-day, and how Mordred was saved.** THEN King Arthur let send for all the children born on May-day, begotten of lords and born of ladies; for Merlin told King Arthur that he that should destroy him should be born on May-day, wherefore he sent for them all, upon pain of death; and so there were found many lords' sons, and all were sent unto the king, and so was Mordred sent by King Lot's wife, and all were put in a ship to the sea, and some were four weeks old, and some less. And so by fortune the ship drave unto a castle, and was all to-riven, and destroyed the most part, save that Mordred was cast up, and a good man found him, and nourished him till he was fourteen year old, and then he brought him to the court, as it rehearseth afterward, toward the end of the Death of Arthur. So many lords and barons of this realm were displeased, for their children were so lost, and many put the wite on Merlin more than on Arthur; so what for dread and for love, they held their peace. But when the messenger came to King Rience, then was he wood out of measure, and purveyed him for a great host, as it rehearseth after in the book of Balin le Savage, that followeth next after, how by adventure Balin got the sword.

*Explicit liber primus. Incipit liber secundus.*

## BOOK II.

**CHAPTER I. Of a damosel which came girt with a sword for to find a man of such virtue to draw it out of the scabbard.** AFTER the death of Uther Pendragon reigned Arthur his son, the which had great war in his days for to get all England into his hand. For there were many kings within the realm of England, and in Wales, Scotland, and Cornwall. So it befell on a time when King Arthur was at London, there came a knight and told the king tidings how that the King Rience of North Wales had reared a great number of people, and were entered into the land, and burnt and slew the king's true liege people. If this be true, said Arthur, it were great shame unto mine estate but that he were mightily withstood. It is truth, said the knight, for I saw the host myself. Well, said the king, let make a cry, that all the lords, knights, and gentlemen of arms, should draw unto a castle called Camelot in those days, and there the king would let make a council-general and a great jousts.

So when the king was come thither with all his baronage, and lodged as they seemed best, there was come a damosel the which was sent on message from the great lady Lile of Avelion. And when she came before King Arthur, she told from whom she came, and how she was sent on message unto him for these causes. Then she let her mantle fall that was richly furred; and then was she

girt with a noble sword whereof the king had marvel, and said, Damosel, for what cause are ye girt with that sword? it beseemeth you not. Now shall I tell you, said the damosel; this sword that I am girt withal doth me great sorrow and cumbrance, for I may not be delivered of this sword but by a knight, but he must be a passing good man of his hands and of his deeds, and without villainy or treachery, and without treason. And if I may find such a knight that hath all these virtues, he may draw out this sword out of the sheath, for I have been at King Rience's it was told me there were passing good knights, and he and all his knights have assayed it and none can speed. This is a great marvel, said Arthur, if this be sooth; I will myself assay to draw out the sword, not presuming upon myself that I am the best knight, but that I will begin to draw at your sword in giving example to all the barons that they shall assay everych one after other when I have assayed it. Then Arthur took the sword by the sheath and by the girdle and pulled at it eagerly, but the sword would not out.

Sir, said the damosel, you need not to pull half so hard, for he that shall pull it out shall do it with little might. Ye say well, said Arthur; now assay ye all my barons; but beware ye be not defiled with shame, treachery, nor guile. Then it will not avail, said the damosel, for he must be a clean knight without villainy, and of a gentle strain of father side and mother side. Most of all the barons of the Round Table that were there at that time assayed all by row, but there might none speed; wherefore the damosel made great sorrow out of measure, and said, Alas! I weened in this court had been the best knights without treachery or treason. By my faith, said Arthur, here are good knights, as I deem, as any be in the world, but their grace is not to help you, wherefore I am displeased.

**CHAPTER II. How Balin, arrayed like a poor knight, pulled out the sword, which afterward was the cause of his death.**

THEN fell it so that time there was a poor knight with King Arthur, that had been prisoner with him half a year and more for slaying of a knight, the which was cousin unto King Arthur. The name of this knight was called Balin, and by good means of the barons he was delivered out of prison, for he was a good man named of his body, and he was born in Northumberland. And so he went privily into the court, and saw this adventure, whereof it raised his heart, and he would assay it as other knights did, but for he was poor and poorly arrayed he put him not far in press. But in his heart he was fully assured to do as well, if his grace happened him, as any knight that there was. And as the damosel took her leave of Arthur and of all the barons, so departing, this knight Balin called unto her, and said, Damosel, I pray you of your courtesy, suffer me as well to assay as these lords; though that I be so poorly clothed, in my heart meseemeth I am fully assured as some of these others, and meseemeth in my heart to speed right well. The damosel beheld the poor knight, and saw he was a likely man, but for his poor arrayment she thought he should be of no worship without villainy or treachery. And then she said unto the knight, Sir, it needeth not to put me to more pain or labour, for it seemeth not you to speed there as other have failed. Ah! fair damosel, said Balin, worthiness, and goodatches, and good deeds, are not only in arrayment, but manhood and worship is hid within man's person, and many a worshipful knight is not known unto all people, and therefore worship and hardiness is not in arrayment. By God, said the damosel, ye say sooth; therefore ye shall assay to do what ye may. Then Balin took the sword by the girdle and sheath, and drew it out easily; and when he looked on the sword it pleased him much. Then had the king and all the barons great marvel that Balin had done that adventure, and many knights had great despite of Balin. Certes, said the damosel, this is a passing good knight, and the best that ever I found, and most of worship without treason, treachery, or villainy, and many marvels shall he do. Now, gentle and courteous knight, give me the sword again. Nay, said Balin, for this sword will I keep, but it be taken from me with force. Well, said the damosel, ye are not wise to keep the sword from me, for ye shall slay with the sword the best friend that ye have, and the man that ye most love in the world, and the sword shall be your destruction. I shall take the adventure, said Balin, that God will ordain me, but the sword ye shall not have at this

time, by the faith of my body. Ye shall repent it within short time, said the damosel, for I would have the sword more for your avail than for mine, for I am passing heavy for your sake; for ye will not believe that sword shall be your destruction, and that is great pity. With that the damosel departed, making great sorrow.

Anon after, Balin sent for his horse and armour, and so would depart from the court, and took his leave of King Arthur. Nay, said the king, I suppose ye will not depart so lightly from this fellowship, I suppose ye are displeased that I have shewed you unkindness; blame me the less, for I was misinformed against you, but I weened ye had not been such a knight as ye are, of worship and prowess, and if ye will abide in this court among my fellowship, I shall so advance you as ye shall be pleased. God thank your highness, said Balin, your bounty and highness may no man praise half to the value; but at this time I must needs depart, beseeching you alway of your good grace. Truly, said the king, I am right wroth for your departing; I pray you, fair knight, that ye tarry not long, and ye shall be right welcome to me, and to my barons, and I shall amend all miss that I have done against you; God thank your great lordship, said Balin, and therewith made him ready to depart. Then the most part of the knights of the Round Table said that Balin did not this adventure all only by might, but by witchcraft.

### **CHAPTER III. How the Lady of the Lake demanded the knight's head that had won the sword, or the maiden's head.**

THE meanwhile, that this knight was making him ready to depart, there came into the court a lady that hight the Lady of the Lake. And she came on horseback, richly beseen, and saluted King Arthur, and there asked him a gift that he promised her when she gave him the sword. That is sooth, said Arthur, a gift I promised you, but I have forgotten the name of my sword that ye gave me. The name of it, said the lady, is Excalibur, that is as much to say as Cut-steel. Ye say well, said the king; ask what ye will and ye shall have it, an it lie in my power to give it. Well, said the lady, I ask the head of the knight that hath won the sword, or else the damosel's head that brought it; I take no force though I have both their heads, for he slew my brother, a good knight and a true, and that gentlewoman was causer of my father's death. Truly, said King Arthur, I may not grant neither of their heads with my worship, therefore ask what ye will else, and I shall fulfil your desire. I will ask none other thing, said the lady. When Balin was ready to depart, he saw the Lady of the Lake, that by her means had slain Balin's mother, and he had sought her three years; and when it was told him that she asked his head of King Arthur, he went to her straight and said, Evil be you found; ye would have my head, and therefore ye shall lose yours, and with his sword lightly he smote off her head before King Arthur. Alas, for shame! said Arthur, why have ye done so? ye have shamed me and all my court, for this was a lady that I was beholden to, and hither she came under my safe-conduct; I shall never forgive you that trespass. Sir, said Balin, me forthinketh of your displeasure, for this same lady was the truest lady living, and by enchantment and sorcery she hath been the destroyer of many good knights, and she was causer that my mother was burnt, through her falsehood and treachery. What cause soever ye had, said Arthur, ye should have forborne her in my presence; therefore, think not the contrary, ye shall repent it, for such another despite had I never in my court; therefore withdraw you out of my court in all haste ye may.

Then Balin took up the head of the lady, and bare it with him to his hostelry, and there he met with his squire, that was sorry he had displeased King Arthur and so they rode forth out of the town. Now, said Balin, we must depart, take thou this head and bear it to my friends, and tell them how I have sped, and tell my friends in Northumberland that my most foe is dead. Also tell them how I am out of prison, and what adventure befell me at the getting of this sword. Alas! said the squire, ye are greatly to blame for to displease King Arthur. As for that, said Balin, I will hie me, in all the haste that I may, to meet with King Rience and destroy him, either else to die therefore; and if it may hap me to win him, then will King Arthur be my good and gracious lord. Where shall I meet with you? said the squire. In King Arthur's court, said Balin.

So his squire and he departed at that time. Then King Arthur and all the court made great dole and had shame of the death of the Lady of the Lake. Then the king buried her richly.

**CHAPTER IV. How Merlin told the adventure of this damosel.** AT that time there was a knight, the which was the king's son of Ireland, and his name was Lanceor, the which was an orgulous knight, and counted himself one of the best of the court; and he had great despite at Balin for the achieving of the sword, that any should be accounted more hardy, or more of prowess; and he asked King Arthur if he would give him leave to ride after Balin and to revenge the despite that he had done. Do your best, said Arthur, I am right wroth with Balin; I would he were quit of the despite that he hath done to me and to my court. Then this Lanceor went to his hostelry to make him ready. In the meanwhile came Merlin unto the court of King Arthur, and there was told him the adventure of the sword, and the death of the Lady of the Lake. Now shall I say you, said Merlin; this same damosel that here standeth, that brought the sword unto your court, I shall tell you the cause of her coming; she was the falsest damosel that liveth. Say not so, said they. She hath a brother, a passing good knight of prowess and a full true man; and this damosel loved another knight that held her to paramour, and this good knight her brother met with the knight that held her to paramour, and slew him by force of his hands. When this false damosel understood this, she went to the Lady Lile of Avelion, and besought her of help, to be avenged on her own brother.

**CHAPTER V. How Balin was pursued by Sir Lanceor, knight of Ireland, and how he jousted and slew him.** AND so this Lady Lile of Avelion took her this sword that she brought with her, and told there should no man pull it out of the sheath but if he be one of the best knights of this realm, and he should be hard and full of prowess, and with that sword he should slay her brother. This was the cause that the damosel came into this court. I know it as well as ye. Would God she had not come into this court, but she came never in fellowship of worship to do good, but always great harm; and that knight that hath achieved the sword shall be destroyed by that sword, for the which will be great damage, for there liveth not a knight of more prowess than he is, and he shall do unto you, my Lord Arthur, great honour and kindness; and it is great pity he shall not endure but a while, for of his strength and hardness I know not his match living.

So the knight of Ireland armed him at all points, and dressed his shield on his shoulder, and mounted upon horseback, and took his spear in his hand, and rode after a great pace, as much as his horse might go; and within a little space on a mountain he had a sight of Balin, and with a loud voice he cried, Abide, knight, for ye shall abide whether ye will or nill, and the shield that is to-fore you shall not help. When Balin heard the noise, he turned his horse fiercely, and said, Fair knight, what will ye with me, will ye joust with me? Yea, said the Irish knight, therefore come I after you. Peradventure, said Balin, it had been better to have holden you at home, for many a man weeneth to put his enemy to a rebuke, and oft it falleth to himself. Of what court be ye sent from? said Balin. I am come from the court of King Arthur, said the knight of Ireland, that come hither for to revenge the despite ye did this day to King Arthur and to his court. Well, said Balin, I see well I must have ado with you, that me forthinketh for to grieve King Arthur, or any of his court; and your quarrel is full simple, said Balin, unto me, for the lady that is dead, did me great damage, and else would I have been loath as any knight that liveth for to slay a lady. Make you ready, said the knight Lanceor, and dress you unto me, for that one shall abide in the field. Then they took their spears, and came together as much as their horses might drive, and the Irish knight smote Balin on the shield, that all went shivers off his spear, and Balin hit him through the shield, and the hauberk perished, and so pierced through his body and the horse's croup, and anon turned his horse fiercely, and drew out his sword, and wist not that he had slain him; and then he saw him lie as a dead corpse.

**CHAPTER VI. How a damosel, which was love to Lanceor, slew herself for love, and how Balin met with his brother Balan.** THEN he looked by him, and was ware of a damosel that came riding full fast as the horse might ride, on a fair palfrey. And

when she espied that Lanceor was slain, she made sorrow out of measure, and said, O Balin, two bodies thou hast slain and one heart, and two hearts in one body, and two souls thou hast lost. And therewith she took the sword from her love that lay dead, and fell to the ground in a swoon. And when she arose she made great dole out of measure, the which sorrow grieved Balin passingly sore, and he went unto her for to have taken the sword out of her hand, but she held it so fast he might not take it out of her hand unless he should have hurt her, and suddenly she set the pommel to the ground, and rove herself through the body. When Balin espied her deeds, he was passing heavy in his heart, and ashamed that so fair a damosel had destroyed herself for the love of his death. Alas, said Balin, me repenteth sore the death of this knight, for the love of this damosel, for there was much true love betwixt them both, and for sorrow might not longer behold him, but turned his horse and looked toward a great forest, and there he was ware, by the arms, of his brother Balan. And when they were met they put off their helms and kissed together, and wept for joy and pity. Then Balan said, I little weened to have met with you at this sudden adventure; I am right glad of your deliverance out of your dolorous prisonment, for a man told me, in the castle of Four Stones, that ye were delivered, and that man had seen you in the court of King Arthur, and therefore I came hither into this country, for here I supposed to find you. Anon the knight Balin told his brother of his adventure of the sword, and of the death of the Lady of the Lake, and how King Arthur was displeased with him. Wherefore he sent this knight after me, that lieth here dead, and the death of this damosel grieveth me sore. So doth it me, said Balan, but ye must take the adventure that God will ordain you. Truly, said Balin, I am right heavy that my Lord Arthur is displeased with me, for he is the most worshipful knight that reigneth now on earth, and his love will I get or else will I put my life in adventure. For the King Rience lieth at a siege at the Castle Terrabil, and thither will we draw in all haste, to prove our worship and prowess upon him. I will well, said Balan, that we do, and we will help each other as brethren ought to do.

**CHAPTER VII. How a dwarf reproved Balin for the death of Lanceor, and how King Mark of Cornwall found them, and made a tomb over them.** Now go we hence, said Balin, and well be we met. The meanwhile as they talked, there came a dwarf from the city of Camelot on horseback, as much as he might; and found the dead bodies, wherefore he made great dole, and pulled out his hair for sorrow, and said, Which of you knights have done this deed? Whereby askest thou it? said Balan. For I would wit it, said the dwarf. It was I, said Balin, that slew this knight in my defence, for hither he came to chase me, and either I must slay him or he me; and this damosel slew herself for his love, which repenteth me, and for her sake I shall owe all women the better love. Alas, said the dwarf, thou hast done great damage unto thyself, for this knight that is here dead was one of the most valiantest men that lived, and trust well, Balin, the kin of this knight will chase you through the world till they have slain you. As for that, said Balin, I fear not greatly, but I am right heavy that I have displeased my lord King Arthur, for the death of this knight. So as they talked together, there came a king of Cornwall riding, the which hight King Mark. And when he saw these two bodies dead, and understood how they were dead, by the two knights above said, then made the king great sorrow for the true love that was betwixt them, and said, I will not depart till I have on this earth made a tomb, and there he pight his pavilions and sought through all the country to find a tomb, and in a church they found one was fair and rich, and then the king let put them both in the earth, and put the tomb upon them, and wrote the names of them both on the tomb. How here lieth Lanceor the king's son of Ireland, that at his own request was slain by the hands of Balin; and how his lady, Colombe, and paramour, slew herself with her love's sword for dole and sorrow.

**CHAPTER VIII. How Merlin prophesied that two the best knights of the world should fight there, which were Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristram.** THE meanwhile as this was a-doing, in came Merlin to King Mark, and seeing all his doing, said, Here shall be in this same place the greatest battle betwixt two knights

that was or ever shall be, and the truest lovers, and yet none of them shall slay other. And there Merlin wrote their names upon the tomb with letters of gold that should fight in that place, whose names were Launcelot de Lake, and Tristram. Thou art a marvellous man, said King Mark unto Merlin, that speakest of such marvels, thou art a boistous man and an unlikely to tell of such deeds. What is thy name? said King Mark. At this time, said Merlin, I will not tell, but at that time when Sir Tristram is taken with his sovereign lady, then ye shall hear and know my name, and at that time ye shall hear tidings that shall not please you. Then said Merlin to Balin, Thou hast done thyself great hurt, because that thou savest not this lady that slew herself, that might have saved her an thou wouldest. By the faith of my body, said Balin, I might not save her, for she slew herself suddenly. Me repenteth, said Merlin; because of the death of that lady thou shalt strike a stroke most dolorous that ever man struck, except the stroke of our Lord, for thou shalt hurt the truest knight and the man of most worship that now liveth, and through that stroke three kingdoms shall be in great poverty, misery and wretchedness twelve years, and the knight shall not be whole of that wound for many years. Then Merlin took his leave of Balin. And Balin said, If I wist it were sooth that ye say I should do such a perilous deed as that, I would slay myself to make thee a liar. Therewith Merlin vanished away suddenly. And then Balan and his brother took their leave of King Mark. First, said the king, tell me your name. Sir, said Balan, ye may see he beareth two swords, thereby ye may call him the Knight with the Two Swords. And so departed King Mark unto Camelot to King Arthur, and Balin took the way toward King Rience; and as they rode together they met with Merlin disguised, but they knew him not. Whither ride ye? said Merlin. We have little to do, said the two knights, to tell thee. But what is thy name? said Balin. At this time, said Merlin, I will not tell it thee. It is evil seen, said the knights, that thou art a true man that thou wilt not tell thy name. As for that, said Merlin, be it as it be may, I can tell you wherefore ye ride this way, for to meet King Rience; but it will not avail you without ye have my counsel. Ah! said Balin, ye are Merlin; we will be ruled by your counsel. Come on, said Merlin, ye shall have great worship, and look that ye do knightly, for ye shall have great need. As for that, said Balin, dread you not, we will do what we may.

**CHAPTER IX. How Balin and his brother, by the counsel of Merlin, took King Rience and brought him to King Arthur.** THEN Merlin lodged them in a wood among leaves beside the highway, and took off the bridles of their horses and put them to grass and laid them down to rest them till it was nigh midnight. Then Merlin bade them rise, and make them ready, for the king was nigh them, that was stolen away from his host with a three score horses of his best knights, and twenty of them rode to-fore to warn the Lady de Vance that the king was coming; for that night King Rience should have lain with her. Which is the king? said Balin. Abide, said Merlin, here in a strait way ye shall meet with him; and therewith he showed Balin and his brother where he rode.

Anon Balin and his brother met with the king, and smote him down, and wounded him fiercely, and laid him to the ground; and there they slew on the right hand and the left hand, and slew more than forty of his men, and the remnant fled. Then went they again to King Rience and would have slain him had he not yielded him unto their grace. Then said he thus: Knights full of prowess, slay me not, for by my life ye may win, and by my death ye shall win nothing. Then said these two knights, Ye say sooth and truth, and so laid him on a horse-litter. With that Merlin was vanished, and came to King Arthur aforehand, and told him how his most enemy was taken and discomfited. By whom? said King Arthur. By two knights, said Merlin, that would please your lordship, and tomorrow ye shall know what knights they are. Anon after came the Knight with the Two Swords and Balan his brother, and brought with them King Rience of North Wales, and there delivered him to the porters, and charged them with him; and so they two returned again in the dawning of the day. King Arthur came then to King Rience, and said, Sir king, ye are welcome: by what adventure come ye hither? Sir, said King Rience, I came hither by

an hard adventure. Who won you? said King Arthur. Sir, said the king, the Knight with the Two Swords and his brother, which are two marvellous knights of prowess. I know them not, said Arthur, but much I am beholden to them. Ah, said Merlin, I shall tell you: it is Balin that achieved the sword, and his brother Balan, a good knight, there liveth not a better of prowess and of worthiness, and it shall be the greatest dole of him that ever I knew of knight, for he shall not long endure. Alas, said King Arthur, that is great pity; for I am much beholden unto him, and I have ill deserved it unto him for his kindness. Nay, said Merlin, he shall do much more for you, and that shall ye know in haste. But, sir, are ye purveyed, said Merlin, for to-morn the host of Nero, King Rience's brother, will set on you or noon with a great host, and therefore make you ready, for I will depart from you.

**CHAPTER X. How King Arthur had a battle against Nero and King Lot of Orkney, and how King Lot was deceived by Merlin, and how twelve kings were slain.** THEN King Arthur made ready his host in ten battles and Nero was ready in the field afore the Castle Terrabil with a great host, and he had ten battles, with many more people than Arthur had. Then Nero had the vanguard with the most part of his people, and Merlin came to King Lot of the Isle of Orkney, and held him with a tale of prophecy, till Nero and his people were destroyed. And there Sir Kay the seneschal did passingly well, that the days of his life the worship went never from him; and Sir Hervis de Revel did marvellous deeds with King Arthur, and King Arthur slew that day twenty knights and maimed forty. At that time came in the Knight with the Two Swords and his brother Balan, but they two did so marvellously that the king and all the knights marvelled of them, and all they that beheld them said they were sent from heaven as angels, or devils from hell; and King Arthur said himself they were the best knights that ever he saw, for they gave such strokes that all men had wonder of them.

In the meanwhile came one to King Lot, and told him while he tarried there Nero was destroyed and slain with all his people. Alas, said King Lot, I am ashamed, for by my default there is many a worshipful man slain, for an we had been together there had been none host under the heaven that had been able for to have matched with us; this fainer with his prophecy hath mocked me. All that did Merlin, for he knew well that an King Lot had been with his body there at the first battle, King Arthur had been slain, and all his people destroyed; and well Merlin knew that one of the kings should be dead that day, and loath was Merlin that any of them both should be slain; but of the twain, he had liefer King Lot had been slain than King Arthur. Now what is best to do? said King Lot of Orkney; whether is me better to treat with King Arthur or to fight, for the greater part of our people are slain and destroyed? Sir, said a knight, set on Arthur for they are weary and forfoughten and we be fresh. As for me, said King Lot, I would every knight would do his part as I would do mine. And then they advanced banners and smote together and all to-shivered their spears; and Arthur's knights, with the help of the Knight with the Two Swords and his brother Balan put King Lot and his host to the worse. But always King Lot held him in the foremost front, and did marvellous deeds of arms, for all his host was borne up by his hands, for he abode all knights. Alas he might not endure, the which was great pity, that so worthy a knight as he was one should be overmatched, that of late time afore had been a knight of King Arthur's, and wedded the sister of King Arthur; and for King Arthur lay by King Lot's wife, the which was Arthur's sister, and gat on her Mordred, therefore King Lot held against Arthur. So there was a knight that was called the Knight with the Strange Beast, and at that time his right name was called Pellinore, the which was a good man of prowess, and he smote a mighty stroke at King Lot as he fought with all his enemies, and he failed of his stroke, and smote the horse's neck, that he fell to the ground with King Lot. And therewith anon Pellinore smote him a great stroke through the helm and head unto the brows. And then all the host of Orkney fled for the death of King Lot, and there were slain many mothers' sons. But King Pellinore bare the wite of the death of King Lot, wherefore Sir Gawaine revenged the death of his father the tenth year after he was made knight, and slew King

Pellinore with his own hands. Also there were slain at that battle twelve kings on the side of King Lot with Nero, and all were buried in the Church of Saint Stephen's in Camelot, and the remnant of knights and of others were buried in a great rock.

**CHAPTER XI. Of the interment of twelve kings, and of the prophecy of Merlin, and how Balin should give the dolorous stroke.** SO at the interment came King Lot's wife Margawise with her four sons, Gawaine, Agravaine, Gaheris, and Gareth. Also there came thither King Uriens, Sir Ewaine's father, and Morgan le Fay his wife that was King Arthur's sister. All these came to the interment. But of all these twelve kings King Arthur let make the tomb of King Lot passing richly, and made his tomb by his own; and then Arthur let make twelve images of latten and copper, and over-gilt it with gold, in the sign of twelve kings, and each one of them held a taper of wax that burnt day and night; and King Arthur was made in sign of a figure standing above them with a sword drawn in his hand, and all the twelve figures had countenance like unto men that were overcome. All this made Merlin by his subtle craft, and there he told the king, When I am dead these tapers shall burn no longer, and soon after the adventures of the Sangreal shall come among you and be achieved. Also he told Arthur how Balin the worshipful knight shall give the dolorous stroke, whereof shall fall great vengeance. Oh, where is Balin and Balan and Pellinore? said King Arthur. As for Pellinore, said Merlin, he will meet with you soon; and as for Balin he will not be long from you; but the other brother will depart, ye shall see him no more. By my faith, said Arthur, they are two marvellous knights, and namely Balin passeth of prowess of any knight that ever I found, for much beholden am I unto him; would God he would abide with me. Sir, said Merlin, look ye keep well the scabbard of Excalibur, for ye shall lose no blood while ye have the scabbard upon you, though ye have as many wounds upon you as ye may have. So after, for great trust, Arthur betook the scabbard to Morgan le Fay his sister, and she loved another knight better than her husband King Uriens or King Arthur, and she would have had Arthur her brother slain, and therefore she let make another scabbard like it by enchantment, and gave the scabbard Excalibur to her love; and the knight's name was called Accolon, that after had near slain King Arthur. After this Merlin told unto King Arthur of the prophecy that there should be a great battle beside Salisbury, and Mordred his own son should be against him. Also he told him that Bagdemagus was his cousin, and germain unto King Uriens.

**CHAPTER XII. How a sorrowful knight came before Arthur, and how Balin fetched him, and how that knight was slain by a knight invisible.** WITHIN a day or two King Arthur was somewhat sick, and he let pitch his pavilion in a meadow, and there he laid him down on a pallet to sleep, but he might have no rest. Right so he heard a great noise of an horse, and therewith the king looked out at the porch of the pavilion, and saw a knight coming even by him, making great dole. Abide, fair sir, said Arthur, and tell me wherefore thou makest this sorrow. Ye may little amend me, said the knight, and so passed forth to the castle of Meliot. Anon after there came Balin, and when he saw King Arthur he alighted off his horse, and came to the King on foot, and saluted him. By my head, said Arthur, ye be welcome. Sir, right now came riding this way a knight making great mourn, for what cause I cannot tell; wherefore I would desire of you of your courtesy and of your gentleness to fetch again that knight either by force or else by his good will. I will do more for your lordship than that, said Balin; and so he rode more than a pace, and found the knight with a damosel in a forest, and said, Sir knight, ye must come with me unto King Arthur, for to tell him of your sorrow. That will I not, said the knight, for it will scathe me greatly, and do you none avail. Sir, said Balin, I pray you make you ready, for ye must go with me, or else I must fight with you and bring you by force, and that were me loath to do. Will ye be my warrant, said the knight, an I go with you? Yea, said Balin, or else I will die therefore. And so he made him ready to go with Balin, and left the damosel still. And as they were even afore King Arthur's pavilion, there came one invisible, and smote this knight that went with Balin throughout the body with a spear. Alas, said the knight, I am slain under your conduct with a knight called Gar-

lon; therefore take my horse that is better than yours, and ride to the damosel, and follow the quest that I was in as she will lead you, and revenge my death when ye may. That shall I do, said Balin, and that I make vow unto knighthood; and so he departed from this knight with great sorrow. So King Arthur let bury this knight richly, and made a mention on his tomb, how there was slain Herlews le Berbeus, and by whom the treachery was done, the knight Garlon. But ever the damosel bare the truncheon of the spear with her that Sir Herlews was slain withal.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Balin and the damosel met with a knight which was in likewise slain, and how the damosel bled for the custom of a castle.** So Balin and the damosel rode into a forest, and there met with a knight that had been a-hunting, and that knight asked Balin for what cause he made so great sorrow. Me list not to tell you, said Balin. Now, said the knight, an I were armed as ye be I would fight with you. That should little need, said Balin, I am not afeard to tell you, and told him all the cause how it was. Ah, said the knight, is this all? here I ensure you by the faith of my body never to depart from you while my life lasteth. And so they went to the hostelry and armed them, and so rode forth with Balin. And as they came by an hermitage even by a churchyard, there came the knight Garlon invisible, and smote this knight, Perin de Mountbeliard, through the body with a spear. Alas, said the knight, I am slain by this traitor knight that rideth invisible. Alas, said Balin, it is not the first despite he hath done me; and there the hermit and Balin buried the knight under a rich stone and a tomb rayle. And on the morn they found letters of gold written, how Sir Gawaine shall revenge his father's death, King Lot, on the King Pellinore. Anon after this Balin and the damosel rode till they came to a castle, and there Balin alighted, and he and the damosel went to go into the castle, and anon as Balin came within the castle's gate the portcullis fell down at his back, and there fell many men about the damosel, and would have slain her. When Balin saw that, he was sore aggrieved, for he might not help the damosel. Then he went up into the tower, and leapt over walls into the ditch, and hurt him not; and anon he pulled out his sword and would have foughten with them. And they all said nay, they would not fight with him, for they did nothing but the old custom of the castle; and told him how their lady was sick, and had lain many years, and she might not be whole but if she had a dish of silver full of blood of a clean maid and a king's daughter; and therefore the custom of this castle is, there shall no damosel pass this way but she shall bleed of her blood in a silver dish full. Well, said Balin, she shall bleed as much as she may bleed, but I will not lose the life of her whiles my life lasteth. And so Balin made her to bleed by her good will, but her blood helped not the lady. And so he and she rested there all night, and had there right good cheer, and on the morn they passed on their ways. And as it telleth after in the Sangreal, that Sir Percivale's sister helped that lady with her blood, whereof she was dead.

**CHAPTER XIV. How Balin met with that knight named Garlon at a feast, and there he slew him, to have his blood to heal therewith the son of his host.** THEN they rode three or four days and never met with adventure, and by hap they were lodged with a gentle man that was a rich man and well at ease. And as they sat at their supper Balin overheard one complain grievously by him in a chair. What is this noise? said Balin. Forsooth, said his host, I will tell you. I was but late at a jousting, and there I joust with a knight that is brother unto King Pellam, and twice smote I him down, and then he promised to quit me on my best friend; and so he wounded my son, that cannot be whole till I have of that knight's blood, and he rideth alway invisible; but I know not his name. Ah! said Balin, I know that knight, his name is Garlon, he hath slain two knights of mine in the same manner, therefore I had liefer meet with that knight than all the gold in this realm, for the despite he hath done me. Well, said his host, I shall tell you, King Pellam of Listeneise hath made do cry in all this country a great feast that shall be within these twenty days, and no knight may come there but if he bring his wife with him, or his paramour; and that knight, your enemy and mine, ye shall see that day. Then I behote you, said Balin, part of his blood to heal your son withal. We will be forward to-morn, said his host.

So on the morn they rode all three toward Pellam, and they had fifteen days' journey or they came thither; and that same day began the great feast. And so they alighted and stabled their horses, and went into the castle; but Balin's host might not be let in because he had no lady. Then Balin was well received and brought unto a chamber and unarmed him; and there were brought him robes to his pleasure, and would have had Balin leave his sword behind him. Nay, said Balin, that do I not, for it is the custom of my country a knight always to keep his weapon with him, and that custom will I keep, or else I will depart as I came. Then they gave him leave to wear his sword, and so he went unto the castle, and was set among knights of worship, and his lady afore him.

Soon Balin asked a knight, Is there not a knight in this court whose name is Garlon? Yonder he goeth, said a knight, he with the black face; he is the marvellest knight that is now living, for he destroyeth many good knights, for he goeth invisible. Ah well, said Balin, is that he? Then Balin advised him long; If I slay him here I shall not escape, and if I leave him now, peradventure I shall never meet with him again at such a steven, and much harm he will do an he live. Therewith this Garlon espied that this Balin beheld him, and then he came and smote Balin on the face with the back of his hand, and said, Knight, why beholdest me so? for shame therefore, eat thy meat and do that thou came for. Thou sayest sooth, said Balin, this is not the first despite that thou hast done me, and therefore I will do what I came for, and rose up fiercely and clave his head to the shoulders. Give me the truncheon, said Balin to his lady, wherewith he slew your knight. Anon she gave it him, for alway she bare the truncheon with her. And therewith Balin smote him through the body, and said openly, With that truncheon thou hast slain a good knight, and now it sticketh in thy body. And then Balin called unto him his host, saying, Now may ye fetch blood enough to heal your son withal.

**CHAPTER XV. How Balin fought with King Pellam, and how his sword brake, and how he gat a spear wherewith he smote the dolorous stroke.** ANON all the knights arose from the table for to set on Balin, and King Pellam himself arose up fiercely, and said, Knight, hast thou slain my brother? thou shalt die therefore or thou depart. Well, said Balin, do it yourself. Yes, said King Pellam, there shall no man have ado with thee but myself, for the love of my brother. Then King Pellam caught in his hand a grim weapon and smote eagerly at Balin; but Balin put the sword betwixt his head and the stroke, and therewith his sword burst in sunder. And when Balin was weaponless he ran into a chamber for to seek some weapon, and so from chamber to chamber, and no weapon he could find, and always King Pellam after him. And at the last he entered into a chamber that was marvelously well dight and richly, and a bed arrayed with cloth of gold, the richest that might be thought, and one lying therein, and thereby stood a table of clean gold with four pillars of silver that bare up the table, and upon the table stood a marvellous spear strangely wrought. And when Balin saw that spear, he gat it in his hand and turned him to King Pellam, and smote him passingly sore with that spear, that King Pellam fell down in a swoon, and therewith the castle roof and walls brake and fell to the earth, and Balin fell down so that he might not stir foot nor hand. And so the most part of the castle, that was fallen down through that dolorous stroke, lay upon Pellam and Balin three days.

**CHAPTER XVI. How Balin was delivered by Merlin, and saved a knight that would have slain himself for love.** THEN Merlin came thither and took up Balin, and gat him a good horse, for his was dead, and bade him ride out of that country. I would have my damosel, said Balin. Lo, said Merlin, where she lieth dead. And King Pellam lay so, many years sore wounded, and might never be whole till Galahad the haut prince healed him in the quest of the Sangreal, for in that place was part of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, that Joseph of Arimathea brought into this land, and there himself lay in that rich bed. And that was the same spear that Longius smote our Lord to the heart; and King Pellam was nigh of Joseph's kin, and that was the most worshipful man that lived in those days, and great pity it was of his hurt, for through that stroke, turned to great dole, tray and tene. Then departed Balin from Merlin, and said, In this world we meet never

no more. So he rode forth through the fair countries and cities, and found the people dead, slain on every side. And all that were alive cried, O Balin, thou hast caused great damage in these countries; for the dolorous stroke thou gavest unto King Pellam three countries are destroyed, and doubt not but the vengeance will fall on thee at the last. When Balin was past those countries he was passing faint.

So he rode eight days or he met with adventure. And at the last he came into a fair forest in a valley, and was ware of a tower, and there beside he saw a great horse of war, tied to a tree, and there beside sat a fair knight on the ground and made great mourning, and he was a likely man, and a well made. Balin said, God save you, why be ye so heavy? tell me and I will amend it, an I may, to my power. Sir knight, said he again, thou dost me great grief, for I was in merry thoughts, and now thou putttest me to more pain. Balin went a little from him, and looked on his horse; then heard Balin him say thus: Ah, fair lady, why have ye broken my promise, for thou promistest me to meet me here by noon, and I may curse thee that ever ye gave me this sword, for with this sword I slay myself, and pulled it out. And therewith Balin stert unto him and took him by the hand. Let go my hand, said the knight, or else I shall slay thee. That shall not need, said Balin, for I shall promise you my help to get you your lady, an ye will tell me where she is. What is your name? said the knight. My name is Balin le Savage. Ah, sir, I know you well enough, ye are the Knight with the Two Swords, and the man of most prowess of your hands living. What is your name? said Balin. My name is Garnish of the Mount, a poor man's son, but by my prowess and hardiness a duke hath made me knight, and gave me lands; his name is Duke Hermel, and his daughter is she that I love, and she me as I deemed. How far is she hence? said Balin. But six mile, said the knight. Now ride we hence, said these two knights. So they rode more than a pace, till that they came to a fair castle well walled and ditched. I will into the castle, said Balin, and look if she be there. So he went in and searched from chamber to chamber, and found her bed, but she was not there. Then Balin looked into a fair little garden, and under a laurel tree he saw her lie upon a quilt of green samite and a knight in her arms, fast halsing either other, and under their heads grass and herbs. When Balin saw her lie so with the foulest knight that ever he saw, and she a fair lady, then Balin went through all the chambers again, and told the knight how he found her as she had slept fast, and so brought him in the place there she lay fast sleeping.

**CHAPTER XVII. How that knight slew his love and a knight lying by her, and after, how he slew himself with his own sword, and how Balin rode toward a castle where he lost his life.** AND when Garnish beheld her so lying, for pure sorrow his mouth and nose burst out a-bleeding, and with his sword he smote off both their heads, and then he made sorrow out of measure, and said, O Balin, much sorrow hast thou brought unto me, for hadst thou not shewed me that sight I should have passed my sorrow. Forsooth, said Balin, I did it to this intent that it should better thy courage, and that ye might see and know her falsehood, and to cause you to leave love of such a lady; God knoweth I did none other but as I would ye did to me. Alas, said Garnish, now is my sorrow double that I may not endure, now have I slain that I most loved in all my life; and therewith suddenly he rove himself on his own sword unto the hilts. When Balin saw that, he dressed him thenceward, lest folk would say he had slain them; and so he rode forth, and within three days he came by a cross, and thereon were letters of gold written, that said, It is not for no knight alone to ride toward this castle. Then saw he an old hoar gentleman coming toward him, that said, Balin le Savage, thou passest thy bounds to come this way, therefore turn again and it will avail thee. And he vanished away anon; and so he heard an horn blow as it had been the death of a beast. That blast, said Balin, is blown for me, for I am the prize and yet am I not dead. Anon withal he saw an hundred ladies and many knights, that welcomed him with fair semblant, and made him passing good cheer unto his sight, and led him into the castle, and there was dancing and minstrelsy and all manner of joy. Then the chief lady of the castle said, Knight with the Two Swords, ye must have ado and joust with a knight

hereby that keepeth an island, for there may no man pass this way but he must joust or he pass. That is an unhappy custom, said Balin, that a knight may not pass this way but if he joust. Ye shall not have ado but with one knight, said the lady.

Well, said Balin, since I shall thereto I am ready, but travelling men are oft weary and their horses too, but though my horse be weary my heart is not weary, I would be fain there my death should be. Sir, said a knight to Balin, methinketh your shield is not good, I will lend you a bigger. Thereof I pray you. And so he took the shield that was unknown and left his own, and so rode unto the island, and put him and his horse in a great boat; and when he came on the other side he met with a damosel, and she said, O knight Balin, why have ye left your own shield? alas ye have put yourself in great danger, for by your shield ye should have been known; it is great pity of you as ever was of knight, for of thy prowess and hardiness thou hast no fellow living. Me repenteth, said Balin, that ever I came within this country, but I may not turn now again for shame, and what adventure shall fall to me, be it life or death, I will take the adventure that shall come to me. And then he looked on his armour, and understood he was well armed, and therewith blessed him and mounted upon his horse.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How Balin met with his brother Balan, and how each of them slew other unknown, till they were wounded to death.** THEN afore him he saw come riding out of a castle a knight, and his horse trapped all red, and himself in the same colour. When this knight in the red beheld Balin, him thought it should be his brother Balin by cause of his two swords, but by cause he knew not his shield he deemed it was not he. And so they aventryd their spears and came marvellously fast together, and they smote each other in the shields, but their spears and their course were so big that it bare down horse and man, that they lay both in a swoon. But Balin was bruised sore with the fall of his horse, for he was weary of travel. And Balan was the first that rose on foot and drew his sword, and went toward Balin, and he arose and went against him; but Balan smote Balin first, and he put up his shield and smote him through the shield and tamed his helm. Then Balin smote him again with that unhappy sword, and well-nigh had felled his brother Balan, and so they fought there together till their breaths failed. Then Balin looked up to the castle and saw the towers stand full of ladies. So they went unto battle again, and wounded everych other dolefully, and then they breathed oftentimes, and so went unto battle that all the place there as they fought was blood red. And at that time there was none of them both but they had either smitten other seven great wounds, so that the least of them might have been the death of the mightiest giant in this world.

Then they went to battle again so marvellously that doubt it was to hear of that battle for the great blood-shedding, and their hauberks unnailed that naked they were on every side. At last Balan the younger brother withdrew him a little and laid him down. Then said Balin le Savage, What knight art thou? for or now I found never no knight that matched me. My name is, said he, Balan, brother unto the good knight, Balin. Alas, said Balin, that ever I should see this day, and therewith he fell backward in a swoon. Then Balan yede on all four feet and hands, and put off the helm off his brother, and might not know him by the visage it was so ful hewn and bled; but when he awoke he said, O Balan, my brother, thou hast slain me and I thee, wherefore all the wide world shall speak of us both. Alas, said Balan, that ever I saw this day, that through mishap I might not know you, for I espied well your two swords, but by cause ye had another shield I deemed ye had been another knight. Alas, said Balin, all that made an unhappy knight in the castle, for he caused me to leave my own shield to our both's destruction, and if I might live I would destroy that castle for ill customs. That were well done, said Balan, for I had never grace to depart from them since that I came hither, for here it happened me to slay a knight that kept this island, and since might I never depart, and no more should ye, brother, an ye might have slain me as ye have, and escaped yourself with the life.

Right so came the lady of the tower with four knights and six ladies and six yeomen unto them, and there she heard how they made their moan either to other, and said, We came both out of

one tomb, that is to say one mother's belly, and so shall we lie both in one pit. So Balan prayed the lady of her gentleness, for his true service, that she would bury them both in that same place there the battle was done. And she granted them, with weeping, it should be done richly in the best manner. Now, will ye send for a priest, that we may receive our sacrament, and receive the blessed body of our Lord Jesus Christ? Yea, said the lady, it shall be done; and so she sent for a priest and gave them their rights. Now, said Balin, when we are buried in one tomb, and the mention made over us how two brethren slew each other, there will never good knight, nor good man, see our tomb but they will pray for our souls. And so all the ladies and gentlewomen wept for pity. Then anon Balan died, but Balin died not till the midnight after, and so were they buried both, and the lady let make a mention of Balan how he was there slain by his brother's hands, but she knew not Balin's name.

**CHAPTER XIX. How Merlin buried them both in one tomb, and of Balin's sword.** IN the morn came Merlin and let write Balin's name on the tomb with letters of gold, that Here lieth Balin le Savage that was the Knight with the Two Swords, and he that smote the Dolorous Stroke. Also Merlin let make there a bed, that there should never man lie therein but he went out of his wit, yet Launcelot de Lake fordid that bed through his noblesse. And anon after Balin was dead, Merlin took his sword, and took off the pommel and set on another pommel. So Merlin bade a knight that stood afore him handle that sword, and he assayed, and he might not handle it. Then Merlin laughed. Why laugh ye? said the knight. This is the cause, said Merlin: there shall never man handle this sword but the best knight of the world, and that shall be Sir Launcelot or else Galahad his son, and Launcelot with this sword shall slay the man that in the world he loved best, that shall be Sir Gawaine. All this he let write in the pommel of the sword. Then Merlin let make a bridge of iron and of steel into that island, and it was but half a foot broad, and there shall never man pass that bridge, nor have hardiness to go over, but if he were a passing good man and a good knight without treachery or villainy. Also the scabbard of Balin's sword Merlin left it on this side the island, that Galahad should find it. Also Merlin let make by his subtilty that Balin's sword was put in a marble stone standing upright as great as a mill stone, and the stone hove always above the water and did many years, and so by adventure it swam down the stream to the City of Camelot, that is in English Winchester. And that same day Galahad the haut prince came with King Arthur, and so Galahad brought with him the scabbard and achieved the sword that was there in the marble stone hoving upon the water. And on Whitsunday he achieved the sword as it is rehearsed in the book of Sangreal.

Soon after this was done Merlin came to King Arthur and told him of the dolorous stroke that Balin gave to King Pellam, and how Balin and Balan fought together the marvellest battle that ever was heard of, and how they were buried both in one tomb. Alas, said King Arthur, this is the greatest pity that ever I heard tell of two knights, for in the world I know not such two knights. Thus endeth the tale of Balin and of Balan, two brethren born in Northumberland, good knights.

*Sequitur iii liber.*

## BOOK III.

**CHAPTER I. How King Arthur took a wife, and wedded Guenever, daughter to Leodegrance, King of the Land of Cameliard, with whom he had the Round Table.** IN the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king by adventure and by grace; for the most part of the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon's son, but as Merlin made it openly known. But yet many kings and lords held great war against him for that cause, but well Arthur overcame them all, for the most part the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin. So it fell on a time King Arthur said unto Merlin, My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife, and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice. It is well done, said Merlin, that ye take a wife, for a man of your bounty and noblesse should not be without a wife. Now is there any that ye love more than another?

Yea, said King Arthur, I love Guenever the king's daughter, Leodegrance of the land of Cameliard, the which holdeth in his house the Table Round that ye told he had of my father Uther. And this damosel is the most valiant and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that ever I could find. Sir, said Merlin, as of her beauty and fairness she is one of the fairest alive, but, an ye loved her not so well as ye do, I should find you a damosel of beauty and of goodness that should like you and please you, an your heart were not set; but there as a man's heart is set, he will be loath to return. That is truth, said King Arthur. But Merlin warned the king covertly that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again; and so he turned his tale to the adventures of Sangreal.

Then Merlin desired of the king for to have men with him that should enquire of Guenever, and so the king granted him, and Merlin went forth unto King Leodegrance of Cameliard, and told him of the desires of the king that he would have unto his wife Guenever his daughter. That is to me, said King Leodegrance, the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as for my lands, I will give him, wist I it might please him, but he hath lands enow, him needeth none; but I shall send him a gift shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full complete, there is an hundred knights and fifty. And as for an hundred good knights I have myself, but I faute fifty, for so many have been slain in my days. And so Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly, with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till that they came nigh unto London.

## **CHAPTER II. How the Knights of the Round Table were ordained and their sieges blessed by the Bishop of Canterbury.**

WHEN King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights with the Table Round, then King Arthur made great joy for her coming, and that rich present, and said openly, This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so lief to me. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than right great riches. And in all haste the king let ordain for the marriage and the coronation in the most honourable wise that could be devised. Now, Merlin, said King Arthur, go thou and espy me in all this land fifty knights which be of most prowess and worship. Within short time Merlin had found such knights that should fulfil twenty and eight knights, but no more he could find. Then the Bishop of Canterbury was fetched, and he blessed the sieges with great royalty and devotion, and there set the eight and twenty knights in their sieges. And when this was done Merlin said, Fair sirs, ye must all arise and come to King Arthur for to do him homage; he will have the better will to maintain you. And so they arose and did their homage, and when they were gone Merlin found in every sieges letters of gold that told the knights' names that had sitten therein. But two sieges were void. And so anon came young Gawaine and asked the king a gift. Ask, said the king, and I shall grant it you. Sir, I ask that ye will make me knight that same day ye shall wed fair Guenever. I will do it with a good will, said King Arthur, and do unto you all the worship that I may, for I must by reason ye are my nephew, my sister's son.

## **CHAPTER III. How a poor man riding upon a lean mare desired King Arthur to make his son knight.**

FORTHWITHAL there came a poor man into the court, and brought with him a fair young man of eighteen years of age riding upon a lean mare; and the poor man asked all men that he met, Where shall I find King Arthur? Yonder he is, said the knights, wilt thou anything with him? Yea, said the poor man, therefore I came hither. Anon as he came before the king, he saluted him and said: O King Arthur, the flower of all knights and kings, I beseech Jesu save thee. Sir, it was told me that at this time of your marriage ye would give any man the gift that he would ask, out except that were unreasonable. That is truth, said the king, such cries I let make, and that will I hold, so it apair not my realm nor mine estate. Ye say well and graciously, said the poor man; Sir, I ask nothing else but that ye will make my son here a knight. It is a great thing thou askest

of me, said the king. What is thy name? said the king to the poor man. Sir, my name is Aries the cowherd. Whether cometh this of thee or of thy son? said the king. Nay, sir, said Aries, this desire cometh of my son and not of me, for I shall tell you I have thirteen sons, and all they will fall to what labour I put them, and will be right glad to do labour, but this child will not labour for me, for anything that my wife or I may do, but always he will be shooting or casting darts, and glad for to see battles and to behold knights, and always day and night he desireth of me to be made a knight. What is thy name? said the king unto the young man. Sir, my name is Tor. The king beheld him fast, and saw he was passingly well-visaged and passingly well made of his years. Well, said King Arthur unto Aries the cowherd, fetch all thy sons afore me that I may see them. And so the poor man did, and all were shaped much like the poor man. But Tor was not like none of them all in shape nor in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. Now, said King Arthur unto the cow herd, where is the sword he shall be made knight withal? It is here, said Tor. Take it out of the sheath, said the king, and require me to make you a knight.

Then Tor alighted off his mare and pulled out his sword, kneeling, and requiring the king that he would make him knight, and that he might be a knight of the Table Round. As for a knight I will make you, and therewith smote him in the neck with the sword, saying, Be ye a good knight, and so I pray to God so ye may be, and if ye be of prowess and of worthiness ye shall be a knight of the Table Round. Now Merlin, said Arthur, say whether this Tor shall be a good knight or no. Yea, sir, he ought to be a good knight, for he is come of as good a man as any is alive, and of kings' blood. How so, sir? said the king. I shall tell you, said Merlin: This poor man, Aries the cowherd, is not his father; he is nothing sib to him, for King Pellinore is his father. I suppose nay, said the cowherd. Fetch thy wife afore me, said Merlin, and she shall not say nay. Anon the wife was fetched, which was a fair housewife, and there she answered Merlin full womanly, and there she told the king and Merlin that when she was a maid, and went to milk kine, there met with her a stern knight, and half by force he had my maidenhead, and at that time he begat my son Tor, and he took away from me my greyhound that I had that time with me, and said that he would keep the greyhound for my love. Ah, said the cowherd, I weened not this, but I may believe it well, for he had never no tatches of me. Sir, said Tor unto Merlin, dishonour not my mother. Sir, said Merlin, it is more for your worship than hurt, for your father is a good man and a king, and he may right well advance you and your mother, for ye were begotten or ever she was wedded. That is truth, said the wife. It is the less grief unto me, said the cowherd.

**CHAPTER IV. How Sir Tor was known for son of King Pellinore, and how Gawaine was made knight.** SO on the morn King Pellinore came to the court of King Arthur, which had great joy of him, and told him of Tor, how he was his son, and how he had made him knight at the request of the cowherd. When Pellinore beheld Tor, he pleased him much. So the king made Gawaine knight, but Tor was the first he made at the feast. What is the cause, said King Arthur, that there be two places void in the sieges? Sir, said Merlin, there shall no man sit in those places but they that shall be of most worship. But in the Siege Perilous there shall no man sit therein but one, and if there be any so hardy to do it he shall be destroyed, and he that shall sit there shall have no fellow. And therewith Merlin took King Pellinore by the hand, and in the one hand next the two sieges and the Siege Perilous he said, in open audience, This is your place and best ye are worthy to sit therein of any that is here. Thereat sat Sir Gawaine in great envy and told Gaheris his brother, yonder knight is put to great worship, the which grieveth me sore, for he slew our father King Lot, therefore I will slay him, said Gawaine, with a sword that was sent me that is passing trenchant. Ye shall not so, said Gaheris, at this time, for at this time I am but a squire, and when I am made knight I will be avenged on him, and therefore, brother, it is best ye suffer till another time, that we may have him out of the court, for an we did so we should trouble this high feast. I will well, said Gawaine, as ye will.

**CHAPTER V. How at feast of the wedding of King Arthur to Guenever, a white hart came into the hall, and thirty couple hounds, and how a brachet pinched the hart which was taken away.** THEN was the high feast made ready, and the king was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever in the church of Saint Stephen's, with great solemnity. And as every man was set after his degree, Merlin went to all the knights of the Round Table, and bade them sit still, that none of them remove. For ye shall see a strange and a marvellous adventure. Right so as they sat there came running in a white hart into the hall, and a white brachet next him, and thirty couple of black running hounds came after with a great cry, and the hart went about the Table Round as he went by other boards. The white brachet bit him by the buttock and pulled out a piece, wherethrough the hart leapt a great leap and overthrew a knight that sat at the board side; and therewith the knight arose and took up the brachet, and so went forth out of the hall, and took his horse and rode his way with the brachet. Right so anon came in a lady on a white palfrey, and cried aloud to King Arthur, Sir, suffer me not to have this despite, for the brachet was mine that the knight led away. I may not do therewith, said the king.

With this there came a knight riding all armed on a great horse, and took the lady away with him with force, and ever she cried and made great dole. When she was gone the king was glad, for she made such a noise. Nay, said Merlin, ye may not leave these adventures so lightly; for these adventures must be brought again or else it would be disworship to you and to your feast. I will, said the king, that all be done by your advice. Then, said Merlin, let call Sir Gawaine, for he must bring again the white hart. Also, sir, ye must let call Sir Tor, for he must bring again the brachet and the knight, or else slay him. Also let call King Pellinore, for he must bring again the lady and the knight, or else slay him. And these three knights shall do marvellous adventures or they come again. Then were they called all three as it rehearseth afore, and each of them took his charge, and armed them surely. But Sir Gawaine had the first request, and therefore we will begin at him.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Gawaine rode for to fetch again the hart, and how two brethren fought each against other for the hart.** SIR GAWAINE rode more than a pace, and Gaheris his brother that rode with him instead of a squire to do him service. So as they rode they saw two knights fight on horseback passing sore, so Sir Gawaine and his brother rode betwixt them, and asked them for what cause they fought so. The one knight answered and said, We fight for a simple matter, for we two be two brethren born and begotten of one man and of one woman. Alas, said Sir Gawaine, why do ye so? Sir, said the elder, there came a white hart this way this day, and many hounds chased him, and a white brachet was always next him, and we understood it was adventure made for the high feast of King Arthur, and therefore I would have gone after to have won me worship; and here my younger brother said he would go after the hart, for he was better knight than I; and for this cause we fell at debate, and so we thought to prove which of us both was better knight. This is a simple cause, said Sir Gawaine; uncouth men ye should debate withal, and not brother with brother; therefore but if you will do by my counsel I will have ado with you, that is ye shall yield you unto me, and that ye go unto King Arthur and yield you unto his grace. Sir knight, said the two brethren, we are forfoughten and much blood have we lost through our wilfulness, and therefore we would be loath to have ado with you. Then do as I will have you, said Sir Gawaine. We will agree to fulfil your will; but by whom shall we say that we be thither sent? Ye may say, By the knight that followeth the quest of the hart that was white. Now what is your name? said Gawaine. Sorlouse of the Forest, said the elder. And my name is, said the younger, Brian of the Forest. And so they departed and went to the king's court, and Sir Gawaine on his quest.

And as Gawaine followed the hart by the cry of the hounds, even afore him there was a great river, and the hart swam over; and as Sir Gawaine would follow after, there stood a knight over the other side, and said, Sir knight, come not over after this hart but if thou wilt joust with me. I will not fail as for that, said Sir Gawaine, to follow the quest that I am in, and so made his horse

to swim over the water. And anon they gat their spears and ran together full hard; but Sir Gawaine smote him off his horse, and then he turned his horse and bade him yield him. Nay, said the knight, not so, though thou have the better of me on horseback. I pray thee, valiant knight, alight afoot, and match we together with swords. What is your name? said Sir Gawaine. Allardin of the Isles, said the other. Then either dressed their shields and smote together, but Sir Gawaine smote him so hard through the helm that it went to the brains, and the knight fell down dead. Ah! said Gaheris, that was a mighty stroke of a young knight.

**CHAPTER VII How the hart was chased into a castle and there slain, and how Sir Gawaine slew a lady.** THEN Gawaine and Gaheris rode more than a pace after the white hart, and let slip at the hart three couple of greyhounds, and so they chased the hart into a castle, and in the chief place of the castle they slew the hart; Sir Gawaine and Gaheris followed after. Right so there came a knight out of a chamber with a sword drawn in his hand and slew two of the greyhounds, even in the sight of Sir Gawaine, and the remnant he chased them with his sword out of the castle. And when he came again, he said, O my white hart, me repenteth that thou art dead, for my sovereign lady gave thee to me, and evil have I kept thee, and thy death shall be dear bought an I live. And anon he went into his chamber and armed him, and came out fiercely, and there met he with Sir Gawaine. Why have ye slain my hounds? said Sir Gawaine, for they did but their kind, and liefer I had ye had wroken your anger upon me than upon a dumb beast. Thou sayest truth, said the knight, I have avenged me on thy hounds, and so I will on thee or thou go. Then Sir Gawaine alighted afoot and dressed his shield, and struck together mightily, and clave their shields, and stoned their helms, and brake their hauberks that the blood ran down to their feet.

At the last Sir Gawaine smote the knight so hard that he fell to the earth, and then he cried mercy, and yielded him, and besought him as he was a knight and gentleman, to save his life. Thou shalt die, said Sir Gawaine, for slaying of my hounds. I will make amends, said the knight, unto my power. Sir Gawaine would no mercy have, but unlaced his helm to have stricken off his head. Right so came his lady out of a chamber and fell over him, and so he smote off her head by misadventure. Alas, said Gaheris, that is foully and shamefully done, that shame shall never from you; also ye should give mercy unto them that ask mercy, for a knight without mercy is without worship. Sir Gawaine was so stonied of the death of this fair lady that he wist not what he did, and said unto the knight, Arise, I will give thee mercy. Nay, nay, said the knight, I take no force of mercy now, for thou hast slain my love and my lady that I loved best of all earthly things. Me sore repenteth it, said Sir Gawaine, for I thought to strike unto thee; but now thou shalt go unto King Arthur and tell him of thine adventures, and how thou art overcome by the knight that went in the quest of the white hart. I take no force, said the knight, whether I live or I die; but so for dread of death he swore to go unto King Arthur, and he made him to bear one greyhound before him on his horse, and another behind him. What is your name? said Sir Gawaine, or we depart. My name is, said the knight, Ablamar of the Marsh. So he departed toward Camelot.

**CHAPTER VIII. How four knights fought against Gawaine and Gaheris, and how they were overcome, and their lives saved at request of four ladies.** AND Sir Gawaine went into the castle, and made him ready to lie there all night, and would have unarmed him. What will ye do, said Gaheris, will ye unarm you in this country? Ye may think ye have many enemies here. They had not sooner said that word but there came four knights well armed, and assailed Sir Gawaine hard, and said unto him, Thou new-made knight, thou hast shamed thy knighthood, for a knight without mercy is dishonoured. Also thou hast slain a fair lady to thy great shame to the world's end, and doubt thou not thou shalt have great need of mercy or thou depart from us. And therewith one of them smote Sir Gawaine a great stroke that nigh he fell to the earth, and Gaheris smote him again sore, and so they were on the one side and on the other, that Sir Gawaine and Gaheris were in jeopardy of their lives; and one with a bow, an archer, smote Sir Gawaine through the arm that it grieved him wonderly sore. And as they

should have been slain, there came four fair ladies, and besought the knights of grace for Sir Gawaine; and goodly at request of the ladies they gave Sir Gawaine and Gaheris their lives, and made them to yield them as prisoners. Then Gawaine and Gaheris made great dole. Alas! said Sir Gawaine, mine arm grieveth me sore, I am like to be maimed; and so made his complaint piteously.

Early on the morrow there came to Sir Gawaine one of the four ladies that had heard all his complaint, and said, Sir knight, what cheer? Not good, said he. It is your own default, said the lady, for ye have done a passing foul deed in the slaying of the lady, the which will be great villainy unto you. But be ye not of King Arthur's kin? said the lady. Yes truly, said Sir Gawaine. What is your name? said the lady, ye must tell it me or ye pass. My name is Gawaine, the King Lot of Orkney's son, and my mother is King Arthur's sister. Ah! then are ye nephew unto King Arthur, said the lady, and I shall so speak for you that ye shall have conduct to go to King Arthur for his love. And so she departed and told the four knights how their prisoner was King Arthur's nephew, and his name is Sir Gawaine, King Lot's son of Orkney. And they gave him the hart's head because it was in his quest. Then anon they delivered Sir Gawaine under this promise, that he should bear the dead lady with him in this manner; the head of her was hanged about his neck, and the whole body of her lay before him on his horse's mane. Right so rode he forth unto Camelot. And anon as he was come, Merlin desired of King Arthur that Sir Gawaine should be sworn to tell of all his adventures, and how he slew the lady, and how he would give no mercy unto the knight, wherethrough the lady was slain. Then the king and the queen were greatly displeased with Sir Gawaine for the slaying of the lady. And there by ordinance of the queen there was set a quest of ladies on Sir Gawaine, and they judged him for ever while he lived to be with all ladies, and to fight for their quarrels; and that ever he should be courteous, and never to refuse mercy to him that asketh mercy. Thus was Gawaine sworn upon the Four Evangelists that he should never be against lady nor gentlewoman, but if he fought for a lady and his adversary fought for another. And thus endeth the adventure of Sir Gawaine that he did at the marriage of King Arthur. Amen.

**CHAPTER IX. How Sir Tor rode after the knight with the brachet, and of his adventure by the way.** WHEN Sir Tor was ready, he mounted upon his horseback, and rode after the knight with the brachet. So as he rode he met with a dwarf suddenly that smote his horse on the head with a staff, that he went backward his spear length. Why dost thou so? said Sir Tor. For thou shalt not pass this way, but if thou joust with yonder knights of the pavilions. Then was Tor ware where two pavilions were, and great spears stood out, and two shields hung on trees by the pavilions. I may not tarry, said Sir Tor, for I am in a quest that I must needs follow. Thou shalt not pass, said the dwarf, and therewithal he blew his horn. Then there came one armed on horseback, and dressed his shield, and came fast toward Tor, and he dressed him against him, and so ran together that Tor bare him from his horse. And anon the knight yielded him to his mercy. But, sir, I have a fellow in yonder pavilion that will have ado with you anon. He shall be welcome, said Sir Tor. Then was he ware of another knight coming with great raundon, and each of them dressed to other, that marvel it was to see; but the knight smote Sir Tor a great stroke in midst of the shield that his spear all to-shivered. And Sir Tor smote him through the shield below of the shield that it went through the cost of the knight, but the stroke slew him not. And therewith Sir Tor alighted and smote him on the helm a great stroke, and therewith the knight yielded him and besought him of mercy. I will well, said Sir Tor, but thou and thy fellow must go unto King Arthur, and yield you prisoners unto him. By whom shall we say are we thither sent? Ye shall say by the knight that went in the quest of the knight that went with the brachet. Now, what be your two names? said Sir Tor. My name is, said the one, Sir Felot of Langduk; and my name is, said the other, Sir Petipase of Winchelsea. Now go ye forth, said Sir Tor, and God speed you and me. Then came the dwarf and said unto Sir Tor, I pray you give me a gift. I will well, said Sir Tor, ask. I ask no more, said the dwarf, but that ye will suffer me to do you service, for I will serve

no more recreant knights. Take an horse, said Sir Tor, and ride on with me. I wot ye ride after the knight with the white brachet, and I shall bring you where he is, said the dwarf. And so they rode throughout a forest, and at the last they were ware of two pavilions, even by a priory, with two shields, and the one shield was enewed with white, and the other shield was red.

**CHAPTER X. How Sir Tor found the brachet with a lady, and how a knight assailed him for the said brachet.** THEREWITH Sir Tor alighted and took the dwarf his glaive, and so he came to the white pavilion, and saw three damosels lie in it, on one pallet, sleeping, and so he went to the other pavilion, and found a lady lying sleeping therein, but there was the white brachet that bayed at her fast, and therewith the lady yede out of the pavilion and all her damosels. But anon as Sir Tor espied the white brachet, he took her by force and took her to the dwarf. What, will ye so, said the lady, take my brachet from me? Yea, said Sir Tor, this brachet have I sought from King Arthur's court hither. Well, said the lady, knight, ye shall not go far with her, but that ye shall be met and grieved. I shall abide what adventure that cometh by the grace of God, and so mounted upon his horse, and passed on his way toward Camelot; but it was so near night he might not pass but little further. Know ye any lodging? said Tor. I know none, said the dwarf, but here beside is an hermitage, and there ye must take lodging as ye find. And within a while they came to the hermitage and took lodging; and was there grass, oats and bread for their horses; soon it was sped, and full hard was their supper; but there they rested them all night till on the morn, and heard a mass devoutly, and took their leave of the hermit, and Sir Tor prayed the hermit to pray for him. He said he would, and betook him to God. And so mounted upon horseback and rode towards Camelot a long while.

With that they heard a knight call loud that came after them, and he said, Knight, abide and yield my brachet that thou took from my lady. Sir Tor returned again, and beheld him how he was a seemly knight and well horsed, and well armed at all points; then Sir Tor dressed his shield, and took his spear in his hands, and the other came fiercely upon him, and smote both horse and man to the earth. Anon they arose lightly and drew their swords as eagerly as lions, and put their shields afore them, and smote through the shields, that the cantels fell off both parties. Also they tamed their helms that the hot blood ran out, and the thick mails of their hauberks they carved and rove in sunder that the hot blood ran to the earth, and both they had many wounds and were passing weary. But Sir Tor espied that the other knight fainted, and then he sued fast upon him, and doubled his strokes, and gart him go to the earth on the one side. Then Sir Tor bade him yield him. That will I not, said Abelleus, while my life lasteth and the soul is within my body, unless that thou wilt give me the brachet. That will I not do, said Sir Tor, for it was my quest to bring again thy brachet, thee, or both.

**CHAPTER XI. How Sir Tor overcame the knight, and how he lost his head at the request of a lady.** WITH that came a damosel riding on a palfrey as fast as she might drive, and cried with a loud voice unto Sir Tor. What will ye with me? said Sir Tor. I beseech thee, said the damosel, for King Arthur's love, give me a gift; I require thee, gentle knight, as thou art a gentleman. Now, said Tor, ask a gift and I will give it you. Gramercy, said the damosel; now I ask the head of the false knight Abelleus, for he is the most outrageous knight that liveth, and the greatest murderer. I am loath, said Sir Tor, of that gift I have given you; let him make amends in that he hath trespassed unto you. Now, said the damosel, he may not, for he slew mine own brother before mine own eyes, that was a better knight than he, an he had had grace; and I kneeled half an hour afore him in the mire for to save my brother's life, that had done him no damage, but fought with him by adventure of arms, and so for all that I could do he struck off his head; wherefore I require thee, as thou art a true knight, to give me my gift, or else I shall shame thee in all the court of King Arthur; for he is the falsest knight living, and a great destroyer of good knights. Then when Abelleus heard this, he was more afeard, and yielded him and asked mercy. I may not now, said Sir Tor, but if I should be found false of my promise; for while I would have taken

you to mercy ye would none ask, but if ye had the brachet again, that was my quest. And therewith he took off his helm, and he arose and fled, and Sir Tor after him, and smote off his head quite.

Now sir, said the damosel, it is near night; I pray you come and lodge with me here at my place, it is here fast by. I will well, said Sir Tor, for his horse and he had fared evil since they departed from Camelot, and so he rode with her, and had passing good cheer with her; and she had a passing fair old knight to her husband that made him passing good cheer, and well eased both his horse and him. And on the morn he heard his mass, and brake his fast, and took his leave of the knight and of the lady, that besought him to tell them his name. Truly, he said, my name is Sir Tor that was late made knight, and this was the first quest of arms that ever I did, to bring again that this knight Abelleus took away from King Arthur's court. O fair knight, said the lady and her husband, an ye come here in our marches, come and see our poor lodging, and it shall be always at your commandment. So Sir Tor departed and came to Camelot on the third day by noon, and the king and the queen and all the court was passing fain of his coming, and made great joy that he was come again; for he went from the court with little succour, but as King Pellinore his father gave him an old courser, and King Arthur gave him armour and a sword, and else had he none other succour, but rode so forth himself alone. And then the king and the queen by Merlin's advice made him to swear to tell of his adventures, and so he told and made proofs of his deeds as it is afore rehearsed, wherefore the king and the queen made great joy. Nay, nay, said Merlin, these be but japes to that he shall do; for he shall prove a noble knight of prowess, as good as any is living, and gentle and courteous, and of goodatches, and passing true of his promise, and never shall outrage. Wherethrough Merlin's words King Arthur gave him an earldom of lands that fell unto him. And here endeth the quest of Sir Tor, King Pellinore's son.

**CHAPTER XII. How King Pellinore rode after the lady and the knight that led her away, and how a lady desired help of him, and how he fought with two knights for that lady, of whom he slew the one at the first stroke.** THEN King Pellinore armed him and mounted upon his horse, and rode more than a pace after the lady that the knight led away. And as he rode in a forest, he saw in a valley a damosel sit by a well, and a wounded knight in her arms, and Pellinore saluted her. And when she was ware of him, she cried overloud, Help me, knight; for Christ's sake, King Pellinore. And he would not tarry, he was so eager in his quest, and ever she cried an hundred times after help. When she saw he would not abide, she prayed unto God to send him as much need of help as she had, and that he might feel it or he died. So, as the book telleth, the knight there died that there was wounded, wherefore the lady for pure sorrow slew herself with his sword. As King Pellinore rode in that valley he met with a poor man, a labourer. Sawest thou not, said Pellinore, a knight riding and leading away a lady? Yea, said the man, I saw that knight, and the lady that made great dole; and yonder beneath in a valley there shall ye see two pavilions, and one of the knights of the pavilions challenged that lady of that knight, and said she was his cousin near, wherefore he should lead her no farther. And so they waged battle in that quarrel, the one said he would have her by force, and the other said he would have the rule of her, by cause he was her kinsman, and would lead her to her kin. For this quarrel he left them fighting. And if ye will ride a pace ye shall find them fighting, and the lady was beleft with the two squires in the pavilions. God thank thee, said King Pellinore.

Then he rode a wallop till he had a sight of the two pavilions, and the two knights fighting. Anon he rode unto the pavilions, and saw the lady that was his quest, and said, Fair lady, ye must go with me unto the court of King Arthur. Sir knight, said the two squires that were with her, yonder are two knights that fight for this lady, go thither and depart them, and be agreed with them, and then may ye have her at your pleasure. Ye say well, said King Pellinore. And anon he rode betwixt them, and departed them, and asked them the causes why that they fought? Sir knight, said the one, I shall tell you, this lady is my kinswoman nigh, mine aunt's daughter, and when I heard her complain that she was with him

maugre her head, I waged battle to fight with him. Sir knight, said the other, whose name was Hontzlake of Wentland, and this lady I gat by my prowess of arms this day at Arthur's court. That is untruly said, said King Pellinore, for ye came in suddenly there as we were at the high feast, and took away this lady or any man might make him ready; and therefore it was my quest to bring her again and you both, or else the one of us to abide in the field; therefore the lady shall go with me, or I will die for it, for I have promised it King Arthur. And therefore fight ye no more, for none of you shall have no part of her at this time; and if ye list to fight for her, fight with me, and I will defend her. Well, said the knights, make you ready, and we shall assail you with all our power. And as King Pellinore would have put his horse from them, Sir Hontzlake rove his horse through with a sword, and said: Now art thou on foot as well as we are. When King Pellinore espied that his horse was slain, lightly he leapt from his horse and pulled out his sword, and put his shield afore him, and said, Knight, keep well thy head, for thou shalt have a buffet for the slaying of my horse. So King Pellinore gave him such a stroke upon the helm that he clave the head down to the chin, that he fell to the earth dead.

**CHAPTER XIII. How King Pellinore gat the lady and brought her to Camelot to the court of King Arthur.** AND then he turned him to the other knight, that was sore wounded. But when he saw the other's buffet, he would not fight, but kneeled down and said, Take my cousin the lady with you at your request, and I require you, as ye be a true knight, put her to no shame nor villainy. What, said King Pellinore, will ye not fight for her? No, sir, said the knight, I will not fight with such a knight of prowess as ye be. Well, said Pellinore, ye say well; I promise you she shall have no villainy by me, as I am true knight; but now me lacketh an horse, said Pellinore, but I will have Hontzlake's horse. Ye shall not need, said the knight, for I shall give you such an horse as shall please you, so that you will lodge with me, for it is near night. I will well, said King Pellinore, abide with you all night. And there he had with him right good cheer, and fared of the best with passing good wine, and had merry rest that night. And on the morn he heard a mass and dined; and then was brought him a fair bay courser, and King Pellinore's saddle set upon him. Now, what shall I call you? said the knight, inasmuch as ye have my cousin at your desire of your quest. Sir, I shall tell you, my name is King Pellinore of the Isles and knight of the Table Round. Now I am glad, said the knight, that such a noble man shall have the rule of my cousin. Now, what is your name? said Pellinore, I pray you tell me. Sir, my name is Sir Meliot of Logurs, and this lady my cousin hight Nimue, and the knight that was in the other pavilion is my sworn brother, a passing good knight, and his name is Brian of the Isles, and he is full loath to do wrong, and full loath to fight with any man, but if he be sore sought on, so that for shame he may not leave it. It is marvel, said Pellinore, that he will not have ado with me. Sir, he will not have ado with no man but if it be at his request. Bring him to the court, said Pellinore, one of these days. Sir, we will come together. And ye shall be welcome, said Pellinore, to the court of King Arthur, and greatly allowed for your coming. And so he departed with the lady, and brought her to Camelot.

So as they rode in a valley it was full of stones, and there the lady's horse stumbled and threw her down, that her arm was sore bruised and near she swooned for pain. Alas! sir, said the lady, mine arm is out of lithe, wherethrough I must needs rest me. Ye shall well, said King Pellinore. And so he alighted under a fair tree where was fair grass, and he put his horse thereto, and so laid him under the tree and slept till it was nigh night. And when he awoke he would have ridden. Sir, said the lady, it is so dark that ye may as well ride backward as forward. So they abode still and made there their lodging. Then Sir Pellinore put off his armour; then a little afore midnight they heard the trotting of an horse. Be ye still, said King Pellinore, for we shall hear of some adventure.

**CHAPTER XIV. How on the way he heard two knights, as he lay by night in a valley, and of their adventures.** AND therewith he armed him. So right even afore him there met two knights, the one came froward Camelot, and the other from the north, and either saluted other. What tidings at Camelot? said

the one. By my head, said the other, there have I been and espied the court of King Arthur, and there is such a fellowship they may never be broken, and well-nigh all the world holdeth with Arthur, for there is the flower of chivalry. Now for this cause I am riding into the north, to tell our chieftains of the fellowship that is withholden with King Arthur. As for that, said the other knight, I have brought a remedy with me, that is the greatest poison that ever ye heard speak of, and to Camelot will I with it, for we have a friend right nigh King Arthur, and well cherished, that shall poison King Arthur; for so he hath promised our chieftains, and received great gifts for to do it. Beware, said the other knight, of Merlin, for he knoweth all things by the devil's craft. Therefore will I not let it, said the knight. And so they departed asunder. Anon after Pellinore made him ready, and his lady, [and] rode toward Camelot; and as they came by the well there as the wounded knight was and the lady, there he found the knight, and the lady eaten with lions or wild beasts, all save the head, wherefore he made great sorrow, and wept passing sore, and said, Alas! her life might I have saved; but I was so fierce in my quest, therefore I would not abide. Wherefore make ye such dole? said the lady. I wot not, said Pellinore, but my heart mourneth sore of the death of her, for she was a passing fair lady and a young. Now, will ye do by mine advice? said the lady, take this knight and let him be buried in an hermitage, and then take the lady's head and bear it with you unto Arthur. So King Pellinore took this dead knight on his shoulders, and brought him to the hermitage, and charged the hermit with the corpse, that service should be done for the soul; and take his harness for your pain. It shall be done, said the hermit, as I will answer unto God.

**CHAPTER XV. How when he was come to Camelot he was sworn upon a book to tell the truth of his quest.** AND therewith they departed, and came there as the head of the lady lay with a fair yellow hair that grieved King Pellinore passingly sore when he looked on it, for much he cast his heart on the visage. And so by noon they came to Camelot; and the king and the queen were passing fain of his coming to the court. And there he was made to swear upon the Four Evangelists, to tell the truth of his quest from the one to the other. Ah! Sir Pellinore, said Queen Guenever, ye were greatly to blame that ye saved not this lady's life. Madam, said Pellinore, ye were greatly to blame an ye would not save your own life an ye might, but, save your pleasure, I was so furious in my quest that I would not abide, and that repenteth me, and shall the days of my life. Truly, said Merlin, ye ought sore to repent it, for that lady was your own daughter begotten on the lady of the Rule, and that knight that was dead was her love, and should have wedded her, and he was a right good knight of a young man, and would have proved a good man, and to this court was he coming, and his name was Sir Miles of the Launds, and a knight came behind him and slew him with a spear, and his name is Loraine le Savage, a false knight and a coward; and she for great sorrow and dole slew herself with his sword, and her name was Elaine. And because ye would not abide and help her, ye shall see your best friend fail you when ye be in the greatest distress that ever ye were or shall be. And that penance God hath ordained you for that deed, that he that ye shall most trust to of any man alive, he shall leave you there ye shall be slain. Me forthinketh, said King Pellinore, that this shall me betide, but God may fordo well destiny.

Thus, when the quest was done of the white hart, the which followed Sir Gawaine; and the quest of the brachet, followed of Sir Tor, Pellinore's son; and the quest of the lady that the knight took away, the which King Pellinore at that time followed; then the king stablished all his knights, and them that were of lands not rich he gave them lands, and charged them never to do outrageousness nor murder, and always to flee treason; also, by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asketh mercy, upon pain of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur for evermore; and always to do ladies, damosels, and gentlewomen succour, upon pain of death. Also, that no man take no battles in a wrongful quarrel for no law, nor for no world's goods. Unto this were all the knights sworn of the Table Round, both old and young. And every year were they sworn at the high feast of Pen-

tecost.

*Explicit the Wedding of King Arthur. Sequitur quartus liber.*

## BOOK IV.

**CHAPTER I. How Merlin was assotted and doted on one of the ladies of the lake, and how he was shut in a rock under a stone and there died.** SO after these quests of Sir Gawaine, Sir Tor, and King Pellinore, it fell so that Merlin fell in a dotage on the damosel that King Pellinore brought to court, and she was one of the damosels of the lake, that hight Nimue. But Merlin would let her have no rest, but always he would be with her. And ever she made Merlin good cheer till she had learned of him all manner thing that she desired; and he was assotted upon her, that he might not be from her. So on a time he told King Arthur that he should not dure long, but for all his crafts he should be put in the earth quick. And so he told the king many things that should befall, but always he warned the king to keep well his sword and the scabbard, for he told him how the sword and the scabbard should be stolen by a woman from him that he most trusted. Also he told King Arthur that he should miss him,—Yet had ye liefer than all your lands to have me again. Ah, said the king, since ye know of your adventure, purvey for it, and put away by your crafts that misadventure. Nay, said Merlin, it will not be; so he departed from the king. And within a while the Damosel of the Lake departed, and Merlin went with her evermore wheresoever she went. And oftentimes Merlin would have had her privily away by his subtle crafts; then she made him to swear that he should never do none enchantment upon her if he would have his will. And so he swore; so she and Merlin went over the sea unto the land of Benwick, whereas King Ban was king that had great war against King Claudas, and there Merlin spake with King Ban's wife, a fair lady and a good, and her name was Elaine, and there he saw young Launcelot. There the queen made great sorrow for the mortal war that King Claudas made on her lord and on her lands. Take none heaviness, said Merlin, for this same child within this twenty year shall revenge you on King Claudas, that all Christendom shall speak of it; and this same child shall be the most man of worship of the world, and his first name is Galahad, that know I well, said Merlin, and since ye have confirmed him Launcelot. That is truth, said the queen, his first name was Galahad. O Merlin, said the queen, shall I live to see my son such a man of prowess? Yea, lady, on my peril ye shall see it, and live many winters after.

And so, soon after, the lady and Merlin departed, and by the way Merlin showed her many wonders, and came into Cornwall. And always Merlin lay about the lady to have her maidenhood, and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him, for she was afraid of him because he was a devil's son, and she could not beskift him by no mean. And so on a time it happed that Merlin showed to her in a rock whereas was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, that went under a great stone. So by her subtle working she made Merlin to go under that stone to let her wit of the marvels there; but she wrought so there for him that he came never out for all the craft he could do. And so she departed and left Merlin.

**CHAPTER II. How five kings came into this land to war against King Arthur, and what counsel Arthur had against them.** AND as King Arthur rode to Camelot, and held there a great feast with mirth and joy, so soon after he returned unto Cardoile, and there came unto Arthur new tidings that the king of Denmark, and the king of Ireland that was his brother, and the king of the Vale, and the king of Soleise, and the king of the Isle of Longtains, all these five kings with a great host were entered into the land of King Arthur, and burnt and slew clean afore them, both cities and castles, that it was pity to hear. Alas, said Arthur, yet had I never rest one month since I was crowned king of this land. Now shall I never rest till I meet with those kings in a fair field, that I make mine avow; for my true liege people shall not be destroyed in my default, go with me who will, and abide who that will. Then the king let write unto King Pellinore, and prayed him in all haste to make him ready with such people as he might lightliest rear and hie him after in all haste. All the barons were privily wroth that the king would depart so suddenly; but the king

by no mean would abide, but made writing unto them that were not there, and bade them hie after him, such as were not at that time in the court. Then the king came to Queen Guenever, and said, Lady, make you ready, for ye shall go with me, for I may not long miss you; ye shall cause me to be the more hardy, what adventure so befall me; I will not wit my lady to be in no jeopardy. Sir, said she, I am at your commandment, and shall be ready what time so ye be ready. So on the morn the king and the queen departed with such fellowship as they had, and came into the north, into a forest beside Humber, and there lodged them. When the word and tiding came unto the five kings above said, that Arthur was beside Humber in a forest, there was a knight, brother unto one of the five kings, that gave them this counsel: Ye know well that Sir Arthur hath the flower of chivalry of the world with him, as it is proved by the great battle he did with the eleven kings; and therefore hie unto him night and day till that we be nigh him, for the longer he tarrieth the bigger he is, and we ever the weaker; and he is so courageous of himself that he is come to the field with little people, and therefore let us set upon him or day and we shall slay down; of his knights there shall none escape.

**CHAPTER III. How King Arthur had ado with them and overthrew them, and slew the five kings and made the remnant to flee.** UNTO this counsel these five kings assented, and so they passed forth with their host through North Wales, and came upon Arthur by night, and set upon his host as the king and his knights were in their pavilions. King Arthur was unarmed, and had laid him to rest with his Queen Guenever. Sir, said Sir Kay, it is not good we be unarmed. We shall have no need, said Sir Gawaine and Sir Griflet, that lay in a little pavilion by the king. With that they heard a great noise, and many cried, Treason, treason! Alas, said King Arthur, we be betrayed! Unto arms, fellows, then he cried. So they were armed anon at all points. Then came there a wounded knight unto the king, and said, Sir, save yourself and my lady the queen, for our host is destroyed, and much people of ours slain. So anon the king and the queen and the three knights took their horses, and rode toward Humber to pass over it, and the water was so rough that they were afraid to pass over. Now may ye choose, said King Arthur, whether ye will abide and take the adventure on this side, for an ye be taken they will slay you. It were me liefer, said the queen, to die in the water than to fall in your enemies' hands and there be slain.

And as they stood so talking, Sir Kay saw the five kings coming on horseback by themselves alone, with their spears in their hands even toward them. Lo, said Sir Kay, yonder be the five kings; let us go to them and match them. That were folly, said Sir Gawaine, for we are but three and they be five. That is truth, said Sir Griflet. No force, said Sir Kay, I will undertake for two of them, and then may ye three undertake for the other three. And therewithal, Sir Kay let his horse run as fast as he might, and struck one of them through the shield and the body a fathom, that the king fell to the earth stark dead. That saw Sir Gawaine, and ran unto another king so hard that he smote him through the body. And therewithal King Arthur ran to another, and smote him through the body with a spear, that he fell to the earth dead. Then Sir Griflet ran unto the fourth king, and gave him such a fall that his neck brake. Anon Sir Kay ran unto the fifth king, and smote him so hard on the helm that the stroke clave the helm and the head to the earth. That was well stricken, said King Arthur, and worshipfully hast thou holden thy promise, therefore I shall honour thee while that I live. And therewithal they set the queen in a barge into Humber; but always Queen Guenever praised Sir Kay for his deeds, and said, What lady that ye love, and she love you not again she were greatly to blame; and among ladies, said the queen, I shall bear your noble fame, for ye spake a great word, and fulfilled it worshipfully. And therewith the queen departed.

Then the king and the three knights rode into the forest, for there they supposed to hear of them that were escaped; and there he found the most part of his people, and told them all how the five kings were dead. And therefore let us hold us together till it be day, and when their host have espied that their chieftains be slain, they will make such dole that they shall no more help themselves. And right so as the king said, so it was; for when

they found the five kings dead, they made such dole that they fell from their horses. Therewithal came King Arthur but with a few people, and slew on the left hand and on the right hand, that well-nigh there escaped no man, but all were slain to the number thirty thousand. And when the battle was all ended, the king kneeled down and thanked God meekly. And then he sent for the queen, and soon she was come, and she made great joy of the overcoming of that battle.

**CHAPTER IV. How the battle was finished or he came, and how King Arthur founded an abbey where the battle was.**

THEREWITTHAL came one to King Arthur, and told him that King Pellinore was within three mile with a great host; and he said, Go unto him, and let him understand how we have sped. So within a while King Pellinore came with a great host, and saluted the people and the king, and there was great joy made on every side. Then the king let search how much people of his party there was slain; and there were found but little past two hundred men slain and eight knights of the Table Round in their pavilions. Then the king let rear and devise in the same place whereat the battle was done a fair abbey, and endowed it with great livelihood, and let it call the Abbey of La Beale Adventure. But when some of them came into their countries, whereof the five kings were kings, and told them how they were slain, there was made great dole. And all King Arthur's enemies, as the King of North Wales, and the kings of the North, [when they] wist of the battle, they were passing heavy. And so the king returned unto Camelot in haste.

And when he was come to Camelot he called King Pellinore unto him, and said, Ye understand well that we have lost eight knights of the best of the Table Round, and by your advice we will choose eight again of the best we may find in this court. Sir, said Pellinore, I shall counsel you after my conceit the best: there are in your court full noble knights both of old and young; and therefore by mine advice ye shall choose half of the old and half of the young. Which be the old? said King Arthur. Sir, said King Pellinore, meseemeth that King Uriens that hath wedded your sister Morgan le Fay, and the King of the Lake, and Sir Hervise de Revel, a noble knight, and Sir Galagars, the fourth. This is well devised, said King Arthur, and right so shall it be. Now, which are the four young knights? said Arthur. Sir, said Pellinore, the first is Sir Gawaine, your nephew, that is as good a knight of his time as any is in this land; and the second as meseemeth best is Sir Griflet le Fise de Dieu, that is a good knight and full desirous in arms, and who may see him live he shall prove a good knight; and the third as meseemeth is well to be one of the knights of the Round Table, Sir Kay the Seneschal, for many times he hath done full worshipfully, and now at your last battle he did full honourably for to undertake to slay two kings. By my head, said Arthur, he is best worth to be a knight of the Round Table of any that ye have rehearsed, an he had done no more prowess in his life days.

**CHAPTER V. How Sir Tor was made knight of the Round Table, and how Bagdemagus was displeased.**

NOW, said King Pellinore, I shall put to you two knights, and ye shall choose which is most worthy, that is Sir Bagdemagus, and Sir Tor, my son. But because Sir Tor is my son I may not praise him, but else, an he were not my son, I durst say that of his age there is not in this land a better knight than he is, nor of better conditions and loath to do any wrong, and loath to take any wrong. By my head, said Arthur, he is a passing good knight as any ye spake of this day, that wot I well, said the king; for I have seen him proved, but he saith little and he doth much more, for I know none in all this court an he were as well born on his mother's side as he is on your side, that is like him of prowess and of might: and therefore I will have him at this time, and leave Sir Bagdemagus till another time. So when they were so chosen by the assent of all the barons, so were there found in their sieges every knights' names that here are rehearsed, and so were they set in their sieges; whereof Sir Bagdemagus was wonderly wroth, that Sir Tor was advanced afore him, and therefore suddenly he departed from the court, and took his squire with him, and rode long in a forest till they came to a cross, and there alighted and said his prayers devoutly. The meanwhile his squire found written upon the cross, that Bagdemagus should never return unto the court again, till he had won a knight's body of the

Round Table, body for body. So, sir, said the squire, here I find writing of you, therefore I rede you return again to the court. That shall I never, said Bagdemagus, till men speak of me great worship, and that I be worthy to be a knight of the Round Table. And so he rode forth, and there by the way he found a branch of an holy herb that was the sign of the Sangreal, and no knight found such tokens but he were a good liver.

So, as Sir Bagdemagus rode to see many adventures, it happened him to come to the rock whereas the Lady of the Lake had put Merlin under the stone, and there he heard him make great dole; whereof Sir Bagdemagus would have holpen him, and went unto the great stone, and it was so heavy that an hundred men might not lift it up. When Merlin wist he was there, he bade leave his labour, for all was in vain, for he might never be holpen but by her that put him there. And so Bagdemagus departed and did many adventures, and proved after a full good knight, and came again to the court and was made knight of the Round Table. So on the morn there fell new tidings and other adventures.

**CHAPTER VI. How King Arthur, King Uriens, and Sir Accolon of Gaul, chased an hart, and of their marvellous adventures.**

THEN it befell that Arthur and many of his knights rode a-hunting into a great forest, and it happened King Arthur, King Uriens, and Sir Accolon of Gaul, followed a great hart, for they three were well horsed, and so they chased so fast that within a while they three were then ten mile from their fellowship. And at the last they chased so sore that they slew their horses underneath them. Then were they all three on foot, and ever they saw the hart afore them passing weary and enbushed. What will we do? said King Arthur, we are hard bestead. Let us go on foot, said King Uriens, till we may meet with some lodging. Then were they ware of the hart that lay on a great water bank, and a brachet biting on his throat, and more other hounds came after. Then King Arthur blew the prise and dight the hart.

Then the king looked about the world, and saw afore him in a great water a little ship, all apparelled with silk down to the water, and the ship came right unto them and landed on the sands. Then Arthur went to the bank and looked in, and saw none earthly creature therein. Sirs, said the king, come thence, and let us see what is in this ship. So they went in all three, and found it richly behanged with cloth of silk. By then it was dark night, and there suddenly were about them an hundred torches set upon all the sides of the ship boards, and it gave great light; and therewithal there came out twelve fair damosels and saluted King Arthur on their knees, and called him by his name, and said he was right welcome, and such cheer as they had he should have of the best. The king thanked them fair. Therewithal they led the king and his two fellows into a fair chamber, and there was a cloth laid, richly beseen of all that longed unto a table, and there were they served of all wines and meats that they could think; of that the king had great marvel, for he fared never better in his life as for one supper. And so when they had supped at their leisure, King Arthur was led into a chamber, a richer beseen chamber saw he never none, and so was King Uriens served, and led into such another chamber, and Sir Accolon was led into the third chamber passing richly and well beseen; and so they were laid in their beds easily. And anon they fell asleep, and slept marvellously sore all the night. And on the morrow King Uriens was in Camelot abed in his wife's arms, Morgan le Fay. And when he awoke he had great marvel, how he came there, for on the even afore he was two days' journey from Camelot. And when King Arthur awoke he found himself in a dark prison, hearing about him many complaints of woful knights.

**CHAPTER VII. How Arthur took upon him to fight to be delivered out of prison, and also for to deliver twenty knights that were in prison.**

WHAT are ye that so complain? said King Arthur. We be here twenty knights, prisoners, said they, and some of us have lain here seven year, and some more and some less. For what cause? said Arthur. We shall tell you, said the knights; this lord of this castle, his name is Sir Damas, and he is the falsest knight that liveth, and full of treason, and a very coward as any liveth, and he hath a younger brother, a good knight of prowess, his name is Sir Ontzlake; and this traitor Damas, the elder brother will give him no part of his livelihood, but as Sir Ontzlake keep-

eth thorough prowess of his hands, and so he keepeth from him a full fair manor and a rich, and therein Sir Ontzlake dwelleth worshipfully, and is well beloved of all people. And this Sir Damas, our master is as evil beloved, for he is without mercy, and he is a coward, and great war hath been betwixt them both, but Ontzlake hath ever the better, and ever he proffereth Sir Damas to fight for the livelihood, body for body, but he will not do; other-else to find a knight to fight for him. Unto that Sir Damas had granted to find a knight, but he is so evil beloved and hated, that there is never a knight will fight for him. And when Damas saw this, that there was never a knight would fight for him, he hath daily lain await with many knights with him, and taken all the knights in this country to see and espy their adventures, he hath taken them by force and brought them to his prison. And so he took us separately as we rode on our adventures, and many good knights have died in this prison for hunger, to the number of eighteen knights; and if any of us all that here is, or hath been, would have foughten with his brother Ontzlake, he would have delivered us, but for because this Damas is so false and so full of treason we would never fight for him to die for it. And we be so lean for hunger that unnethe we may stand on our feet. God deliver you, for his mercy, said Arthur.

Anon, therewithal there came a damosel unto Arthur, and asked him, What cheer? I cannot say, said he. Sir, said she, an ye will fight for my lord, ye shall be delivered out of prison, and else ye escape never the life. Now, said Arthur, that is hard, yet had I liefer to fight with a knight than to die in prison; with this, said Arthur, I may be delivered and all these prisoners, I will do the battle. Yes, said the damosel. I am ready, said Arthur, an I had horse and armour. Ye shall lack none, said the damosel. Meseemeth, damosel, I should have seen you in the court of Arthur. Nay said the damosel, I came never there, I am the lord's daughter of this castle. Yet was she false, for she was one of the damosels of Morgan le Fay.

Anon she went unto Sir Damas, and told him how he would do battle for him, and so he sent for Arthur. And when he came he was well coloured, and well made of his limbs, that all knights that saw him said it were pity that such a knight should die in prison. So Sir Damas and he were agreed that he should fight for him upon this covenant, that all other knights should be delivered; and unto that was Sir Damas sworn unto Arthur, and also to do the battle to the uttermost. And with that all the twenty knights were brought out of the dark prison into the hall, and delivered, and so they all abode to see the battle.

**CHAPTER VIII. How Accolon found himself by a well, and he took upon him to do battle against Arthur.** NOW turn we unto Accolon of Gaul, that when he awoke he found himself by a deep well-side, within half a foot, in great peril of death. And there came out of that fountain a pipe of silver, and out of that pipe ran water all on high in a stone of marble. When Sir Accolon saw this, he blessed him and said, Jesus save my lord King Arthur, and King Uriens, for these damosels in this ship have betrayed us, they were devils and no women; and if I may escape this misadventure, I shall destroy all where I may find these false damosels that use enchantments. Right with that there came a dwarf with a great mouth and a flat nose, and saluted Sir Accolon, and said how he came from Queen Morgan le Fay, and she greeteth you well, and biddeth you be of strong heart, for ye shall fight to-morrow with a knight at the hour of prime, and therefore she hath sent you here Excalibur, Arthur's sword, and the scabbard, and she biddeth you as ye love her, that ye do the battle to the uttermost, without any mercy, like as ye had promised her when ye spake together in privacy; and what damosel that bringeth her the knight's head, which ye shall fight withal, she will make her a queen. Now I understand you well, said Accolon, I shall hold that I have promised her now I have the sword: when saw ye my lady Queen Morgan le Fay? Right late, said the dwarf. Then Accolon took him in his arms and said, Recommend me unto my lady queen, and tell her all shall be done that I have promised her, and else I will die for it. Now I suppose, said Accolon, she hath made all these crafts and enchantments for this battle. Ye may well believe it, said the dwarf. Right so there came a knight and a lady with six squires,

and saluted Accolon, and prayed him for to arise, and come and rest him at his manor. And so Accolon mounted upon a void horse, and went with the knight unto a fair manor by a priory, and there he had passing good cheer.

Then Sir Damas sent unto his brother Sir Ontzlake, and bade make him ready by to-morn at the hour of prime, and to be in the field to fight with a good knight, for he had found a good knight that was ready to do battle at all points. When this word came unto Sir Ontzlake he was passing heavy, for he was wounded a little to-fore through both his thighs with a spear, and made great dole; but as he was wounded, he would have taken the battle on hand. So it happened at that time, by the means of Morgan le Fay, Accolon was with Sir Ontzlake lodged; and when he heard of that battle, and how Ontzlake was wounded, he said that he would fight for him. Because Morgan le Fay had sent him Excalibur and the sheath for to fight with the knight on the morn: this was the cause Sir Accolon took the battle on hand. Then Sir Ontzlake was passing glad, and thanked Sir Accolon with all his heart that he would do so much for him. And therewithal Sir Ontzlake sent word unto his brother Sir Damas, that he had a knight that for him should be ready in the field by the hour of prime.

So on the morn Sir Arthur was armed and well horsed, and asked Sir Damas, When shall we to the field? Sir, said Sir Damas, ye shall hear mass. And so Arthur heard a mass, and when mass was done there came a squire on a great horse, and asked Sir Damas if his knight were ready, for our knight is ready in the field. Then Sir Arthur mounted upon horseback, and there were all the knights and commons of that country; and so by all advices there were chosen twelve good men of the country for to wait upon the two knights. And right as Arthur was on horseback there came a damosel from Morgan le Fay, and brought unto Sir Arthur a sword like unto Excalibur, and the scabbard, and said unto Arthur, Morgan le Fay sendeth here your sword for great love. And he thanked her, and weened it had been so, but she was false, for the sword and the scabbard was counterfeit, and brittle, and false.

**CHAPTER IX. Of the battle between King Arthur and Accolon.** AND then they dressed them on both parties of the field, and let their horses run so fast that either smote other in the midst of the shield with their spear-heads, that both horse and man went to the earth; and then they started up both, and pulled out their swords. The meanwhile that they were thus at the battle, came the Damosel of the Lake into the field, that put Merlin under the stone; and she came thither for love of King Arthur, for she knew how Morgan le Fay had so ordained that King Arthur should have been slain that day, and therefore she came to save his life. And so they went eagerly to the battle, and gave many great strokes, but always Arthur's sword bit not like Accolon's sword; but for the most part, every stroke that Accolon gave he wounded sore Arthur, that it was marvel he stood, and always his blood fell from him fast.

When Arthur beheld the ground so sore be-bled he was dismayed, and then he deemed treason that his sword was changed; for his sword bit not steel as it was wont to do, therefore he dreaded him sore to be dead, for ever him seemed that the sword in Accolon's hand was Excalibur, for at every stroke that Accolon struck he drew blood on Arthur. Now, knight, said Accolon unto Arthur, keep thee well from me; but Arthur answered not again, and gave him such a buffet on the helm that it made him to stoop, nigh falling down to the earth. Then Sir Accolon withdrew him a little, and came on with Excalibur on high, and smote Sir Arthur such a buffet that he fell nigh to the earth. Then were they wroth both, and gave each other many sore strokes, but always Sir Arthur lost so much blood that it was marvel he stood on his feet, but he was so full of knighthood that knightly he endured the pain. And Sir Accolon lost not a deal of blood, therefore he waxed passing light, and Sir Arthur was passing feeble, and weened verily to have died; but for all that he made countenance as though he might endure, and held Accolon as short as he might. But Accolon was so bold because of Excalibur that he waxed passing hardy. But all men that beheld him said they saw never knight fight so well as Arthur did considering the blood that he bled. So was all the people sorry for him, but the two brethren would not

accord. Then always they fought together as fierce knights, and Sir Arthur withdrew him a little for to rest him, and Sir Accolon called him to battle and said, It is no time for me to suffer thee to rest. And therewith he came fiercely upon Arthur, and Sir Arthur was wroth for the blood that he had lost, and smote Accolon on high upon the helm, so mightily, that he made him nigh to fall to the earth; and therewith Arthur's sword brast at the cross, and fell in the grass among the blood, and the pommel and the sure handles he held in his hands. When Sir Arthur saw that, he was in great fear to die, but always he held up his shield and lost no ground, nor bated no cheer.

**CHAPTER X. How King Arthur's sword that he fought with brake, and how he recovered of Accolon his own sword Excalibur, and overcame his enemy.** THEN Sir Accolon began with words of treason, and said, Knight, thou art overcome, and mayst not endure, and also thou art weaponless, and thou hast lost much of thy blood, and I am full loath to slay thee, therefore yield thee to me as recreant. Nay, said Sir Arthur, I may not so, for I have promised to do the battle to the uttermost by the faith of my body, while me lasteth the life, and therefore I had liefer to die with honour than to live with shame; and if it were possible for me to die an hundred times, I had liefer to die so oft than yield me to thee; for though I lack weapon, I shall lack no worship, and if thou slay me weaponless that shall be thy shame. Well, said Accolon, as for the shame I will not spare, now keep thee from me, for thou art but a dead man. And therewith Accolon gave him such a stroke that he fell nigh to the earth, and would have had Arthur to have cried him mercy. But Sir Arthur pressed unto Accolon with his shield, and gave him with the pommel in his hand such a buffet that he went three strides aback.

When the Damosel of the Lake beheld Arthur, how full of prowess his body was, and the false treason that was wrought for him to have had him slain, she had great pity that so good a knight and such a man of worship should so be destroyed. And at the next stroke Sir Accolon struck him such a stroke that by the damosel's enchantment the sword Excalibur fell out of Accolon's hand to the earth. And therewithal Sir Arthur lightly leapt to it, and gat it in his hand, and forthwithal he knew that it was his sword Excalibur, and said, Thou hast been from me all too long, and much damage hast thou done me; and therewith he espied the scabbard hanging by his side, and suddenly he sterte to him and pulled the scabbard from him, and threw it from him as far as he might throw it. O knight, said Arthur, this day hast thou done me great damage with this sword; now are ye come unto your death, for I shall not warrant you but ye shall as well be rewarded with this sword, or ever we depart, as thou hast rewarded me; for much pain have ye made me to endure, and much blood have I lost. And therewith Sir Arthur rushed on him with all his might and pulled him to the earth, and then rushed off his helm, and gave him such a buffet on the head that the blood came out at his ears, his nose, and his mouth. Now will I slay thee, said Arthur. Slay me ye may well, said Accolon, an it please you, for ye are the best knight that ever I found, and I see well that God is with you. But for I promised to do this battle, said Accolon, to the uttermost, and never to be recreant while I lived, therefore shall I never yield me with my mouth, but God do with my body what he will. Then Sir Arthur remembered him, and thought he should have seen this knight. Now tell me, said Arthur, or I will slay thee, of what country art thou, and of what court? Sir Knight, said Sir Accolon, I am of the court of King Arthur, and my name is Accolon of Gaul. Then was Arthur more dismayed than he was beforehand; for then he remembered him of his sister Morgan le Fay, and of the enchantment of the ship. O sir knight, said he, I pray you tell me who gave you this sword, and by whom ye had it.

**CHAPTER XI. How Accolon confessed the treason of Morgan le Fay, King Arthur's sister, and how she would have done slay him.** THEN Sir Accolon bethought him, and said, Woe worth this sword, for by it have I got my death. It may well be, said the king. Now, sir, said Accolon, I will tell you; this sword hath been in my keeping the most part of this twelvemonth; and Morgan le Fay, King Uriens' wife, sent it me yesterday by a dwarf,

to this intent, that I should slay King Arthur, her brother. For ye shall understand King Arthur is the man in the world that she most hateth, because he is most of worship and of prowess of any of her blood; also she loveth me out of measure as paramour, and I her again; and if she might bring about to slay Arthur by her crafts, she would slay her husband King Uriens lightly, and then had she me devised to be king in this land, and so to reign, and she to be my queen; but that is now done, said Accolon, for I am sure of my death. Well, said Sir Arthur, I feel by you ye would have been king in this land. It had been great damage to have destroyed your lord, said Arthur. It is truth, said Accolon, but now I have told you truth, wherefore I pray you tell me of whence ye are, and of what court? O Accolon, said King Arthur, now I let thee wit that I am King Arthur, to whom thou hast done great damage. When Accolon heard that he cried aloud, Fair, sweet lord, have mercy on me, for I knew not you. O Sir Accolon, said King Arthur, mercy shalt thou have, because I feel by thy words at this time thou knewest not my person; but I understand well by thy words that thou hast agreed to the death of my person, and therefore thou art a traitor; but I wite thee the less, for my sister Morgan le Fay by her false crafts made thee to agree and consent to her false lusts, but I shall be sore avenged upon her an I live, that all Christendom shall speak of it; God knoweth I have honoured her and worshipped her more than all my kin, and more have I trusted her than mine own wife and all my kin after.

Then Sir Arthur called the keepers of the field, and said, Sirs, come hither, for here are we two knights that have fought unto a great damage unto us both, and like each one of us to have slain other, if it had happed so; and had any of us known other, here had been no battle, nor stroke stricken. Then all aloud cried Accolon unto all the knights and men that were then there gathered together, and said to them in this manner, O lords, this noble knight that I have fought withal, the which me sore repenteth, is the most man of prowess, of manhood, and of worship in the world, for it is himself King Arthur, our alther liege lord, and with mishap and with misadventure have I done this battle with the king and lord that I am holden withal.

**CHAPTER XII. How Arthur accorded the two brethren, and delivered the twenty knights, and how Sir Accolon died.**

THEN all the people fell down on their knees and cried King Arthur mercy. Mercy shall ye have, said Arthur: here may ye see what adventures befall oftime of errant knights, how that I have fought with a knight of mine own unto my great damage and his both. But, sirs, because I am sore hurt, and he both, and I had great need of a little rest, ye shall understand the opinion betwixt you two brethren: As to thee, Sir Damas, for whom I have been champion and won the field of this knight, yet will I judge because ye, Sir Damas, are called an orgulous knight, and full of villainy, and not worth of prowess your deeds, therefore I will that ye give unto your brother all the whole manor with the appurtenance, under this form, that Sir Ontzlake hold the manor of you, and yearly to give you a palfrey to ride upon, for that will become you better to ride on than upon a courser. Also I charge thee, Sir Damas, upon pain of death, that thou never distress no knights errant that ride on their adventure. And also that thou restore these twenty knights that thou hast long kept prisoners, of all their harness, that they be content for; and if any of them come to my court and complain of thee, by my head thou shalt die therefore. Also, Sir Ontzlake, as to you, because ye are named a good knight, and full of prowess, and true and gentle in all your deeds, this shall be your charge I will give you, that in all goodly haste ye come unto me and my court, and ye shall be a knight of mine, and if your deeds be thereafter I shall so prefer you, by the grace of God, that ye shall in short time be in ease for to live as worshipfully as your brother Sir Damas. God thank your largeness of your goodness and of your bounty, I shall be from henceforward at all times at your commandment; for, sir, said Sir Ontzlake, as God would, as I was hurt but late with an adventurous knight through both my thighs, that grieved me sore, and else had I done this battle with you. God would, said Arthur, it had been so, for then had not I been hurt as I am. I shall tell you the cause why: for I had not been hurt as I am, had it not been mine own sword, that was stolen from me by

treason; and this battle was ordained aforehand to have slain me, and so it was brought to the purpose by false treason, and by false enchantment. Alas, said Sir Ontzlake, that is great pity that ever so noble a man as ye are of your deeds and prowess, that any man or woman might find in their hearts to work any treason against you. I shall reward them, said Arthur, in short time, by the grace of God. Now, tell me, said Arthur, how far am I from Camelot? Sir, ye are two days' journey therefrom. I would fain be at some place of worship, said Sir Arthur, that I might rest me. Sir, said Sir Ontzlake, hereby is a rich abbey of your elders' foundation, of nuns, but three miles hence. So the king took his leave of all the people, and mounted upon horseback, and Sir Accolon with him. And when they were come to the abbey, he let fetch leeches and search his wounds and Accolon's both; but Sir Accolon died within four days, for he had bled so much blood that he might not live, but King Arthur was well recovered. So when Accolon was dead he let send him on an horse-bier with six knights unto Camelot, and said: Bear him to my sister Morgan le Fay, and say that I send her him to a present, and tell her I have my sword Excalibur and the scabbard; so they departed with the body.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Morgan would have slain Sir Uriens her husband, and how Sir Uwaine her son saved him.** THE meanwhile Morgan le Fay had weened King Arthur had been dead. So on a day she espied King Uriens lay in his bed sleeping. Then she called unto her a maiden of her counsel, and said, Go fetch me my lord's sword, for I saw never better time to slay him than now. O madam, said the damosel, an ye slay my lord ye can never escape. Care not you, said Morgan le Fay, for now I see my time in the which it is best to do it, and therefore hie thee fast and fetch me the sword. Then the damosel departed, and found Sir Uwaine sleeping upon a bed in another chamber, so she went unto Sir Uwaine, and awaked him, and bade him, Arise, and wait on my lady your mother, for she will slay the king your father sleeping in his bed, for I go to fetch his sword. Well, said Sir Uwaine, go on your way, and let me deal. Anon the damosel brought Morgan the sword with quaking hands, and she lightly took the sword, and pulled it out, and went boldly unto the bed's side, and awaited how and where she might slay him best. And as she lifted up the sword to smite, Sir Uwaine leapt unto his mother, and caught her by the hand, and said, Ah, fiend, what wilt thou do? An thou wert not my mother, with this sword I should smite off thy head. Ah, said Sir Uwaine, men saith that Merlin was begotten of a devil, but I may say an earthly devil bare me. O fair son, Uwaine, have mercy upon me, I was tempted with a devil, wherefore I cry thee mercy; I will never more do so; and save my worship and discover me not. On this covenant, said Sir Uwaine, I will forgive it you, so ye will never be about to do such deeds. Nay, son, said she, and that I make you assurance.

**CHAPTER XIV. How Queen Morgan le Fay made great sorrow for the death of Accolon, and how she stole away the scabbard from Arthur.** THEN came tidings unto Morgan le Fay that Accolon was dead, and his body brought unto the church, and how King Arthur had his sword again. But when Queen Morgan wist that Accolon was dead, she was so sorrowful that near her heart to-brast. But because she would not it were known, outward she kept her countenance, and made no semblant of sorrow. But well she wist an she abode till her brother Arthur came thither, there should no gold go for her life.

Then she went unto Queen Guenever, and asked her leave to ride into the country. Ye may abide, said Queen Guenever, till your brother the king come home. I may not, said Morgan le Fay, for I have such hasty tidings, that I may not tarry. Well, said Guenever, ye may depart when ye will. So early on the morn, or it was day, she took her horse and rode all that day and most part of the night, and on the morn by noon she came to the same abbey of nuns whereas lay King Arthur; and she knowing he was there, she asked where he was. And they answered how he had laid him in his bed to sleep, for he had had but little rest these three nights. Well, said she, I charge you that none of you awake him till I do, and then she alighted off her horse, and thought for to steal away Excalibur his sword, and so she went straight unto his chamber, and no man durst disobey her commandment, and there she found

Arthur asleep in his bed, and Excalibur in his right hand naked. When she saw that she was passing heavy that she might not come by the sword without she had awaked him, and then she wist well she had been dead. Then she took the scabbard and went her way on horseback. When the king awoke and missed his scabbard, he was wroth, and he asked who had been there, and they said his sister, Queen Morgan had been there, and had put the scabbard under her mantle and was gone. Alas, said Arthur, falsely ye have watched me. Sir, said they all, we durst not disobey your sister's commandment. Ah, said the king, let fetch the best horse may be found, and bid Sir Ontzlake arm him in all haste, and take another good horse and ride with me. So anon the king and Ontzlake were well armed, and rode after this lady, and so they came by a cross and found a cowherd, and they asked the poor man if there came any lady riding that way. Sir, said this poor man, right late came a lady riding with a forty horses, and to yonder forest she rode. Then they spurred their horses, and followed fast, and within a while Arthur had a sight of Morgan le Fay; then he chased as fast as he might. When she espied him following her, she rode a greater pace through the forest till she came to a plain, and when she saw she might not escape, she rode unto a lake thereby, and said, Whatsoever come of me, my brother shall not have this scabbard. And then she let throw the scabbard in the deepest of the water so it sank, for it was heavy of gold and precious stones.

Then she rode into a valley where many great stones were, and when she saw she must be overtaken, she shaped herself, horse and man, by enchantment unto a great marble stone. Anon withal came Sir Arthur and Sir Ontzlake whereas the king might know his sister and her men, and one knight from another. Ah, said the king, here may ye see the vengeance of God, and now am I sorry that this misadventure is befallen. And then he looked for the scabbard, but it would not be found, so he returned to the abbey where he came from. So when Arthur was gone she turned all into the likeliness as she and they were before, and said, Sirs, now may we go where we will.

**CHAPTER XV. How Morgan le Fay saved a knight that should have been drowned, and how King Arthur returned home again.** THEN said Morgan, Saw ye Arthur, my brother? Yea, said her knights, right well, and that ye should have found an we might have stirred from one stead, for by his armyvestal countenance he would have caused us to have fled. I believe you, said Morgan. Anon after as she rode she met a knight leading another knight on his horse before him, bound hand and foot, blindfold, to have drowned him in a fountain. When she saw this knight so bound, she asked him, What will ye do with that knight? Lady, said he, I will drown him. For what cause? she asked. For I found him with my wife, and she shall have the same death anon. That were pity, said Morgan le Fay. Now, what say ye, knight, is it truth that he saith of you? she said to the knight that should be drowned. Nay truly, madam, he saith not right on me. Of whence be ye, said Morgan le Fay, and of what country? I am of the court of King Arthur, and my name is Manassen, cousin unto Accolon of Gaul. Ye say well, said she, and for the love of him ye shall be delivered, and ye shall have your adversary in the same case ye be in. So Manassen was loosed and the other knight bound. And anon Manassen unarmed him, and armed himself in his harness, and so mounted on horseback, and the knight afore him, and so threw him into the fountain and drowned him. And then he rode unto Morgan again, and asked if she would anything unto King Arthur. Tell him that I rescued thee, not for the love of him but for the love of Accolon, and tell him I fear him not while I can make me and them that be with me in likeness of stones; and let him wit I can do much more when I see my time. And so she departed into the country of Gore, and there was she richly received, and made her castles and towns passing strong, for always she dreaded much King Arthur.

When the king had well rested him at the abbey, he rode unto Camelot, and found his queen and his barons right glad of his coming. And when they heard of his strange adventures as is afore rehearsed, then all had marvel of the falsehood of Morgan le Fay; many knights wished her burnt. Then came Manassen to court and told the king of his adventure. Well, said the king, she is a

kind sister; I shall so be avenged on her an I live, that all Christendom shall speak of it. So on the morn there came a damosel from Morgan to the king, and she brought with her the richest mantle that ever was seen in that court, for it was set as full of precious stones as one might stand by another, and there were the richest stones that ever the king saw. And the damosel said, Your sister sendeth you this mantle, and desireth that ye should take this gift of her; and in what thing she hath offended you, she will amend it at your own pleasure. When the king beheld this mantle it pleased him much, but he said but little.

**CHAPTER XVI. How the Damosel of the Lake saved King Arthur from mantle that should have burnt him.** WITH that came the Damosel of the Lake unto the king, and said, Sir, I must speak with you in privy. Say on, said the king, what ye will. Sir, said the damosel, put not on you this mantle till ye have seen more, and in no wise let it not come on you, nor on no knight of yours, till ye command the bringer thereof to put it upon her. Well, said King Arthur, it shall be done as ye counsel me. And then he said unto the damosel that came from his sister, Damosel, this mantle that ye have brought me, I will see it upon you. Sir, she said, It will not beseem me to wear a king's garment. By my head, said Arthur, ye shall wear it or it come on my back, or any man's that here is. And so the king made it to be put upon her, and forth withal she fell down dead, and never more spake word after and burnt to coals. Then was the king wonderly wroth, more than he was to-forehand, and said unto King Uriens, My sister, your wife, is away about to betray me, and well I wot either ye, or my nephew, your son, is of counsel with her to have me destroyed; but as for you, said the king to King Uriens, I deem not greatly that ye be of her counsel, for Accolon confessed to me by his own mouth, that she would have destroyed you as well as me, therefore I hold you excused; but as for your son, Sir Uwaine, I hold him suspect, therefore I charge you put him out of my court. So Sir Uwaine was discharged. And when Sir Gawaine wist that, he made him ready to go with him; and said, Whoso banisheth my cousin-germain shall banish me. So they two departed, and rode into a great forest, and so they came to an abbey of monks, and there were well lodged. But when the king wist that Sir Gawaine was departed from the court, there was made great sorrow among all the estates. Now, said Gaheris, Gawaine's brother, we have lost two good knights for the love of one. So on the morn they heard their masses in the abbey, and so they rode forth till that they came to a great forest. Then was Sir Gawaine ware in a valley by a turret [of] twelve fair damosels, and two knights armed on great horses, and the damosels went to and fro by a tree. And then was Sir Gawaine ware how there hung a white shield on that tree, and ever as the damosels came by it they spit upon it, and some threw mire upon the shield.

**CHAPTER XVII. How Sir Gawaine and Sir Uwaine met with twelve fair damosels, and how they complained on Sir Marhaus.** THEN Sir Gawaine and Sir Uwaine went and saluted them, and asked why they did that despite to the shield. Sir, said the damosels, we shall tell you. There is a knight in this country that owneth this white shield, and he is a passing good man of his hands, but he hateth all ladies and gentewomen, and therefore we do all this despite to the shield. I shall say you, said Sir Gawaine, it beseemeth evil a good knight to despise all ladies and gentewomen, and peradventure though he hate you he hath some certain cause, and peradventure he loveth in some other places ladies and gentewomen, and to be loved again, an he be such a man of prowess as ye speak of. Now, what is his name? Sir, said they, his name is Marhaus, the king's son of Ireland. I know him well, said Sir Uwaine, he is a passing good knight as any is alive, for I saw him once proved at a jousts where many knights were gathered, and that time there might no man withstand him. Ah! said Sir Gawaine, damosels, methinketh ye are to blame, for it is to suppose, he that hung that shield there, he will not be long therefrom, and then may those knights match him on horseback, and that is more your worship than thus; for I will abide no longer to see a knight's shield dishonoured. And therewith Sir Uwaine and Gawaine departed a little from them, and then were they ware where Sir Marhaus came riding on a great horse straight toward

them. And when the twelve damosels saw Sir Marhaus they fled into the turret as they were wild, so that some of them fell by the way. Then the one of the knights of the tower dressed his shield, and said on high, Sir Marhaus, defend thee. And so they ran together that the knight brake his spear on Marhaus, and Marhaus smote him so hard that he brake his neck and the horse's back. That saw the other knight of the turret, and dressed him toward Marhaus, and they met so eagerly together that the knight of the turret was soon smitten down, horse and man, stark dead.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How Sir Marhaus jousted with Sir Gawaine and Sir Uwaine, and overthrew them both.** AND then Sir Marhaus rode unto his shield, and saw how it was defouled, and said, Of this despite I am a part avenged, but for her love that gave me this white shield I shall wear thee, and hang mine where thou wast; and so he hanged it about his neck. Then he rode straight unto Sir Gawaine and to Sir Uwaine, and asked them what they did there? They answered him that they came from King Arthur's court to see adventures. Well, said Sir Marhaus, here am I ready, an adventurous knight that will fulfil any adventure that ye will desire; and so departed from them, to fetch his range. Let him go, said Sir Uwaine unto Sir Gawaine, for he is a passing good knight as any is living; I would not by my will that any of us were matched with him. Nay, said Sir Gawaine, not so, it were shame to us were he not assayed, were he never so good a knight. Well, said Sir Uwaine, I will assay him afore you, for I am more weaker than ye, and if he smite me down then may ye revenge me. So these two knights came together with great raundon, that Sir Uwaine smote Sir Marhaus that his spear brast in pieces on the shield, and Sir Marhaus smote him so sore that horse and man he bare to the earth, and hurt Sir Uwaine on the left side.

Then Sir Marhaus turned his horse and rode toward Gawaine with his spear, and when Sir Gawaine saw that he dressed his shield, and they adventred their spears, and they came together with all the might of their horses, that either knight smote other so hard in midst of their shields, but Sir Gawaine's spear brake, but Sir Marhaus' spear held; and therewith Sir Gawaine and his horse rushed down to the earth. And lightly Sir Gawaine rose on his feet, and pulled out his sword, and dressed him toward Sir Marhaus on foot, and Sir Marhaus saw that, and pulled out his sword and began to come to Sir Gawaine on horseback. Sir knight, said Sir Gawaine, alight on foot, or else I will slay thy horse. Gramercy, said Sir Marhaus, of your gentleness ye teach me courtesy, for it is not for one knight to be on foot, and the other on horseback. And therewith Sir Marhaus set his spear against a tree and alighted and tied his horse to a tree, and dressed his shield, and either came unto other eagerly, and smote together with their swords that their shields flew in cantels, and they bruised their helms and their hauberks, and wounded either other. But Sir Gawaine from it passed nine of the clock waxed ever stronger and stronger, for then it came to the hour of noon, and thrice his might was increased. All this espied Sir Marhaus and had great wonder how his might increased, and so they wounded other passing sore. And then when it was past noon, and when it drew toward evensong, Sir Gawaine's strength feeble, and waxed passing faint that unnethes he might dure any longer, and Sir Marhaus was then bigger and bigger. Sir knight, said Sir Marhaus, I have well felt that ye are a passing good knight and a marvellous man of might as ever I felt any, while it lasteth, and our quarrels are not great, and therefore it were pity to do you hurt, for I feel ye are passing feeble. Ah, said Sir Gawaine, gentle knight, ye say the word that I should say. And therewith they took off their helms, and either kissed other, and there they swore together either to love other as brethren. And Sir Marhaus prayed Sir Gawaine to lodge with him that night. And so they took their horses, and rode toward Sir Marhaus' house. And as they rode by the way, Sir knight, said Sir Gawaine, I have marvel that so valiant a man as ye be love no ladies nor damosels. Sir, said Sir Marhaus, they name me wrongfully those that give me that name, but well I wot it be the damosels of the turret that so name me, and other such as they be. Now shall I tell you for what cause I hate them: for they be sorceresses and enchanters many of them, and be a knight never so good of his body and full

of prowess as man may be, they will make him a stark coward to have the better of him, and this is the principal cause that I hate them; and to all good ladies and gentlewomen I owe my service as a knight ought to do.

As the book rehearseth in French, there were many knights that overmatched Sir Gawaine, for all the thrice might that he had: Sir Launcelot de Lake, Sir Tristram, Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Percivale, Sir Pelleas, and Sir Marhaus, these six knights had the better of Sir Gawaine. Then within a little while they came to Sir Marhaus' place, which was in a little priory, and there they alighted, and ladies and damosels unarmed them, and hastily looked to their hurts, for they were all three hurt. And so they had all three good lodging with Sir Marhaus, and good cheer; for when he wist that they were King Arthur's sister's sons he made them all the cheer that lay in his power, and so they sojourned there a sennight, and were well eased of their wounds, and at the last departed. Now, said Sir Marhaus, we will not depart so lightly, for I will bring you through the forest; and rode day by day well a seven days or they found any adventure. At the last they came into a great forest, that was named the country and forest of Arroy, and the country of strange adventures. In this country, said Sir Marhaus, came never knight since it was christened but he found strange adventures; and so they rode, and came into a deep valley full of stones, and thereby they saw a fair stream of water; above thereby was the head of the stream a fair fountain, and three damosels sitting thereby. And then they rode to them, and either saluted other, and the eldest had a garland of gold about her head, and she was three score winter of age or more, and her hair was white under the garland. The second damosel was of thirty winter of age, with a circlet of gold about her head. The third damosel was but fifteen year of age, and a garland of flowers about her head. When these knights had so beheld them, they asked them the cause why they sat at that fountain? We be here, said the damosels, for this cause: if we may see any errant knights, to teach them unto strange adventures; and ye be three knights that seek adventures, and we be three damosels, and therefore each one of you must choose one of us; and when ye have done so we will lead you unto three high-ways, and there each of you shall choose a way and his damosel with him. And this day twelvemonth ye must meet here again, and God send you your lives, and thereto ye must plight your troth. This is well said, said Sir Marhaus.

**CHAPTER XIX. How Sir Marhaus, Sir Gawaine, and Sir Uwayne met three damosels, and each of them took one.** NOW shall everych of us choose a damosel. I shall tell you, said Sir Uwayne, I am the youngest and most weakest of you both, therefore I will have the eldest damosel, for she hath seen much, and can best help me when I have need, for I have most need of help of you both. Now, said Sir Marhaus, I will have the damosel of thirty winter age, for she falleth best to me. Well, said Sir Gawaine, I thank you, for ye have left me the youngest and the fairest, and she is most liefest to me. Then every damosel took her knight by the reins of his bridle, and brought him to the three ways, and there was their oath made to meet at the fountain that day twelvemonth an they were living, and so they kissed and departed, and each knight set his lady behind him. And Sir Uwayne took the way that lay west, and Sir Marhaus took the way that lay south, and Sir Gawaine took the way that lay north. Now will we begin at Sir Gawaine, that held that way till that he came unto a fair manor, where dwelled an old knight and a good householder, and there Sir Gawaine asked the knight if he knew any adventures in that country. I shall show you some to-morn, said the old knight, and that marvellous. So, on the morn they rode into the forest of adventures to a laund, and thereby they found a cross, and as they stood and hoveled there came by them the fairest knight and the seemliest man that ever they saw, making the greatest dole that ever man made. And then he was ware of Sir Gawaine, and saluted him, and prayed God to send him much worship. As to that, said Sir Gawaine, gramercy; also I pray to God that he send you honour and worship. Ah, said the knight, I may lay that aside, for sorrow and shame cometh to me after worship.

**CHAPTER XX. How a knight and a dwarf strove for a lady.** AND therewith he passed unto the one side of the laund; and on

the other side saw Sir Gawaine ten knights that hoveled still and made them ready with their shields and spears against that one knight that came by Sir Gawaine.

Then this one knight aventred a great spear, and one of the ten knights encountered with him, but this woful knight smote him so hard that he fell over his horse's tail. So this same dolorous knight served them all, that at the leastway he smote down horse and man, and all he did with one spear; and so when they were all ten on foot, they went to that one knight, and he stood stone still, and suffered them to pull him down off his horse, and bound him hand and foot, and tied him under the horse's belly, and so led him with them. O Jesu! said Sir Gawaine, this is a doleful sight, to see the yonder knight so to be entreated, and it seemeth by the knight that he suffereth them to bind him so, for he maketh no resistance. No, said his host, that is truth, for an he would they all were too weak so to do him. Sir, said the damosel unto Sir Gawaine, meseemeth it were your worship to help that dolorous knight, for methinketh he is one of the best knights that ever I saw. I would do for him, said Sir Gawaine, but it seemeth he will have no help. Then, said the damosel, methinketh ye have no lust to help him.

Thus as they talked they saw a knight on the other side of the laund all armed save the head. And on the other side there came a dwarf on horseback all armed save the head, with a great mouth and a short nose; and when the dwarf came nigh he said, Where is the lady should meet us here? and therewithal she came forth out of the wood. And then they began to strive for the lady; for the knight said he would have her, and the dwarf said he would have her. Will we do well? said the dwarf; yonder is a knight at the cross, let us put it both upon him, and as he deemeth so shall it be. I will well, said the knight, and so they went all three unto Sir Gawaine and told him wherefore they strove. Well, sirs, said he, will ye put the matter in my hand? Yea, they said both. Now damosel, said Sir Gawaine, ye shall stand betwixt them both, and whether ye list better to go to, he shall have you. And when she was set between them both, she left the knight and went to the dwarf, and the dwarf took her and went his way singing, and the knight went his way with great mourning.

Then came there two knights all armed, and cried on high, Sir Gawaine! knight of King Arthur's, make thee ready in all haste and joust with me. So they ran together, that either fell down, and then on foot they drew their swords, and did full actually. The meanwhile the other knight went to the damosel, and asked her why she abode with that knight, and if ye would abide with me, I will be your faithful knight. And with you will I be, said the damosel, for with Sir Gawaine I may not find in mine heart to be with him; for now here was one knight discomfited ten knights, and at the last he was cowardly led away; and therefore let us two go whilst they fight. And Sir Gawaine fought with that other knight long, but at the last they accorded both. And then the knight prayed Sir Gawaine to lodge with him that night. So as Sir Gawaine went with this knight he asked him, What knight is he in this country that smote down the ten knights? For when he had done so manfully he suffered them to bind him hand and foot, and so led him away. Ah, said the knight, that is the best knight I trow in the world, and the most man of prowess, and he hath been served so as he was even more than ten times, and his name hight Sir Pelleas, and he loveth a great lady in this country and her name is Ettard. And so when he loved her there was cried in this country a great jousts three days, and all the knights of this country were there and gentlewomen, and who that proved him the best knight should have a passing good sword and a circlet of gold, and the circlet the knight should give it to the fairest lady that was at the jousts. And this knight Sir Pelleas was the best knight that was there, and there were five hundred knights, but there was never man that ever Sir Pelleas met withal but he struck him down, or else from his horse; and every day of three days he struck down twenty knights, therefore they gave him the prize, and forthwithal he went thereas the Lady Ettard was, and gave her the circlet, and said openly she was the fairest lady that there was, and that would he prove upon any knight that would say nay.

**CHAPTER XXI. How King Pelleas suffered himself to be taken prisoner because he would have a sight of his lady, and how Sir Gawaine promised him to get to him the love of his lady.** AND so he chose her for his sovereign lady, and never to love other but her, but she was so proud that she had scorn of him, and said that she would never love him though he would die for her. Wherefore all ladies and gentlewomen had scorn of her that she was so proud, for there were fairer than she, and there was none that was there but an Sir Pelleas would have proffered them love, they would have loved him for his noble prowess. And so this knight promised the Lady Ettard to follow her into this country, and never to leave her till she loved him. And thus he is here the most part nigh her, and lodged by a priory, and every week she sendeth knights to fight with him. And when he hath put them to the worse, then will he suffer them wilfully to take him prisoner, because he would have a sight of this lady. And always she doth him great despite, for sometime she maketh her knights to tie him to his horse's tail, and some to bind him under the horse's belly; thus in the most shamefullest ways that she can think he is brought to her. And all she doth it for to cause him to leave this country, and to leave his loving; but all this cannot make him to leave, for an he would have fought on foot he might have had the better of the ten knights as well on foot as on horseback. Alas, said Sir Gawaine, it is great pity of him; and after this night I will seek him to-morrow, in this forest, to do him all the help I can. So on the morn Sir Gawaine took his leave of his host Sir Carados, and rode into the forest; and at the last he met with Sir Pelleas, making great moan out of measure, so each of them saluted other, and asked him why he made such sorrow. And as it is above rehearsed, Sir Pelleas told Sir Gawaine: But always I suffer her knights to fare so with me as ye saw yesterday, in trust at the last to win her love, for she knoweth well all her knights should not lightly win me, an me list to fight with them to the uttermost. Wherefore an I loved her not so sore, I had liefer die an hundred times, an I might die so oft, rather than I would suffer that despite; but I trust she will have pity upon me at the last, for love causeth many a good knight to suffer to have his entent, but alas I am unfortunate. And therewith he made so great dole and sorrow that unneth he might hold him on horseback.

Now, said Sir Gawaine, leave your mourning and I shall promise you by the faith of my body to do all that lieth in my power to get you the love of your lady, and thereto I will plight you my troth. Ah, said Sir Pelleas, of what court are ye? tell me, I pray you, my good friend. And then Sir Gawaine said, I am of the court of King Arthur, and his sister's son, and King Lot of Orkney was my father, and my name is Sir Gawaine. And then he said, My name is Sir Pelleas, born in the Isles, and of many isles I am lord, and never have I loved lady nor damosel till now in an unhappy time; and, sir knight, since ye are so nigh cousin unto King Arthur, and a king's son, therefore betray me not but help me, for I may never come by her but by some good knight, for she is in a strong castle here, fast by within this four mile, and over all this country she is lady of. And so I may never come to her presence, but as I suffer her knights to take me, and but if I did so that I might have a sight of her, I had been dead long or this time; and yet fair word had I never of her, but when I am brought to-fore her she rebuketh me in the foulest manner. And then they take my horse and harness and put me out of the gates, and she will not suffer me to eat nor drink; and always I offer me to be her prisoner, but that she will not suffer me, for I would desire no more, what pains so ever I had, so that I might have a sight of her daily. Well, said Sir Gawaine, all this shall I amend an ye will do as I shall devise: I will have your horse and your armour, and so will I ride unto her castle and tell her that I have slain you, and so shall I come within her to cause her to cherish me, and then shall I do my true part that ye shall not fail to have the love of her.

**CHAPTER XXII. How Sir Gawaine came to the Lady Ettard, and how Sir Pelleas found them sleeping.** AND therewith Sir Gawaine plight his troth unto Sir Pelleas to be true and faithful unto him; so each one plight their troth to other, and so they changed horses and harness, and Sir Gawaine departed, and came to the castle whereas stood the pavilions of this lady without the

gate. And as soon as Ettard had espied Sir Gawaine she fled in toward the castle. Sir Gawaine spake on high, and bade her abide, for he was not Sir Pelleas; I am another knight that have slain Sir Pelleas. Do off your helm, said the Lady Ettard, that I may see your visage. And so when she saw that it was not Sir Pelleas, she bade him alight and led him unto her castle, and asked him faithfully whether he had slain Sir Pelleas. And he said her yea, and told her his name was Sir Gawaine of the court of King Arthur, and his sister's son. Truly, said she, that is great pity, for he was a passing good knight of his body, but of all men alive I hated him most, for I could never be quit of him; and for ye have slain him I shall be your woman, and to do anything that might please you. So she made Sir Gawaine good cheer. Then Sir Gawaine said that he loved a lady and by no means she would love him. She is to blame, said Ettard, an she will not love you, for ye that be so well born a man, and such a man of prowess, there is no lady in the world too good for you. Will ye, said Sir Gawaine, promise me to do all that ye may, by the faith of your body, to get me the love of my lady? Yea, sir, said she, and that I promise you by the faith of my body. Now, said Sir Gawaine, it is yourself that I love so well, therefore I pray you hold your promise. I may not choose, said the Lady Ettard, but if I should be forsworn; and so she granted him to fulfil all his desire.

So it was then in the month of May that she and Sir Gawaine went out of the castle and supped in a pavilion, and there was made a bed, and there Sir Gawaine and the Lady Ettard went to bed together, and in another pavilion she laid her damosels, and in the third pavilion she laid part of her knights, for then she had no dread of Sir Pelleas. And there Sir Gawaine lay with her in that pavilion two days and two nights. And on the third day, in the morning early, Sir Pelleas armed him, for he had never slept since Sir Gawaine departed from him; for Sir Gawaine had promised him by the faith of his body, to come to him unto his pavilion by that priory within the space of a day and a night.

Then Sir Pelleas mounted upon horseback, and came to the pavilions that stood without the castle, and found in the first pavilion three knights in three beds, and three squires lying at their feet. Then went he to the second pavilion and found four gentlewomen lying in four beds. And then he yede to the third pavilion and found Sir Gawaine lying in bed with his Lady Ettard, and either clipping other in arms, and when he saw that his heart well-nigh brast for sorrow, and said: Alas! that ever a knight should be found so false; and then he took his horse and might not abide no longer for pure sorrow. And when he had ridden nigh half a mile he turned again and thought to slay them both; and when he saw them both so lie sleeping fast, unneth he might hold him on horseback for sorrow, and said thus to himself, Though this knight be never so false, I will never slay him sleeping, for I will never destroy the high order of knighthood; and therewith he departed again. And or he had ridden half a mile he returned again, and thought then to slay them both, making the greatest sorrow that ever man made. And when he came to the pavilions, he tied his horse unto a tree, and pulled out his sword naked in his hand, and went to them thereas they lay, and yet he thought it were shame to slay them sleeping, and laid the naked sword overthwart both their throats, and so took his horse and rode his way.

And when Sir Pelleas came to his pavilions he told his knights and his squires how he had sped, and said thus to them, For your true and good service ye have done me I shall give you all my goods, for I will go unto my bed and never arise until I am dead. And when that I am dead I charge you that ye take the heart out of my body and bear it her betwixt two silver dishes, and tell her how I saw her lie with the false knight Sir Gawaine. Right so Sir Pelleas unarmed himself, and went unto his bed making marvellous dole and sorrow.

When Sir Gawaine and Ettard awoke of their sleep, and found the naked sword overthwart their throats, then she knew well it was Sir Pelleas' sword. Alas! said she to Sir Gawaine, ye have betrayed me and Sir Pelleas both, for ye told me ye had slain him, and now I know well it is not so, he is alive. And if Sir Pelleas had been as uncourteous to you as ye have been to him ye had been a dead knight; but ye have deceived me and betrayed me falsely, that all ladies and damosels may beware by you and me.

And therewith Sir Gawaine made him ready, and went into the forest. So it happened then that the Damosel of the Lake, Nimue, met with a knight of Sir Pelleas, that went on his foot in the forest making great dole, and she asked him the cause. And so the woful knight told her how his master and lord was betrayed through a knight and lady, and how he will never arise out of his bed till he be dead. Bring me to him, said she anon, and I will warrant his life he shall not die for love, and she that hath caused him so to love, she shall be in as evil plight as he is or it be long to, for it is no joy of such a proud lady that will have no mercy of such a valiant knight. Anon that knight brought her unto him, and when she saw him lie in his bed, she thought she saw never so likely a knight; and therewith she threw an enchantment upon him, and he fell asleep. And therewith she rode unto the Lady Ettard, and charged no man to awake him till she came again. So within two hours she brought the Lady Ettard thither, and both ladies found him asleep: Lo, said the Damosel of the Lake, ye ought to be ashamed for to murder such a knight. And therewith she threw such an enchantment upon her that she loved him sore, that well-nigh she was out of her mind. O Lord Jesu, said the Lady Ettard, how is it befallen unto me that I love now him that I have most hated of any man alive? That is the righteous judgment of God, said the damosel. And then anon Sir Pelleas awaked and looked upon Ettard; and when he saw her he knew her, and then he hated her more than any woman alive, and said: Away, traitress, come never in my sight. And when she heard him say so, she wept and made great sorrow out of measure.

**CHAPTER XXIII. How Sir Pelleas loved no more Ettard by means of the Damosel of the Lake, whom he loved ever after.** SIR KNIGHT PELLEAS, said the Damosel of the Lake, take your horse and come forth with me out of this country, and ye shall love a lady that shall love you. I will well, said Sir Pelleas, for this Lady Ettard hath done me great despite and shame, and there he told her the beginning and ending, and how he had purposed never to have arisen till that he had been dead. And now such grace God hath sent me, that I hate her as much as ever I loved her, thanked be our Lord Jesus! Thank me, said the Damosel of the Lake. Anon Sir Pelleas armed him, and took his horse, and commanded his men to bring after his pavilions and his stuff where the Damosel of the Lake would assign. So the Lady Ettard died for sorrow, and the Damosel of the Lake rejoiced Sir Pelleas, and loved together during their life days.

**CHAPTER XXIV. How Sir Marhaus rode with the damosel, and how he came to the Duke of the South Marches.** NOW turn we unto Sir Marhaus, that rode with the damosel of thirty winter of age, southward. And so they came into a deep forest, and by fortune they were nighted, and rode long in a deep way, and at the last they came unto a courtelage, and there they asked harbour. But the man of the courtelage would not lodge them for no treatise that they could treat, but thus much the good man said, An ye will take the adventure of your lodging, I shall bring you where ye shall be lodged. What adventure is that that I shall have for my lodging? said Sir Marhaus. Ye shall wit when ye come there, said the good man. Sir, what adventure so it be, bring me thither I pray thee, said Sir Marhaus; for I am weary, my damosel, and my horse. So the good man went and opened the gate, and within an hour he brought him unto a fair castle, and then the poor man called the porter, and anon he was let into the castle, and so he told the lord how he brought him a knight errant and a damosel that would be lodged with him. Let him in, said the lord, it may happen he shall repent that they took their lodging here.

So Sir Marhaus was let in with torchlight, and there was a goodly sight of young men that welcomed him. And then his horse was led into the stable, and he and the damosel were brought into the hall, and there stood a mighty duke and many goodly men about him. Then this lord asked him what he hight, and from whence he came, and with whom he dwelt. Sir, he said, I am a knight of King Arthur's and knight of the Table Round, and my name is Sir Marhaus, and born I am in Ireland. And then said the duke to him, That me sore repenteth: the cause is this, for I love not thy lord nor none of thy fellows of the Table Round; and therefore ease thyself this night as well as thou mayest, for

as to-morn I and my six sons shall match with you. Is there no remedy but that I must have ado with you and your six sons at once? said Sir Marhaus. No, said the duke, for this cause I made mine avow, for Sir Gawaine slew my seven sons in a recounter, therefore I made mine avow, there should never knight of King Arthur's court lodge with me, or come thereas I might have ado with him, but that I would have a revenging of my sons' death. What is your name? said Sir Marhaus; I require you tell me, an it please you. Wit thou well I am the Duke of South Marches. Ah, said Sir Marhaus, I have heard say that ye have been long time a great foe unto my lord Arthur and to his knights. That shall ye feel to-morn, said the duke. Shall I have ado with you? said Sir Marhaus. Yea, said the duke, thereof shalt thou not choose, and therefore take you to your chamber, and ye shall have all that to you longeth. So Sir Marhaus departed and was led to a chamber, and his damosel was led unto her chamber. And on the morn the duke sent unto Sir Marhaus and bade make him ready. And so Sir Marhaus arose and armed him, and then there was a mass sung afore him, and brake his fast, and so mounted on horseback in the court of the castle where they should do the battle. So there was the duke all ready on horseback, clean armed, and his six sons by him, and everych had a spear in his hand, and so they encountered, whereas the duke and his two sons brake their spears upon him, but Sir Marhaus held up his spear and touched none of them.

**CHAPTER XXV. How Sir Marhaus fought with the duke and his four sons and made them to yield them.** THEN came the four sons by couple, and two of them brake their spears, and so did the other two. And all this while Sir Marhaus touched them not. Then Sir Marhaus ran to the duke, and smote him with his spear that horse and man fell to the earth, and so he served his sons; and then Sir Marhaus alighted down and bade the duke yield him or else he would slay him. And then some of his sons recovered, and would have set upon Sir Marhaus; then Sir Marhaus said to the duke, Cease thy sons, or else I will do the uttermost to you all. Then the duke saw he might not escape the death, he cried to his sons, and charged them to yield them to Sir Marhaus; and they kneeled all down and put the pommels of their swords to the knight, and so he received them. And then they helped up their father, and so by their cominal assent promised to Sir Marhaus never to be foes unto King Arthur, and thereupon at Whitsuntide after to come, he and his sons, and put them in the king's grace.

Then Sir Marhaus departed, and within two days his damosel brought him whereas was a great tournament that the Lady de Vawse had cried. And who that did best should have a rich circlet of gold worth a thousand besants. And there Sir Marhaus did so nobly that he was renowned, and had sometime down forty knights, and so the circlet of gold was rewarded him. Then he departed from them with great worship; and so within seven nights his damosel brought him to an earl's place, his name was the Earl Fergus, that after was Sir Tristram's knight; and this earl was but a young man, and late come into his lands, and there was a giant fast by him that hight Taulurd, and he had another brother in Cornwall that hight Taulas, that Sir Tristram slew when he was out of his mind. So this earl made his complaint unto Sir Marhaus, that there was a giant by him that destroyed all his lands, and how he durst nowhere ride nor go for him. Sir, said the knight, whether useth he to fight on horseback or on foot? Nay, said the earl, there may no horse bear him. Well, said Sir Marhaus, then will I fight with him on foot; so on the morn Sir Marhaus prayed the earl that one of his men might bring him whereas the giant was; and so he was, for he saw him sit under a tree of holly, and many clubs of iron and gisarms about him. So this knight dressed him to the giant, putting his shield afore him, and the giant took an iron club in his hand, and at the first stroke he clave Sir Marhaus' shield in two pieces. And there he was in great peril, for the giant was a wily fighter, but at last Sir Marhaus smote off his right arm above the elbow.

Then the giant fled and the knight after him, and so he drove him into a water, but the giant was so high that he might not wade after him. And then Sir Marhaus made the Earl Fergus' man to fetch him stones, and with those stones the knight gave the giant many sore knocks, till at the last he made him fall down into the

water, and so was he there dead. Then Sir Marhaus went unto the giant's castle, and there he delivered twenty-four ladies and twelve knights out of the giant's prison, and there he had great riches without number, so that the days of his life he was never poor man. Then he returned to the Earl Fergus, the which thanked him greatly, and would have given him half his lands, but he would none take. So Sir Marhaus dwelled with the earl nigh half a year, for he was sore bruised with the giant, and at the last he took his leave. And as he rode by the way, he met with Sir Gawaine and Sir Uwayne, and so by adventure he met with four knights of Arthur's court, the first was Sir Sagamore le Desirous, Sir Osanna, Sir Dodinas le Savage, and Sir Felot of Listinoise; and there Sir Marhaus with one spear smote down these four knights, and hurt them sore. So he departed to meet at his day aforeset.

**CHAPTER XXVI. How Sir Uwayne rode with the damosel of sixty year of age, and how he gat the prize at tourneying.** NOW turn we unto Sir Uwayne, that rode westward with his damosel of three score winter of age, and she brought him thereas was a tournament nigh the march of Wales. And at that tournament Sir Uwayne smote down thirty knights, therefore was given him the prize, and that was a gerfalcon, and a white steed trapped with cloth of gold. So then Sir Uwayne did many strange adventures by the means of the old damosel, and so she brought him to a lady that was called the Lady of the Rock, the which was much courteous. So there were in the country two knights that were brethren, and they were called two perilous knights, the one knight hight Sir Edward of the Red Castle, and the other Sir Hue of the Red Castle; and these two brethren had disherited the Lady of the Rock of a barony of lands by their extortion. And as this knight was lodged with this lady she made her complaint to him of these two knights.

Madam, said Sir Uwayne, they are to blame, for they do against the high order of knighthood, and the oath that they made; and if it like you I will speak with them, because I am a knight of King Arthur's, and I will entreat them with fairness; and if they will not, I shall do battle with them, and in the defence of your right. Gramercy said the lady, and thereas I may not acquit you, God shall. So on the morn the two knights were sent for, that they should come thither to speak with the Lady of the Rock, and wit ye well they failed not, for they came with an hundred horse. But when this lady saw them in this manner so big, she would not suffer Sir Uwayne to go out to them upon no surety nor for no fair language, but she made him speak with them over a tower, but finally these two brethren would not be entreated, and answered that they would keep that they had. Well, said Sir Uwayne, then will I fight with one of you, and prove that ye do this lady wrong. That will we not, said they, for an we do battle, we two will fight with one knight at once, and therefore if ye will fight so, we will be ready at what hour ye will assign. And if ye win us in battle the lady shall have her lands again. Ye say well, said Sir Uwayne, therefore make you ready so that ye be here to-morn in the defence of the lady's right.

**CHAPTER XXVII. How Sir Uwayne fought with two knights and overcame them.** SO was there sikerness made on both parties that no treason should be wrought on neither party; so then the knights departed and made them ready, and that night Sir Uwayne had great cheer. And on the morn he arose early and heard mass, and brake his fast, and so he rode unto the plain without the gates, where hove the two brethren abiding him. So they rode together passing sore, that Sir Edward and Sir Hue brake their spears upon Sir Uwayne. And Sir Uwayne smote Sir Edward that he fell over his horse and yet his spear brast not. And then he spurred his horse and came upon Sir Hue and overthrew him, but they soon recovered and dressed their shields and drew their swords and bade Sir Uwayne alight and do his battle to the uttermost. Then Sir Uwayne devoided his horse suddenly, and put his shield afore him and drew his sword, and so they dressed together, and either gave other such strokes, and there these two brethren wounded Sir Uwayne passing grievously that the Lady of the Rock weened he should have died. And thus they fought together five hours as men raged out of reason. And at the last Sir Uwayne smote Sir Edward upon the helm such a stroke that his sword carved unto his

canel bone, and then Sir Hue abated his courage, but Sir Uwayne pressed fast to have slain him. That saw Sir Hue: he kneeled down and yielded him to Sir Uwayne. And he of his gentleness received his sword, and took him by the hand, and went into the castle together. Then the Lady of the Rock was passing glad, and the other brother made great sorrow for his brother's death. Then the lady was restored of all her lands, and Sir Hue was commanded to be at the court of King Arthur at the next feast of Pentecost. So Sir Uwayne dwelt with the lady nigh half a year, for it was long or he might be whole of his great hurts. And so when it drew nigh the term-day that Sir Gawaine, Sir Marhaus, and Sir Uwayne should meet at the cross-way, then every knight drew him thither to hold his promise that they had made; and Sir Marhaus and Sir Uwayne brought their damosels with them, but Sir Gawaine had lost his damosel, as it is afore rehearsed.

**CHAPTER XXVIII. How at the year's end all three knights with their three damosels met at the fountain.** RIGHT so at the twelvemonths' end they met all three knights at the fountain and their damosels, but the damosel that Sir Gawaine had could say but little worship of him so they departed from the damosels and rode through a great forest, and there they met with a messenger that came from King Arthur, that had sought them well-nigh a twelvemonth throughout all England, Wales, and Scotland, and charged if ever he might find Sir Gawaine and Sir Uwayne to bring them to the court again. And then were they all glad, and so prayed they Sir Marhaus to ride with them to the king's court. And so within twelve days they came to Camelot, and the king was passing glad of their coming, and so was all the court. Then the king made them to swear upon a book to tell him all their adventures that had befallen them that twelvemonth, and so they did. And there was Sir Marhaus well known, for there were knights that he had matched aforetime, and he was named one of the best knights living.

Against the feast of Pentecost came the Damosel of the Lake and brought with her Sir Pelleas; and at that high feast there was great jousting of knights, and of all knights that were at that jousts, Sir Pelleas had the prize, and Sir Marhaus was named the next; but Sir Pelleas was so strong there might but few knights sit him a buffet with a spear. And at that next feast Sir Pelleas and Sir Marhaus were made knights of the Table Round, for there were two sieges void, for two knights were slain that twelvemonth, and great joy had King Arthur of Sir Pelleas and of Sir Marhaus. But Pelleas loved never after Sir Gawaine, but as he spared him for the love of King Arthur; but ofttimes at jousts and tournaments Sir Pelleas quit Sir Gawaine, for so it rehearseth in the book of French. So Sir Tristram many days after fought with Sir Marhaus in an island, and there they did a great battle, but at the last Sir Tristram slew him, so Sir Tristram was wounded that unnethe he might recover, and lay at a nunnery half a year. And Sir Pelleas was a worshipful knight, and was one of the four that achieved the Sangreal, and the Damosel of the Lake made by her means that never he had ado with Sir Launcelot de Lake, for where Sir Launcelot was at any jousts or any tournament, she would not suffer him be there that day, but if it were on the side of Sir Launcelot.

*Explicit liber quartus. Incipit liber quintus.*

## BOOK V.

**CHAPTER I. How twelve aged ambassadors of Rome came to King Arthur to demand truage for Britain.** WHEN King Arthur had after long war rested, and held a royal feast and Table Round with his allies of kings, princes, and noble knights all of the Round Table, there came into his hall, he sitting in his throne royal, twelve ancient men, bearing each of them a branch of olive, in token that they came as ambassadors and messengers from the Emperor Lucius, which was called at that time, Dictator or Procuror of the Public Weal of Rome. Which said messengers, after their entering and coming into the presence of King Arthur, did to him their obeisance in making to him reverence, and said to him in this wise: The high and mighty Emperor Lucius sendeth to the King of Britain greeting, commanding thee to acknowledge him for thy lord, and to send him the truage due of this realm unto the Empire, which thy father and other to-fore thy precessors have

paid as is of record, and thou as rebel not knowing him as thy sovereign, withholdest and retainest contrary to the statutes and decrees made by the noble and worthy Julius Cesar, conqueror of this realm, and first Emperor of Rome. And if thou refuse his demand and commandment know thou for certain that he shall make strong war against thee, thy realms and lands, and shall chastise thee and thy subjects, that it shall be ensample perpetual unto all kings and princes, for to deny their truage unto that noble empire which domineth upon the universal world. Then when they had showed the effect of their message, the king commanded them to withdraw them, and said he should take advice of council and give to them an answer. Then some of the young knights, hearing this their message, would have run on them to have slain them, saying that it was a rebuke to all the knights there being present to suffer them to say so to the king. And anon the king commanded that none of them, upon pain of death, to missay them nor do them any harm, and commanded a knight to bring them to their lodging, and see that they have all that is necessary and requisite for them, with the best cheer, and that no dainty be spared, for the Romans be great lords, and though their message please me not nor my court, yet I must remember mine honour.

After this the king let call all his lords and knights of the Round Table to counsel upon this matter, and desired them to say their advice. Then Sir Cadur of Cornwall spake first and said, Sir, this message liketh me well, for we have many days rested us and have been idle, and now I hope ye shall make sharp war on the Romans, where I doubt not we shall get honour. I believe well, said Arthur, that this matter pleaseth thee well, but these answers may not be answered, for the demand grieveth me sore, for truly I will never pay truage to Rome, wherefore I pray you to counsel me. I have understood that Belinus and Brenius, kings of Britain, have had the empire in their hands many days, and also Constantine the son of Heleine, which is an open evidence that we owe no tribute to Rome but of right we that be descended of them have right to claim the title of the empire.

**CHAPTER II. How the kings and lords promised to King Arthur aid and help against the Romans.** THEN answered King Arngish of Scotland, Sir, ye ought of right to be above all other kings, for unto you is none like nor pareil in Christendom, of knighthood nor of dignity, and I counsel you never to obey the Romans, for when they reigned on us they distressed our elders, and put this land to great extortions and tallies, wherefore I make here mine avow to avenge me on them; and for to strengthen your quarrel I shall furnish twenty thousand good men of war, and wage them on my costs, which shall await on you with myself when it shall please you. And the king of Little Britain granted him to the same thirty thousand; wherefore King Arthur thanked them. And then every man agreed to make war, and to aid after their power; that is to wit, the lord of West Wales promised to bring thirty thousand men, and Sir Uwaine, Sir Ider his son, with their cousins, promised to bring thirty thousand. Then Sir Launcelot with all other promised in likewise every man a great multitude.

And when King Arthur understood their courages and good wills he thanked them heartily, and after let call the ambassadors to hear their answer. And in presence of all his lords and knights he said to them in this wise: I will that ye return unto your lord and Procuror of the Common Weal for the Romans, and say ye to him, Of his demand and commandment I set nothing, and that I know of no truage nor tribute that I owe to him, nor to none earthly prince, Christian nor heathen; but I pretend to have and occupy the sovereignty of the empire, wherein I am entitled by the right of my predecessors, sometime kings of this land; and say to him that I am delibered and fully concluded, to go with mine army with strength and power unto Rome, by the grace of God, to take possession in the empire and subdue them that be rebel. Wherefore I command him and all them of Rome, that incontinent they make to me their homage, and to acknowledge me for their Emperor and Governor, upon pain that shall ensue. And then he commanded his treasurer to give to them great and large gifts, and to pay all their dispenses, and assigned Sir Cadur to convey them out of the land. And so they took their leave and departed,

and took their shipping at Sandwich, and passed forth by Flanders, Almaine, the mountains, and all Italy, until they came unto Lucius. And after the reverence made, they made relation of their answer, like as ye to-fore have heard.

When the Emperor Lucius had well understood their credence, he was sore moved as he had been all araged, and said, I had supposed that Arthur would have obeyed to my commandment, and have served you himself, as him well beseemed or any other king to do. O Sir, said one of the senators, let be such vain words, for we let you wit that I and my fellows were full sore afraid to behold his countenance; I fear me ye have made a rod for yourself, for he intendeth to be lord of this empire, which sore is to be doubted if he come, for he is all another man than ye ween, and holdeth the most noble court of the world, all other kings nor princes may not compare unto his noble maintenance. On New Year's Day we saw him in his estate, which was the royalest that ever we saw, for he was served at his table with nine kings, and the noblest fellowship of other princes, lords, and knights that be in the world, and every knight approved and like a lord, and holdeth Table Round: and in his person the most manly man that liveth, and is like to conquer all the world, for unto his courage it is too little: wherefore I advise you to keep well your marches and straits in the mountains; for certainly he is a lord to be doubted. Well, said Lucius, before Easter I suppose to pass the mountains, and so forth into France, and there bereave him his lands with Genoese and other mighty warriors of Tuscany and Lombardy. And I shall send for them all that be subjects and allied to the empire of Rome to come to mine aid. And forthwith sent old wise knights unto these countries following: first to Ambage and Arrage, to Alexandria, to India, to Armenia, whereas the river of Euphrates runneth into Asia, to Africa, and Europe the Large, to Ertayne and Elamyne, to Araby, Egypt, and to Damascus, to Damietta and Cayer, to Cappadocia, to Tarsus, Turkey, Pontus and Pamphylia, to Syria and Galatia. And all these were subject to Rome and many more, as Greece, Cyprus, Macedonia, Calabria, Cateland, Portugal, with many thousands of Spaniards. Thus all these kings, dukes, and admirals, assembled about Rome, with sixteen kings at once, with great multitude of people. When the emperor understood their coming he made ready his Romans and all the people between him and Flanders.

Also he had gotten with him fifty giants which had been engendered of fiends; and they were ordained to guard his person, and to break the front of the battle of King Arthur. And thus departed from Rome, and came down the mountains for to destroy the lands that Arthur had conquered, and came unto Cologne, and besieged a castle thereby, and won it soon, and stuffed it with two hundred Saracens or Infidels, and after destroyed many fair countries which Arthur had won of King Claudas. And thus Lucius came with all his host, which were disperplyd sixty mile in breadth, and commanded them to meet with him in Burgoyne, for he purposed to destroy the realm of Little Britain.

**CHAPTER III. How King Arthur held a parliament at York, and how he ordained the realm should be governed in his absence.** NOW leave we of Lucius the Emperor and speak we of King Arthur, that commanded all them of his retinue to be ready at the utas of Hilary for to hold a parliament at York. And at that parliament was concluded to arrest all the navy of the land, and to be ready within fifteen days at Sandwich, and there he showed to his army how he purposed to conquer the empire which he ought to have of right. And there he ordained two governors of this realm, that is to say, Sir Baudwin of Britain, for to counsel to the best, and Sir Constantine, son to Sir Cadur of Cornwall, which after the death of Arthur was king of this realm. And in the presence of all his lords he resigned the rule of the realm and Guenever his queen to them, wherefore Sir Launcelot was wroth, for he left Sir Tristram with King Mark for the love of Beale Isould. Then the Queen Guenever made great sorrow for the departing of her lord and other, and swooned in such wise that the ladies bare her into her chamber. Thus the king with his great army departed, leaving the queen and realm in the governance of Sir Baudwin and Constantine. And when he was on his horse he said with an high voice, If I die in this journey I will that Sir Constantine be mine heir and king crowned of this realm as next of my blood. And after

departed and entered into the sea at Sandwich with all his army, with a great multitude of ships, galleys, cogs, and dromounds, sailing on the sea.

**CHAPTER IV. How King Arthur being shipped and lying in his cabin had a marvellous dream and of the exposition thereof.**

AND as the king lay in his cabin in the ship, he fell in a slumbering and dreamed a marvellous dream: him seemed that a dreadful dragon did drown much of his people, and he came flying out of the west, and his head was enamelled with azure, and his shoulders shone as gold, his belly like mails of a marvellous hue, his tail full of tatters, his feet full of fine sable, and his claws like fine gold; and an hideous flame of fire flew out of his mouth, like as the land and water had flamed all of fire. After, him seemed there came out of the orient, a grimly boar all black in a cloud, and his paws as big as a post; he was rugged looking roughly, he was the foulest beast that ever man saw, he roared and romed so hideously that it were marvel to hear. Then the dreadful dragon advanced him and came in the wind like a falcon giving great strokes on the boar, and the boar hit him again with his grizzly tusks that his breast was all bloody, and that the hot blood made all the sea red of his blood. Then the dragon flew away all on an height, and came down with such a swough, and smote the boar on the ridge, which was ten foot large from the head to the tail, and smote the boar all to powder both flesh and bones, that it flittered all abroad on the sea.

And therewith the king awoke anon, and was sore abashed of this dream, and sent anon for a wise philosopher, commanding to tell him the signification of his dream. Sir, said the philosopher, the dragon that thou dreamedst of betokeneth thine own person that sailest here, and the colours of his wings be thy realms that thou hast won, and his tail which is all to-tattered signifieth the noble knights of the Round Table; and the boar that the dragon slew coming from the clouds betokeneth some tyrant that tormenteth the people, or else thou art like to fight with some giant thyself, being horrible and abominable, whose peer ye saw never in your days, wherefore of this dreadful dream doubt thee nothing, but as a conqueror come forth thyself.

Then after this soon they had sight of land, and sailed till they arrived at Barfleete in Flanders, and when they were there he found many of his great lords ready, as they had been commanded to wait upon him.

**CHAPTER V. How a man of the country told to him of a marvellous giant, and how he fought and conquered him.**

THEN came to him an husbandman of the country, and told him how there was in the country of Constantine beside Brittany, a great giant which had slain, murdered and devoured much people of the country, and had been sustained seven year with the children of the commons of that land, insomuch that all the children be all slain and destroyed; and now late he hath taken the Duchess of Brittany as she rode with her meiny, and hath led her to his lodging which is in a mountain, for to ravish and lie by her to her life's end, and many people followed her, more than five hundred, but all they might not rescue her, but they left her shrieking and crying lamentably, wherefore I suppose that he hath slain her in fulfilling his foul lust of lechery. She was wife unto thy cousin Sir Howell, whom we call full nigh of thy blood. Now, as thou art a rightful king, have pity on this lady, and revenge us all as thou art a noble conqueror. Alas, said King Arthur, this is a great mischief, I had liefer than the best realm that I have that I had been a furlong way to-fore him for to have rescued that lady. Now, fellow, said King Arthur, canst thou bring me thereas this giant haunteth? Yea, Sir, said the good man, look yonder whereas thou seest those two great fires, there shalt thou find him, and more treasure than I suppose is in all France. When the king had understood this piteous case, he returned into his tent.

Then he called to him Sir Kay and Sir Bedivere, and commanded them secretly to make ready horse and harness for himself and them twain; for after evensong he would ride on pilgrimage with them two only unto Saint Michael's mount. And then anon he made him ready, and armed him at all points, and took his horse and his shield. And so they three departed thence and rode forth as fast as ever they might till that they came to the foreland of that

mount. And there they alighted, and the king commanded them to tarry there, for he would himself go up into that mount. And so he ascended up into that hill till he came to a great fire, and there he found a careful widow wringing her hands and making great sorrow, sitting by a grave new made. And then King Arthur saluted her, and demanded of her wherefore she made such lamentation, to whom she answered and said, Sir knight, speak soft, for yonder is a devil, if he hear thee speak he will come and destroy thee; I hold thee unhappy; what dost thou here in this mountain? for if ye were such fifty as ye be, ye were not able to make resistance against this devil: here lieth a duchess dead, the which was the fairest of all the world, wife to Sir Howell, Duke of Brittany, he hath murdered her in forcing her, and hath slit her unto the navel.

Dame, said the king, I come from the noble conqueror King Arthur, for to treat with that tyrant for his liege people. Fie on such treaties, said she, he setteth not by the king nor by no man else; but an if thou have brought Arthur's wife, dame Guenever, he shall be gladder than thou hadst given to him half France. Beware, approach him not too nigh, for he hath vanquished fifteen kings, and hath made him a coat full of precious stones embroidered with their beards, which they sent him to have his love for salvation of their people at this last Christmas. And if thou wilt, speak with him at yonder great fire at supper. Well, said Arthur, I will accomplish my message for all your fearful words; and went forth by the crest of that hill, and saw where he sat at supper gnawing on a limb of a man, baking his broad limbs by the fire, and breechless, and three fair damosels turning three broaches whereon were broached twelve young children late born, like young birds.

When King Arthur beheld that piteous sight he had great compassion on them, so that his heart bled for sorrow, and hailed him, saying in this wise: He that all the world wieldeth give thee short life and shameful death; and the devil have thy soul; why hast thou murdered these young innocent children, and murdered this duchess? Therefore, arise and dress thee, thou glutton, for this day shalt thou die of my hand. Then the glutton anon started up, and took a great club in his hand, and smote at the king that his coronal fell to the earth. And the king hit him again that he carved his belly and cut off his genitours, that his guts and his entrails fell down to the ground. Then the giant threw away his club, and caught the king in his arms that he crushed his ribs. Then the three maidens kneeled down and called to Christ for help and comfort of Arthur. And then Arthur weltered and wrung, that he was other while under and another time above. And so weltering and wallowing they rolled down the hill till they came to the sea mark, and ever as they so weltered Arthur smote him with his dagger.

And it fortuneed they came to the place whereas the two knights were and kept Arthur's horse; then when they saw the king fast in the giant's arms they came and loosed him. And then the king commanded Sir Kay to smite off the giant's head, and to set it upon a truncheon of a spear, and bear it to Sir Howell, and tell him that his enemy was slain; and after let this head be bound to a barbican that all the people may see and behold it; and go ye two up to the mountain, and fetch me my shield, my sword, and the club of iron; and as for the treasure, take ye it, for ye shall find there goods out of number; so I have the kirtle and the club I desire no more. This was the fiercest giant that ever I met with, save one in the mount of Araby, which I overcame, but this was greater and fiercer. Then the knights fetched the club and the kirtle, and some of the treasure they took to themselves, and returned again to the host. And anon this was known through all the country, wherefore the people came and thanked the king. And he said again, Give the thanks to God, and depart the goods among you.

And after that King Arthur said and commanded his cousin Howell, that he should ordain for a church to be builded on the same hill in the worship of Saint Michael. And on the morn the king removed with his great battle, and came into Champayne and in a valley, and there they pight their tents; and the king being set at his dinner, there came in two messengers, of whom that one was Marshal of France, and said to the king that the emperor was entered into France, and had destroyed a great part, and was in Burgoyne, and had destroyed and made great slaughter of people, and burnt towns and boroughs; wherefore, if thou come not hastily, they must yield up their bodies and goods.

**CHAPTER VI. How King Arthur sent Sir Gawaine and other to Lucius, and how they were assailed and escaped with worship.** THEN the king did do call Sir Gawaine, Sir Bors, Sir Lionel, and Sir Bedivere, and commanded them to go straight to Sir Lucius, and say ye to him that hastily he remove out of my land; and if he will not, bid him make him ready to battle and not distress the poor people. Then anon these noble knights dressed them to horseback, and when they came to the green wood, they saw many pavilions set in a meadow, of silk of divers colours, beside a river, and the emperor's pavilion was in the middle with an eagle displayed above. To the which tent our knights rode toward, and ordained Sir Gawaine and Sir Bors to do the message, and left in a bushment Sir Lionel and Sir Bedivere. And then Sir Gawaine and Sir Bors did their message, and commanded Lucius, in Arthur's name to avoid his land, or shortly to address him to battle. To whom Lucius answered and said, Ye shall return to your lord, and say ye to him that I shall subdue him and all his lands. Then Sir Gawaine was wroth and said, I had liefer than all France fight against thee; and so had I, said Sir Bors, liefer than all Britany or Burgoyne.

Then a knight named Sir Gainus, nigh cousin to the emperor, said, Lo, how these Britons be full of pride and boast, and they brag as though they bare up all the world. Then Sir Gawaine was sore grieved with these words, and pulled out his sword and smote off his head. And therewith turned their horses and rode over waters and through woods till they came to their bushment, whereas Sir Lionel and Sir Bedivere were hoving. The Romans followed fast after, on horseback and on foot, over a champaign unto a wood; then Sir Bors turned his horse and saw a knight come fast on, whom he smote through the body with a spear that he fell dead down to the earth; then came Caliburn one of the strongest of Pavie, and smote down many of Arthur's knights. And when Sir Bors saw him do so much harm, he addressed toward him, and smote him through the breast, that he fell down dead to the earth. Then Sir Feldenak thought to revenge the death of Gainus upon Sir Gawaine, but Sir Gawaine was ware thereof, and smote him on the head, which stroke stunted not till it came to his breast. And then he returned and came to his fellows in the bushment. And there was a recounter, for the bushment brake on the Romans, and slew and hew down the Romans, and forced the Romans to flee and return, whom the noble knights chased unto their tents.

Then the Romans gathered more people, and also footmen came on, and there was a new battle, and so much people that Sir Bors and Sir Berel were taken. But when Sir Gawaine saw that, he took with him Sir Idrus the good knight, and said he would never see King Arthur but if he rescued them, and pulled out Galatine his good sword, and followed them that led those two knights away; and he smote him that led Sir Bors, and took Sir Bors from him and delivered him to his fellows. And Sir Idrus in likewise rescued Sir Berel. Then began the battle to be great, that our knights were in great jeopardy, wherefore Sir Gawaine sent to King Arthur for succour, and that he hie him, for I am sore wounded, and that our prisoners may pay goods out of number. And the messenger came to the king and told him his message. And anon the king did do assemble his army, but anon, or he departed the prisoners were come, and Sir Gawaine and his fellows gat the field and put the Romans to flight, and after returned and came with their fellowship in such wise that no man of worship was lost of them, save that Sir Gawaine was sore hurt. Then the king did do ransack his wounds and comforted him. And thus was the beginning of the first journey of the Britons and Romans, and there were slain of the Romans more than ten thousand, and great joy and mirth was made that night in the host of King Arthur. And on the morn he sent all the prisoners into Paris under the guard of Sir Launcelot, with many knights, and of Sir Cador.

**CHAPTER VII. How Lucius sent certain spies in a bushment for to have taken his knights being prisoners, and how they were letted.** NOW turn we to the Emperor of Rome, which espied that these prisoners should be sent to Paris, and anon he sent to lie in a bushment certain knights and princes with sixty thousand men, for to rescue his knights and lords that were prisoners. And so on the morn as Launcelot and Sir Cador, chieftains and

governors of all them that conveyed the prisoners, as they should pass through a wood, Sir Launcelot sent certain knights to espy if any were in the woods to let them. And when the said knights came into the wood, anon they espied and saw the great embushment, and returned and told Sir Launcelot that there lay in await for them three score thousand Romans. And then Sir Launcelot with such knights as he had, and men of war to the number of ten thousand, put them in array, and met with them and fought with them manly, and slew and detrenched many of the Romans, and slew many knights and admirals of the party of the Romans and Saracens; there was slain the king of Lyly and three great lords, Aladuke, Herawd, and Heringdale. But Sir Launcelot fought so nobly that no man might endure a stroke of his hand, but where he came he showed his prowess and might, for he slew down right on every side; and the Romans and Saracens fled from him as the sheep from the wolf or from the lion, and put them, all that abode alive, to flight.

And so long they fought that tidings came to King Arthur, and anon he graithed him and came to the battle, and saw his knights how they had vanquished the battle, he embraced them knight by knight in his arms, and said, Ye be worthy to wield all your honour and worship; there was never king save myself that had so noble knights. Sir, said Cador, there was none of us failed other, but of the prowess and manhood of Sir Launcelot were more than wonder to tell, and also of his cousins which did that day many noble feats of war. And also Sir Cador told who of his knights were slain, as Sir Berel, and other Sir Moris and Sir Maurel, two good knights. Then the king wept, and dried his eyes with a kerchief, and said, Your courage had near-hand destroyed you, for though ye had returned again, ye had lost no worship; for I call it folly, knights to abide when they be overmatched. Nay, said Launcelot and the other, for once shamed may never be recovered.

**CHAPTER VIII. How a senator told to Lucius of their discomfort, and also of the great battle between Arthur and Lucius.** NOW leave we King Arthur and his noble knights which had won the field, and had brought their prisoners to Paris, and speak we of a senator which escaped from the battle, and came to Lucius the emperor, and said to him, Sir emperor, I advise thee for to withdraw thee; what dost thou here? thou shalt win nothing in these marches but great strokes out of all measure, for this day one of Arthur's knights was worth in the battle an hundred of ours. Fie on thee, said Lucius, thou speakest cowardly; for thy words grieve me more than all the loss that I had this day. And anon he sent forth a king, which hight Sir Leomie, with a great army, and bade him hie him fast to-fore, and he would follow hastily after. King Arthur was warned privily, and sent his people to Sessoine, and took up the towns and castles from the Romans. Then the king commanded Sir Cador to take the rearward, and to take with him certain knights of the Round Table, and Sir Launcelot, Sir Bors, Sir Kay, Sir Marrok, with Sir Marhaus, shall await on our person. Thus the King Arthur dispersed his host in divers parties, to the end that his enemies should not escape.

When the emperor was entered into the vale of Sessoine, he might see where King Arthur was embattled and his banner displayed; and he was beset round about with his enemies, that needs he must fight or yield him, for he might not flee, but said openly unto the Romans, Sirs, I admonish you that this day ye fight and acquit you as men, and remember how Rome domineth and is chief and head over all the earth and universal world, and suffer not these Britons this day to abide against us; and therewith he did command his trumpets to blow the bloody sounds, in such wise that the ground trembled and dindled.

Then the battles approached and shod and shouted on both sides, and great strokes were smitten on both sides, many men overthrown, hurt, and slain; and great valiances, prowesses and appertices of war were that day showed, which were over long to recount the noble feats of every man, for they should contain an whole volume. But in especial, King Arthur rode in the battle exhorting his knights to do well, and himself did as nobly with his hands as was possible a man to do; he drew out Excalibur his sword, and awaited ever whereas the Romans were thickest and most grieved his people, and anon he addressed him on that part,

and hew and slew down right, and rescued his people; and he slew a great giant named Galapas, which was a man of an huge quantity and height, he shorted him and smote off both his legs by the knees, saying, Now art thou better of a size to deal with than thou were, and after smote off his head. There Sir Gawaine fought nobly and slew three admirals in that battle. And so did all the knights of the Round Table. Thus the battle between King Arthur and Lucius the Emperor endured long. Lucius had on his side many Saracens which were slain. And thus the battle was great, and oftside that one party was at a fordeale and anon at an afterdeal, which endured so long till at the last King Arthur espied where Lucius the Emperor fought, and did wonder with his own hands. And anon he rode to him. And either smote other fiercely, and at last Lucius smote Arthur thwart the visage, and gave him a large wound. And when King Arthur felt himself hurt, anon he smote him again with Excalibur that it cleft his head, from the summit of his head, and stinted not till it came to his breast. And then the emperor fell down dead and there ended his life.

And when it was known that the emperor was slain, anon all the Romans with all their host put them to flight, and King Arthur with all his knights followed the chase, and slew down right all them that they might attain. And thus was the victory given to King Arthur, and the triumph; and there were slain on the part of Lucius more than an hundred thousand. And after King Arthur did do ransack the dead bodies, and did do bury them that were slain of his retinue, every man according to the estate and degree that he was of. And them that were hurt he let the surgeons do search their hurts and wounds, and commanded to spare no salves nor medicines till they were whole.

Then the king rode straight to the place where the Emperor Lucius lay dead, and with him he found slain the Soudan of Syria, the King of Egypt and of Ethiopia, which were two noble kings, with seventeen other kings of divers regions, and also sixty senators of Rome, all noble men, whom the king did do balm and gum with many good gums aromatic, and after did do cere them in sixty fold of cered cloth of sendal, and laid them in chests of lead, because they should not chafe nor savour, and upon all these bodies their shields with their arms and banners were set, to the end they should be known of what country they were. And after he found three senators which were alive, to whom he said, For to save your lives I will that ye take these dead bodies, and carry them with you unto great Rome, and present them to the Potestate on my behalf, shewing him my letters, and tell them that I in my person shall hastily be at Rome. And I suppose the Romans shall beware how they shall demand any tribute of me. And I command you to say when ye shall come to Rome, to the Potestate and all the Council and Senate, that I send to them these dead bodies for the tribute that they have demanded. And if they be not content with these, I shall pay more at my coming, for other tribute owe I none, nor none other will I pay. And methinketh this sufficeth for Britain, Ireland and all Almaine with Germany. And furthermore, I charge you to say to them, that I command them upon pain of their heads never to demand tribute nor tax of me nor of my lands. Then with this charge and commandment, the three senators aforesaid departed with all the said dead bodies, laying the body of Lucius in a car covered with the arms of the Empire all alone; and after alway two bodies of kings in a chariot, and then the bodies of the senators after them, and so went toward Rome, and showed their legation and message to the Potestate and Senate, recounting the battle done in France, and how the field was lost and much people and innumerable slain. Wherefore they advised them in no wise to move no more war against that noble conqueror Arthur, for his might and prowess is most to be doubted, seen the noble kings and great multitude of knights of the Round Table, to whom none earthly prince may compare.

**CHAPTER IX How Arthur, after he had achieved the battle against the Romans, entered into Almaine, and so into Italy.** NOW turn we unto King Arthur and his noble knights, which, after the great battle achieved against the Romans, entered into Lorraine, Brabant and Flanders, and sithen returned into Haut Almaine, and so over the mountains into Lombardy, and after, into Tuscany wherein was a city which in no wise would yield itself

nor obey, wherefore King Arthur besieged it, and lay long about it, and gave many assaults to the city; and they within defended them valiantly. Then, on a time, the king called Sir Florence, a knight, and said to him they lacked victual, And not far from hence be great forests and woods, wherein be many of mine enemies with much bestial: I will that thou make thee ready and go thither in foraying, and take with thee Sir Gawaine my nephew, Sir Wisshard, Sir Clegis, Sir Cleremond, and the Captain of Cardiff with other, and bring with you all the beasts that ye there can get.

And anon these knights made them ready, and rode over holts and hills, through forests and woods, till they came into a fair meadow full of fair flowers and grass; and there they rested them and their horses all that night. And in the springing of the day in the next morn, Sir Gawaine took his horse and stole away from his fellowship, to seek some adventures. And anon he was ware of a man armed, walking his horse easily by a wood's side, and his shield laced to his shoulder, sitting on a strong courser, without any man saving a page bearing a mighty spear. The knight bare in his shield three griffins of gold, in sable carbuncle, the chief of silver. When Sir Gawaine espied this gay knight, he feutred his spear, and rode straight to him, and demanded of him from whence that he was. That other answered and said he was of Tuscany, and demanded of Sir Gawaine, What, profferest thou, proud knight, thee so boldly? here gettest thou no prey, thou mayest prove what thou wilt, for thou shalt be my prisoner or thou depart. Then said Gawaine, thou avauntest thee greatly and speakest proud words, I counsel thee for all thy boast that thou make thee ready, and take thy gear to thee, to-fore greater grame fall to thee.

**CHAPTER X. Of a battle done by Sir Gawaine against a Saracen, which after was yelden and became Christian.** THEN they took their spears and ran each at other with all the might they had, and smote each other through their shields into their shoulders, wherefore anon they pulled out their swords, and smote great strokes that the fire sprang out of their helms. Then Sir Gawaine was all abashed, and with Galatine his good sword he smote through shield and thick hauberk made of thick mails, and all to-rushed and break the precious stones, and made him a large wound, that men might see both liver and lung. Then groaned that knight, and addressed him to Sir Gawaine, and with an awk stroke gave him a great wound and cut a vein, which grieved Gawaine sore, and he bled sore. Then the knight said to Sir Gawaine, bind thy wound or thy blee[ding] change, for thou be-bledest all thy horse and thy fair arms, for all the barbers of Brittany shall not con staunch thy blood, for whosomever is hurt with this blade he shall never be staunched of bleeding. Then answered Gawaine, it grieveth me but little, thy great words shall not fear me nor lessen my courage, but thou shalt suffer teen and sorrow or we depart, but tell me in haste who may staunch my bleeding. That may I do, said the knight, if I will, and so will I if thou wilt succour and aid me, that I may be christened and believe on God, and thereof I require thee of thy manhood, and it shall be great merit for thy soul. I grant, said Gawaine, so God help me, to accomplish all thy desire, but first tell me what thou soughtest here thus alone, and of what land and liegiance thou art of. Sir, he said, my name is Priamus, and a great prince is my father, and he hath been rebel unto Rome and overriden many of their lands. My father is lineally descended of Alexander and of Hector by right line. And Duke Joshua and Maccabaeus were of our lineage. I am right inheritor of Alexandria and Africa, and all the out isles, yet will I believe on thy Lord that thou believest on; and for thy labour I shall give thee treasure enough. I was so elate and hauteyn in my heart that I thought no man my peer, nor to me semblable. I was sent into this war with seven score knights, and now I have encountered with thee, which hast given to me of fighting my fill, wherefore sir knight, I pray thee to tell me what thou art. I am no knight, said Gawaine, I have been brought up in the guardrobe with the noble King Arthur many years, for to take heed to his armour and his other array, and to point his paltocks that long to himself. At Yule last he made me yeoman, and gave to me horse and harness, and an hundred pound in money; and if fortune be my friend, I doubt not but to be well advanced and holpen by my liege lord. Ah, said Priamus, if his knaves be so keen and fierce, his knights be passing

good: now for the King's love of Heaven, whether thou be a knave or a knight, tell thou me thy name. By God, said Sir Gawaine, now I will say thee sooth, my name is Sir Gawaine, and known I am in his court and in his chamber, and one of the knights of the Round Table, he dubbed me a duke with his own hand. Therefore grudge not if this grace is to me fortunèd, it is the goodness of God that lent to me my strength. Now am I better pleased, said Priamus, than thou hadst given to me all the Provence and Paris the rich. I had liefer to have been torn with wild horses, than any varlet had won such loos, or any page or priker should have had prize on me. But now sir knight I warn thee that hereby is a Duke of Lorraine with his army, and the noblest men of Dolphiny, and lords of Lombardy, with the garrison of Godard, and Saracens of Southland, y-numbered sixty thousand of good men of arms; wherefore but if we hie us hence, it will harm us both, for we be sore hurt, never like to recover; but take heed to my page, that he no horn blow, for if he do, there be hoving here fast by an hundred knights awaiting on my person, and if they take thee, there shall no ransom of gold nor silver acquit thee.

Then Sir Gawaine rode over a water for to save him, and the knight followed him, and so rode forth till they came to his fellows which were in the meadow, where they had been all the night. Anon as Sir Wisshard was ware of Sir Gawaine and saw that he was hurt, he ran to him sorrowfully weeping, and demanded of him who had so hurt him; and Gawaine told how he had foughten with that man, and each of them had hurt other, and how he had salves to heal them; but I can tell you other tidings, that soon we shall have ado with many enemies.

Then Sir Priamus and Sir Gawaine alighted, and let their horses graze in the meadow, and unarmed them, and then the blood ran freshly from their wounds. And Priamus took from his page a vial full of the four waters that came out of Paradise, and with certain balm anointed their wounds, and washed them with that water, and within an hour after they were both as whole as ever they were. And then with a trumpet were they all assembled to council, and there Priamus told unto them what lords and knights had sworn to rescue him, and that without fail they should be assailed with many thousands, wherefore he counselled them to withdraw them. Then Sir Gawaine said, it were great shame to them to avoid without any strokes; Wherefore I advise to take our arms and to make us ready to meet with these Saracens and misbelieving men, and with the help of God we shall overthrow them and have a fair day on them. And Sir Florence shall abide still in this field to keep the stale as a noble knight, and we shall not forsake yonder fellows. Now, said Priamus, cease your words, for I warn you ye shall find in yonder woods many perilous knights; they will put forth beasts to call you on, they be out of number, and ye are not past seven hundred, which be over few to fight with so many. Nevertheless, said Sir Gawaine, we shall once encounter them, and see what they can do, and the best shall have the victory.

**CHAPTER XI. How the Saracens came out of a wood for to rescue their beasts, and of a great battle.** THEN Sir Florence called to him Sir Floridas, with an hundred knights, and drove forth the herd of beasts. Then followed him seven hundred men of arms; and Sir Ferant of Spain on a fair steed came springing out of the woods, and came to Sir Florence and asked him why he fled. Then Sir Florence took his spear and rode against him, and smote him in the forehead and brake his neck bone. Then all the other were moved, and thought to avenge the death of Sir Ferant, and smote in among them, and there was great fight, and many slain and laid down to ground, and Sir Florence with his hundred knights alway kept the stale, and fought manly.

Then when Priamus the good knight perceived the great fight, he went to Sir Gawaine, and bade him that he should go and succour his fellowship, which were sore bestead with their enemies. Sir, grieve you not, said Sir Gawaine, for their gree shall be theirs. I shall not once move my horse to them ward, but if I see more than there be; for they be strong enough to match them.

And with that he saw an earl called Sir Ethelwold and the duke of Dutchmen, came leaping out of a wood with many thousands, and Priamus' knights, and came straight unto the battle. Then Sir Gawaine comforted his knights, and bade them not to be abashed,

for all shall be ours. Then they began to wallop and met with their enemies, there were men slain and overthrown on every side. Then thrust in among them the knights of the Table Round, and smote down to the earth all them that withstood them, in so much that they made them to recoil and flee. By God, said Sir Gawaine, this gladdeth my heart, for now be they less in number by twenty thousand. Then entered into the battle Jubance a giant, and fought and slew down right, and distressed many of our knights, among whom was slain Sir Gherard, a knight of Wales. Then our knights took heart to them, and slew many Saracens. And then came in Sir Priamus with his pennon, and rode with the knights of the Round Table, and fought so manfully that many of their enemies lost their lives. And there Sir Priamus slew the Marquis of Moises land, and Sir Gawaine with his fellows so quit them that they had the field, but in that stour was Sir Chestelaine, a child and ward of Sir Gawaine slain, wherefore was much sorrow made, and his death was soon avenged. Thus was the battle ended, and many lords of Lombardy and Saracens left dead in the field.

Then Sir Florence and Sir Gawaine harboured surely their people, and took great plenty of bestial, of gold and silver, and great treasure and riches, and returned unto King Arthur, which lay still at the siege. And when they came to the king they presented their prisoners and recounted their adventures, and how they had vanquished their enemies.

**CHAPTER XII. How Sir Gawaine returned to King Arthur with his prisoners, and how the King won a city, and how he was crowned Emperor.** NOW thanked be God, said the noble King Arthur. But what manner man is he that standeth by himself, him seemeth no prisoner. Sir, said Gawaine, this is a good man of arms, he hath matched me, but he is yelden unto God, and to me, for to become Christian; had not he have been we should never have returned, wherefore I pray you that he may be baptised, for there liveth not a nobler man nor better knight of his hands. Then the king let him anon be christened, and did do call him his first name Priamus, and made him a duke and knight of the Table Round. And then anon the king let do cry assault to the city, and there was rearing of ladders, breaking of walls, and the ditch filled, that men with little pain might enter into the city. Then came out a duchess, and Clarisin the countess, with many ladies and damosels, and kneeling before King Arthur, required him for the love of God to receive the city, and not to take it by assault, for then should many guiltless be slain. Then the king availed his visor with a meek and noble countenance, and said, Madam, there shall none of my subjects misdo you nor your maidens, nor to none that to you belong, but the duke shall abide my judgment. Then anon the king commanded to leave the assault, and anon the duke's oldest son brought out the keys, and kneeling delivered them to the king, and besought him of grace; and the king seized the town by assent of his lords, and took the duke and sent him to Dover, there for to abide prisoner term of his life, and assigned certain rents for the dower of the duchess and for her children.

Then he made lords to rule those lands, and laws as a lord ought to do in his own country; and after he took his journey toward Rome, and sent Sir Floris and Sir Floridas to-fore, with five hundred men of arms, and they came to the city of Urbino and laid there a bushment, whereas them seemed most best for them, and rode to-fore the town, where anon issued out much people and skirmished with the fore-riders. Then brake out the bushment and won the bridge, and after the town, and set upon the walls the king's banner. Then came the king upon an hill, and saw the city and his banner on the walls, by which he knew that the city was won. And anon he sent and commanded that none of his liege men should defoul nor lie by no lady, wife nor maid; and when he came into the city, he passed to the castle, and comforted them that were in sorrow, and ordained there a captain, a knight of his own country.

And when they of Milan heard that thilk city was won, they sent to King Arthur great sums of money, and besought him as their lord to have pity on them, promising to be his subjects for ever, and yield to him homage and fealty for the lands of Pleasance and Pavia, Petersaint, and the Port of Tremble, and to give him yearly a million of gold all his lifetime. Then he rideth into

Tuscany, and winneth towns and castles, and wasted all in his way that to him will not obey, and so to Spolute and Viterbe, and from thence he rode into the Vale of Vicecount among the vines. And from thence he sent to the senators, to wit whether they would know him for their lord. But soon after on a Saturday came unto King Arthur all the senators that were left alive, and the noblest cardinals that then dwelt in Rome, and prayed him of peace, and proffered him full large, and besought him as governor to give licence for six weeks for to assemble all the Romans, and then to crown him emperor with chrism as it belongeth to so high estate. I assent, said the king, like as ye have devised, and at Christmas there to be crowned, and to hold my Round Table with my knights as me liketh. And then the senators made ready for his enthronization. And at the day appointed, as the romance telleth, he came into Rome, and was crowned emperor by the pope's hand, with all the royalty that could be made, and sojourned there a time, and established all his lands from Rome into France, and gave lands and realms unto his servants and knights, to everych after his desert, in such wise that none complained, rich nor poor. And he gave to Sir Priamus the duchy of Lorraine; and he thanked him, and said he would serve him the days of his life; and after made dukes and earls, and made every man rich.

Then after this all his knights and lords assembled them afore him, and said: Blessed be God, your war is finished and your conquest achieved, in so much that we know none so great nor mighty that dare make war against you: wherefore we beseech you to return homeward, and give us licence to go home to our wives, from whom we have been long, and to rest us, for your journey is finished with honour and worship. Then said the king, Ye say truth, and for to tempt God it is no wisdom, and therefore make you ready and return we into England. Then there was trussing of harness and baggage and great carriage. And after licence given, he returned and commanded that no man in pain of death should not rob nor take victual, nor other thing by the way but that he should pay therefore. And thus he came over the sea and landed at Sandwich, against whom Queen Guenever his wife came and met him, and he was nobly received of all his commons in every city and burgh, and great gifts presented to him at his home-coming to welcome him with.

Thus endeth the fifth book of the conquest that King Arthur had against Lucius the Emperor of Rome, and here followeth the sixth book, which is of Sir Launcelot du Lake.

## BOOK VI.

**CHAPTER I. How Sir Launcelot and Sir Lionel departed from the court, and how Sir Lionel left him sleeping and was taken.** SOON after that King Arthur was come from Rome into England, then all the knights of the Table Round resorted unto the king, and made many jousts and tournaments, and some there were that were but knights, which increased so in arms and worship that they passed all their fellows in prowess and noble deeds, and that was well proved on many; but in especial it was proved on Sir Launcelot du Lake, for in all tournaments and jousts and deeds of arms, both for life and death, he passed all other knights, and at no time he was never overcome but if it were by treason or enchantment; so Sir Launcelot increased so marvellously in worship, and in honour, therefore is he the first knight that the French book maketh mention of after King Arthur came from Rome. Wherefore Queen Guenever had him in great favour above all other knights, and in certain he loved the queen again above all other ladies and damosels of his life, and for her he did many deeds of arms, and saved her from the fire through his noble chivalry.

Thus Sir Launcelot rested him long with play and game. And then he thought himself to prove himself in strange adventures, then he bade his nephew, Sir Lionel, for to make him ready; for we two will seek adventures. So they mounted on their horses, armed at all rights, and rode into a deep forest and so into a deep plain. And then the weather was hot about noon, and Sir Launcelot had great lust to sleep. Then Sir Lionel espied a great apple-tree that stood by an hedge, and said, Brother, yonder is a fair shadow, there may we rest us [and] our horses. It is well said, fair brother, said Sir Launcelot, for this eight year I was not so sleepy as I am now;

and so they there alighted and tied their horses unto sundry trees, and so Sir Launcelot laid him down under an appletree, and his helm he laid under his head. And Sir Lionel waked while he slept. So Sir Launcelot was asleep passing fast.

And in the meanwhile there came three knights riding, as fast fleeing as ever they might ride. And there followed them three but one knight. And when Sir Lionel saw him, him thought he saw never so great a knight, nor so well faring a man, neither so well apparelled unto all rights. So within a while this strong knight had overtaken one of these knights, and there he smote him to the cold earth that he lay still. And then he rode unto the second knight, and smote him so that man and horse fell down. And then straight to the third knight he rode, and smote him behind his horse's arse a spear length. And then he alighted down and reined his horse on the bridle, and bound all the three knights fast with the reins of their own bridles. When Sir Lionel saw him do thus, he thought to assay him, and made him ready, and stilly and privily he took his horse, and thought not for to awake Sir Launcelot. And when he was mounted upon his horse, he overtook this strong knight, and bade him turn, and the other smote Sir Lionel so hard that horse and man he bare to the earth, and so he alighted down and bound him fast, and threw him overthwart his own horse, and so he served them all four, and rode with them away to his own castle. And when he came there he gart unarm them, and beat them with thorns all naked, and after put them in a deep prison where were many more knights, that made great dolour.

**CHAPTER II. How Sir Ector followed for to seek Sir Launcelot, and how he was taken by Sir Turquine.** WHEN Sir Ector de Maris wist that Sir Launcelot was passed out of the court to seek adventures, he was wroth with himself, and made him ready to seek Sir Launcelot, and as he had ridden long in a great forest he met with a man was like a forester. Fair fellow, said Sir Ector, knowest thou in this country any adventures that be here nigh hand? Sir, said the forester, this country know I well, and hereby, within this mile, is a strong manor, and well dyked, and by that manor, on the left hand, there is a fair ford for horses to drink of, and over that ford there groweth a fair tree, and thereon hang many fair shields that wielded sometime good knights, and at the hole of the tree hangeth a basin of copper and latten, and strike upon that basin with the butt of thy spear thrice, and soon after thou shalt hear new tidings, and else hast thou the fairest grace that many a year had ever knight that passed through this forest. Gramercy, said Sir Ector, and departed and came to the tree, and saw many fair shields. And among them he saw his brother's shield, Sir Lionel, and many more that he knew that were his fellows of the Round Table, the which grieved his heart, and promised to revenge his brother.

Then anon Sir Ector beat on the basin as he were wood, and then he gave his horse drink at the ford, and there came a knight behind him and bade him come out of the water and make him ready; and Sir Ector anon turned him shortly, and in feuter cast his spear, and smote the other knight a great buffet that his horse turned twice about. This was well done, said the strong knight, and knightly thou hast stricken me; and therewith he rushed his horse on Sir Ector, and cleight him under his right arm, and bare him clean out of the saddle, and rode with him away into his own hall, and threw him down in midst of the floor. The name of this knight was Sir Turquine. Then he said unto Sir Ector, For thou hast done this day more unto me than any knight did these twelve years, now will I grant thee thy life, so thou wilt be sworn to be my prisoner all thy life days. Nay, said Sir Ector, that will I never promise thee, but that I will do mine advantage. That me repenteth, said Sir Turquine. And then he gart to unarm him, and beat him with thorns all naked, and sithen put him down in a deep dungeon, where he knew many of his fellows. But when Sir Ector saw Sir Lionel, then made he great sorrow. Alas, brother, said Sir Ector, where is my brother Sir Launcelot? Fair brother, I left him asleep when that I from him yode, under an apple-tree, and what is become of him I cannot tell you. Alas, said the knights, but Sir Launcelot help us we may never be delivered, for we know now no knight that is able to match our master Turquine.

**CHAPTER III How four queens found Launcelot sleeping, and how by enchantment he was taken and led into a castle.** NOW leave we these knights prisoners, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lake that lieth under the apple-tree sleeping. Even about the noon there came by him four queens of great estate; and, for the heat should not annoy them, there rode four knights about them, and bare a cloth of green silk on four spears, betwixt them and the sun, and the queens rode on four white mules. Thus as they rode they heard by them a great horse grimly neigh, then were they ware of a sleeping knight, that lay all armed under an apple-tree; anon as these queens looked on his face, they knew it was Sir Launcelot. Then they began for to strive for that knight, everych one said they would have him to her love. We shall not strive, said Morgan le Fay, that was King Arthur's sister, I shall put an enchantment upon him that he shall not awake in six hours, and then I will lead him away unto my castle, and when he is surely within my hold, I shall take the enchantment from him, and then let him choose which of us he will have unto paramour.

So this enchantment was cast upon Sir Launcelot, and then they laid him upon his shield, and bare him so on horseback betwixt two knights, and brought him unto the castle Chariot, and there they laid him in a chamber cold, and at night they sent unto him a fair damosel with his supper ready dight. By that the enchantment was past, and when she came she saluted him, and asked him what cheer. I cannot say, fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, for I wot not how I came into this castle but it be by an enchantment. Sir, said she, ye must make good cheer, and if ye be such a knight as it is said ye be, I shall tell you more to-morn by prime of the day. Gramercy, fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, of your good will I require you. And so she departed. And there he lay all that night without comfort of anybody. And on the morn early came these four queens, passingly well beseen, all they bidding him good morn, and he them again.

Sir knight, the four queens said, thou must understand thou art our prisoner, and we here know thee well that thou art Sir Launcelot du Lake, King Ban's son, and because we understand your worthiness, that thou art the noblest knight living, and as we know well there can no lady have thy love but one, and that is Queen Guenever, and now thou shalt lose her for ever, and she thee, and therefore thee behoveth now to choose one of us four. I am the Queen Morgan le Fay, queen of the land of Gore, and here is the queen of Northgalis, and the queen of Eastland, and the queen of the Out Isles; now choose one of us which thou wilt have to thy paramour, for thou mayest not choose or else in this prison to die. This is an hard case, said Sir Launcelot, that either I must die or else choose one of you, yet had I liefer to die in this prison with worship, than to have one of you to my paramour maugre my head. And therefore ye be answered, I will none of you, for ye be false enchantresses, and as for my lady, Dame Guenever, were I at my liberty as I was, I would prove it on you or on yours, that she is the truest lady unto her lord living. Well, said the queens, is this your answer, that ye will refuse us. Yea, on my life, said Sir Launcelot, refused ye be of me. So they departed and left him there alone that made great sorrow.

**CHAPTER IV. How Sir Launcelot was delivered by the mean of a damosel.** RIGHT so at the noon came the damosel unto him with his dinner, and asked him what cheer. Truly, fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, in my life days never so ill. Sir, she said, that me repenteth, but an ye will be ruled by me, I shall help you out of this distress, and ye shall have no shame nor villainy, so that ye hold me a promise. Fair damosel, I will grant you, and sore I am of these queen-sorceresses afraid, for they have destroyed many a good knight. Sir, said she, that is sooth, and for the renown and bounty that they hear of you they would have your love, and Sir, they say, your name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, the flower of knights, and they be passing wroth with you that ye have refused them. But Sir, an ye would promise me to help my father on Tuesday next coming, that hath made a tournament betwixt him and the King of Northgalis—for the last Tuesday past my father lost the field through three knights of Arthur's court—an ye will be there on Tuesday next coming, and help my father, to-morn or prime, by the grace of God, I shall deliver you clean. Fair maiden,

said Sir Launcelot, tell me what is your father's name, and then shall I give you an answer. Sir knight, she said, my father is King Bagdemagus, that was foul rebuked at the last tournament. I know your father well, said Sir Launcelot, for a noble king and a good knight, and by the faith of my body, ye shall have my body ready to do your father and you service at that day. Sir, she said, gramercy, and to-morn await ye be ready betimes and I shall be she that shall deliver you and take you your armour and your horse, shield and spear, and hereby within this ten mile, is an abbey of white monks, there I pray you that ye me abide, and thither shall I bring my father unto you. All this shall be done, said Sir Launcelot as I am true knight.

And so she departed, and came on the morn early, and found him ready; then she brought him out of twelve locks, and brought him unto his armour, and when he was clean armed, she brought him until his own horse, and lightly he saddled him and took a great spear in his hand and so rode forth, and said, Fair damosel, I shall not fail you, by the grace of God. And so he rode into a great forest all that day, and never could find no highway and so the night fell on him, and then was he ware in a slade, of a pavilion of red sendal. By my faith, said Sir Launcelot, in that pavilion will I lodge all this night, and so there he alighted down, and tied his horse to the pavilion, and there he unarmed him, and there he found a bed, and laid him therein and fell asleep sadly.

**CHAPTER V. How a knight found Sir Launcelot lying in his leman's bed, and how Sir Launcelot fought with the knight.**

THEN within an hour there came the knight to whom the pavilion ought, and he weened that his leman had lain in that bed, and so he laid him down beside Sir Launcelot, and took him in his arms and began to kiss him. And when Sir Launcelot felt a rough beard kissing him, he started out of the bed lightly, and the other knight after him, and either of them gat their swords in their hands, and out at the pavilion door went the knight of the pavilion, and Sir Launcelot followed him, and there by a little slake Sir Launcelot wounded him sore, nigh unto the death. And then he yielded him unto Sir Launcelot, and so he granted him, so that he would tell him why he came into the bed. Sir, said the knight, the pavilion is mine own, and there this night I had assigned my lady to have slept with me, and now I am likely to die of this wound. That me repenteth, said Launcelot, of your hurt, but I was adread of treason, for I was late beguiled, and therefore come on your way into your pavilion and take your rest, and as I suppose I shall staunch your blood. And so they went both into the pavilion, and anon Sir Launcelot staunched his blood.

Therewithal came the knight's lady, that was a passing fair lady, and when she espied that her lord Belleus was sore wounded, she cried out on Sir Launcelot, and made great dole out of measure. Peace, my lady and my love, said Belleus, for this knight is a good man, and a knight adventurous, and there he told her all the cause how he was wounded; And when that I yielded me unto him, he left me goodly and hath staunched my blood. Sir, said the lady, I require thee tell me what knight ye be, and what is your name? Fair lady, he said, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. So me thought ever by your speech, said the lady, for I have seen you oft or this, and I know you better than ye ween. But now an ye would promise me of your courtesy, for the harms that ye have done to me and my Lord Belleus, that when he cometh unto Arthur's court for to cause him to be made knight of the Round Table, for he is a passing good man of arms, and a mighty lord of lands of many out isles.

Fair lady, said Sir Launcelot, let him come unto the court the next high feast, and look that ye come with him, and I shall do my power, an ye prove you doughty of your hands, that ye shall have your desire. So thus within a while, as they thus talked, the night passed, and the day shone, and then Sir Launcelot armed him, and took his horse, and they taught him to the Abbey, and thither he rode within the space of two hours.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Launcelot was received of King Bagdemagus' daughter, and how he made his complaint to her father.** AND soon as Sir Launcelot came within the abbey yard, the daughter of King Bagdemagus heard a great horse go on the pavement. And she then arose and yede unto a window,

and there she saw Sir Launcelot, and anon she made men fast to take his horse from him and let lead him into a stable, and himself was led into a fair chamber, and unarmed him, and the lady sent him a long gown, and anon she came herself. And then she made Launcelot passing good cheer, and she said he was the knight in the world was most welcome to her. Then in all haste she sent for her father Bagdemagus that was within twelve mile of that Abbey, and afore even he came, with a fair fellowship of knights with him. And when the king was alighted off his horse he yode straight unto Sir Launcelot's chamber and there he found his daughter, and then the king embraced Sir Launcelot in his arms, and either made other good cheer.

Anon Sir Launcelot made his complaint unto the king how he was betrayed, and how his brother Sir Lionel was departed from him he wist not where, and how his daughter had delivered him out of prison; Therefore while I live I shall do her service and all her kindred. Then am I sure of your help, said the king, on Tuesday next coming. Yea, sir, said Sir Launcelot, I shall not fail you, for so I have promised my lady your daughter. But, sir, what knights be they of my lord Arthur's that were with the King of Northgalis? And the king said it was Sir Mador de la Porte, and Sir Mordred and Sir Gahalantine that all for-fared my knights, for against them three I nor my knights might bear no strength. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, as I hear say that the tournament shall be here within this three mile of this abbey, ye shall send unto me three knights of yours, such as ye trust, and look that the three knights have all white shields, and I also, and no painture on the shields, and we four will come out of a little wood in midst of both parties, and we shall fall in the front of our enemies and grieve them that we may; and thus shall I not be known what knight I am.

So they took their rest that night, and this was on the Sunday, and so the king departed, and sent unto Sir Launcelot three knights with the four white shields. And on the Tuesday they lodged them in a little leaved wood beside there the tournament should be. And there were scaffolds and holes that lords and ladies might behold and to give the prize. Then came into the field the King of Northgalis with eight score helms. And then the three knights of Arthur's stood by themselves. Then came into the field King Bagdemagus with four score of helms. And then they feutred their spears, and came together with a great dash, and there were slain of knights at the first reconter twelve of King Bagdemagus' party, and six of the King of Northgalis' party, and King Bagdemagus' party was far set aback.

**CHAPTER VII. How Sir Launcelot behaved him in a tournament, and how he met with Sir Turquine leading Sir Gaheris.** WITH that came Sir Launcelot du Lake, and he thrust in with his spear in the thickest of the press, and there he smote down with one spear five knights, and of four of them he brake their backs. And in that throng he smote down the King of Northgalis, and brake his thigh in that fall. All this doing of Sir Launcelot saw the three knights of Arthur's. Yonder is a shrewd guest, said Sir Mador de la Porte, therefore have here once at him. So they encountered, and Sir Launcelot bare him down horse and man, so that his shoulder went out of lith. Now befalleth it to me to joust, said Mordred, for Sir Mador hath a sore fall. Sir Launcelot was ware of him, and gat a great spear in his hand, and met him, and Sir Mordred brake a spear upon him, and Sir Launcelot gave him such a buffet that the arson of his saddle brake, and so he flew over his horse's tail, that his helm butted into the earth a foot and more, that nigh his neck was broken, and there he lay long in a swoon.

Then came in Sir Gahalantine with a great spear and Launcelot against him, with all their strength that they might drive, that both their spears to-brast even to their hands, and then they flang out with their swords and gave many a grim stroke. Then was Sir Launcelot wroth out of measure, and then he smote Sir Gahalantine on the helm that his nose brast out on blood, and ears and mouth both, and therewith his head hung low. And therewith his horse ran away with him, and he fell down to the earth. Anon therewithal Sir Launcelot gat a great spear in his hand, and over that great spear brake, he bare down to the earth sixteen knights, some horse and man, and some the man and not the horse, and

there was none but that he hit surely, he bare none arms that day. And then he gat another great spear, and smote down twelve knights, and the most part of them never throve after. And then the knights of the King of Northgalis would joust no more. And there the gree was given to King Bagdemagus.

So either party departed unto his own place, and Sir Launcelot rode forth with King Bagdemagus unto his castle, and there he had passing good cheer both with the king and with his daughter, and they proffered him great gifts. And on the morn he took his leave, and told the king that he would go and seek his brother Sir Lionel, that went from him when that he slept, so he took his horse, and betought them all to God. And there he said unto the king's daughter, If ye have need any time of my service I pray you let me have knowledge, and I shall not fail you as I am true knight. And so Sir Launcelot departed, and by adventure he came into the same forest there he was taken sleeping. And in the midst of a highway he met a damosel riding on a white palfrey, and there either saluted other. Fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, know ye in this country any adventures? Sir knight, said that damosel, here are adventures near hand, an thou durst prove them. Why should I not prove adventures? said Sir Launcelot for that cause come I hither. Well, said she, thou seemest well to be a good knight, and if thou dare meet with a good knight, I shall bring thee where is the best knight, and the mightiest that ever thou found, so thou wilt tell me what is thy name, and what knight thou art. Damosel, as for to tell thee my name I take no great force; truly my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. Sir, thou beseemest well, here be adventures by that fall for thee, for hereby dwelleth a knight that will not be overmatched for no man I know but ye overmatch him, and his name is Sir Turquine. And, as I understand, he hath in his prison, of Arthur's court, good knights three score and four, that he hath won with his own hands. But when ye have done that journey ye shall promise me as ye are a true knight for to go with me, and to help me and other damosels that are distressed daily with a false knight. All your intent, damosel, and desire I will fulfil, so ye will bring me unto this knight. Now, fair knight, come on your way; and so she brought him unto the ford and the tree where hung the basin.

So Sir Launcelot let his horse drink, and then he beat on the basin with the butt of his spear so hard with all his might till the bottom fell out, and long he did so, but he saw nothing. Then he rode endlong the gates of that manor nigh half-an-hour. And then was he ware of a great knight that drove an horse afore him, and overthwart the horse there lay an armed knight bound. And ever as they came near and near, Sir Launcelot thought he should know him. Then Sir Launcelot was ware that it was Sir Gaheris, Gawaine's brother, a knight of the Table Round. Now, fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, I see yonder cometh a knight fast bounden that is a fellow of mine, and brother he is unto Sir Gawaine. And at the first beginning I promise you, by the leave of God, to rescue that knight; but if his master sit better in the saddle I shall deliver all the prisoners that he hath out of danger, for I am sure he hath two brethren of mine prisoners with him. By that time that either had seen other, they gripped their spears unto them. Now, fair knight, said Sir Launcelot, put that wounded knight off the horse, and let him rest awhile, and let us two prove our strengths; for as it is informed me, thou doest and hast done great despite and shame unto knights of the Round Table, and therefore now defend thee. An thou be of the Table Round, said Turquine, I defy thee and all thy fellowship. That is overmuch said, said Sir Launcelot.

**CHAPTER VIII. How Sir Launcelot and Sir Turquine fought together.** AND then they put their spears in the rests, and came together with their horses as fast as they might run, and either smote other in midst of their shields, that both their horses' backs brast under them, and the knights were both stonied. And as soon as they might avoid their horses, they took their shields afore them, and drew out their swords, and came together eagerly, and either gave other many strong strokes, for there might neither shields nor harness hold their strokes. And so within a while they had both grimly wounds, and bled passing grievously. Thus they fared two hours or more trasing and rasing either other, where

they might hit any bare place.

Then at the last they were breathless both, and stood leaning on their swords. Now fellow, said Sir Turquine, hold thy hand a while, and tell me what I shall ask thee. Say on. Then Turquine said, Thou art the biggest man that ever I met withal, and the best breathed, and like one knight that I hate above all other knights; so be it that thou be not he I will lightly accord with thee, and for thy love I will deliver all the prisoners that I have, that is three score and four, so thou wilt tell me thy name. And thou and I we will be fellows together, and never to fail thee while that I live. It is well said, said Sir Launcelot, but sithen it is so that I may have thy friendship, what knight is he that thou so hatest above all other? Faithfully, said Sir Turquine, his name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, for he slew my brother, Sir Carados, at the dolorous tower, that was one of the best knights alive; and therefore him I except of all knights, for may I once meet with him, the one of us shall make an end of other, I make mine avow. And for Sir Launcelot's sake I have slain an hundred good knights, and as many I have maimed all utterly that they might never after help themselves, and many have died in prison, and yet have I three score and four, and all shall be delivered so thou wilt tell me thy name, so be it that thou be not Sir Launcelot.

Now, see I well, said Sir Launcelot, that such a man I might be, I might have peace, and such a man I might be, that there should be war mortal betwixt us. And now, sir knight, at thy request I will that thou wit and know that I am Launcelot du Lake, King Ban's son of Benwick, and very knight of the Table Round. And now I defy thee, and do thy best. Ah, said Turquine, Launcelot, thou art unto me most welcome that ever was knight, for we shall never depart till the one of us be dead. Then they hurtled together as two wild bulls rushing and lashing with their shields and swords, that sometime they fell both over their noses. Thus they fought still two hours and more, and never would have rest, and Sir Turquine gave Sir Launcelot many wounds that all the ground thereas they fought was all bespeckled with blood.

**CHAPTER IX. How Sir Turquine was slain, and how Sir Launcelot bade Sir Gaheris deliver all the prisoners.** THEN at the last Sir Turquine waxed faint, and gave somewhat aback, and bare his shield low for weariness. That espied Sir Launcelot, and leapt upon him fiercely and gat him by the beaver of his helmet, and plucked him down on his knees, and anon he raced off his helm, and smote his neck in sunder. And when Sir Launcelot had done this, he yode unto the damosel and said, Damosel, I am ready to go with you where ye will have me, but I have no horse. Fair sir, said she, take this wounded knight's horse and send him into this manor, and command him to deliver all the prisoners. So Sir Launcelot went unto Gaheris, and prayed him not to be aggrieved for to lend him his horse. Nay, fair lord, said Gaheris, I will that ye take my horse at your own commandment, for ye have both saved me and my horse, and this day I say ye are the best knight in the world, for ye have slain this day in my sight the mightiest man and the best knight except you that ever I saw, and, fair sir, said Gaheris, I pray you tell me your name. Sir, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, that ought to help you of right for King Arthur's sake, and in especial for my lord Sir Gawaine's sake, your own dear brother; and when that ye come within yonder manor, I am sure ye shall find there many knights of the Round Table, for I have seen many of their shields that I know on yonder tree. There is Kay's shield, and Sir Brandel's shield, and Sir Marhaus' shield, and Sir Galind's shield, and Sir Brian de Listnois' shield, and Sir Aliduke's shield, with many more that I am not now advised of, and also my two brethren's shields, Sir Ector de Maris and Sir Lionel; wherefore I pray you greet them all from me, and say that I bid them take such stuff there as they find, and that in any wise my brethren go unto the court and abide me there till that I come, for by the feast of Pentecost I cast me to be there, for as at this time I must ride with this damosel for to save my promise.

And so he departed from Gaheris, and Gaheris yede in to the manor, and there he found a yeoman porter keeping there many keys. Anon withal Sir Gaheris threw the porter unto the ground and took the keys from him, and hastily he opened the prison door, and there he let out all the prisoners, and every man loosed other

of their bonds. And when they saw Sir Gaheris, all they thanked him, for they weened that he was wounded. Not so, said Gaheris, it was Launcelot that slew him worshipfully with his own hands. I saw it with mine own eyes. And he greeteth you all well, and prayeth you to haste you to the court; and as unto Sir Lionel and Ector de Maris he prayeth you to abide him at the court. That shall we not do, says his brethren, we will find him an we may live. So shall I, said Sir Kay, find him or I come at the court, as I am true knight.

Then all those knights sought the house thereas the armour was, and then they armed them, and every knight found his own horse, and all that ever longed unto him. And when this was done, there came a forester with four horses laden with fat venison. Anon, Sir Kay said, Here is good meat for us for one meal, for we had not many a day no good repast. And so that venison was roasted, baken, and sodden, and so after supper some abode there all night, but Sir Lionel and Ector de Maris and Sir Kay rode after Sir Launcelot to find him if they might.

**CHAPTER X. How Sir Launcelot rode with a damosel and slew a knight that distressed all ladies and also a villain that kept a bridge.** NOW turn we unto Sir Launcelot, that rode with the damosel in a fair highway. Sir, said the damosel, here by this way haunteth a knight that distressed all ladies and gentlewomen, and at the least he robbeth them or lieth by them. What, said Sir Launcelot, is he a thief and a knight and a ravisher of women? he doth shame unto the order of knighthood, and contrary unto his oath; it is pity that he liveth. But, fair damosel, ye shall ride on afore, yourself, and I will keep myself in covert, and if that he trouble you or distress you I shall be your rescue and learn him to be ruled as a knight.

So the maid rode on by the way a soft ambling pace, and within a while came out that knight on horseback out of the wood, and his page with him, and there he put the damosel from her horse, and then she cried. With that came Launcelot as fast as he might till he came to that knight, saying, O thou false knight and traitor unto knighthood, who did learn thee to distress ladies and gentlewomen? When the knight saw Sir Launcelot thus rebuking him he answered not, but drew his sword and rode unto Sir Launcelot, and Sir Launcelot threw his spear from him, and drew out his sword, and struck him such a buffet on the helmet that he clave his head and neck unto the throat. Now hast thou thy payment that long thou hast deserved! That is truth, said the damosel, for like as Sir Turquine watched to destroy knights, so did this knight attend to destroy and distress ladies, damosels, and gentlewomen, and his name was Sir Peris de Forest Savage. Now, damosel, said Sir Launcelot, will ye any more service of me? Nay, sir, she said, at this time, but almighty Jesu preserve you wheresoever ye ride or go, for the curteist knight thou art, and meekest unto all ladies and gentlewomen, that now liveth. But one thing, sir knight, me-thinketh ye lack, ye that are a knight wifeless, that he will not love some maiden or gentlewoman, for I could never hear say that ever ye loved any of no manner degree, and that is great pity; but it is noised that ye love Queen Guenever, and that she hath ordained by enchantment that ye shall never love none other but her, nor none other damosel nor lady shall rejoice you; wherefore many in this land, of high estate and low, make great sorrow.

Fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, I may not warn people to speak of me what it pleaseth them; but for to be a wedded man, I think it not; for then I must couch with her, and leave arms and tournaments, battles, and adventures; and as for to say for to take my pleasure with paramours, that will I refuse in principal for dread of God; for knights that be adventurous or lecherous shall not be happy nor fortunate unto the wars, for other they shall be overcome with a simpler knight than they be themselves, other else they shall by unhap and their cursedness slay better men than they be themselves. And so who that useth paramours shall be unhappy, and all thing is unhappy that is about them.

And so Sir Launcelot and she departed. And then he rode in a deep forest two days and more, and had strait lodging. So on the third day he rode over a long bridge, and there stert upon him suddenly a passing foul churl, and he smote his horse on the nose that he turned about, and asked him why he rode over that bridge

without his licence. Why should I not ride this way? said Sir Launcelot, I may not ride beside. Thou shalt not choose, said the churl, and lashed at him with a great club shod with iron. Then Sir Launcelot drew his sword and put the stroke aback, and clave his head unto the paps. At the end of the bridge was a fair village, and all the people, men and women, cried on Sir Launcelot, and said, A worse deed didst thou never for thyself, for thou hast slain the chief porter of our castle. Sir Launcelot let them say what they would, and straight he went into the castle; and when he came into the castle he alighted, and tied his horse to a ring on the wall and there he saw a fair green court, and thither he dressed him, for there him thought was a fair place to fight in. So he looked about, and saw much people in doors and windows that said, Fair knight, thou art unhappy.

**CHAPTER XI. How Sir Launcelot slew two giants, and made a castle free.** ANON withal came there upon him two great giants, well armed all save the heads, with two horrible clubs in their hands. Sir Launcelot put his shield afore him and put the stroke away of the one giant, and with his sword he clave his head asunder. When his fellow saw that, he ran away as he were wood, for fear of the horrible strokes, and Launcelot after him with all his might, and smote him on the shoulder, and clave him to the navel. Then Sir Launcelot went into the hall, and there came afore him three score ladies and damosels, and all kneeled unto him, and thanked God and him of their deliverance; For sir, said they, the most party of us have been here this seven year their prisoners, and we have worked all manner of silk works for our meat, and we are all great gentlewomen born; and blessed be the time, knight, that ever thou be born, for thou hast done the most worship that ever did knight in this world, that will we bear record, and we all pray you to tell us your name, that we may tell our friends who delivered us out of prison. Fair damosel, he said, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. Ah, sir, said they all, well mayest thou be he, for else save yourself, as we deemed, there might never knight have the better of these two giants; for many fair knights have assayed it, and here have ended, and many times have we wished after you, and these two giants dread never knight but you. Now may ye say, said Sir Launcelot, unto your friends how and who hath delivered you, and greet them all from me, and if that I come in any of your marches, show me such cheer as ye have cause, and what treasure that there in this castle is I give it you for a reward for your grievance, and the lord that is owner of this castle I would he received it as is right. Fair sir, said they, the name of this castle is Tintagil, and a duke ought it sometime that had wedded fair Igraine, and after wedded her Uther Pendragon, and gat on her Arthur. Well, said Sir Launcelot, I understand to whom this castle longeth; and so he departed from them, and betraught them unto God.

And then he mounted upon his horse, and rode into many strange and wild countries, and through many waters and valleys, and evil was he lodged. And at the last by fortune him happened, against a night, to come to a fair courtelage, and therein he found an old gentlewoman that lodged him with good will, and there he had good cheer for him and his horse. And when time was, his host brought him into a fair garret, over the gate, to his bed. There Sir Launcelot unarmed him, and set his harness by him, and went to bed, and anon he fell asleep. So, soon after, there came one on horseback, and knocked at the gate in great haste, and when Sir Launcelot heard this, he arose up and looked out at the window, and saw by the moonlight three knights came riding after that one man, and all three lashed on him at once with swords, and that one knight turned on them knightly again, and defended him. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, yonder one knight shall I help, for it were shame for me to see three knights on one, and if he be slain I am partner of his death; and therewith he took his harness, and went out at a window by a sheet down to the four knights, and then Sir Launcelot said on high, Turn you knights unto me, and leave your fighting with that knight. And then they all three left Sir Kay, and turned unto Sir Launcelot, and there began great battle, for they alighted all three, and struck many great strokes at Sir Launcelot, and assailed him on every side. Then Sir Kay dressed him for to have holpen Sir Launcelot. Nay, sir, said he, I will none

of your help; therefore as ye will have my help, let me alone with them. Sir Kay, for the pleasure of the knight, suffered him for to do his will, and so stood aside. And then anon within six strokes, Sir Launcelot had stricken them to the earth.

And then they all three cried: Sir knight, we yield us unto you as a man of might makeless. As to that, said Sir Launcelot, I will not take your yielding unto me. But so that ye will yield you unto Sir Kay the Seneschal, on that covenant I will save your lives, and else not. Fair knight, said they, that were we loath to do; for as for Sir Kay, we chased him hither, and had overcome him had not ye been, therefore to yield us unto him it were no reason. Well, as to that, said Launcelot, advise you well, for ye may choose whether ye will die or live, for an ye be yolden it shall be unto Sir Kay. Fair knight, then they said, in saving of our lives we will do as thou commandest us. Then shall ye, said Sir Launcelot, on Whitsunday next coming, go unto the court of King Arthur, and there shall ye yield you unto Queen Guenever, and put you all three in her grace and mercy, and say that Sir Kay sent you thither to be her prisoners. Sir, they said, it shall be done by the faith of our bodies, an we be living, and there they swore every knight upon his sword. And so Sir Launcelot suffered them so to depart. And then Sir Launcelot knocked at the gate with the pommel of his sword, and with that came his host, and in they entered Sir Kay and he. Sir, said his host, I weened ye had been in your bed. So I was, said Sir Launcelot, but I rose and leapt out at my window for to help an old fellow of mine. And so when they came nigh the light, Sir Kay knew well that it was Sir Launcelot, and therewith he kneeled down and thanked him of all his kindness that he had holpen him twice from the death. Sir, he said, I have nothing done but that me ought for to do, and ye are welcome, and here shall ye repose you and take your rest.

So when Sir Kay was unarmed, he asked after meat; so there was meat fetched him, and he ate strongly. And when he had supped they went to their beds and were lodged together in one bed. On the morn Sir Launcelot arose early, and left Sir Kay sleeping, and Sir Launcelot took Sir Kay's armour and his shield, and armed him, and so he went to the stable, and took his horse, and took his leave of his host, and so he departed. Then soon after arose Sir Kay and missed Sir Launcelot. And then he espied that he had his armour and his horse. Now by my faith I know well that he will grieve some of the court of King Arthur; for on him knights will be bold, and deem that it is I, and that will beguile them. And because of his armour and shield I am sure I shall ride in peace. And then soon after departed Sir Kay and thanked his host.

**CHAPTER XII. How Sir Launcelot rode disguised in Sir Kay's harness, and how he smote down a knight.** NOW turn we unto Sir Launcelot that had ridden long in a great forest, and at the last he came into a low country, full of fair rivers and meadows. And afore him he saw a long bridge, and three pavilions stood thereon, of silk and sendal of divers hue. And without the pavilions hung three white shields on truncheons of spears, and great long spears stood upright by the pavilions, and at every pavilion's door stood three fresh squires, and so Sir Launcelot passed by them and spake no word. When he was passed the three knights said them that it was the proud Kay; He weeneth no knight so good as he, and the contrary is ofttime proved. By my faith, said one of the knights, his name was Sir Gaunter, I will ride after him and assay him for all his pride, and ye may behold how that I speed. So this knight, Sir Gaunter, armed him, and hung his shield upon his shoulder, and mounted upon a great horse, and gat his spear in his hand, and walloped after Sir Launcelot. And when he came nigh him, he cried, Abide, thou proud knight Sir Kay, for thou shalt not pass quit. So Sir Launcelot turned him, and either feutred their spears, and came together with all their mights, and Sir Gaunter's spear brake, but Sir Launcelot smote him down horse and man. And when Sir Gaunter was at the earth his brethren said each one to other, Yonder knight is not Sir Kay, for he is bigger than he. I dare lay my head, said Sir Gilmere, yonder knight hath slain Sir Kay and hath taken his horse and his harness. Whether it be so or no, said Sir Raynold, the third brother, let us now go mount upon our horses and rescue our

brother Sir Gaunter, upon pain of death. We all shall have work enough to match that knight, for ever meseemeth by his person it is Sir Launcelot, or Sir Tristram, or Sir Pelleas, the good knight.

Then anon they took their horses and overtook Sir Launcelot, and Sir Gilmere put forth his spear, and ran to Sir Launcelot, and Sir Launcelot smote him down that he lay in a swoon. Sir knight, said Sir Raynold, thou art a strong man, and as I suppose thou hast slain my two brethren, for the which raseth my heart sore against thee, and if I might with my worship I would not have ado with you, but needs I must take part as they do, and therefore, knight, he said, keep thyself. And so they hurtled together with all their mights, and all to-shivered both their spears. And then they drew their swords and lashed together eagerly. Anon therewith arose Sir Gaunter, and came unto his brother Sir Gilmere, and bade him, Arise, and help we our brother Sir Raynold, that yonder marvelously matched yonder good knight. Therewithal, they leapt on their horses and hurtled unto Sir Launcelot.

And when he saw them come he smote a sore stroke unto Sir Raynold, that he fell off his horse to the ground, and then he struck to the other two brethren, and at two strokes he struck them down to the earth. With that Sir Raynold began to start up with his head all bloody, and came straight unto Sir Launcelot. Now let be, said Sir Launcelot, I was not far from thee when thou wert made knight, Sir Raynold, and also I know thou art a good knight, and loath I were to slay thee. Gramercy, said Sir Raynold, as for your goodness; and I dare say as for me and my brethren, we will not be loath to yield us unto you, with that we knew your name, for well we know ye are not Sir Kay. As for that be it as it be may, for ye shall yield you unto dame Guenever, and look that ye be with her on Whitsunday, and yield you unto her as prisoners, and say that Sir Kay sent you unto her. Then they swore it should be done, and so passed forth Sir Launcelot, and each one of the brethren help other as well as they might.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Sir Launcelot jousted against four knights of the Round Table and overthrew them.** SO Sir Launcelot rode into a deep forest, and thereby in a slade, he saw four knights hoving under an oak, and they were of Arthur's court, one was Sir Sagramour le Desirous, and Ector de Maris, and Sir Gawaine, and Sir Uwaine. Anon as these four knights had espied Sir Launcelot, they weened by his arms it had been Sir Kay. Now by my faith, said Sir Sagramour, I will prove Sir Kay's might, and gat his spear in his hand, and came toward Sir Launcelot. Therewith Sir Launcelot was ware and knew him well, and feutred his spear against him, and smote Sir Sagramour so sore that horse and man fell both to the earth. Lo, my fellows, said he, yonder ye may see what a buffet he hath; that knight is much bigger than ever was Sir Kay. Now shall ye see what I may do to him. So Sir Ector gat his spear in his hand and walloped toward Sir Launcelot, and Sir Launcelot smote him through the shield and shoulder, that man and horse went to the earth, and ever his spear held.

By my faith, said Sir Uwaine, yonder is a strong knight, and I am sure he hath slain Sir Kay; and I see by his great strength it will be hard to match him. And therewithal, Sir Uwaine gat his spear in his hand and rode toward Sir Launcelot, and Sir Launcelot knew him well, and so he met him on the plain, and gave him such a buffet that he was astonished, that long he wist not where he was. Now see I well, said Sir Gawaine, I must encounter with that knight. Then he dressed his shield and gat a good spear in his hand, and Sir Launcelot knew him well; and then they let run their horses with all their mights, and either knight smote other in midst of the shield. But Sir Gawaine's spear to-brast, and Sir Launcelot charged so sore upon him that his horse reversed up-so-down. And much sorrow had Sir Gawaine to avoid his horse, and so Sir Launcelot passed on a pace and smiled, and said, God give him joy that this spear made, for there came never a better in my hand.

Then the four knights went each one to other and comforted each other. What say ye by this guest? said Sir Gawaine, that one spear hath felled us all four. We commend him unto the devil, they said all, for he is a man of great might. Ye may well say it, said Sir Gawaine, that he is a man of might, for I dare lay my head it is Sir Launcelot, I know it by his riding. Let him go, said Sir Gawaine,

for when we come to the court then shall we wit; and then had they much sorrow to get their horses again.

**CHAPTER XIV. How Sir Launcelot followed a brachet into a castle, where he found a dead knight, and how he after was required of a damosel to heal her brother.** NOW leave we there and speak of Sir Launcelot that rode a great while in a deep forest, where he saw a black brachet, seeking in manner as it had been in the feute of an hurt deer. And therewith he rode after the brachet, and he saw lie on the ground a large feute of blood. And then Sir Launcelot rode after. And ever the brachet looked behind her, and so she went through a great marsh, and ever Sir Launcelot followed. And then was he ware of an old manor, and thither ran the brachet, and so over the bridge. So Sir Launcelot rode over that bridge that was old and feeble; and when he came in midst of a great hall, there he saw lie a dead knight that was a seemly man, and that brachet licked his wounds. And therewithal came out a lady weeping and wringing her hands; and then she said, O knight, too much sorrow hast thou brought me. Why say ye so? said Sir Launcelot, I did never this knight no harm, for hither by feute of blood this brachet brought me; and therefore, fair lady, be not displeased with me, for I am full sore aggrieved of your grievance. Truly, sir, she said, I trow it be not ye that hath slain my husband, for he that did that deed is sore wounded, and he is never likely to recover, that shall I ensure him. What was your husband's name? said Sir Launcelot. Sir, said she, his name was called Sir Gilbert the Bastard, one of the best knights of the world, and he that hath slain him I know not his name. Now God send you better comfort, said Sir Launcelot; and so he departed and went into the forest again, and there he met with a damosel, the which knew him well, and she said aloud, Well be ye found, my lord; and now I require thee, on thy knighthood, help my brother that is sore wounded, and never stinteth bleeding; for this day he fought with Sir Gilbert the Bastard and slew him in plain battle, and there was my brother sore wounded, and there is a lady a sorceress that dwelleth in a castle here beside, and this day she told me my brother's wounds should never be whole till I could find a knight that would go into the Chapel Perilous, and there he should find a sword and a bloody cloth that the wounded knight was lapped in, and a piece of that cloth and sword should heal my brother's wounds, so that his wounds were searched with the sword and the cloth. This is a marvellous thing, said Sir Launcelot, but what is your brother's name? Sir, she said, his name was Sir Meliot de Logres. That me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot, for he is a fellow of the Table Round, and to his help I will do my power. Then, sir, said she, follow even this highway, and it will bring you unto the Chapel Perilous; and here I shall abide till God send you here again, and, but you speed, I know no knight living that may achieve that adventure.

**CHAPTER XV. How Sir Launcelot came into the Chapel Perilous and gat there of a dead corpse a piece of the cloth and a sword.** RIGHT so Sir Launcelot departed, and when he came unto the Chapel Perilous he alighted down, and tied his horse unto a little gate. And as soon as he was within the churchyard he saw on the front of the chapel many fair rich shields turned up-so-down, and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seen knights bear beforehand. With that he saw by him there stand a thirty great knights, more by a yard than any man that ever he had seen, and all those grinned and gnashed at Sir Launcelot. And when he saw their countenance he dreaded him sore, and so put his shield afore him, and took his sword ready in his hand ready unto battle, and they were all armed in black harness ready with their shields and their swords drawn. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone throughout them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way, and therewith he waxed all bold, and entered into the chapel, and then he saw no light but a dim lamp burning, and then was he ware of a corpse hilled with a cloth of silk. Then Sir Launcelot stooped down, and cut a piece away of that cloth, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a little; therewithal he feared. And then he saw a fair sword lie by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand and hied him out of the chapel.

Anon as ever he was in the chapel yard all the knights spake to

him with a grimly voice, and said, Knight, Sir Launcelot, lay that sword from thee or else thou shalt die. Whether that I live or die, said Sir Launcelot, with no great word get ye it again, therefore fight for it an ye list. Then right so he passed throughout them, and beyond the chapel yard there met him a fair damosel, and said, Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it. I leave it not, said Sir Launcelot, for no treaties. No, said she, an thou didst leave that sword, Queen Guenever should thou never see. Then were I a fool an I would leave this sword, said Launcelot. Now, gentle knight, said the damosel, I require thee to kiss me but once. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, that God me forbid. Well, sir, said she, an thou hadst kissed me thy life days had been done, but now, alas, she said, I have lost all my labour, for I ordained this chapel for thy sake, and for Sir Gawaine. And once I had Sir Gawaine within me, and at that time he fought with that knight that lieth there dead in yonder chapel, Sir Gilbert the Bastard; and at that time he smote the left hand off of Sir Gilbert the Bastard. And, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, I have loved thee this seven year, but there may no woman have thy love but Queen Guenever. But sithen I may not rejoice thee to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have thy body dead. Then would I have balmed it and served it, and so have kept it my life days, and daily I should have clipped thee, and kissed thee, in despite of Queen Guenever. Ye say well, said Sir Launcelot, Jesu preserve me from your subtle crafts. And therewithal he took his horse and so departed from her. And as the book saith, when Sir Launcelot was departed she took such sorrow that she died within a fourteen night, and her name was Hellawes the sorceress, Lady of the Castle Nigramous.

Anon Sir Launcelot met with the damosel, Sir Meliot's sister. And when she saw him she clapped her hands, and wept for joy. And then they rode unto a castle thereby where lay Sir Meliot. And anon as Sir Launcelot saw him he knew him, but he was passing pale, as the earth, for bleeding. When Sir Meliot saw Sir Launcelot he kneeled upon his knees and cried on high: O lord Sir Launcelot, help me! Anon Sir Launcelot leapt unto him and touched his wounds with Sir Gilbert's sword. And then he wiped his wounds with a part of the bloody cloth that Sir Gilbert was wrapped in, and anon an wholer man in his life was he never. And then there was great joy between them, and they made Sir Launcelot all the cheer that they might, and so on the morn Sir Launcelot took his leave, and bade Sir Meliot hie him to the court of my lord Arthur, for it draweth nigh to the Feast of Pentecost, and there by the grace of God ye shall find me. And therewith they departed.

**CHAPTER XVI. How Sir Launcelot at the request of a lady recovered a falcon, by which he was deceived.** AND so Sir Launcelot rode through many strange countries, over marshes and valleys, till by fortune he came to a fair castle, and as he passed beyond the castle him thought he heard two bells ring. And then was he ware of a falcon came flying over his head toward an high elm, and long lunes about her feet, and as she flew unto the elm to take her perch the lunes over-cast about a bough. And when she would have taken her flight she hung by the legs fast; and Sir Launcelot saw how she hung, and beheld the fair falcon perigot, and he was sorry for her.

The meanwhile came a lady out of the castle and cried on high: O Launcelot, Launcelot, as thou art flower of all knights, help me to get my hawk, for an my hawk be lost my lord will destroy me; for I kept the hawk and she slipped from me, and if my lord my husband wit it he is so hasty that he will slay me. What is your lord's name? said Sir Launcelot. Sir, she said, his name is Sir Phelot, a knight that longeth unto the King of Northgalis. Well, fair lady, since that ye know my name, and require me of knighthood to help you, I will do what I may to get your hawk, and yet God knoweth I am an ill climber, and the tree is passing high, and few boughs to help me withal. And therewith Sir Launcelot alighted, and tied his horse to the same tree, and prayed the lady to unarm him. And so when he was unarmed, he put off all his clothes unto his shirt and breech, and with might and force he clomb up to the falcon, and tied the lines to a great rotten boyshe, and threw the hawk down and it withal.

Anon the lady gat the hawk in her hand; and therewithal came out Sir Phelot out of the groves suddenly, that was her husband, all armed and with his naked sword in his hand, and said: O knight Launcelot, now have I found thee as I would, and stood at the bole of the tree to slay him. Ah, lady, said Sir Launcelot, why have ye betrayed me? She hath done, said Sir Phelot, but as I commanded her, and therefore there nis none other boot but thine hour is come that thou must die. That were shame unto thee, said Sir Launcelot, thou an armed knight to slay a naked man by treason. Thou gettest none other grace, said Sir Phelot, and therefore help thyself an thou canst. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, that shall be thy shame, but since thou wilt do none other, take mine harness with thee, and hang my sword upon a bough that I may get it, and then do thy best to slay me an thou canst. Nay, nay, said Sir Phelot, for I know thee better than thou weenest, therefore thou gettest no weapon, an I may keep you therefrom. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, that ever a knight should die weaponless. And therewith he waited above him and under him, and over his head he saw a rownsepyk, a big bough leafless, and therewith he brake it off by the body. And then he came lower and awaited how his own horse stood, and suddenly he leapt on the further side of the horse, fro-ward the knight. And then Sir Phelot lashed at him eagerly, weening to have slain him. But Sir Launcelot put away the stroke with the rownsepyk, and therewith he smote him on the one side of the head, that he fell down in a swoon to the ground. So then Sir Launcelot took his sword out of his hand, and struck his neck from the body. Then cried the lady, Alas! why hast thou slain my husband? I am not causer, said Sir Launcelot, for with falsehood ye would have had slain me with treason, and now it is fallen on you both. And then she swooned as though she would die. And therewithal Sir Launcelot gat all his armour as well as he might, and put it upon him for dread of more resort, for he dreaded that the knight's castle was so nigh. And so, as soon as he might, he took his horse and departed, and thanked God that he had escaped that adventure.

**CHAPTER XVII. How Sir Launcelot overtook a knight which chased his wife to have slain her, and how he said to him.** SO Sir Launcelot rode many wild ways, throughout marches and many wild ways. And as he rode in a valley he saw a knight chasing a lady, with a naked sword, to have slain her. And by fortune as this knight should have slain this lady, she cried on Sir Launcelot and prayed him to rescue her. When Sir Launcelot saw that mischief, he took his horse and rode between them, saying, Knight, fie for shame, why wilt thou slay this lady? thou dost shame unto thee and all knights. What hast thou to do betwixt me and my wife? said the knight. I will slay her maugre thy head. That shall ye not, said Sir Launcelot, for rather we two will have ado together. Sir Launcelot, said the knight, thou dost not thy part, for this lady hath betrayed me. It is not so, said the lady, truly he saith wrong on me. And for because I love and cherish my cousin germain, he is jealous betwixt him and me; and as I shall answer to God there was never sin betwixt us. But, sir, said the lady, as thou art called the worshipfullest knight of the world, I require thee of true knighthood, keep me and save me. For whatsoever ye say he will slay me, for he is without mercy. Have ye no doubt, said Launcelot, it shall not lie in his power. Sir, said the knight, in your sight I will be ruled as ye will have me. And so Sir Launcelot rode on the one side and she on the other: he had not ridden but a while, but the knight bade Sir Launcelot turn him and look behind him, and said, Sir, yonder come men of arms after us riding. And so Sir Launcelot turned him and thought no treason, and therewith was the knight and the lady on one side, and suddenly he swapped off his lady's head.

And when Sir Launcelot had espied him what he had done, he said, and called him, Traitor, thou hast shamed me for ever. And suddenly Sir Launcelot alighted off his horse, and pulled out his sword to slay him, and therewithal he fell flat to the earth, and gripped Sir Launcelot by the thighs, and cried mercy. Fie on thee, said Sir Launcelot, thou shameful knight, thou mayest have no mercy, and therefore arise and fight with me. Nay, said the knight, I will never arise till ye grant me mercy. Now will I proffer thee fair, said Launcelot, I will unarm me unto my shirt, and I will have

nothing upon me but my shirt, and my sword and my hand. And if thou canst slay me, quit be thou for ever. Nay, sir, said Pedivere, that will I never. Well, said Sir Launcelot, take this lady and the head, and bear it upon thee, and here shalt thou swear upon my sword, to bear it always upon thy back, and never to rest till thou come to Queen Guenever. Sir, said he, that will I do, by the faith of my body. Now, said Launcelot, tell me what is your name? Sir, my name is Pedivere. In a shameful hour wert thou born, said Launcelot.

So Pedivere departed with the dead lady and the head, and found the queen with King Arthur at Winchester, and there he told all the truth. Sir knight, said the queen, this is an horrible deed and a shameful, and a great rebuke unto Sir Launcelot; but notwithstanding his worship is not known in many divers countries; but this shall I give you in penance, make ye as good shift as ye can, ye shall bear this lady with you on horseback unto the Pope of Rome, and of him receive your penance for your foul deeds; and ye shall never rest one night whereas ye do another; an ye go to any bed the dead body shall lie with you. This oath there he made, and so departed. And as it telleth in the French book, when he came to Rome, the Pope bade him go again unto Queen Guenever, and in Rome was his lady buried by the Pope's commandment. And after this Sir Pedivere fell to great goodness, and was a holy man and an hermit.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How Sir Launcelot came to King Arthur's Court, and how there were recounted all his noble feats and acts.** NOW turn we unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, that came home two days afore the Feast of Pentecost; and the king and all the court were passing fain of his coming. And when Sir Gawaine, Sir Uwaine, Sir Sagamore, Sir Ector de Maris, saw Sir Launcelot in Kay's armour, then they wist well it was he that smote them down all with one spear. Then there was laughing and smiling among them. And ever now and now came all the knights home that Sir Turquine had prisoners, and they all honoured and worshipped Sir Launcelot.

When Sir Gaheris heard them speak, he said, I saw all the battle from the beginning to the ending, and there he told King Arthur all how it was, and how Sir Turquine was the strongest knight that ever he saw except Sir Launcelot: there were many knights bare him record, nigh three score. Then Sir Kay told the king how Sir Launcelot had rescued him when he should have been slain, and how he made the knights yield them to me, and not to him. And there they were all three, and bare record. And by Jesu, said Sir Kay, because Sir Launcelot took my harness and left me his I rode in good peace, and no man would have ado with me.

Anon therewithal there came the three knights that fought with Sir Launcelot at the long bridge. And there they yielded them unto Sir Kay, and Sir Kay forsook them and said he fought never with them. But I shall ease your heart, said Sir Kay, yonder is Sir Launcelot that overcame you. When they wist that they were glad. And then Sir Meliot de Logres came home, and told the king how Sir Launcelot had saved him from the death. And all his deeds were known, how four queens, sorceresses, had him in prison, and how he was delivered by King Bagdemagus' daughter. Also there were told all the great deeds of arms that Sir Launcelot did betwixt the two kings, that is for to say the King of Northgalis and King Bagdemagus. All the truth Sir Gahalantine did tell, and Sir Mador de la Porte and Sir Mordred, for they were at that same tournament. Then came in the lady that knew Sir Launcelot when that he wounded Sir Belleus at the pavilion. And there, at request of Sir Launcelot, Sir Belleus was made knight of the Round Table. And so at that time Sir Launcelot had the greatest name of any knight of the world, and most he was honoured of high and low.

*Explicit* the noble tale of Sir Launcelot du Lake, which is the vi. book. Here followeth the tale of Sir Gareth of Orkney that was called Beaumains by Sir Kay, and is the seventh book.

## BOOK VII.

**CHAPTER I. How Beaumains came to King Arthur's Court and demanded three petitions of King Arthur.** WHEN Arthur held his Round Table most plenour, it fortuneed that he commanded that the high feast of Pentecost should be holden at

a city and a castle, the which in those days was called Kynke Kenadonne, upon the sands that marched nigh Wales. So ever the king had a custom that at the feast of Pentecost in especial, afore other feasts in the year, he would not go that day to meat until he had heard or seen of a great marvel. And for that custom all manner of strange adventures came before Arthur as at that feast before all other feasts. And so Sir Gawaine, a little to-fore noon of the day of Pentecost, espied at a window three men upon horseback, and a dwarf on foot, and so the three men alighted, and the dwarf kept their horses, and one of the three men was higher than the other twain by a foot and an half. Then Sir Gawaine went unto the king and said, Sir, go to your meat, for here at the hand come strange adventures. So Arthur went unto his meat with many other kings. And there were all the knights of the Round Table, [save] only those that were prisoners or slain at a reconter. Then at the high feast evermore they should be fulfilled the whole number of an hundred and fifty, for then was the Round Table fully complished.

Right so came into the hall two men well beseen and richly, and upon their shoulders there leaned the goodliest young man and the fairest that ever they all saw, and he was large and long, and broad in the shoulders, and well visaged, and the fairest and the largest handed that ever man saw, but he fared as though he might not go nor bear himself but if he leaned upon their shoulders. Anon as Arthur saw him there was made peace and room, and right so they yede with him unto the high dais, without saying of any words. Then this much young man pulled him aback, and easily stretched up straight, saying, King Arthur, God you bless and all your fair fellowship, and in especial the fellowship of the Table Round. And for this cause I am come hither, to pray you and require you to give me three gifts, and they shall not be unreasonably asked, but that ye may worshipfully and honourably grant them me, and to you no great hurt nor loss. And the first don and gift I will ask now, and the other two gifts I will ask this day twelvemonth, wheresomever ye hold your high feast. Now ask, said Arthur, and ye shall have your asking.

Now, sir, this is my petition for this feast, that ye will give me meat and drink sufficiently for this twelvemonth, and at that day I will ask mine other two gifts.

My fair son, said Arthur, ask better, I counsel thee, for this is but a simple asking; for my heart giveth me to thee greatly, that thou art come of men of worship, and greatly my conceit faileth me but thou shalt prove a man of right great worship. Sir, he said, thereof be as it be may, I have asked that I will ask. Well, said the king, ye shall have meat and drink enough; I never defended that none, neither my friend nor my foe. But what is thy name I would wite? I cannot tell you, said he. That is marvel, said the king, that thou knowest not thy name, and thou art the goodliest young man that ever I saw. Then the king betook him to Sir Kay the steward, and charged him that he should give him of all manner of meats and drinks of the best, and also that he had all manner of finding as though he were a lord's son. That shall little need, said Sir Kay, to do such cost upon him; for I dare undertake he is a villain born, and never will make man, for an he had come of gentlemen he would have asked of you horse and armour, but such as he is, so he asketh. And sithen he hath no name, I shall give him a name that shall be Beaumains, that is Fair-hands, and into the kitchen I shall bring him, and there he shall have fat brose every day, that he shall be as fat by the twelvemonths' end as a pork hog. Right so the two men departed and beleft him to Sir Kay, that scorned him and mocked him.

**CHAPTER II. How Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine were wroth because Sir Kay mocked Beaumains, and of a damosel which desired a knight to fight for a lady.** THEREAT was Sir Gawaine wroth, and in especial Sir Launcelot bade Sir Kay leave his mocking, for I dare lay my head he shall prove a man of great worship. Let be said Sir Kay, it may not be by no reason, for as he is, so he hath asked. Beware, said Sir Launcelot, so ye gave the good knight Brewnor, Sir Dinadan's brother, a name, and ye called him La Cote Male Taile, and that turned you to anger afterward. As for that, said Sir Kay, this shall never prove none such. For Sir Brewnor desired ever worship,

and this desireth bread and drink and broth; upon pain of my life he was fostered up in some abbey, and, howsoever it was, they failed meat and drink, and so hither he is come for his sustenance.

And so Sir Kay bade get him a place, and sit down to meat; so Beaumains went to the hall door, and set him down among boys and lads, and there he ate sadly. And then Sir Launcelot after meat bade him come to his chamber, and there he should have meat and drink enough. And so did Sir Gawaine: but he refused them all; he would do none other but as Sir Kay commanded him, for no proffer. But as touching Sir Gawaine, he had reason to proffer him lodging, meat, and drink, for that proffer came of his blood, for he was nearer kin to him than he wist. But that as Sir Launcelot did was of his great gentleness and courtesy.

So thus he was put into the kitchen, and lay nightly as the boys of the kitchen did. And so he endured all that twelvemonth, and never displeased man nor child, but always he was meek and mild. But ever when that he saw any jousting of knights, that would he see an he might. And ever Sir Launcelot would give him gold to spend, and clothes, and so did Sir Gawaine, and where there were any masteries done, thereat would he be, and there might none cast bar nor stone to him by two yards. Then would Sir Kay say, How liketh you my boy of the kitchen? So it passed on till the feast of Whitsuntide. And at that time the king held it at Carlion in the most royallest wise that might be, like as he did yearly. But the king would no meat eat upon the Whitsunday, until he heard some adventures. Then came there a squire to the king and said, Sir, ye may go to your meat, for here cometh a damosel with some strange adventures. Then was the king glad and sat him down.

Right so there came a damosel into the hall and saluted the king, and prayed him of succour. For whom? said the king, what is the adventure?

Sir, she said, I have a lady of great worship and renown, and she is besieged with a tyrant, so that she may not out of her castle; and because here are called the noblest knights of the world, I come to you to pray you of succour. What hight your lady, and where dwelleth she, and who is she, and what is his name that hath besieged her? Sir king, she said, as for my lady's name that shall not ye know for me as at this time, but I let you wit she is a lady of great worship and of great lands; and as for the tyrant that besiegeth her and destroyeth her lands, he is called the Red Knight of the Red Launds. I know him not, said the king. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, I know him well, for he is one of the perilloust knights of the world; men say that he hath seven men's strength, and from him I escaped once full hard with my life. Fair damosel, said the king, there be knights here would do their power for to rescue your lady, but because you will not tell her name, nor where she dwelleth, therefore none of my knights that here be now shall go with you by my will. Then must I speak further, said the damosel.

### **CHAPTER III. How Beaumains desired the battle, and how it was granted to him, and how he desired to be made knight of Sir Launcelot.**

WITH these words came before the king Beaumains, while the damosel was there, and thus he said, Sir king, God thank you, I have been this twelvemonth in your kitchen, and have had my full sustenance, and now I will ask my two gifts that be behind. Ask, upon my peril, said the king. Sir, this shall be my two gifts, first that ye will grant me to have this adventure of the damosel, for it belongeth unto me. Thou shalt have it, said the king, I grant it thee. Then, sir, this is the other gift, that ye shall bid Launcelot du Lake to make me knight, for of him I will be made knight and else of none. And when I am passed I pray you let him ride after me, and make me knight when I require him. All this shall be done, said the king. Fie on thee, said the damosel, shall I have none but one that is your kitchen page? Then was she wroth and took her horse and departed. And with that there came one to Beaumains and told him his horse and armour was come for him; and there was the dwarf come with all thing that him needed, in the richest manner; thereat all the court had much marvel from whence came all that gear. So when he was armed there was none but few so goodly a man as he was; and right so as he came into the hall and took his leave of King Arthur, and Sir Gawaine, and Sir Launcelot, and prayed that he would hie after him, and so departed and rode after the damosel.

**CHAPTER IV. How Beaumains departed, and how he gat of Sir Kay a spear and a shield, and how he joustet with Sir Launcelot.** BUT there went many after to behold how well he was horsed and trapped in cloth of gold, but he had neither shield nor spear. Then Sir Kay said all open in the hall, I will ride after my boy in the kitchen, to wit whether he will know me for his better. Said Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine, Yet abide at home. So Sir Kay made him ready and took his horse and his spear, and rode after him. And right as Beaumains overtook the damosel, right so came Sir Kay and said, Beaumains, what, sir, know ye not me? Then he turned his horse, and knew it was Sir Kay, that had done him all the despite as ye have heard afore. Yea, said Beaumains, I know you for an ungente knight of the court, and therefore beware of me. Therewith Sir Kay put his spear in the rest, and ran straight upon him; and Beaumains came as fast upon him with his sword in his hand, and so he put away his spear with his sword, and with a foin thrust him through the side, that Sir Kay fell down as he had been dead; and he alighted down and took Sir Kay's shield and his spear, and stert upon his own horse and rode his way.

All that saw Sir Launcelot, and so did the damosel. And then he bade his dwarf stert upon Sir Kay's horse, and so he did. By that Sir Launcelot was come, then he proffered Sir Launcelot to joust; and either made them ready, and they came together so fiercely that either bare down other to the earth, and sore were they bruised. Then Sir Launcelot arose and helped him from his horse. And then Beaumains threw his shield from him, and proffered to fight with Sir Launcelot on foot; and so they rushed together like boars, tracing, rasing, and foining to the mountenance of an hour; and Sir Launcelot felt him so big that he marvelled of his strength, for he fought more liker a giant than a knight, and that his fighting was durable and passing perilous. For Sir Launcelot had so much ado with him that he dreaded himself to be shamed, and said, Beaumains, fight not so sore, your quarrel and mine is not so great but we may leave off. Truly that is truth, said Beaumains, but it doth me good to feel your might, and yet, my lord, I showed not the utterance.

**CHAPTER V. How Beaumains told to Sir Launcelot his name, and how he was dubbed knight of Sir Launcelot, and after overtook the damosel.** IN God's name, said Sir Launcelot, for I promise you, by the faith of my body, I had as much to do as I might to save myself from you unshamed, and therefore have ye no doubt of none earthly knight. Hope ye so that I may any while stand a proved knight? said Beaumains. Yea, said Launcelot, do as ye have done, and I shall be your warrant. Then, I pray you, said Beaumains, give me the order of knighthood. Then must ye tell me your name, said Launcelot, and of what kin ye be born. Sir, so that ye will not discover me I shall, said Beaumains. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, and that I promise you by the faith of my body, until it be openly known. Then, sir, he said, my name is Gareth, and brother unto Sir Gawaine of father and mother. Ah, sir, said Sir Launcelot, I am more gladder of you than I was; for ever me thought ye should be of great blood, and that ye came not to the court neither for meat nor for drink. And then Sir Launcelot gave him the order of knighthood, and then Sir Gareth prayed him for to depart and let him go.

So Sir Launcelot departed from him and came to Sir Kay, and made him to be borne home upon his shield, and so he was healed hard with the life; and all men scorned Sir Kay, and in especial Sir Gawaine and Sir Launcelot said it was not his part to rebuke no young man, for full little knew he of what birth he is come, and for what cause he came to this court; and so we leave Sir Kay and turn we unto Beaumains.

When he had overtaken the damosel, anon she said, What dost thou here? thou stinkest all of the kitchen, thy clothes be bawdy of the grease and tallow that thou gainest in King Arthur's kitchen; weenest thou, said she, that I allow thee, for yonder knight that thou killest. Nay truly, for thou slewest him unhappily and cowardly; therefore turn again, bawdy kitchen page, I know thee well, for Sir Kay named thee Beaumains. What art thou but a lusk and a turner of broaches and a ladle-washer? Damosel, said Beaumains, say to me what ye will, I will not go from you whatsoever ye say, for I have undertaken to King Arthur for to achieve your adven-

ture, and so shall I finish it to the end, either I shall die therefore. Fie on thee, kitchen knave, wilt thou finish mine adventure? thou shalt anon be met withal, that thou wouldest not for all the broth that ever thou suppest once look him in the face. I shall assay, said Beaumains.

So thus as they rode in the wood, there came a man flying all that ever he might. Whither wilt thou? said Beaumains. O lord, he said, help me, for here by in a slade are six thieves that have taken my lord and bound him, so I am afeard lest they will slay him. Bring me thither, said Beaumains. And so they rode together until they came thereas was the knight bounden; and then he rode unto them, and struck one unto the death, and then another, and at the third stroke he slew the third thief, and then the other three fled. And he rode after them, and he overtook them; and then those three thieves turned again and assailed Beaumains hard, but at the last he slew them, and returned and unbound the knight. And the knight thanked him, and prayed him to ride with him to his castle there a little beside, and he should worshipfully reward him for his good deeds. Sir, said Beaumains, I will no reward have: I was this day made knight of noble Sir Launcelot, and therefore I will no reward have, but God reward me. And also I must follow this damosel.

And when he came nigh her she bade him ride from her, For thou smellst all of the kitchen: weenest thou that I have joy of thee, for all this deed that thou hast done is but mishapped thee: but thou shalt see a sight shall make thee turn again, and that lightly. Then the same knight which was rescued of the thieves rode after that damosel, and prayed her to lodge with him all that night. And because it was near night the damosel rode with him to his castle, and there they had great cheer, and at supper the knight sat Sir Beaumains afore the damosel. Fie, fie, said she, Sir knight, ye are uncourteous to set a kitchen page afore me; him besemeth better to stick a swine than to sit afore a damosel of high parage. Then the knight was ashamed at her words, and took him up, and set him at a sideboard, and set himself afore him, and so all that night they had good cheer and merry rest.

**CHAPTER VI. How Beaumains fought and slew two knights at a passage.** AND on the morn the damosel and he took their leave and thanked the knight, and so departed, and rode on their way until they came to a great forest. And there was a great river and but one passage, and there were ready two knights on the farther side to let them the passage. What sayest thou, said the damosel, wilt thou match yonder knights or turn again? Nay, said Sir Beaumains, I will not turn again an they were six more. And therewithal he rushed into the water, and in midst of the water either brake their spears upon other to their hands, and then they drew their swords, and smote eagerly at other. And at the last Sir Beaumains smote the other upon the helm that his head stonied, and therewithal he fell down in the water, and there was he drowned. And then he spurred his horse upon the land, where the other knight fell upon him, and brake his spear, and so they drew their swords and fought long together. At the last Sir Beaumains clave his helm and his head down to the shoulders; and so he rode unto the damosel and bade her ride forth on her way.

Alas, she said, that ever a kitchen page should have that fortune to destroy such two doughty knights: thou weenest thou hast done doughtily, that is not so; for the first knight his horse stumbled, and there he was drowned in the water, and never it was by thy force, nor by thy might. And the last knight by mishap thou comest behind him and mishappily thou slew him.

Damosel, said Beaumains, ye may say what ye will, but with whomsomever I have ado withal, I trust to God to serve him or he depart. And therefore I reck not what ye say, so that I may win your lady. Fie, fie, foul kitchen knave, thou shalt see knights that shall abate thy boast. Fair damosel, give me goodly language, and then my care is past, for what knights somever they be, I care not, nor I doubt them not. Also, said she, I say it for thine avail, yet mayest thou turn again with thy worship; for an thou follow me, thou art but slain, for I see all that ever thou dost is but by misadventure, and not by prowess of thy hands. Well, damosel, ye may say what ye will, but wheresomever ye go I will follow you. So this Beaumains rode with that lady till evensong time,

and ever she chid him, and would not rest. And they came to a black laund; and there was a black hawthorn, and thereon hung a black banner, and on the other side there hung a black shield, and by it stood a black spear great and long, and a great black horse covered with silk, and a black stone fast by.

**CHAPTER VII. How Beaumains fought with the Knight of the Black Launds, and fought with him till he fell down and died.** THERE sat a knight all armed in black harness, and his name was the Knight of the Black Laund. Then the damosel, when she saw that knight, she bade him flee down that valley, for his horse was not saddled. Gramercy, said Beaumains, for always ye would have me a coward. With that the Black Knight, when she came nigh him, spake and said, Damosel, have ye brought this knight of King Arthur to be your champion? Nay, fair knight, said she, this is but a kitchen knave that was fed in King Arthur's kitchen for alms. Why cometh he, said the knight, in such array? it is shame that he beareth you company. Sir, I cannot be delivered of him, said she, for with me he rideth maugre mine head: God would that ye should put him from me, other to slay him an ye may, for he is an unhappy knave, and unhappily he hath done this day: through mishap I saw him slay two knights at the passage of the water; and other deeds he did before right marvellous and through unhappiness. That marvelleth me, said the Black Knight, that any man that is of worship will have ado with him. They know him not, said the damosel, and for because he rideth with me, they ween that he be some man of worship born. That may be, said the Black Knight; howbeit as ye say that he be no man of worship, he is a full likely person, and full like to be a strong man: but thus much shall I grant you, said the Black Knight; I shall put him down upon one foot, and his horse and his harness he shall leave with me, for it were shame to me to do him any more harm.

When Sir Beaumains heard him say thus, he said, Sir knight, thou art full large of my horse and my harness; I let thee wit it cost thee nought, and whether it liketh thee or not, this laund will I pass maugre thine head. And horse nor harness gettest thou none of mine, but if thou win them with thy hands; and therefore let see what thou canst do. Sayest thou that? said the Black Knight, now yield thy lady from thee, for it besemeth never a kitchen page to ride with such a lady. Thou liest, said Beaumains, I am a gentleman born, and of more high lineage than thou, and that will I prove on thy body.

Then in great wrath they departed with their horses, and came together as it had been the thunder, and the Black Knight's spear brake, and Beaumains thrust him through both his sides, and therewith his spear brake, and the truncheon left still in his side. But nevertheless the Black Knight drew his sword, and smote many eager strokes, and of great might, and hurt Beaumains full sore. But at the last the Black Knight, within an hour and an half, he fell down off his horse in swoon, and there he died. And when Beaumains saw him so well horsed and armed, then he alighted down and armed him in his armour, and so took his horse and rode after the damosel.

When she saw him come nigh, she said, Away, kitchen knave, out of the wind, for the smell of thy bawdy clothes grieveth me. Alas, she said, that ever such a knave should by mishap slay so good a knight as thou hast done, but all this is thine unhappiness. But here by is one shall pay thee all thy payment, and therefore yet I counsel thee, flee. It may happen me, said Beaumains, to be beaten or slain, but I warn you, fair damosel, I will not flee away, a nor leave your company, for all that ye can say; for ever ye say that they will kill me or beat me, but howsomever it happeneth I escape, and they lie on the ground. And therefore it were as good for you to hold you still thus all day rebuking me, for away will I not till I see the uttermost of this journey, or else I will be slain, other truly beaten; therefore ride on your way, for follow you I will whatsomever happen.

**CHAPTER VIII. How the brother of the knight that was slain met with Beaumains, and fought with Beaumains till he was yelden.** THUS as they rode together, they saw a knight come driving by them all in green, both his horse and his harness; and when he came nigh the damosel, he asked her, Is that my brother the Black Knight that ye have brought with you? Nay,

nay, she said, this unhappy kitchen knave hath slain your brother through unhappiness. Alas, said the Green Knight, that is great pity, that so noble a knight as he was should so unhappily be slain, and namely of a knave's hand, as ye say that he is. Ah! traitor, said the Green Knight, thou shalt die for slaying of my brother; he was a full noble knight, and his name was Sir Perard. I defy thee, said Beaumains, for I let thee wit I slew him knightly and not shamefully.

Therewithal the Green Knight rode unto an horn that was green, and it hung upon a thorn, and there he blew three deadly notes, and there came two damosels and armed him lightly. And then he took a great horse, and a green shield and a green spear. And then they ran together with all their mights, and brake their spears unto their hands. And then they drew their swords, and gave many sad strokes, and either of them wounded other full ill. And at the last, at an overthwart, Beaumains with his horse struck the Green Knight's horse upon the side, that he fell to the earth. And then the Green Knight avoided his horse lightly, and dressed him upon foot. That saw Beaumains, and therewithal he alighted, and they rushed together like two mighty kempes a long while, and sore they bled both. With that came the damosel, and said, My lord the Green Knight, why for shame stand ye so long fighting with the kitchen knave? Alas, it is shame that ever ye were made knight, to see such a lad to match such a knight, as the weed overgrew the corn. Therewith the Green Knight was ashamed, and therewithal he gave a great stroke of might, and clave his shield through. When Beaumains saw his shield cloven asunder he was a little ashamed of that stroke and of her language; and then he gave him such a buffet upon the helm that he fell on his knees. And so suddenly Beaumains pulled him upon the ground groveling. And then the Green Knight cried him mercy, and yielded him unto Sir Beaumains, and prayed him to slay him not. All is in vain, said Beaumains, for thou shalt die but if this damosel that came with me pray me to save thy life. And therewithal he unlaced his helm like as he would slay him. Fie upon thee, false kitchen page, I will never pray thee to save his life, for I will never be so much in thy danger. Then shall he die, said Beaumains. Not so hardy, thou bawdy knave, said the damosel, that thou slay him. Alas, said the Green Knight, suffer me not to die for a fair word may save me. Fair knight, said the Green Knight, save my life, and I will forgive thee the death of my brother, and for ever to become thy man, and thirty knights that hold of me for ever shall do you service. In the devil's name, said the damosel, that such a bawdy kitchen knave should have thee and thirty knights' service.

Sir knight, said Beaumains, all this availeth thee not, but if my damosel speak with me for thy life. And therewithal he made a semblant to slay him. Let be, said the damosel, thou bawdy knave; slay him not, for an thou do thou shalt repent it. Damosel, said Beaumains, your charge is to me a pleasure, and at your commandment his life shall be saved, and else not. Then he said, Sir knight with the green arms, I release thee quit at this damosel's request, for I will not make her wroth, I will fulfil all that she chargeth me. And then the Green Knight kneeled down, and did him homage with his sword. Then said the damosel, Me repenteth, Green Knight, of your damage, and of your brother's death, the Black Knight, for of your help I had great mister, for I dread me sore to pass this forest. Nay, dread you not, said the Green Knight, for ye shall lodge with me this night, and to-morn I shall help you through this forest. So they took their horses and rode to his manor, which was fast there beside.

**CHAPTER IX. How the damosel again rebuked Beaumains, and would not suffer him to sit at her table, but called him kitchen boy.** AND ever she rebuked Beaumains, and would not suffer him to sit at her table, but as the Green Knight took him and sat him at a side table. Marvel methinketh, said the Green Knight to the damosel, why ye rebuke this noble knight as ye do, for I warn you, damosel, he is a full noble knight, and I know no knight is able to match him; therefore ye do great wrong to rebuke him, for he shall do you right good service, for whatsoever he maketh himself, ye shall prove at the end that he is come of a noble blood and of king's lineage. Fie, fie, said the damosel, it is shame for you to say of him such worship. Truly, said the Green

Knight, it were shame for me to say of him any disworship, for he hath proved himself a better knight than I am, yet have I met with many knights in my days, and never or this time have I found no knight his match. And so that night they yede unto rest, and all that night the Green Knight commanded thirty knights privily to watch Beaumains, for to keep him from all treason.

And so on the morn they all arose, and heard their mass and brake their fast; and then they took their horses and rode on their way, and the Green Knight conveyed them through the forest; and there the Green Knight said, My lord Beaumains, I and these thirty knights shall be always at your summons, both early and late, at your calling and whither that ever ye will send us. It is well said, said Beaumains; when that I call upon you ye must yield you unto King Arthur, and all your knights. If that ye so command us, we shall be ready at all times, said the Green Knight. Fie, fie upon thee, in the devil's name, said the damosel, that any good knights should be obedient unto a kitchen knave. So then departed the Green Knight and the damosel. And then she said unto Beaumains, Why followest thou me, thou kitchen boy? Cast away thy shield and thy spear, and flee away; yet I counsel thee betimes or thou shalt say right soon, alas; for wert thou as wight as ever was Wade or Launcelot, Tristram, or the good knight Sir Lamorak, thou shalt not pass a pass here that is called the Pass Perilous. Damosel, said Beaumains, who is afeard let him flee, for it were shame to turn again sithen I have ridden so long with you. Well, said the damosel, ye shall soon, whether ye will or not.

**CHAPTER X. How the third brother, called the Red Knight, jousted and fought against Beaumains, and how Beaumains overcame him.** SO within a while they saw a tower as white as any snow, well matchecold all about, and double dyked. And over the tower gate there hung a fifty shields of divers colours, and under that tower there was a fair meadow. And therein were many knights and squires to behold, scaffolds and pavilions; for there upon the morn should be a great tournament: and the lord of the tower was in his castle and looked out at a window, and saw a damosel, a dwarf, and a knight armed at all points. So God me help, said the lord, with that knight will I joust, for I see that he is a knight-errant. And so he armed him and horsed him hastily. And when he was on horseback with his shield and his spear, it was all red, both his horse and his harness, and all that to him length. And when that he came nigh him he weened it had been his brother the Black Knight; and then he cried aloud, Brother, what do ye in these marches? Nay, nay, said the damosel, it is not he; this is but a kitchen knave that was brought up for alms in King Arthur's court. Nevertheless, said the Red Knight, I will speak with him or he depart. Ah, said the damosel, this knave hath killed thy brother, and Sir Kay named him Beaumains, and this horse and this harness was thy brother's, the Black Knight. Also I saw thy brother the Green Knight overcome of his hands. Now may ye be revenged upon him, for I may never be quit of him.

With this either knights departed in sunder, and they came together with all their might, and either of their horses fell to the earth, and they avoided their horses, and put their shields afore them and drew their swords, and either gave other sad strokes, now here, now there, rasing, tracing, foining, and hurling like two boars, the space of two hours. And then she cried on high to the Red Knight, Alas, thou noble Red Knight, think what worship hath followed thee, let never a kitchen knave endure thee so long as he doth. Then the Red Knight waxed wroth and doubled his strokes, and hurt Beaumains wonderly sore, that the blood ran down to the ground, that it was wonder to see that strong battle. Yet at the last Sir Beaumains struck him to the earth, and as he would have slain the Red Knight, he cried mercy, saying, Noble knight, slay me not, and I shall yield me to thee with fifty knights with me that be at my commandment. And I forgive thee all the despite that thou hast done to me, and the death of my brother the Black Knight. All this availeth not, said Beaumains, but if my damosel pray me to save thy life. And therewith he made semblant to strike off his head. Let be, thou Beaumains, slay him not, for he is a noble knight, and not so hardy, upon thine head, but thou save him.

Then Beaumains bade the Red Knight, Stand up, and thank the damosel now of thy life. Then the Red Knight prayed him to see his castle, and to be there all night. So the damosel then granted him, and there they had merry cheer. But always the damosel spake many foul words unto Beaumains, whereof the Red Knight had great marvel; and all that night the Red Knight made three score knights to watch Beaumains, that he should have no shame nor villainy. And upon the morn they heard mass and dined, and the Red Knight came before Beaumains with his three score knights, and there he proffered him his homage and fealty at all times, he and his knights to do him service. I thank you, said Beaumains, but this ye shall grant me: when I call upon you, to come afore my lord King Arthur, and yield you unto him to be his knights. Sir, said the Red Knight, I will be ready, and my fellowship, at your summons. So Sir Beaumains departed and the damosel, and ever she rode chiding him in the foulest manner.

**CHAPTER XI. How Sir Beaumains suffered great rebukes of the damosel, and he suffered it patiently.** DAMOSEL, said Beaumains, ye are uncourteous so to rebuke me as ye do, for meseemeth I have done you good service, and ever ye threaten me I shall be beaten with knights that we meet, but ever for all your boast they lie in the dust or in the mire, and therefore I pray you rebuke me no more; and when ye see me beaten or yielden as recreant, then may ye bid me go from you shamefully; but first I let you wit I will not depart from you, for I were worse than a fool an I would depart from you all the while that I win worship. Well, said she, right soon there shall meet a knight shall pay thee all thy wages, for he is the most man of worship of the world, except King Arthur. I will well, said Beaumains, the more he is of worship, the more shall be my worship to have ado with him.

Then anon they were ware where was afore them a city rich and fair. And betwixt them and the city a mile and an half there was a fair meadow that seemed new mown, and therein were many pavilions fair to behold. Lo, said the damosel, yonder is a lord that owneth yonder city, and his custom is, when the weather is fair, to lie in this meadow to joust and tourney. And ever there be about him five hundred knights and gentlemen of arms, and there be all manner of games that any gentleman can devise. That goodly lord, said Beaumains, would I fain see. Thou shalt see him time enough, said the damosel, and so as she rode near she espied the pavilion where he was. Lo, said she, seest thou yonder pavilion that is all of the colour of Inde, and all manner of thing that there is about, men and women, and horses trapped, shields and spears were all of the colour of Inde, and his name is Sir Persant of Inde, the most lordliest knight that ever thou lookedst on. It may well be, said Beaumains, but he never so stout a knight, in this field I shall abide till that I see him under his shield. Ah, fool, said she, thou wert better flee betimes. Why, said Beaumains, an he be such a knight as ye make him, he will not set upon me with all his men, or with his five hundred knights. For an there come no more but one at once, I shall him not fail whilst my life lasteth. Fie, fie, said the damosel, that ever such a stinking knave should blow such a boast. Damosel, he said, ye are to blame so to rebuke me, for I had liefer do five battles than so to be rebuked, let him come and then let him do his worst.

Sir, she said, I marvel what thou art and of what kin thou art come; boldly thou speakest, and boldly thou hast done, that have I seen; therefore I pray thee save thyself an thou mayest, for thy horse and thou have had great travail, and I dread we dwell over long from the siege, for it is but hence seven mile, and all perilous passages we are passed save all only this passage; and here I dread me sore lest ye shall catch some hurt, therefore I would ye were hence, that ye were not bruised nor hurt with this strong knight. But I let you wit that Sir Persant of Inde is nothing of might nor strength unto the knight that laid the siege about my lady. As for that, said Sir Beaumains, be it as it be may. For sithen I am come so nigh this knight I will prove his might or I depart from him, and else I shall be shamed an I now withdraw me from him. And therefore, damosel, have ye no doubt by the grace of God I shall so deal with this knight that within two hours after noon I shall deliver him. And then shall we come to the siege by daylight. O Jesu, marvel have I, said the damosel, what manner a man ye

be, for it may never be otherwise but that ye be come of a noble blood, for so foul nor shamefully did never woman rule a knight as I have done you, and ever courteously ye have suffered me, and that came never but of a gentle blood.

Damosel, said Beaumains, a knight may little do that may not suffer a damosel, for whatsoever ye said unto me I took none heed to your words, for the more ye said the more ye angered me, and my wrath I wreaked upon them that I had ado withal. And therefore all the missaying that ye missaid me furthered me in my battle, and caused me to think to show and prove myself at the end what I was; for peradventure though I had meat in King Arthur's kitchen, yet I might have had meat enough in other places, but all that I did it for to prove and assay my friends, and that shall be known another day; and whether that I be a gentleman born or none, I let you wit, fair damosel, I have done you gentleman's service, and peradventure better service yet will I do or I depart from you. Alas, she said, fair Beaumains, forgive me all that I have missaid or done against thee. With all my heart, said he, I forgive it you, for ye did nothing but as ye should do, for all your evil words pleased me; and damosel, said Beaumains, since it liketh you to say thus fair unto me, wit ye well it gladdeth my heart greatly, and now meseemeth there is no knight living but I am able enough for him.

**CHAPTER XII. How Beaumains fought with Sir Persant of Inde, and made him to be yelden.** WITH this Sir Persant of Inde had espied them as they hove in the field, and knightly he sent to them whether he came in war or in peace. Say to thy lord, said Beaumains, I take no force, but whether as him list himself. So the messenger went again unto Sir Persant and told him all his answer. Well then will I have ado with him to the utterance, and so he purveyed him and rode against him. And Beaumains saw him and made him ready, and there they met with all that ever their horses might run, and brast their spears either in three pieces, and their horses rushed so together that both their horses fell dead to the earth; and lightly they avoided their horses and put their shields afore them, and drew their swords, and gave many great strokes that sometime they hurtled together that they fell grovelling on the ground. Thus they fought two hours and more, that their shields and their hauberks were all forhewen, and in many steads they were wounded. So at the last Sir Beaumains smote him through the cost of the body, and then he retrayed him here and there, and knightly maintained his battle long time. And at the last, though him loath were, Beaumains smote Sir Persant above upon the helm, that he fell grovelling to the earth; and then he leapt upon him overthwart and unlaced his helm to have slain him.

Then Sir Persant yielded him and asked him mercy. With that came the damosel and prayed to save his life. I will well, for it were pity this noble knight should die. Gramercy, said Persant, gentle knight and damosel. For certainly now I wot well it was ye that slew my brother the Black Knight at the black thorn; he was a full noble knight, his name was Sir Percard. Also I am sure that ye are he that won mine other brother the Green Knight, his name was Sir Pertolepe. Also ye won my brother the Red Knight, Sir Perimones. And now since ye have won these, this shall I do for to please you: ye shall have homage and fealty of me, and an hundred knights to be always at your commandment, to go and ride where ye will command us. And so they went unto Sir Persant's pavilion and drank the wine, and ate spices, and afterward Sir Persant made him to rest upon a bed until supper time, and after supper to bed again. When Beaumains was abed, Sir Persant had a lady, a fair daughter of eighteen year of age, and there he called her unto him, and charged her and commanded her upon his blessing to go unto the knight's bed, and lie down by his side, and make him no strange cheer, but good cheer, and take him in thine arms and kiss him, and look that this be done, I charge you, as ye will have my love and my good will. So Sir Persant's daughter did as her father bade her, and so she went unto Sir Beaumains' bed, and privily she dispoiled her, and laid her down by him, and then he awoke and saw her, and asked her what she was. Sir, she said, I am Sir Persant's daughter, that by the commandment of my father am come hither. Be ye a maid or a wife? said he. Sir, she said, I am

a clean maiden. God defend, said he, that I should defoil you to do Sir Persant such a shame; therefore, fair damosel, arise out of this bed or else I will. Sir, she said, I came not to you by mine own will, but as I was commanded. Alas, said Sir Beaumains, I were a shameful knight an I would do your father any disworship; and so he kissed her, and so she departed and came unto Sir Persant her father, and told him all how she had sped. Truly, said Sir Persant, whosoever he be, he is come of a noble blood. And so we leave them there till on the morn.

**CHAPTER XIII. Of the goodly communication between Sir Persant and Beaumains, and how he told him that his name was Sir Gareth.** AND so on the morn the damosel and Sir Beaumains heard mass and brake their fast, and so took their leave. Fair damosel, said Persant, whitherward are ye way-leading this knight? Sir, she said, this knight is going to the siege that besiegeth my sister in the Castle Dangerous. Ah, ah, said Persant, that is the Knight of the Red Laund, the which is the most perilous knight that I know now living, and a man that is without mercy, and men say that he hath seven men's strength. God save you, said he to Beaumains, from that knight, for he doth great wrong to that lady, and that is great pity, for she is one of the fairest ladies of the world, and meseemeth that your damosel is her sister: is not your name Linet? said he. Yea, sir, said she, and my lady my sister's name is Dame Lionesse. Now shall I tell you, said Sir Persant, this Red Knight of the Red Laund hath lain long at the siege, well-nigh this two years, and many times he might have had her an he had would, but he prolongeth the time to this intent, for to have Sir Launcelot du Lake to do battle with him, or Sir Tristram, or Sir Lamorak de Galis, or Sir Gawaine, and this is his tarrying so long at the siege.

Now my lord Sir Persant of Inde, said the damosel Linet, I require you that ye will make this gentleman knight or ever he fight with the Red Knight. I will with all my heart, said Sir Persant, an it please him to take the order of knighthood of so simple a man as I am. Sir, said Beaumains, I thank you for your good will, for I am better sped, for certainly the noble knight Sir Launcelot made me knight. Ah, said Sir Persant, of a more renowned knight might ye not be made knight; for of all knights he may be called chief of knighthood; and so all the world saith, that betwixt three knights is departed clearly knighthood, that is Launcelot du Lake, Sir Tristram de Liones, and Sir Lamorak de Galis: these bear now the renown. There be many other knights, as Sir Palamides the Saracen and Sir Safere his brother; also Sir Bleoberis and Sir Blamore de Ganis his brother; also Sir Bors de Ganis and Sir Ector de Maris and Sir Percivale de Galis; these and many more be noble knights, but there be none that pass the three above said; therefore God speed you well, said Sir Persant, for an ye may match the Red Knight ye shall be called the fourth of the world.

Sir, said Beaumains, I would fain be of good fame and of knighthood. And I let you wit I came of good men, for I dare say my father was a noble man, and so that ye will keep it in close, and this damosel, I will tell you of what kin I am. We will not discover you, said they both, till ye command us, by the faith we owe unto God. Truly then, said he, my name is Gareth of Orkney, and King Lot was my father, and my mother is King Arthur's sister, her name is Dame Morgawse, and Sir Gawaine is my brother, and Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris, and I am the youngest of them all. And yet wot not King Arthur nor Sir Gawaine what I am.

**CHAPTER XIV. How the lady that was besieged had word from her sister how she had brought a knight to fight for her, and what battles he had achieved.** SO the book saith that the lady that was besieged had word of her sister's coming by the dwarf, and a knight with her, and how he had passed all the perilous passages. What manner a man is he? said the lady. He is a noble knight, truly, madam, said the dwarf, and but a young man, but he is as likely a man as ever ye saw any. What is he? said the damosel, and of what kin is he come, and of whom was he made knight? Madam, said the dwarf, he is the king's son of Orkney, but his name I will not tell you as at this time; but wit ye well, of Sir Launcelot was he made knight, for of none other would he be made knight, and Sir Kay named him Beaumains. How escaped he, said the lady, from the brethren of Persant? Madam, he said,

as a noble knight should. First, he slew two brethren at a passage of a water. Ah! said she, they were good knights, but they were murderers, the one hight Gherard le Breuse, and the other knight hight Sir Arnold le Breuse. Then, madam, he recountered with the Black Knight, and slew him in plain battle, and so he took his horse and his armour and fought with the Green Knight and won him in plain battle, and in like wise he served the Red Knight, and after in the same wise he served the Blue Knight and won him in plain battle. Then, said the lady, he hath overcome Sir Persant of Inde, one of the noblest knights of the world, and the dwarf said, He hath won all the four brethren and slain the Black Knight, and yet he did more to-fore: he overthrew Sir Kay and left him nigh dead upon the ground; also he did a great battle with Sir Launcelot, and there they departed on even hands: and then Sir Launcelot made him knight.

Dwarf, said the lady, I am glad of these tidings, therefore go thou in an hermitage of mine hereby, and there shalt thou bear with thee of my wine in two flagons of silver, they are of two gallons, and also two cast of bread with fat venison baked, and dainty fowls; and a cup of gold here I deliver thee, that is rich and precious; and bear all this to mine hermitage, and put it in the hermit's hands. And sithen go thou unto my sister and greet her well, and commend me unto that gentle knight, and pray him to eat and to drink and make him strong, and say ye him I thank him of his courtesy and goodness, that he would take upon him such labour for me that never did him bounty nor courtesy. Also pray him that he be of good heart and courage, for he shall meet with a full noble knight, but he is neither of bounty, courtesy, nor gentleness; for he attendeth unto nothing but to murder, and that is the cause I cannot praise him nor love him.

So this dwarf departed, and came to Sir Persant, where he found the damosel Linet and Sir Beaumains, and there he told them all as ye have heard; and then they took their leave, but Sir Persant took an ambling hackney and conveyed them on their ways, and then beleft them to God; and so within a little while they came to that hermitage, and there they drank the wine, and ate the venison and the fowls baken. And so when they had repasted them well, the dwarf returned again with his vessel unto the castle again; and there met with him the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and asked him from whence that he came, and where he had been. Sir, said the dwarf, I have been with my lady's sister of this castle, and she hath been at King Arthur's court, and brought a knight with her. Then I account her travail but lost; for though she had brought with her Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, Sir Lamorak, or Sir Gawaine, I would think myself good enough for them all.

It may well be, said the dwarf, but this knight hath passed all the perilous passages, and slain the Black Knight and other two more, and won the Green Knight, the Red Knight, and the Blue Knight. Then is he one of these four that I have afore rehearsed. He is none of those, said the dwarf, but he is a king's son. What is his name? said the Red Knight of the Red Launds. That will I not tell you, said the dwarf, but Sir Kay upon scorn named him Beaumains. I care not, said the knight, what knight so ever he be, for I shall soon deliver him. And if I ever match him he shall have a shameful death as many other have had. That were pity, said the dwarf, and it is marvel that ye make such shameful war upon noble knights.

**CHAPTER XV. How the damosel and Beaumains came to the siege; and came to a sycamore tree, and there Beaumains blew a horn, and then the Knight of the Red Launds came to fight with him.** NOW leave we the knight and the dwarf, and speak we of Beaumains, that all night lay in the hermitage; and upon the morn he and the damosel Linet heard their mass and brake their fast. And then they took their horses and rode throughout a fair forest; and then they came to a plain, and saw where were many pavilions and tents, and a fair castle, and there was much smoke and great noise; and when they came near the siege Sir Beaumains espied upon great trees, as he rode, how there hung full goodly armed knights by the neck, and their shields about their necks with their swords, and gilt spurs upon their heels, and so there hung nigh a forty knights shamefully with full rich arms.

Then Sir Beaumains abated his countenance and said, What meaneth this? Fair sir, said the damosel, abate not your cheer for all this sight, for ye must courage yourself, or else ye be all shent, for all these knights came hither to this siege to rescue my sister Dame Lionesse, and when the Red Knight of the Red Launds had overcome them, he put them to this shameful death without mercy and pity. And in the same wise he will serve you but if you quit you the better.

Now Jesu defend me, said Beaumains, from such a villainous death and shenship of arms. For rather than I should so be faren withal, I would rather be slain manly in plain battle. So were ye better, said the damosel; for trust not, in him is no courtesy, but all goeth to the death or shameful murder, and that is pity, for he is a full likely man, well made of body, and a full noble knight of prowess, and a lord of great lands and possessions. Truly, said Beaumains, he may well be a good knight, but he useth shameful customs, and it is marvel that he endureth so long that none of the noble knights of my lord Arthur's have not dealt with him.

And then they rode to the dykes, and saw them double dyked with full warlike walls; and there were lodged many great lords nigh the walls; and there was great noise of minstrelsy; and the sea beat upon the one side of the walls, where were many ships and mariners' noise with "hale and how." And also there was fast by a sycamore tree, and there hung an horn, the greatest that ever they saw, of an elephant's bone; and this Knight of the Red Launds had hanged it up there, that if there came any errant-knight, he must blow that horn, and then will he make him ready and come to him to do battle. But, sir, I pray you, said the damosel Linet, blow ye not the horn till it be high noon, for now it is about prime, and now increaseth his might, that as men say he hath seven men's strength. Ah, fie for shame, fair damosel, say ye never so more to me; for, an he were as good a knight as ever was, I shall never fail him in his most might, for either I will win worship worshipfully, or die knightly in the field. And therewith he spurred his horse straight to the sycamore tree, and blew so the horn eagerly that all the siege and the castle rang thereof. And then there leapt out knights out of their tents and pavilions, and they within the castle looked over the walls and out at windows.

Then the Red Knight of the Red Launds armed him hastily, and two barons set on his spurs upon his heels, and all was blood red, his armour, spear and shield. And an earl buckled his helm upon his head, and then they brought him a red spear and a red steed, and so he rode into a little vale under the castle, that all that were in the castle and at the siege might behold the battle.

**CHAPTER XVI. How the two knights met together, and of their talking, and how they began their battle.** SIR, said the damosel Linet unto Sir Beaumains, look ye be glad and light, for yonder is your deadly enemy, and at yonder window is my lady, my sister, Dame Lionesse. Where? said Beaumains. Yonder, said the damosel, and pointed with her finger. That is truth, said Beaumains. She beseemeth afar the fairest lady that ever I looked upon; and truly, he said, I ask no better quarrel than now for to do battle, for truly she shall be my lady, and for her I will fight. And ever he looked up to the window with glad countenance, and the Lady Lionesse made curtesy to him down to the earth, with holding up both their hands.

With that the Red Knight of the Red Launds called to Sir Beaumains, Leave, sir knight, thy looking, and behold me, I counsel thee; for I warn thee well she is my lady, and for her I have done many strong battles. If thou have so done, said Beaumains, meseemeth it was but waste labour, for she loveth none of thy fellowship, and thou to love that loveth not thee is but great folly. For an I understood that she were not glad of my coming, I would be advised or I did battle for her. But I understand by the besieging of this castle she may forbear thy fellowship. And therefore wit thou well, thou Red Knight of the Red Launds, I love her, and will rescue her, or else to die. Sayst thou that? said the Red Knight, meseemeth thou ought of reason to be ware by yonder knights that thou sawest hang upon yonder trees. Fie for shame, said Beaumains, that ever thou shouldst say or do so evil, for in that thou shamest thyself and knighthood, and thou mayst be sure there will no lady love thee that knoweth thy wicked customs.

And now thou weenest that the sight of these hanged knights should fear me. Nay truly, not so; that shameful sight causeth me to have courage and hardiness against thee, more than I would have had against thee an thou wert a well-ruled knight. Make thee ready, said the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and talk no longer with me.

Then Sir Beaumains bade the damosel go from him; and then they put their spears in their rests, and came together with all their might that they had both, and either smote other in midst of their shields that the paitrelles, surcungles, and cruppers brast, and fell to the earth both, and the reins of their bridles in their hands; and so they lay a great while sore astonied, that all that were in the castle and in the siege weened their necks had been broken; and then many a stranger and other said the strange knight was a big man, and a noble joust, for or now we saw never no knight match the Red Knight of the Red Launds: thus they said, both within the castle and without. Then lightly they avoided their horses and put their shields afore them, and drew their swords and ran together like two fierce lions, and either gave other such buffets upon their helms that they reeled backward both two strides; and then they recovered both, and hewed great pieces off their harness and their shields that a great part fell into the fields.

**CHAPTER XVII. How after long fighting Beaumains overcame the knight and would have slain him, but at the request of the lords he saved his life, and made him to yield him to the lady.** AND then thus they fought till it was past noon, and never would stint, till at the last they lacked wind both; and then they stood wagging and scattering, panting, blowing and bleeding, that all that beheld them for the most part wept for pity. So when they had rested them a while they yede to battle again, tracing, racing, foining as two boars. And at some time they took their run as it had been two rams, and hurtled together that sometime they fell grovelling to the earth: and at some time they were so amazed that either took other's sword instead of his own.

Thus they endured till evensong time, that there was none that beheld them might know whether was like to win the battle; and their armour was so forhewn that men might see their naked sides; and in other places they were naked, but ever the naked places they did defend. And the Red Knight was a wily knight of war, and his wily fighting taught Sir Beaumains to be wise; but he abought it full sore or he did espy his fighting.

And thus by assent of them both they granted either other to rest; and so they set them down upon two mole-hills there beside the fighting place, and either of them unlaced his helm, and took the cold wind; for either of their pages was fast by them, to come when they called to unlace their harness and to set them on again at their commandment. And then when Sir Beaumains' helm was off, he looked up to the window, and there he saw the fair lady Dame Lionesse, and she made him such countenance that his heart waxed light and jolly; and therewith he bade the Red Knight of the Red Launds make him ready, and let us do the battle to the utterance. I will well, said the knight, and then they laced up their helms, and their pages avoided, and they stepped together and fought freshly; but the Red Knight of the Red Launds awaited him, and at an overthwart smote him within the hand, that his sword fell out of his hand; and yet he gave him another buffet upon the helm that he fell grovelling to the earth, and the Red Knight fell over him, for to hold him down.

Then cried the maiden Linet on high: O Sir Beaumains, where is thy courage become? Alas, my lady my sister beholdeth thee, and she sobbeth and weepeth, that maketh mine heart heavy. When Sir Beaumains heard her say so, he abraid up with a great might and gat him upon his feet, and lightly he leapt to his sword and gripped it in his hand, and doubled his pace unto the Red Knight, and there they fought a new battle together. But Sir Beaumains then doubled his strokes, and smote so thick that he smote the sword out of his hand, and then he smote him upon the helm that he fell to the earth, and Sir Beaumains fell upon him, and unlaced his helm to have slain him; and then he yielded him and asked mercy, and said with a loud voice: O noble knight, I yield me to thy mercy.

Then Sir Beaumains bethought him upon the knights that he

had made to be hanged shamefully, and then he said: I may not with my worship save thy life, for the shameful deaths that thou hast caused many full good knights to die. Sir, said the Red Knight of the Red Launds, hold your hand and ye shall know the causes why I put them to so shameful a death. Say on, said Sir Beaumains. Sir, I loved once a lady, a fair damosel, and she had her brother slain; and she said it was Sir Launcelot du Lake, or else Sir Gawaine; and she prayed me as that I loved her heartily, that I would make her a promise by the faith of my knighthood, for to labour daily in arms unto I met with one of them; and all that I might overcome I should put them unto a villainous death; and this is the cause that I have put all these knights to death, and so I ensured her to do all the villainy unto King Arthur's knights, and that I should take vengeance upon all these knights. And, sir, now I will thee tell that every day my strength increaseth till noon, and all this time have I seven men's strength.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How the knight yielded him, and how Beaumains made him to go unto King Arthur's court, and to cry Sir Launcelot mercy.** THEN came there many earls, and barons, and noble knights, and prayed that knight to save his life, and take him to your prisoner. And all they fell upon their knees, and prayed him of mercy, and that he would save his life; and, Sir, they all said, it were fairer of him to take homage and fealty, and let him hold his lands of you than for to slay him; by his death ye shall have none advantage, and his misdeeds that be done may not be undone; and therefore he shall make amends to all parties, and we all will become your men and do you homage and fealty. Fair lords, said Beaumains, wit you well I am full loath to slay this knight, nevertheless he hath done passing ill and shamefully; but insomuch all that he did was at a lady's request I blame him the less; and so for your sake I will release him that he shall have his life upon this covenant, that he go within the castle, and yield him there to the lady, and if she will forgive and quit him, I will well; with this he make her amends of all the trespass he hath done against her and her lands. And also, when that is done, that ye go unto the court of King Arthur, and there that ye ask Sir Launcelot mercy, and Sir Gawaine, for the evil will ye have had against them. Sir, said the Red Knight of the Red Launds, all this will I do as ye command, and siker assurance and borrows ye shall have. And so then when the assurance was made, he made his homage and fealty, and all those earls and barons with him.

And then the maiden Linet came to Sir Beaumains, and unarmed him and searched his wounds, and stinted his blood, and in likewise she did to the Red Knight of the Red Launds. And there they sojourned ten days in their tents; and the Red Knight made his lords and servants to do all the pleasure that they might unto Sir Beaumains. And so within a while the Red Knight of the Red Launds yede unto the castle, and put him in her grace. And so she received him upon sufficient surety, so all her hurts were well restored of all that she could complain. And then he departed unto the court of King Arthur, and there openly the Red Knight of the Red Launds put him in the mercy of Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine, and there he told openly how he was overcome and by whom, and also he told all the battles from the beginning unto the ending. Jesu mercy, said King Arthur and Sir Gawaine, we marvel much of what blood he is come, for he is a noble knight. Have ye no marvel, said Sir Launcelot, for ye shall right well wit that he is come of a full noble blood; and as for his might and hardiness, there be but few now living that is so mighty as he is, and so noble of prowess. It seemeth by you, said King Arthur, that ye know his name, and from whence he is come, and of what blood he is. I suppose I do so, said Launcelot, or else I would not have given him the order of knighthood; but he gave me such charge at that time that I should never discover him until he required me, or else it be known openly by some other.

**CHAPTER XIX. How Beaumains came to the lady, and when he came to the castle the gates were closed against him, and of the words that the lady said to him.** NOW turn we unto Sir Beaumains that desired of Linet that he might see her sister, his lady. Sir, she said, I would fain ye saw her. Then Sir Beaumains all armed him, and took his horse and his spear, and rode straight unto the castle. And when he came to the gate he

found there many men armed, and pulled up the drawbridge and drew the port close.

Then marvelled he why they would not suffer him to enter. And then he looked up to the window; and there he saw the fair Lionesse that said on high: Go thy way, Sir Beaumains, for as yet thou shalt not have wholly my love, unto the time that thou be called one of the number of the worthy knights. And therefore go labour in worship this twelvemonth, and then thou shalt hear new tidings. Alas, fair lady, said Beaumains, I have not deserved that ye should show me this strangeness, and I had weened that I should have right good cheer with you, and unto my power I have deserved thank, and well I am sure I have bought your love with part of the best blood within my body. Fair courteous knight, said Dame Lionesse, be not displeased nor over-hasty; for wit you well your great travail nor good love shall not be lost, for I consider your great travail and labour, your bounty and your goodness as me ought to do. And therefore go on your way, and look that ye be of good comfort, for all shall be for your worship and for the best, and perdy a twelvemonth will soon be done, and trust me, fair knight, I shall be true to you, and never to betray you, but to my death I shall love you and none other. And therewithal she turned her from the window, and Sir Beaumains rode awayward from the castle, making great dole, and so he rode here and there and wist not where he rode, till it was dark night. And then it happened him to come to a poor man's house, and there he was harboured all that night.

But Sir Beaumains had no rest, but wallowed and writhed for the love of the lady of the castle. And so upon the morrow he took his horse and rode until underne, and then he came to a broad water, and thereby was a great lodge, and there he alighted to sleep and laid his head upon the shield, and betook his horse to the dwarf, and commanded him to watch all night.

Now turn we to the lady of the same castle, that thought much upon Beaumains, and then she called unto her Sir Gringamore her brother, and prayed him in all manner, as he loved her heartily, that he would ride after Sir Beaumains: And ever have ye wait upon him till ye may find him sleeping, for I am sure in his heaviness he will alight down in some place, and lie him down to sleep; and therefore have ye your wait upon him, and in the priviest manner ye can, take his dwarf, and go ye your way with him as fast as ever ye may or Sir Beaumains awake. For my sister Linet telleth me that he can tell of what kindred he is come, and what is his right name. And the meanwhile I and my sister will ride unto your castle to await when ye bring with you the dwarf. And then when ye have brought him unto your castle, I will have him in examination myself. Unto the time that I know what is his right name, and of what kindred he is come, shall I never be merry at my heart. Sister, said Sir Gringamore, all this shall be done after your intent.

And so he rode all the other day and the night till that he found Sir Beaumains lying by a water, and his head upon his shield, for to sleep. And then when he saw Sir Beaumains fast asleep, he came stilly stalking behind the dwarf, and plucked him fast under his arm, and so he rode away with him as fast as ever he might unto his own castle. And this Sir Gringamore's arms were all black, and that to him longeth. But ever as he rode with the dwarf toward his castle, he cried unto his lord and prayed him of help. And therewith awoke Sir Beaumains, and up he leapt lightly, and saw where Sir Gringamore rode his way with the dwarf, and so Sir Gringamore rode out of his sight.

**CHAPTER XX. How Sir Beaumains rode after to rescue his dwarf, and came into the castle where he was.** THEN Sir Beaumains put on his helm anon, and buckled his shield, and took his horse, and rode after him all that ever he might ride through marshes, and fields, and great dales, that many times his horse and he plunged over the head in deep mires, for he knew not the way, but took the gainest way in that woodness, that many times he was like to perish. And at the last him happened to come to a fair green way, and there he met with a poor man of the country, whom he saluted and asked him whether he met not with a knight upon a black horse and all black harness, a little dwarf sitting behind him with heavy cheer. Sir, said the poor man, here by me

came Sir Gringamore the knight, with such a dwarf mourning as ye say; and therefore I rede you not follow him, for he is one of the periloust knights of the world, and his castle is here nigh hand but two mile; therefore we advise you ride not after Sir Gringamore, but if ye owe him good will.

So leave we Sir Beaumains riding toward the castle, and speak we of Sir Gringamore and the dwarf. Anon as the dwarf was come to the castle, Dame Lionesse and Dame Linet her sister, asked the dwarf where was his master born, and of what lineage he was come. And but if thou tell me, said Dame Lionesse, thou shalt never escape this castle, but ever here to be prisoner. As for that, said the dwarf, I fear not greatly to tell his name and of what kin he is come. Wit you well he is a king's son, and his mother is sister to King Arthur, and he is brother to the good knight Sir Gawaine, and his name is Sir Gareth of Orkney. And now I have told you his right name, I pray you, fair lady, let me go to my lord again, for he will never out of this country until that he have me again. And if he be angry he will do much harm or that he be stint, and work you wrack in this country. As for that threatening, said Sir Gringamore, be it as it be may, we will go to dinner. And so they washed and went to meat, and made them merry and well at ease, and because the Lady Lionesse of the castle was there, they made great joy. Truly, madam, said Linet unto her sister, well may he be a king's son, for he hath many good tatches on him, for he is courteous and mild, and the most suffering man that ever I met withal. For I dare say there was never gentlewoman reviled man in so foul a manner as I have rebuked him; and at all times he gave me goodly and meek answers again.

And as they sat thus talking, there came Sir Gareth in at the gate with an angry countenance, and his sword drawn in his hand, and cried aloud that all the castle might hear it, saying: Thou traitor, Sir Gringamore, deliver me my dwarf again, or by the faith that I owe to the order of knighthood, I shall do thee all the harm that I can. Then Sir Gringamore looked out at a window and said, Sir Gareth of Orkney, leave thy boasting words, for thou gettest not thy dwarf again. Thou coward knight, said Sir Gareth, bring him with thee, and come and do battle with me, and win him and take him. So will I do, said Sir Gringamore, an me list, but for all thy great words thou gettest him not. Ah! fair brother, said Dame Lionesse, I would he had his dwarf again, for I would he were not wroth, for now he hath told me all my desire I keep no more of the dwarf. And also, brother, he hath done much for me, and delivered me from the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and therefore, brother, I owe him my service afore all knights living. And wit ye well that I love him before all other, and full fain I would speak with him. But in nowise I would that he wist what I were, but that I were another strange lady.

Well, said Sir Gringamore, sithen I know now your will, I will obey now unto him. And right therewithal he went down unto Sir Gareth, and said: Sir, I cry you mercy, and all that I have misdoun I will amend it at your will. And therefore I pray you that ye would alight, and take such cheer as I can make you in this castle. Shall I have my dwarf? said Sir Gareth. Yea, sir, and all the pleasaunce that I can make you, for as soon as your dwarf told me what ye were and of what blood ye are come, and what noble deeds ye have done in these marches, then I repented of my deeds. And then Sir Gareth alighted, and there came his dwarf and took his horse. O my fellow, said Sir Gareth, I have had many adventures for thy sake. And so Sir Gringamore took him by the hand and led him into the hall where his own wife was.

**CHAPTER XXI. How Sir Gareth, otherwise called Beaumains, came to the presence of his lady, and how they took acquaintance, and of their love.** AND then came forth Dame Lionesse arrayed like a princess, and there she made him passing good cheer, and he her again; and they had goodly language and lovely countenance together. And Sir Gareth thought many times, Jesu, would that the lady of the Castle Perilous were so fair as she was. There were all manner of games and plays, of dancing and singing. And ever the more Sir Gareth beheld that lady, the more he loved her; and so he burned in love that he was past himself in his reason; and forth toward night they yede unto supper, and Sir Gareth might not eat, for his love was so hot that he wist not

where he was.

All these looks espied Sir Gringamore, and then at-after supper he called his sister Dame Lionesse into a chamber, and said: Fair sister, I have well espied your countenance betwixt you and this knight, and I will, sister, that ye wit he is a full noble knight, and if ye can make him to abide here I will do him all the pleasure that I can, for an ye were better than ye are, ye were well bywaryd upon him. Fair brother, said Dame Lionesse, I understand well that the knight is good, and come he is of a noble house. Notwithstanding, I will assay him better, howbeit I am most beholden to him of any earthly man; for he hath had great labour for my love, and passed many a dangerous passage.

Right so Sir Gringamore went unto Sir Gareth, and said, Sir, make ye good cheer, for ye shall have none other cause, for this lady, my sister, is yours at all times, her worship saved, for wit ye well she loveth you as well as ye do her, and better if better may be. An I wist that, said Sir Gareth, there lived not a gladder man than I would be. Upon my worship, said Sir Gringamore, trust unto my promise; and as long as it liketh you ye shall sojourn with me, and this lady shall be with us daily and nightly to make you all the cheer that she can. I will well, said Sir Gareth, for I have promised to be nigh this country this twelvemonth. And well I am sure King Arthur and other noble knights will find me where that I am within this twelvemonth. For I shall be sought and found, if that I be alive. And then the noble knight Sir Gareth went unto the Dame Lionesse, which he then much loved, and kissed her many times, and either made great joy of other. And there she promised him her love certainly, to love him and none other the days of her life. Then this lady, Dame Lionesse, by the assent of her brother, told Sir Gareth all the truth what she was, and how she was the same lady that he did battle for, and how she was lady of the Castle Perilous, and there she told him how she caused her brother to take away his dwarf, for this cause, to know the certainty what was your name, and of what kin ye were come.

**CHAPTER XXII. How at night came an armed knight, and fought with Sir Gareth, and he, sore hurt in the thigh, smote off the knight's head.** AND then she let fetch to-fore him Linet, the damosel that had ridden with him many wildsome ways. Then was Sir Gareth more gladder than he was to-fore. And then they troth-plight each other to love, and never to fail whiles their life lasteth. And so they burnt both in love, that they were accorded to abate their lusts secretly. And there Dame Lionesse counselled Sir Gareth to sleep in none other place but in the hall. And there she promised him to come to his bed a little afore midnight.

This counsel was not so privily kept but it was understood; for they were but young both, and tender of age, and had not used none such crafts to-fore. Wherefore the damosel Linet was a little displeased, and she thought her sister Dame Lionesse was a little over-hasty, that she might not abide the time of her marriage; and for saving their worship, she thought to abate their hot lusts. And so she let ordain by her subtle crafts that they had not their intents neither with other, as in their delights, until they were married. And so it passed on. At-after supper was made clean avoidance, that every lord and lady should go unto his rest. But Sir Gareth said plainly he would go no farther than the hall, for in such places, he said, was convenient for an errant-knight to take his rest in; and so there were ordained great couches, and thereon feather beds, and there laid him down to sleep; and within a while came Dame Lionesse, wrapped in a mantle furred with ermine, and laid her down beside Sir Gareth. And therewithal he began to kiss her. And then he looked afore him, and there he apperceived and saw come an armed knight, with many lights about him; and this knight had a long gisarm in his hand, and made grim countenance to smite him. When Sir Gareth saw him come in that wise, he leapt out of his bed, and gat in his hand his sword, and leapt straight toward that knight. And when the knight saw Sir Gareth come so fiercely upon him, he smote him with a foin through the thick of the thigh that the wound was a shaftmon broad and had cut a-two many veins and sinews. And therewithal Sir Gareth smote him upon the helm such a buffet that he fell grovelling; and then he leapt over him and unlaced his helm, and smote off his head from the body. And then he bled so fast that he might not stand,

but so he laid him down upon his bed, and there he swooned and lay as he had been dead.

Then Dame Lionesse cried aloud, that her brother Sir Gringamore heard, and came down. And when he saw Sir Gareth so shamefully wounded he was sore displeased, and said: I am shamed that this noble knight is thus honoured. Sir, said Sir Gringamore, how may this be, that ye be here, and this noble knight wounded? Brother, she said, I can not tell you, for it was not done by me, nor by mine assent. For he is my lord and I am his, and he must be mine husband; therefore, my brother, I will that ye wit I shame me not to be with him, nor to do him all the pleasure that I can. Sister, said Sir Gringamore, and I will that ye wit it, and Sir Gareth both, that it was never done by me, nor by my assent that this unhappy deed was done. And there they staunched his bleeding as well as they might, and great sorrow made Sir Gringamore and Dame Lionesse.

And forthwithal came Dame Linet, and took up the head in the sight of them all, and anointed it with an ointment thereas it was smitten off; and in the same wise she did to the other part thereas the head stuck, and then she set it together, and it stuck as fast as ever it did. And the knight arose lightly up, and the damosel Linet put him in her chamber. All this saw Sir Gringamore and Dame Lionesse, and so did Sir Gareth; and well he espied that it was the damosel Linet, that rode with him through the perilous passages. Ah well, damosel, said Sir Gareth, I weened ye would not have done as ye have done. My lord Gareth, said Linet, all that I have done I will avow, and all that I have done shall be for your honour and worship, and to us all. And so within a while Sir Gareth was nigh whole, and waxed light and jocund, and sang, danced, and gamed; and he and Dame Lionesse were so hot in burning love that they made their covenant at the tenth night after, that she should come to his bed. And because he was wounded afore, he laid his armour and his sword nigh his bed's side.

**CHAPTER XXIII. How the said knight came again the next night and was beheaded again, and how at the feast of Pentecost all the knights that Sir Gareth had overcome came and yielded them to King Arthur.** RIGHT as she promised she came; and she was not so soon in his bed but she espied an armed knight coming toward the bed: therewithal she warned Sir Gareth, and lightly through the good help of Dame Lionesse he was armed; and they hurtled together with great ire and malice all about the hall; and there was great light as it had been the number of twenty torches both before and behind, so that Sir Gareth strained him, so that his old wound brast again a-bleeding; but he was hot and courageous and took no keep, but with his great force he struck down that knight, and voided his helm, and struck off his head. Then he hewed the head in an hundred pieces. And when he had done so he took up all those pieces, and threw them out at a window into the ditches of the castle; and by this done he was so faint that unnethes he might stand for bleeding. And by when he was almost unarmed he fell in a deadly swoon on the floor; and then Dame Lionesse cried so that Sir Gringamore heard; and when he came and found Sir Gareth in that plight he made great sorrow; and there he awaked Sir Gareth, and gave him a drink that relieved him wonderly well; but the sorrow that Dame Lionesse made there may no tongue tell, for she so fared with herself as she would have died.

Right so came this damosel Linet before them all, and she had fetched all the gobbets of the head that Sir Gareth had thrown out at a window, and there she anointed them as she had done tofore, and set them together again. Well, damosel Linet, said Sir Gareth, I have not deserved all this despite that ye do unto me. Sir knight, she said, I have nothing done but I will avow, and all that I have done shall be to your worship, and to us all. And then was Sir Gareth staunched of his bleeding. But the leeches said that there was no man that bare the life should heal him throughout of his wound but if they healed him that caused that stroke by enchantment.

So leave we Sir Gareth there with Sir Gringamore and his sisters, and turn we unto King Arthur, that at the next feast of Pentecost held his feast; and there came the Green Knight with fifty knights, and yielded them all unto King Arthur. And so there came

the Red Knight his brother, and yielded him to King Arthur, and three score knights with him. Also there came the Blue Knight, brother to them, with an hundred knights, and yielded them unto King Arthur; and the Green Knight's name was Pertolepe, and the Red Knight's name was Perimones, and the Blue Knight's name was Sir Persant of Inde. These three brethren told King Arthur how they were overcome by a knight that a damosel had with her, and called him Beaumains. Jesu, said the king, I marvel what knight he is, and of what lineage he is come. He was with me a twelvemonth, and poorly and shamefully he was fostered, and Sir Kay in scorn named him Beaumains. So right as the king stood so talking with these three brethren, there came Sir Launcelot du Lake, and told the king that there was come a goodly lord with six hundred knights with him.

Then the king went out of Carlion, for there was the feast, and there came to him this lord, and saluted the king in a goodly manner. What will ye, said King Arthur, and what is your errand? Sir, he said, my name is the Red Knight of the Red Launds, but my name is Sir Ironside; and sir, wit ye well, here I am sent to you of a knight that is called Beaumains, for he won me in plain battle hand for hand, and so did never no knight but he, that ever had the better of me this thirty winter; the which commanded to yield me to you at your will. Ye are welcome, said the king, for ye have been long a great foe to me and my court, and now I trust to God I shall so entreat you that ye shall be my friend. Sir, both I and these five hundred knights shall always be at your summons to do you service as may lie in our powers. Jesu mercy, said King Arthur, I am much beholden unto that knight that hath put so his body in devoir to worship me and my court. And as to thee, Ironside, that art called the Red Knight of the Red Launds, thou art called a perilous knight; and if thou wilt hold of me I shall worship thee and make thee knight of the Table Round; but then thou must be no more a murderer. Sir, as to that, I have promised unto Sir Beaumains never more to use such customs, for all the shameful customs that I used I did at the request of a lady that I loved; and therefore I must go unto Sir Launcelot, and unto Sir Gawaine, and ask them forgiveness of the evil will I had unto them; for all that I put to death was all only for the love of Sir Launcelot and of Sir Gawaine. They be here now, said the king, afore thee, now may ye say to them what ye will. And then he kneeled down unto Sir Launcelot, and to Sir Gawaine, and prayed them of forgiveness of his enmity that ever he had against them.

**CHAPTER XXIV. How King Arthur pardoned them, and commanded of them where Sir Gareth was.** THEN goodly they said all at once, God forgive you, and we do, and pray you that ye will tell us where we may find Sir Beaumains. Fair lords, said Sir Ironside, I cannot tell you, for it is full hard to find him; for such young knights as he is one, when they be in their adventures be never abiding in no place. But to say the worship that the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and Sir Persant and his brother said of Beaumains, it was marvel to hear. Well, my fair lords, said King Arthur, wit you well I shall do you honour for the love of Sir Beaumains, and as soon as ever I meet with him I shall make you all upon one day knights of the Table Round. And as to thee, Sir Persant of Inde, thou hast been ever called a full noble knight, and so have ever been thy three brethren called. But I marvel, said the king, that I hear not of the Black Knight your brother, he was a full noble knight. Sir, said Pertolepe, the Green Knight, Sir Beaumains slew him in a recounter with his spear, his name was Sir Percard. That was great pity, said the king, and so said many knights. For these four brethren were full well known in the court of King Arthur for noble knights, for long time they had holden war against the knights of the Round Table. Then said Pertolepe, the Green Knight, to the king: At a passage of the water of Mortaise there encountered Sir Beaumains with two brethren that ever for the most part kept that passage, and they were two deadly knights, and there he slew the eldest brother in the water, and smote him upon the head such a buffet that he fell down in the water, and there he was drowned, and his name was Sir Gherard le Breusse; and after he slew the other brother upon the land, his name was Sir Arnold le Breusse.

**CHAPTER XXV. How the Queen of Orkney came to this feast of Pentecost, and Sir Gawaine and his brethren came to ask her blessing.** So then the king and they went to meat, and were served in the best manner. And as they sat at the meat, there came in the Queen of Orkney, with ladies and knights a great number. And then Sir Gawaine, Sir Agravaine, and Gaheris arose, and went to her and saluted her upon their knees, and asked her blessing; for in fifteen year they had not seen her. Then she spake on high to her brother King Arthur: Where have ye done my young son Sir Gareth? He was here amongst you a twelvemonth, and ye made a kitchen knave of him, the which is shame to you all. Alas, where have ye done my dear son that was my joy and bliss? O dear mother, said Sir Gawaine, I knew him not. Nor I, said the king, that now me repenteth, but thanked be God he is proved a worshipful knight as any is now living of his years, and I shall never be glad till I may find him.

Ah, brother, said the Queen unto King Arthur, and unto Sir Gawaine, and to all her sons, ye did yourself great shame when ye amongst you kept my son in the kitchen and fed him like a poor hog. Fair sister, said King Arthur, ye shall right well wit I knew him not, nor no more did Sir Gawaine, nor his brethren; but sithen it is so, said the king, that he is thus gone from us all, we must shape a remedy to find him. Also, sister, meseemeth ye might have done me to wit of his coming, and then an I had not done well to him ye might have blamed me. For when he came to this court he came leaning upon two men's shoulders, as though he might not have gone. And then he asked me three gifts; and one he asked the same day, that was that I would give him meat enough that twelvemonth; and the other two gifts he asked that day a twelvemonth, and that was that he might have the adventure of the damosel Linet, and the third was that Sir Launcelot should make him knight when he desired him. And so I granted him all his desire, and many in this court marvelled that he desired his sustenance for a twelvemonth. And thereby, we deemed, many of us, that he was not come of a noble house.

Sir, said the Queen of Orkney unto King Arthur her brother, wit ye well that I sent him unto you right well armed and horsed, and worshipfully beseen of his body, and gold and silver plenty to spend. It may be, said the King, but thereof saw we none, save that same day as he departed from us, knights told me that there came a dwarf hither suddenly, and brought him armour and a good horse full well and richly beseen; and thereat we all had marvel from whence that riches came, that we deemed all that he was come of men of worship. Brother, said the queen, all that ye say I believe, for ever sithen he was grown he was marvellously witted, and ever he was faithful and true of his promise. But I marvel, said she, that Sir Kay did mock him and scorn him, and gave him that name Beaumains; yet, Sir Kay, said the queen, named him more righteously than he weened; for I dare say an he be alive, he is as fair an handed man and well disposed as any is living. Sir, said Arthur, let this language be still, and by the grace of God he shall be found an he be within this seven realms, and let all this pass and be merry, for he is proved to be a man of worship, and that is my joy.

**CHAPTER XXVI. How King Arthur sent for the Lady Lionesse, and how she let cry a tourney at her castle, whereas came many knights.** THEN said Sir Gawaine and his brethren unto Arthur, Sir, an ye will give us leave, we will go and seek our brother. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, that shall ye not need; and so said Sir Baudwin of Britain: for as by our advice the king shall send unto Dame Lionesse a messenger, and pray her that she will come to the court in all the haste that she may, and doubt ye not she will come; and then she may give you best counsel where ye shall find him. This is well said of you, said the king. So then goodly letters were made, and the messenger sent forth, that night and day he went till he came unto the Castle Perilous. And then the lady Dame Lionesse was sent for, whereas she was with Sir Gringamore her brother and Sir Gareth. And when she understood this message, she bade him ride on his way unto King Arthur, and she would come after in all goodly haste. Then when she came to Sir Gringamore and to Sir Gareth, she told them all how King Arthur had sent for her. That is because of me, said Sir Gareth. Now ad-

vise me, said Dame Lionesse, what shall I say, and in what manner I shall rule me. My lady and my love, said Sir Gareth, I pray you in no wise be ye knownen where I am; but well I wot my mother is there and all my brethren, and they will take upon them to seek me, I wot well that they do. But this, madam, I would ye said and advised the king when he questioned with you of me. Then may ye say, this is your advice that, an it like his good grace, ye will do make a cry against the feast of the Assumption of our Lady, that what knight there proveth him best he shall wield you and all your land. And if so be that he be a wedded man, that his wife shall have the degree, and a coronal of gold beset with stones of virtue to the value of a thousand pound, and a white gerfalcon.

So Dame Lionesse departed and came to King Arthur, where she was nobly received, and there she was sore questioned of the king and of the Queen of Orkney. And she answered, where Sir Gareth was she could not tell. But thus much she said unto Arthur: Sir, I will let cry a tournament that shall be done before my castle at the Assumption of our Lady, and the cry shall be this: that you, my lord Arthur, shall be there, and your knights, and I will purvey that my knights shall be against yours; and then I am sure ye shall hear of Sir Gareth. This is well advised, said King Arthur; and so she departed. And the king and she made great provision to that tournament.

When Dame Lionesse was come to the Isle of Avilion, that was the same isle thereas her brother Sir Gringamore dwelt, then she told them all how she had done, and what promise she had made to King Arthur. Alas, said Sir Gareth, I have been so wounded with unhappiness sithen I came into this castle that I shall not be able to do at that tournament like a knight; for I was never thoroughly whole since I was hurt. Be ye of good cheer, said the damosel Linet, for I undertake within these fifteen days to make ye whole, and as lusty as ever ye were. And then she laid an ointment and a salve to him as it pleased to her, that he was never so fresh nor so lusty. Then said the damosel Linet: Send you unto Sir Persant of Inde, and assuon him and his knights to be here with you as they have promised. Also, that ye send unto Sir Ironside, that is the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and charge him that he be ready with you with his whole sum of knights, and then shall ye be able to match with King Arthur and his knights. So this was done, and all knights were sent for unto the Castle Perilous; and then the Red Knight answered and said unto Dame Lionesse, and to Sir Gareth, Madam, and my lord Sir Gareth, ye shall understand that I have been at the court of King Arthur, and Sir Persant of Inde and his brethren, and there we have done our homage as ye commanded us. Also Sir Ironside said, I have taken upon me with Sir Persant of Inde and his brethren to hold part against my lord Sir Launcelot and the knights of that court. And this have I done for the love of my lady Dame Lionesse, and you my lord Sir Gareth. Ye have well done, said Sir Gareth; but wit you well ye shall be full sore matched with the most noble knights of the world; therefore we must purvey us of good knights, where we may get them. That is well said, said Sir Persant, and worshipfully.

And so the cry was made in England, Wales, and Scotland, Ireland, Cornwall, and in all the Out Isles, and in Brittany and in many countries; that at the feast of our Lady the Assumption next coming, men should come to the Castle Perilous beside the Isle of Avilion; and there all the knights that there came should have the choice whether them list to be on the one party with the knights of the castle, or on the other party with King Arthur. And two months was to the day that the tournament should be. And so there came many good knights that were at their large, and held them for the most part against King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table and came in the side of them of the castle. For Sir Epinogrus was the first, and he was the king's son of Northumberland, and Sir Palamides the Saracen was another, and Sir Safere his brother, and Sir Segwarides his brother, but they were christened, and Sir Malegrine another, and Sir Brian de les Isles, a noble knight, and Sir Grummure Grummursum, a good knight of Scotland, and Sir Carados of the dolorous tower, a noble knight, and Sir Turquine his brother, and Sir Arnold and Sir Gauter, two brethren, good knights of Cornwall. There came Sir Tristram de Liones, and with him Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, and Sir Sadok; but this Sir Tristram was not at that time knight of the Table Round,

but he was one of the best knights of the world. And so all these noble knights accompanied them with the lady of the castle, and with the Red Knight of the Red Launds; but as for Sir Gareth, he would not take upon him more but as other mean knights.

**CHAPTER XXVII. How King Arthur went to the tournament with his knights, and how the lady received him worshipfully, and how the knights encountered.** AND then there came with King Arthur Sir Gawaine, Agravaïne, Gaheris, his brethren. And then his nephews Sir Uwayne le Blanchemains, and Sir Aglovale, Sir Tor, Sir Percivale de Galis, and Sir Lamorak de Galis. Then came Sir Launcelot du Lake with his brethren, nephews, and cousins, as Sir Lionel, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Bors de Ganis, and Sir Galihodin, Sir Galihud, and many more of Sir Launcelot's blood, and Sir Dinadan, Sir La Cote Male Taile, his brother, a good knight, and Sir Sagamore, a good knight; and all the most part of the Round Table. Also there came with King Arthur these knights, the King of Ireland, King Agwisan, and the King of Scotland, King Carados and King Uriens of the land of Gore, and King Bagdemagus and his son Sir Meliaganus, and Sir Galahault the noble prince. All these kings, princes, and earls, barons, and other noble knights, as Sir Brandiles, Sir Uwayne les Avoutres, and Sir Kay, Sir Bedivere, Sir Meliot de Logres, Sir Petipase of Winchelsea, Sir Godelake: all these came with King Arthur, and more that cannot be rehearsed.

Now leave we of these kings and knights, and let us speak of the great array that was made within the castle and about the castle for both parties. The Lady Dame Lionesse ordained great array upon her part for her noble knights, for all manner of lodging and victual that came by land and by water, that there lacked nothing for her party, nor for the other, but there was plenty to be had for gold and silver for King Arthur and his knights. And then there came the harbingers from King Arthur for to harbour him, and his kings, dukes, earls, barons, and knights. And then Sir Gareth prayed Dame Lionesse and the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and Sir Persant and his brother, and Sir Gringamore, that in no wise there should none of them tell not his name, and make no more of him than of the least knight that there was. For, he said, I will not be known of neither more nor less, neither at the beginning neither at the ending. Then Dame Lionesse said unto Sir Gareth: Sir, I will lend you a ring, but I would pray you as you love me heartily let me have it again when the tournament is done, for that ring increaseth my beauty much more than it is of himself. And the virtue of my ring is that, that is green it will turn to red, and that is red it will turn in likeness to green, and that is blue it will turn to likeness of white, and that is white it will turn in likeness to blue, and so it will do of all manner of colours. Also who that beareth my ring shall lose no blood, and for great love I will give you this ring. Gramercy, said Sir Gareth, mine own lady, for this ring is passing meet for me, for it will turn all manner of likeness that I am in, and that shall cause me that I shall not be known. Then Sir Gringamore gave Sir Gareth a bay courser that was a passing good horse; also he gave him good armour and sure, and a noble sword that sometime Sir Gringamore's father won upon an heathen tyrant. And so thus every knight made him ready to that tournament. And King Arthur was come two days to-fore the Assumption of our Lady. And there was all manner of royalty of all minstrelsy that might be found. Also there came Queen Guenever and the Queen of Orkney, Sir Gareth's mother.

And upon the Assumption Day, when mass and matins were done, there were heralds with trumpets commanded to blow to the field. And so there came out Sir Epinogrus, the king's son of Northumberland, from the castle, and there encountered with him Sir Sagamore le Desirous, and either of them brake their spears to their hands. And then came in Sir Palamides out of the castle, and there encountered with him Gawaine, and either of them smote other so hard that both the good knights and their horses fell to the earth. And then knights of either party rescued their knights. And then came in Sir Safere and Sir Segwarides, brethren to Sir Palamides; and there encountered Sir Agravaïne with Sir Safere and Sir Gaheris encountered with Sir Segwarides. So Sir Safere smote down Agravaïne, Sir Gawaine's brother; and Sir Segwarides, Sir Safere's brother. And Sir Malegrine, a knight of the

castle, encountered with Sir Uwayne le Blanchemains, and there Sir Uwayne gave Sir Malegrine a fall, that he had almost broke his neck.

**CHAPTER XXVIII. How the knights bare them in the battle.** THEN Sir Brian de les Isles and Grummore Grummursum, knights of the castle, encountered with Sir Aglovale, and Sir Tor smote down Sir Grummore Grummursum to the earth. Then came in Sir Carados of the dolorous tower, and Sir Turquine, knights of the castle; and there encountered with them Sir Percivale de Galis and Sir Lamorak de Galis, that were two brethren. And there encountered Sir Percivale with Sir Carados, and either brake their spears unto their hands, and then Sir Turquine with Sir Lamorak, and either of them smote down other's horse and all to the earth, and either parties rescued other, and horsed them again. And Sir Arnold and Sir Gauter, knights of the castle, encountered with Sir Brandiles and Sir Kay, and these four knights encountered mightily, and brake their spears to their hands. Then came in Sir Tristram, Sir Sadok, and Sir Dinas, knights of the castle, and there encountered Sir Tristram with Sir Bedivere, and there Sir Bedivere was smitten to the earth both horse and man. And Sir Sadok encountered with Sir Petipase, and there Sir Sadok was overthrown. And there Uwayne les Avoutres smote down Sir Dinas, the Seneschal. Then came in Sir Persant of Inde, a knight of the castle, and there encountered with him Sir Launcelot du Lake, and there he smote Sir Persant, horse and man, to the earth. Then came Sir Pertolepe from the castle, and there encountered with him Sir Lionel, and there Sir Pertolepe, the Green Knight, smote down Sir Lionel, brother to Sir Launcelot. All this was marked by noble heralds, who bare him best, and their names.

And then came into the field Sir Perimones, the Red Knight, Sir Persant's brother, that was a knight of the castle, and he encountered with Sir Ector de Maris, and either smote other so hard that both their horses and they fell to the earth. And then came in the Red Knight of the Red Launds, and Sir Gareth, from the castle, and there encountered with them Sir Bors de Ganis and Sir Bleoberis, and there the Red Knight and Sir Bors [either] smote other so hard that their spears brast, and their horses fell grovelling to the earth. Then Sir Bleoberis brake his spear upon Sir Gareth, but of that stroke Sir Bleoberis fell to the earth. When Sir Galihodin saw that he bade Sir Gareth keep him, and Sir Gareth smote him to the earth. Then Sir Galihud gat a spear to avenge his brother, and in the same wise Sir Gareth served him, and Sir Dinadan and his brother, La Cote Male Taile, and Sir Sagamore le Desirous, and Sir Dodinas le Savage. All these he bare down with one spear.

When King Agwisan of Ireland saw Sir Gareth fare so, he marvelled what he might be that one time seemed green, and another time, at his again coming, he seemed blue. And thus at every course that he rode to and fro he changed his colour, so that there might neither king nor knight have ready cognisance of him. Then Sir Agwisan, the King of Ireland, encountered with Sir Gareth, and there Sir Gareth smote him from his horse, saddle and all. And then came King Carados of Scotland, and Sir Gareth smote him down horse and man. And in the same wise he served King Uriens of the land of Gore. And then came in Sir Bagdemagus, and Sir Gareth smote him down, horse and man, to the earth. And Bagdemagus' son, Meliganus, brake a spear upon Sir Gareth mightily and knightly. And then Sir Galahault, the noble prince, cried on high: Knight with the many colours, well hast thou jousted; now make thee ready that I may joust with thee. Sir Gareth heard him, and he gat a great spear, and so they encountered together, and there the prince brake his spear; but Sir Gareth smote him upon the left side of the helm that he reeled here and there, and he had fallen down had not his men recovered him.

So God me help, said King Arthur, that same knight with the many colours is a good knight. Wherefore the king called unto him Sir Launcelot, and prayed him to encounter with that knight. Sir, said Launcelot, I may well find in my heart for to forbear him as at this time, for he hath had travail enough this day; and when a good knight doth so well upon some day, it is no good knight's part to let him of his worship, and namely, when he seeth a knight hath done so great labour; for peradventure, said Sir Launcelot,

his quarrel is here this day, and peradventure he is best beloved with this lady of all that be here; for I see well he paineth him and enforceth him to do great deeds, and therefore, said Sir Launcelot, as for me, this day he shall have the honour; though it lay in my power to put him from it I would not.

**CHAPTER XXIX. Yet of the said tournament.** THEN when this was done there was drawing of swords, and then there began a sore tournament. And there did Sir Lamorak marvellous deeds of arms; and betwixt Sir Lamorak and Sir Ironside, that was the Red Knight of the Red Launds, there was strong battle; and betwixt Sir Palamides and Bleoberis there was a strong battle; and Sir Gawaine and Sir Tristram met, and there Sir Gawaine had the worse, for he pulled Sir Gawaine from his horse, and there he was long upon foot, and defouled. Then came in Sir Launcelot, and he smote Sir Turquine, and he him; and then came Sir Carados his brother, and both at once they assailed him, and he as the most noblest knight of the world worshipfully fought with them both, that all men wondered of the noblesse of Sir Launcelot. And then came in Sir Gareth, and knew that it was Sir Launcelot that fought with the two perilous knights. And then Sir Gareth came with his good horse and hurtled them in-sunder, and no stroke would he smite to Sir Launcelot. That espied Sir Launcelot, and deemed it should be the good knight Sir Gareth: and then Sir Gareth rode here and there, and smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and all the folk might well espy where that he rode. And by fortune he met with his brother Sir Gawaine, and there he put Sir Gawaine to the worse, for he put off his helm, and so he served five or six knights of the Round Table, that all men said he put him in the most pain, and best he did his devoir. For when Sir Tristram beheld him how he first jousted and after fought so well with a sword, then he rode unto Sir Ironside and to Sir Persant of Inde, and asked them, by their faith, What manner a knight is yonder knight that seemeth in so many divers colours? Truly, meseemeth, said Tristram, that he putteth himself in great pain, for he never ceaseth. Wot ye not what he is? said Sir Ironside. No, said Sir Tristram. Then shall ye know that this is he that loveth the lady of the castle, and she him again; and this is he that won me when I besieged the lady of this castle, and this is he that won Sir Persant of Inde, and his three brethren. What is his name, said Sir Tristram, and of what blood is he come? He was called in the court of King Arthur, Beaumains, but his right name is Sir Gareth of Orkney, brother to Sir Gawaine. By my head, said Sir Tristram, he is a good knight, and a big man of arms, and if he be young he shall prove a full noble knight. He is but a child, they all said, and of Sir Launcelot he was made knight. Therefore he is mickle the better, said Tristram. And then Sir Tristram, Sir Ironside, Sir Persant, and his brother, rode together for to help Sir Gareth; and then there were given many strong strokes.

And then Sir Gareth rode out on the one side to amend his helm; and then said his dwarf: Take me your ring, that ye lose it not while that ye drink. And so when he had drunk he gat on his helm, and eagerly took his horse and rode into the field, and left his ring with his dwarf; and the dwarf was glad the ring was from him, for then he wist well he should be known. And then when Sir Gareth was in the field all folks saw him well and plainly that he was in yellow colours; and there he rased off helms and pulled down knights, that King Arthur had marvel what knight he was, for the king saw by his hair that it was the same knight.

**CHAPTER XXX. How Sir Gareth was espied by the heralds, and how he escaped out of the field.** But before he was in so many colours, and now he is but in one colour; that is yellow. Now go, said King Arthur unto divers heralds, and ride about him, and espy what manner knight he is, for I have spered of many knights this day that be upon his party, and all say they know him not. And so an herald rode nigh Gareth as he could; and there he saw written about his helm in gold, This helm is Sir Gareth of Orkney. Then the herald cried as he were wood, and many heralds with him:—This is Sir Gareth of Orkney in the yellow arms; wherby all kings and knights of Arthur's beheld him and awaited; and then they pressed all to behold him, and ever the heralds cried: This is Sir Gareth of Orkney, King Lot's son. And when Sir Gareth espied that he was discovered, then he doubled his strokes, and smote

down Sir Sagamore, and his brother Sir Gawaine. O brother, said Sir Gawaine, I weened ye would not have stricken me.

So when he heard him say so he thrang here and there, and so with great pain he gat out of the press, and there he met with his dwarf. O boy, said Sir Gareth, thou hast beguiled me foul this day that thou kept my ring; give it me anon again, that I may hide my body withal; and so he took it him. And then they all wist not where he was become; and Sir Gawaine had in manner espied where Sir Gareth rode, and then he rode after with all his might. That espied Sir Gareth, and rode lightly into the forest, that Sir Gawaine wist not where he was become. And when Sir Gareth wist that Sir Gawaine was passed, he asked the dwarf of best counsel. Sir, said the dwarf, meseemeth it were best, now that ye are escaped from spying, that ye send my lady Dame Lionesse her ring. It is well advised, said Sir Gareth; now have it here and bear it to her, and say that I recommend me unto her good grace, and say her I will come when I may, and I pray her to be true and faithful to me as I will be to her. Sir, said the dwarf, it shall be done as ye command: and so he rode his way, and did his errand unto the lady. Then she said, Where is my knight, Sir Gareth? Madam, said the dwarf, he bade me say that he would not be long from you. And so lightly the dwarf came again unto Sir Gareth, that would full fain have had a lodging, for he had need to be reposed. And then fell there a thunder and a rain, as heaven and earth should go together. And Sir Gareth was not a little weary, for of all that day he had but little rest, neither his horse nor he. So this Sir Gareth rode so long in that forest until the night came. And ever it lightened and thundered, as it had been wood. At the last by fortune he came to a castle, and there he heard the waits upon the walls.

**CHAPTER XXXI. How Sir Gareth came to a castle where he was well lodged, and he jousted with a knight and slew him.** THEN Sir Gareth rode unto the barbican of the castle, and prayed the porter fair to let him into the castle. The porter answered ungoodly again, and said, Thou gettest no lodging here. Fair sir, say not so, for I am a knight of King Arthur's, and pray the lord or the lady of this castle to give me harbour for the love of King Arthur. Then the porter went unto the duchess, and told her how there was a knight of King Arthur's would have harbour. Let him in, said the duchess, for I will see that knight, and for King Arthur's sake he shall not be harbourless. Then she yode up into a tower over the gate, with great torchlight.

When Sir Gareth saw that torch-light he cried on high: Whether thou be lord or lady, giant or champion, I take no force so that I may have harbour this night; and if it so be that I must needs fight, spare me not to-morn when I have rested me, for both I and mine horse be weary. Sir knight, said the lady, thou speakest knightly and boldly; but wit thou well the lord of this castle loveth not King Arthur, nor none of his court, for my lord hath ever been against him; and therefore thou were better not to come within this castle; for an thou come in this night, thou must come in under such form, that wheresomever thou meet my lord, by stigh or by street, thou must yield thee to him as prisoner. Madam, said Sir Gareth, what is your lord, and what is his name? Sir, my lord's name is the Duke de la Rowse. Well madam, said Sir Gareth, I shall promise you in what place I meet your lord I shall yield me unto him and to his good grace; with that I understand he will do me no harm: and if I understand that he will, I will release myself an I can with my spear and my sword. Ye say well, said the duchess; and then she let the drawbridge down, and so he rode into the hall, and there he alighted, and his horse was led into a stable; and in the hall he unarmed him and said, Madam, I will not out of this hall this night; and when it is daylight, let see who will have ado with me, he shall find me ready. Then was he set unto supper, and had many good dishes. Then Sir Gareth list well to eat, and knightly he ate his meat, and eagerly; there was many a fair lady by him, and some said they never saw a goodlier man nor so well of eating. Then they made him passing good cheer, and shortly when he had supped his bed was made there; so he rested him all night.

And on the morn he heard mass, and brake his fast and took his leave at the duchess, and at them all; and thanked her goodly

of her lodging, and of his good cheer; and then she asked him his name. Madam, he said, truly my name is Gareth of Orkney, and some men call me Beaumains. Then knew she well it was the same knight that fought for Dame Lionesse. So Sir Gareth departed and rode up into a mountain, and there met him a knight, his name was Sir Bendelaine, and said to Sir Gareth: Thou shalt not pass this way, for either thou shalt joust with me, or else be my prisoner. Then will I joust, said Sir Gareth. And so they let their horses run, and there Sir Gareth smote him throughout the body; and Sir Bendelaine rode forth to his castle there beside, and there died. So Sir Gareth would have rested him, and he came riding to Bendelaine's castle. Then his knights and servants espied that it was he that had slain their lord. Then they armed twenty good men, and came out and assailed Sir Gareth; and so he had no spear, but his sword, and put his shield afore him; and there they brake their spears upon him, and they assailed him passingly sore. But ever Sir Gareth defended him as a knight.

**CHAPTER XXXII. How Sir Gareth fought with a knight that held within his castle thirty ladies, and how he slew him.** SO when they saw that they might not overcome him, they rode from him, and took their counsel to slay his horse; and so they came in upon Sir Gareth, and with spears they slew his horse, and then they assailed him hard. But when he was on foot, there was none that he fought but he gave him such a buffet that he did never recover. So he slew them by one and one till they were but four, and there they fled; and Sir Gareth took a good horse that was one of theirs, and rode his way.

Then he rode a great pace till that he came to a castle, and there he heard much mourning of ladies and gentlewomen. So there came by him a page. What noise is this, said Sir Gareth, that I hear within this castle? Sir knight, said the page, here be within this castle thirty ladies, and all they be widows; for here is a knight that waiteth daily upon this castle, and his name is the Brown Knight without Pity, and he is the periloust knight that now liveth; and therefore sir, said the page, I rede you flee. Nay, said Sir Gareth, I will not flee though thou be afraid of him. And then the page saw where came the Brown Knight: Lo, said the page, yonder he cometh. Let me deal with him, said Sir Gareth. And when either of other had a sight they let their horses run, and the Brown Knight brake his spear, and Sir Gareth smote him throughout the body, that he overthrew him to the ground stark dead. So Sir Gareth rode into the castle, and prayed the ladies that he might repose him. Alas, said the ladies, ye may not be lodged here. Make him good cheer, said the page, for this knight hath slain your enemy. Then they all made him good cheer as lay in their power. But wit ye well they made him good cheer, for they might none otherwise do, for they were but poor.

And so on the morn he went to mass, and there he saw the thirty ladies kneel, and lay grovelling upon divers tombs, making great dole and sorrow. Then Sir Gareth wist well that in the tombs lay their lords. Fair ladies, said Sir Gareth, ye must at the next feast of Pentecost be at the court of King Arthur, and say that I, Sir Gareth, sent you thither. We shall do this, said the ladies. So he departed, and by fortune he came to a mountain, and there he found a goodly knight that bade him, Abide sir knight, and joust with me. What are ye? said Sir Gareth. My name is, said he, the Duke de la Rowse. Ah sir, ye are the same knight that I lodged once in your castle; and there I made promise unto your lady that I should yield me unto you. Ah, said the duke, art thou that proud knight that profferest to fight with my knights; therefore make thee ready, for I will have ad with you. So they let their horses run, and there Sir Gareth smote the duke down from his horse. But the duke lightly avoided his horse, and dressed his shield and drew his sword, and bade Sir Gareth alight and fight with him. So he did alight, and they did great battle together more than an hour, and either hurt other full sore. At the last Sir Gareth gat the duke to the earth, and would have slain him, and then he yield him to him. Then must ye go, said Sir Gareth, unto Sir Arthur my lord at the next feast, and say that I, Sir Gareth of Orkney, sent you unto him. It shall be done, said the duke, and I will do to you homage and fealty with an hundred knights with me; and all the days of my life to do you service where ye will command me.

**CHAPTER XXXIII. How Sir Gareth and Sir Gawaine fought each against other, and how they knew each other by the damosel Linet.** SO the duke departed, and Sir Gareth stood there alone; and there he saw an armed knight coming toward him. Then Sir Gareth took the duke's shield, and mounted upon horseback, and so without bidding they ran together as it had been the thunder. And there that knight hurt Sir Gareth under the side with his spear. And then they alighted and drew their swords, and gave great strokes that the blood trailed to the ground. And so they fought two hours.

At the last there came the damosel Linet, that some men called the damosel Savage, and she came riding upon an ambling mule; and there she cried all on high, Sir Gawaine, Sir Gawaine, leave thy fighting with thy brother Sir Gareth. And when he heard her say so he threw away his shield and his sword, and ran to Sir Gareth, and took him in his arms, and sithen kneeled down and asked him mercy. What are ye, said Sir Gareth, that right now were so strong and so mighty, and now so suddenly yield you to me? O Gareth, I am your brother Sir Gawaine, that for your sake have had great sorrow and labour. Then Sir Gareth unlaced his helm, and kneeled down to him, and asked him mercy. Then they rose both, and embraced either other in their arms, and wept a great while or they might speak, and either of them gave other the prize of the battle. And there were many kind words between them. Alas, my fair brother, said Sir Gawaine, perdy I owe of right to worship you an ye were not my brother, for ye have worshipped King Arthur and all his court, for ye have sent him more worshipful knights this twelvemonth than six the best of the Round Table have done, except Sir Launcelot.

Then came the damosel Savage that was the Lady Linet, that rode with Sir Gareth so long, and there she did staunch Sir Gareth's wounds and Sir Gawaine's. Now what will ye do? said the damosel Savage; meseemeth that it were well done that Arthur had witting of you both, for your horses are so bruised that they may not bear. Now, fair damosel, said Sir Gawaine, I pray you ride unto my lord mine uncle, King Arthur, and tell him what adventure is to me betid here, and I suppose he will not tarry long. Then she took her mule, and lightly she came to King Arthur that was but two mile thence. And when she had told him tidings the king bade get him a palfrey. And when he was upon his back he bade the lords and ladies come after, who that would; and there was saddling and bridling of queens' horses and princes' horses, and well was him that soonest might be ready.

So when the king came thereas they were, he saw Sir Gawaine and Sir Gareth sit upon a little hill-side, and then the king avoided his horse. And when he came nigh Sir Gareth he would have spoken but he might not; and therewith he sank down in a swoon for gladness. And so they stert unto their uncle, and required him of his good grace to be of good comfort. Wit ye well the king made great joy, and many a piteous complaint he made to Sir Gareth, and ever he wept as he had been a child. With that came his mother, the Queen of Orkney, Dame Morgawse, and when she saw Sir Gareth readily in the visage she might not weep, but suddenly fell down in a swoon, and lay there a great while like as she had been dead. And then Sir Gareth recomfirmed his mother in such wise that she recovered and made good cheer. Then the king commanded that all manner of knights that were under his obeissance should make their lodging right there for the love of his nephews. And so it was done, and all manner of purveyance purveyed, that there lacked nothing that might be gotten of tame nor wild for gold or silver. And then by the means of the damosel Savage Sir Gawaine and Sir Gareth were healed of their wounds; and there they sojourned eight days.

Then said King Arthur unto the damosel Savage: I marvel that your sister, Dame Lionesse, cometh not here to me, and in especial that she cometh not to visit her knight, my nephew Sir Gareth, that hath had so much travail for her love. My lord, said the damosel Linet, ye must of your good grace hold her excused, for she knoweth not that my lord, Sir Gareth, is here. Go then for her, said King Arthur, that we may be appointed what is best to be done, according to the pleasure of my nephew. Sir, said the damosel, that shall be done, and so she rode unto her sister. And as lightly as she might she made her ready; and she came on the morn

with her brother Sir Gringamore, and with her forty knights. And so when she was come she had all the cheer that might be done, both of the king, and of many other kings and queens.

**CHAPTER XXXIV. How Sir Gareth acknowledged that they loved each other to King Arthur, and of the appointment of their wedding.** AND among all these ladies she was named the fairest, and peerless. Then when Sir Gawaine saw her there was many a goodly look and goodly words, that all men of worship had joy to behold them. Then came King Arthur and many other kings, and Dame Guenever, and the Queen of Orkney. And there the king asked his nephew, Sir Gareth, whether he would have that lady as paramour, or to have her to his wife. My lord, wit you well that I love her above all ladies living. Now, fair lady, said King Arthur, what say ye? Most noble King, said Dame Lionesse, wit you well that my lord, Sir Gareth, is to me more liefer to have and wield as my husband, than any king or prince that is christened; and if I may not have him I promise you I will never have none. For, my lord Arthur, said Dame Lionesse, wit ye well he is my first love, and he shall be the last; and if ye will suffer him to have his will and free choice I dare say he will have me. That is truth, said Sir Gareth; an I have not you and wield not you as my wife, there shall never lady nor gentlewoman rejoice me. What, nephew, said the king, is the wind in that door? for wit ye well I would not for the stint of my crown to be causer to withdraw your hearts; and wit ye well ye cannot love so well but I shall rather increase it than distress it. And also ye shall have my love and my lordship in the uttermost wise that may lie in my power. And in the same wise said Sir Gareth's mother.

Then there was made a provision for the day of marriage; and by the king's advice it was provided that it should be at Michaelmas following, at Kink Kenadon by the seaside, for there is a plentiful country. And so it was cried in all the places through the realm. And then Sir Gareth sent his summons to all these knights and ladies that he had won in battle to-fore, that they should be at his day of marriage at Kink Kenadon by the sands. And then Dame Lionesse, and the damosel Linet with Sir Gringamore, rode to their castle; and a goodly and a rich ring she gave to Sir Gareth, and he gave her another. And King Arthur gave her a rich pair of beads of gold; and so she departed; and King Arthur and his fellowship rode toward Kink Kenadon, and Sir Gareth brought his lady on the way, and so came to the king again and rode with him. Lord! the great cheer that Sir Launcelot made of Sir Gareth and he of him, for there was never no knight that Sir Gareth loved so well as he did Sir Launcelot; and ever for the most part he would be in Sir Launcelot's company; for after Sir Gareth had espied Sir Gawaine's conditions, he withdrew himself from his brother, Sir Gawaine's, fellowship, for he was vengeable, and where he hated he would be avenged with murder, and that hated Sir Gareth.

**CHAPTER XXXV. Of the Great Royalty, and what officers were made at the feast of the wedding, and of the jousts at the feast.** SO it drew fast to Michaelmas; and thither came Dame Lionesse, the lady of the Castle Perilous, and her sister, Dame Linet, with Sir Gringamore, her brother, with them for he had the conduct of these ladies. And there they were lodged at the device of King Arthur. And upon Michaelmas Day the Bishop of Canterbury made the wedding betwixt Sir Gareth and the Lady Lionesse with great solemnity. And King Arthur made Gaheris to wed the Damosel Savage, that was Dame Linet; and King Arthur made Sir Agravaine to wed Dame Lionesse's niece, a fair lady, her name was Dame Laurel.

And so when this solemnization was done, then came in the Green Knight, Sir Pertolepe, with thirty knights, and there he did homage and fealty to Sir Gareth, and these knights to hold of him for evermore. Also Sir Pertolepe said: I pray you that at this feast I may be your chamberlain. With a good will, said Sir Gareth sith it liketh you to take so simple an office. Then came in the Red Knight, with three score knights with him, and did to Sir Gareth homage and fealty, and all those knights to hold of him for evermore. And then this Sir Perimones prayed Sir Gareth to grant him to be his chief butler at that high feast. I will well, said Sir Gareth, that ye have this office, and it were better. Then came in Sir Persant of Inde, with an hundred knights with him, and there

he did homage and fealty, and all his knights should do him service, and hold their lands of him for ever; and there he prayed Sir Gareth to make him his sewer-chief at the feast. I will well, said Sir Gareth, that ye have it and it were better. Then came the Duke de la Rowse with an hundred knights with him, and there he did homage and fealty to Sir Gareth, and so to hold their lands of him for ever. And he required Sir Gareth that he might serve him of the wine that day of that feast. I will well, said Sir Gareth, and it were better. Then came in the Red Knight of the Red Launds, that was Sir Ironside, and he brought with him three hundred knights, and there he did homage and fealty, and all these knights to hold their lands of him for ever. And then he asked Sir Gareth to be his carver. I will well, said Sir Gareth, an it please you.

Then came into the court thirty ladies, and all they seemed widows, and those thirty ladies brought with them many fair gentlewomen. And all they kneeled down at once unto King Arthur and unto Sir Gareth, and there all those ladies told the king how Sir Gareth delivered them from the dolorous tower, and slew the Brown Knight without Pity: And therefore we, and our heirs for evermore, will do homage unto Sir Gareth of Orkney. So then the kings and queens, princes and earls, barons and many bold knights, went unto meat; and well may ye wit there were all manner of meat plenteously, all manner revels and games, with all manner of minstrelsy that was used in those days. Also there was great jousts three days. But the king would not suffer Sir Gareth to joust, because of his new bride; for, as the French book saith, that Dame Lionesse desired of the king that none that were wedded should joust at that feast.

So the first day there jousted Sir Lamorak de Galis, for he overthrew thirty knights, and did passing marvellously deeds of arms; and then King Arthur made Sir Persant and his two brethren Knights of the Round Table to their lives' end, and gave them great lands. Also the second day there jousted Tristram best, and he overthrew forty knights, and did there marvellous deeds of arms. And there King Arthur made Ironside, that was the Red Knight of the Red Launds, a Knight of the Table Round to his life's end, and gave him great lands. The third day there jousted Sir Launcelot du Lake, and he overthrew fifty knights, and did many marvellous deeds of arms, that all men wondered on him. And there King Arthur made the Duke de la Rowse a Knight of the Round Table to his life's end, and gave him great lands to spend. But when these jousts were done, Sir Lamorak and Sir Tristram departed suddenly, and would not be known, for the which King Arthur and all the court were sore displeased. And so they held the court forty days with great solemnity. And this Sir Gareth was a noble knight, and a well-ruled, and fair-languaged.

Thus endeth this tale of Sir Gareth of Orkney that wedded Dame Lionesse of the Castle Perilous. And also Sir Gaheris wedded her sister, Dame Linet, that was called the Damosel Sabage. And Sir Agravaine wedded Dame Laurel, a fair lady and great, and mighty lands with great riches gave with them King Arthur, that royally they might live till their lives' end.

Here followeth the viii. book, the which is the first book of Sir Tristram de Liones, and who was his father and his mother, and how he was born and fostered, and how he was made knight.

## BOOK VIII.

**CHAPTER I. How Sir Tristram de Liones was born, and how his mother died at his birth, wherefore she named him Tristram.** IT was a king that hight Meliodas, and he was lord and king of the country of Liones, and this Meliodas was a likely knight as any was that time living. And by fortune he wedded King Mark's sister of Cornwall, and she was called Elizabeth, that was called both good and fair. And at that time King Arthur reigned, and he was whole king of England, Wales, and Scotland, and of many other realms: howbeit there were many kings that were lords of many countries, but all they held their lands of King Arthur; for in Wales were two kings, and in the north were many kings; and in Cornwall and in the west were two kings; also in Ireland were two or three kings, and all were under the obeissance of King Arthur. So was the King of France, and the King of Brittany, and all the lordships unto Rome.

So when this King Meliodas had been with his wife, within a while she waxed great with child, and she was a full meek lady, and well she loved her lord, and he her again, so there was great joy betwixt them. Then there was a lady in that country that had loved King Meliodas long, and by no mean she never could get his love; therefore she let ordain upon a day, as King Meliodas rode a-hunting, for he was a great chaser, and there by an enchantment she made him chase an hart by himself alone till that he came to an old castle, and there anon he was taken prisoner by the lady that him loved. When Elizabeth, King Meliodas' wife, missed her lord, and she was nigh out of her wit, and also as great with child as she was, she took a gentlewoman with her, and ran into the forest to seek her lord. And when she was far in the forest she might no farther, for she began to travail fast of her child. And she had many grimly throes; her gentlewoman helped her all that she might, and so by miracle of Our Lady of Heaven she was delivered with great pains. But she had taken such cold for the default of help that deep draughts of death took her, that needs she must die and depart out of this world; there was none other bote.

And when this Queen Elizabeth saw that there was none other bote, then she made great dole, and said unto her gentlewoman: When ye see my lord, King Meliodas, recommend me unto him, and tell him what pains I endure here for his love, and how I must die here for his sake for default of good help; and let him wit that I am full sorry to depart out of this world from him, therefore pray him to be friend to my soul. Now let me see my little child, for whom I have had all this sorrow. And when she saw him she said thus: Ah, my little son, thou hast murdered thy mother, and therefore I suppose, thou that art a murderer so young, thou art full likely to be a manly man in thine age. And because I shall die of the birth of thee, I charge thee, gentlewoman, that thou pray my lord, King Meliodas, that when he is christened let call him Tristram, that is as much to say as a sorrowful birth. And therewith this queen gave up the ghost and died. Then the gentlewoman laid her under an umbre of a great tree, and then she lapped the child as well as she might for cold. Right so there came the barons, following after the queen, and when they saw that she was dead, and understood none other but the king was destroyed, then certain of them would have slain the child, because they would have been lords of the country of Lioness.

**CHAPTER II. How the stepmother of Sir Tristram had ordained poison for to have poisoned Sir Tristram.** BUT then through the fair speech of the gentlewoman, and by the means that she made, the most part of the barons would not assent thereto. And then they let carry home the dead queen, and much dole was made for her.

Then this meanwhile Merlin delivered King Meliodas out of prison on the morn after his queen was dead. And so when the king was come home the most part of the barons made great joy. But the sorrow that the king made for his queen that might no tongue tell. So then the king let inter her richly, and after he let christen his child as his wife had commanded afore her death. And then he let call him Tristram, the sorrowful born child. Then the King Meliodas endured seven years without a wife, and all this time Tristram was nourished well. Then it befell that King Meliodas wedded King Howell's daughter of Britanny, and anon she had children of King Meliodas: then was she heavy and wroth that her children should not rejoice the country of Lioness, wherefore this queen ordained for to poison young Tristram. So she let poison be put in a piece of silver in the chamber whereas Tristram and her children were together, unto that intent that when Tristram were thirsty he should drink that drink. And so it fell upon a day, the queen's son, as he was in that chamber, espied the piece with poison, and he weened it had been good drink, and because the child was thirsty he took the piece with poison and drank freely; and therewithal suddenly the child brast and was dead.

When the queen of Meliodas wist of the death of her son, wit ye well that she was heavy. But yet the king understood nothing of her treason. Notwithstanding the queen would not leave this, but eft she let ordain more poison, and put it in a piece. And by fortune King Meliodas, her husband, found the piece with wine where was the poison, and he that was much thirsty took the piece

for to drink thereof. And as he would have drunken thereof the queen espied him, and then she ran unto him, and pulled the piece from him suddenly. The king marvelled why she did so, and remembered him how her son was suddenly slain with poison. And then he took her by the hand, and said: Thou false traitress, thou shalt tell me what manner of drink this is, or else I shall slay thee. And therewith he pulled out his sword, and sware a great oath that he should slay her but if she told him truth. Ah! mercy, my lord, said she, and I shall tell you all. And then she told him why she would have slain Tristram, because her children should rejoice his land. Well, said King Meliodas, and therefore shall ye have the law. And so she was condemned by the assent of the barons to be burnt; and then was there made a great fire, and right as she was at the fire to take her execution, young Tristram kneeled afore King Meliodas, and besought him to give him a boon. I will well, said the king again. Then said young Tristram, Give me the life of thy queen, my stepmother. That is unrightfully asked, said King Meliodas, for thou ought of right to hate her, for she would have slain thee with that poison an she might have had her will; and for thy sake most is my cause that she should die.

Sir, said Tristram, as for that, I beseech you of your mercy that you will forgive it her, and as for my part, God forgive it her, and I do; and so much it liked your highness to grant me my boon, for God's love I require you hold your promise. Sithen it is so, said the king, I will that ye have her life. Then, said the king, I give her to you, and go ye to the fire and take her, and do with her what ye will. So Sir Tristram went to the fire, and by the commandment of the king delivered her from the death. But after that King Meliodas would never have ado with her, as at bed and board. But by the good means of young Tristram he made the king and her accorded. But then the king would not suffer young Tristram to abide no longer in his court.

**CHAPTER III. How Sir Tristram was sent into France, and had one to govern him named Gouvernail, and how he learned to harp, hawk, and hunt.** AND then he let ordain a gentleman that was well learned and taught, his name was Gouvernail; and then he sent young Tristram with Gouvernail into France to learn the language, and nurture, and deeds of arms. And there was Tristram more than seven years. And then when he well could speak the language, and had learned all that he might learn in that country, then he came home to his father, King Meliodas, again. And so Tristram learned to be an harper passing all other, that there was none such called in no country, and so on harping and on instruments of music he applied him in his youth for to learn.

And after, as he grew in might and strength, he laboured ever in hunting and in hawking, so that never gentleman more, that ever we heard read of. And as the book saith, he began good measures of blowing of beasts of venery, and beasts of chase, and all manner of vermin, and all these terms we have yet of hawking and hunting. And therefore the book of venery, of hawking, and hunting, is called the book of Sir Tristram. Wherefore, as meseemeth, all gentlemen that bear old arms ought of right to honour Sir Tristram for the goodly terms that gentlemen have and use, and shall to the day of doom, that thereby in a manner all men of worship may dissever a gentleman from a yeoman, and from a yeoman a villain. For he that gentle is will draw him unto gentle tatches, and to follow the customs of noble gentlemen.

Thus Sir Tristram endured in Cornwall until he was big and strong, of the age of eighteen years. And then the King Meliodas had great joy of Sir Tristram, and so had the queen, his wife. For ever after in her life, because Sir Tristram saved her from the fire, she did never hate him more after, but loved him ever after, and gave Tristram many great gifts; for every estate loved him, where that he went.

**CHAPTER IV. How Sir Marhaus came out of Ireland for to ask truage of Cornwall, or else he would fight therefore.** THEN it befell that King Anguish of Ireland sent unto King Mark of Cornwall for his truage, that Cornwall had paid many winters. And all that time King Mark was behind of the truage for seven years. And King Mark and his barons gave unto the messenger of Ireland these words and answer, that they would none pay; and

bade the messenger go unto his King Anguish, and tell him we will pay him no truage, but tell your lord, an he will always have truage of us of Cornwall, bid him send a trusty knight of his land, that will fight for his right, and we shall find another for to defend our right. With this answer the messengers departed into Ireland. And when King Anguish understood the answer of the messengers he was wonderly wroth. And then he called unto him Sir Marhaus, the good knight, that was nobly proved, and a Knight of the Table Round. And this Marhaus was brother unto the queen of Ireland. Then the king said thus: Fair brother, Sir Marhaus, I pray you go into Cornwall for my sake, and do battle for our truage that of right we ought to have; and whosoever ye spend ye shall have sufficiently, more than ye shall need. Sir, said Marhaus, wit ye well that I shall not be loath to do battle in the right of you and your land with the best knight of the Table Round; for I know them, for the most part, what be their deeds; and for to advance my deeds and to increase my worship I will right gladly go unto this journey for our right.

So in all haste there was made purveyance for Sir Marhaus, and he had all things that to him needed; and so he departed out of Ireland, and arrived up in Cornwall even fast by the Castle of Tintagil. And when King Mark understood that he was there arrived to fight for Ireland, then made King Mark great sorrow when he understood that the good and noble knight Sir Marhaus was come. For they knew no knight that durst have ado with him. For at that time Sir Marhaus was called one of the famousest and renowned knights of the world. And thus Sir Marhaus abode in the sea, and every day he sent unto King Mark for to pay the truage that was behind of seven year, other else to find a knight to fight with him for the truage. This manner of message Sir Marhaus sent daily unto King Mark.

Then they of Cornwall let make cries in every place, that what knight would fight for to save the truage of Cornwall, he should be rewarded so that he should fare the better, term of his life. Then some of the barons said to King Mark, and counselled him to send to the court of King Arthur for to seek Sir Launcelot du Lake, that was that time named for the marvelloust knight of all the world. Then there were some other barons that counselled the king not to do so, and said that it was labour in vain, because Sir Marhaus was a knight of the Round Table, therefore any of them will be loath to have ado with other, but if it were any knight at his own request would fight disguised and unknown. So the king and all his barons assented that it was no bote to seek any knight of the Round Table. This mean while came the language and the noise unto King Meliodas, how that Sir Marhaus abode battle fast by Tintagil, and how King Mark could find no manner knight to fight for him. When young Tristram heard of this he was wroth, and sore ashamed that there durst no knight in Cornwall have ado with Sir Marhaus of Ireland.

**CHAPTER V. How Tristram enterprized the battle to fight for the truage of Cornwall, and how he was made knight.** THEREWITHAL Tristram went unto his father, King Meliodas, and asked him counsel what was best to do for to recover Cornwall from truage. For, as meseemeth, said Sir Tristram, it were shame that Sir Marhaus, the queen's brother of Ireland, should go away unless that he were foughten withal. As for that, said King Meliodas, wit you well, son Tristram, that Sir Marhaus is called one of the best knights of the world, and Knight of the Table Round; and therefore I know no knight in this country that is able to match with him. Alas, said Sir Tristram, that I am not made knight; and if Sir Marhaus should thus depart into Ireland, God let me never have worship: an I were made knight I should match him. And sir, said Tristram, I pray you give me leave to ride to King Mark; and, so ye be not displeased, of King Mark will I be made knight. I will well, said King Meliodas, that ye be ruled as your courage will rule you. Then Sir Tristram thanked his father much. And then he made him ready to ride into Cornwall.

In the meanwhile there came a messenger with letters of love from King Faramon of France's daughter unto Sir Tristram, that were full piteous letters, and in them were written many complaints of love; but Sir Tristram had no joy of her letters nor regard unto her. Also she sent him a little brachet that was passing

fair. But when the king's daughter understood that Sir Tristram would not love her, as the book saith, she died for sorrow. And then the same squire that brought the letter and the brachet came again unto Sir Tristram, as after ye shall hear in the tale.

So this young Sir Tristram rode unto his eme, King Mark of Cornwall. And when he came there he heard say that there would no knight fight with Sir Marhaus. Then yede Sir Tristram unto his eme and said: Sir, if ye will give me the order of knighthood, I will do battle with Sir Marhaus. What are ye, said the king, and from whence be ye come? Sir, said Tristram, I come from King Meliodas that wedded your sister, and a gentleman wit ye well I am. King Mark beheld Sir Tristram and saw that he was but a young man of age, but he was passingly well made and big. Fair sir, said the king, what is your name, and where were ye born? Sir, said he again, my name is Tristram, and in the country of Liones was I born. Ye say well, said the king; and if ye will do this battle I shall make you knight. Therefore I come to you, said Sir Tristram, and for none other cause. But then King Mark made him knight. And therewithal, anon as he had made him knight, he sent a messenger unto Sir Marhaus with letters that said that he had found a young knight ready for to take the battle to the uttermost. It may well be, said Sir Marhaus; but tell King Mark I will not fight with no knight but he be of blood royal, that is to say, other king's son, other queen's son, born of a prince or princess.

When King Mark understood that, he sent for Sir Tristram de Liones and told him what was the answer of Sir Marhaus. Then said Sir Tristram: Sithen that he saith so, let him wit that I am come of father side and mother side of as noble blood as he is: for, sir, now shall ye know that I am King Meliodas' son, born of your own sister, Dame Elizabeth, that died in the forest in the birth of me. O Jesu, said King Mark, ye are welcome fair nephew to me. Then in all the haste the king let horse Sir Tristram, and armed him in the best manner that might be had or gotten for gold or silver. And then King Mark sent unto Sir Marhaus, and did him to wit that a better born man than he was himself should fight with him, and his name is Sir Tristram de Liones, gotten of King Meliodas, and born of King Mark's sister. Then was Sir Marhaus glad and blithe that he should fight with such a gentleman. And so by the assent of King Mark and of Sir Marhaus they let ordain that they should fight within an island nigh Sir Marhaus' ships; and so was Sir Tristram put into a vessel both his horse and he, and all that to him longed both for his body and for his horse. Sir Tristram lacked nothing. And when King Mark and his barons of Cornwall beheld how young Sir Tristram departed with such a carriage to fight for the right of Cornwall, there was neither man nor woman of worship but they wept to see and understand so young a knight to jeopardy himself for their right.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Tristram arrived into the Island for to furnish the battle with Sir Marhaus.** SO to shorten this tale, when Sir Tristram was arrived within the island he looked to the farther side, and there he saw at an anchor six ships nigh to the land; and under the shadow of the ships upon the land, there hoved the noble knight, Sir Marhaus of Ireland. Then Sir Tristram commanded his servant Gouvernail to bring his horse to the land, and dress his harness at all manner of rights. And then when he had so done he mounted upon his horse; and when he was in his saddle well apparelled, and his shield dressed upon his shoulder, Tristram asked Gouvernail, Where is this knight that I shall have ado withal? Sir, said Gouvernail, see ye him not? I weened ye had seen him; yonder he hoveth under the umbre of his ships on horseback, with his spear in his hand and his shield upon his shoulder. That is truth, said the noble knight, Sir Tristram, now I see him well enough.

Then he commanded his servant Gouvernail to go to his vessel again: And commend me unto mine eme King Mark, and pray him, if that I be slain in this battle, for to inter my body as him seemed best; and as for me, let him wit that I will never yield me for cowardice; and if I be slain and flee not, then they have lost no truage for me; and if so be that I flee or yield me as recreant, bid mine eme never bury me in Christian burials. And upon thy life, said Sir Tristram to Gouvernail, come thou not nigh this island till that thou see me overcome or slain, or else that I win yonder

knight. So either departed from other sore weeping.

**CHAPTER VII. How Sir Tristram fought against Sir Marhaus and achieved his battle, and how Sir Marhaus fled to his ship.** AND then Sir Marhaus avised Sir Tristram, and said thus: Young knight, Sir Tristram, what dost thou here? me sore repenteth of thy courage, for wit thou well I have been assayed, and the best knights of this land have been assayed of my hand; and also I have matched with the best knights of the world, and therefore by my counsel return again unto thy vessel. And fair knight, and well-proved knight, said Sir Tristram, thou shalt well wit I may not forsake thee in this quarrel, for I am for thy sake made knight. And thou shalt well wit that I am a king's son born, and gotten upon a queen; and such promise I have made at my uncle's request and mine own seeking, that I shall fight with thee unto the uttermost, and deliver Cornwall from the old truage. And also wit thou well, Sir Marhaus, that this is the greatest cause that thou couragest me to have ado with thee, for thou art called one of the most renowned knights of the world, and because of that noise and fame that thou hast thou givest me courage to have ado with thee, for never yet was I proved with good knight; and sithen I took the order of knighthood this day, I am well pleased that I may have ado with so good a knight as thou art. And now wit thou well, Sir Marhaus, that I cast me to get worship on thy body; and if that I be not proved, I trust to God that I shall be worshipfully proved upon thy body, and to deliver the country of Cornwall for ever from all manner of truage from Ireland for ever.

When Sir Marhaus had heard him say what he would, he said then thus again: Fair knight, sithen it is so that thou castest to win worship of me, I let thee wit worship may thou none lose by me if thou mayest stand me three strokes; for I let thee wit for my noble deeds, proved and seen, King Arthur made me Knight of the Table Round.

Then they began to feutre their spears, and they met so fiercely together that they smote either other down, both horse and all. But Sir Marhaus smote Sir Tristram a great wound in the side with his spear, and then they avoided their horses, and pulled out their swords, and threw their shields afore them. And then they lashed together as men that were wild and courageous. And when they had stricken so together long, then they left their strokes, and foined at their breaths and visors; and when they saw that that might not prevail them, then they hurtled together like rams to bear either other down. Thus they fought still more than half a day, and either were wounded passing sore, that the blood ran down freshly from them upon the ground. By then Sir Tristram waxed more fresher than Sir Marhaus, and better winded and bigger; and with a mighty stroke he smote Sir Marhaus upon the helm such a buffet that it went through his helm, and through the coif of steel, and through the brain-pan, and the sword stuck so fast in the helm and in his brain-pan that Sir Tristram pulled thrice at his sword or ever he might pull it out from his head; and there Marhaus fell down on his knees, the edge of Tristram's sword left in his brain-pan. And suddenly Sir Marhaus rose grovelling, and threw his sword and his shield from him, and so ran to his ships and fled his way, and Sir Tristram had ever his shield and his sword.

And when Sir Tristram saw Sir Marhaus withdraw him, he said: Ah! Sir Knight of the Round Table, why withdrawest thou thee? thou dost thyself and thy kin great shame, for I am but a young knight, or now I was never proved, and rather than I should withdraw me from thee, I had rather be hewn in an hundred pieces. Sir Marhaus answered no word but yede his way sore groaning. Well, Sir Knight, said Sir Tristram, I promise thee thy sword and thy shield shall be mine; and thy shield shall I wear in all places where I ride on mine adventures, and in the sight of King Arthur and all the Round Table.

**CHAPTER VIII. How Sir Marhaus after that he was arrived in Ireland died of the stroke that Sir Tristram had given him, and how Tristram was hurt.** ANON Sir Marhaus and his fellowship departed into Ireland. And as soon as he came to the king, his brother, he let search his wounds. And when his head was searched a piece of Sir Tristram's sword was found therein, and might never be had out of his head for no surgeons, and so

he died of Sir Tristram's sword; and that piece of the sword the queen, his sister, kept it for ever with her, for she thought to be revenged an she might.

Now turn we again unto Sir Tristram, that was sore wounded, and full sore bled that he might not within a little while, when he had taken cold, unneth the stir him of his limbs. And then he set him down softly upon a little hill, and bled fast. Then anon came Gouvernail, his man, with his vessel; and the king and his barons came with procession against him. And when he was come unto the land, King Mark took him in his arms, and the king and Sir Dinas, the seneschal, led Sir Tristram into the castle of Tintagil. And then was he searched in the best manner, and laid in his bed. And when King Mark saw his wounds he wept heartily, and so did all his lords. So God me help, said King Mark, I would not for all my lands that my nephew died. So Sir Tristram lay there a month and more, and ever he was like to die of that stroke that Sir Marhaus smote him first with the spear. For, as the French book saith, the spear's head was envenomed, that Sir Tristram might not be whole. Then was King Mark and all his barons passing heavy, for they deemed none other but that Sir Tristram should not recover. Then the king let send after all manner of leeches and surgeons, both unto men and women, and there was none that would behote him the life. Then came there a lady that was a right wise lady, and she said plainly unto King Mark, and to Sir Tristram, and to all his barons, that he should never be whole but if Sir Tristram went in the same country that the venom came from, and in that country should he be holpen or else never. Thus said the lady unto the king.

When King Mark understood that, he let purvey for Sir Tristram a fair vessel, well victualled, and therein was put Sir Tristram, and Gouvernail with him, and Sir Tristram took his harp with him, and so he was put into the sea to sail into Ireland; and so by good fortune he arrived up in Ireland, even fast by a castle where the king and the queen was; and at his arrival he sat and harped in his bed a merry lay, such one heard they never none in Ireland before that time.

And when it was told the king and the queen of such a knight that was such an harper, anon the king sent for him, and let search his wounds, and then asked him his name. Then he answered, I am of the country of Liones, and my name is Tramtrist, that thus was wounded in a battle as I fought for a lady's right. So God me help, said King Anguish, ye shall have all the help in this land that ye may have here; but I let you wit, in Cornwall I had a great loss as ever had king, for there I lost the best knight of the world; his name was Marhaus, a full noble knight, and Knight of the Table Round; and there he told Sir Tristram wherefore Sir Marhaus was slain. Sir Tristram made semblant as he had been sorry, and better knew he how it was than the king.

**CHAPTER IX. How Sir Tristram was put to the keeping of La Beale Isoud first for to be healed of his wound.** THEN the king for great favour made Tramtrist to be put in his daughter's ward and keeping, because she was a noble surgeon. And when she had searched him she found in the bottom of his wound that therein was poison, and so she healed him within a while; and therefore Tramtrist cast great love to La Beale Isoud, for she was at that time the fairest maid and lady of the world. And there Tramtrist learned her to harp, and she began to have a great fantasy unto him. And at that time Sir Palamides, the Saracen, was in that country, and well cherished with the king and the queen. And every day Sir Palamides drew unto La Beale Isoud and profured her many gifts, for he loved her passingly well. All that espied Tramtrist, and full well knew he Sir Palamides for a noble knight and a mighty man. And wit you well Sir Tramtrist had great despite at Sir Palamides, for La Beale Isoud told Tramtrist that Palamides was in will to be christened for her sake. Thus was there great envy betwixt Tramtrist and Sir Palamides.

Then it befell that King Anguish let cry a great jousts and a great tournament for a lady that was called the Lady of the Launds, and she was nigh cousin unto the king. And what man won her, three days after he should wed her and have all her lands. This cry was made in England, Wales, Scotland, and also in France and in Brittany. It befell upon a day La Beale Isoud came unto Sir

Tramtrist, and told him of this tournament. He answered and said: Fair lady, I am but a feeble knight, and but late I had been dead had not your good ladyship been. Now, fair lady, what would ye I should do in this matter? well ye wot, my lady, that I may not joust. Ah, Tramtrist, said La Beale Isoud, why will ye not have ado at that tournament? well I wot Sir Palamides shall be there, and to do what he may; and therefore Tramtrist, I pray you for to be there, for else Sir Palamides is like to win the degree. Madam, said Tramtrist, as for that, it may be so, for he is a proved knight, and I am but a young knight and late made; and the first battle that I did it mishapped me to be sore wounded as ye see. But an I wist ye would be my better lady, at that tournament I will be, so that ye will keep my counsel and let no creature have knowledge that I shall joust but yourself, and such as ye will to keep your counsel, my poor person shall I jeopard there for your sake, that, peradventure, Sir Palamides shall know when that I come. Thereto, said La Beale Isoud, do your best, and as I can, said La Beale Isoud, I shall purvey horse and armour for you at my device. As ye will so be it, said Sir Tramtrist, I will be at your commandment.

So at the day of jousts there came Sir Palamides with a black shield, and he overthrew many knights, that all the people had marvel of him. For he put to the worse Sir Gawaine, Gaheris, Agravaine, Bagdemagus, Kay, Dodinas le Savage, Sagamore le Desirous, Gumret le Petit, and Griflet le Fise de Dieu. All these the first day Sir Palamides struck down to the earth. And then all manner of knights were adread of Sir Palamides, and many called him the Knight with the Black Shield. So that day Sir Palamides had great worship.

Then came King Anguish unto Tramtrist, and asked him why he would not joust. Sir, he said, I was but late hurt, and as yet I dare not adventure me. Then came there the same squire that was sent from the king's daughter of France unto Sir Tristram. And when he had espied Sir Tristram he fell flat to his feet. All that espied La Beale Isoud, what courtesy the squire made unto Sir Tristram. And therewithal suddenly Sir Tristram ran unto his squire, whose name was Hebes le Renoumes, and prayed him heartily in no wise to tell his name. Sir, said Hebes, I will not discover your name but if ye command me.

**CHAPTER X. How Sir Tristram won the degree at a tournament in Ireland, and there made Palamides to bear no more harness in a year.** THEN Sir Tristram asked him what he did in those countries. Sir, he said, I came hither with Sir Gawaine for to be made knight, and if it please you, of your hands that I may be made knight. Await upon me as to-morn secretly, and in the field I shall make you a knight.

Then had La Beale Isoud great suspicion unto Tramtrist, that he was some man of worship proved, and therewith she comforted herself, and cast more love unto him than she had done to-fore. And so on the morn Sir Palamides made him ready to come into the field as he did the first day. And there he smote down the King with the Hundred Knights, and the King of Scots. Then had La Beale Isoud ordained and well arrayed Sir Tristram in white horse and harness. And right so she let put him out at a privy postern, and so he came into the field as it had been a bright angel. And anon Sir Palamides espied him, and therewith he feuted a spear unto Sir Tramtrist, and he again unto him. And there Sir Tristram smote down Sir Palamides unto the earth. And then there was a great noise of people: some said Sir Palamides had a fall, some said the Knight with the Black Shield had a fall. And wit you well La Beale Isoud was passing glad. And then Sir Gawaine and his fellows nine had marvel what knight it might be that had smitten down Sir Palamides. Then would there none joust with Tramtrist, but all that there were forsook him, most and least. Then Sir Tristram made Hebes a knight, and caused him to put himself forth, and did right well that day. So after Sir Hebes held him with Sir Tristram.

And when Sir Palamides had received this fall, wit ye well that he was sore ashamed, and as privily as he might he withdrew him out of the field. All that espied Sir Tristram, and lightly he rode after Sir Palamides and overtook him, and bade him turn, for better he would assay him or ever he departed. Then Sir Palamides

turned him, and either lashed at other with their swords. But at the first stroke Sir Tristram smote down Palamides, and gave him such a stroke upon the head that he fell to the earth. So then Tristram bade yield him, and do his commandment, or else he would slay him. When Sir Palamides beheld his countenance, he dread his buffets so, that he granted all his askings. Well said, said Sir Tristram, this shall be your charge. First, upon pain of your life that ye forsake my lady La Beale Isoud, and in no manner wise that ye draw not to her. Also this twelvemonth and a day that ye bear none armour nor none harness of war. Now promise me this, or here shalt thou die. Alas, said Palamides, for ever am I ashamed. Then he sware as Sir Tristram had commanded him. Then for despite and anger Sir Palamides cut off his harness, and threw them away.

And so Sir Tristram turned again to the castle where was La Beale Isoud; and by the way he met with a damosel that asked after Sir Launcelot, that won the Dolorous Guard worshipfully; and this damosel asked Sir Tristram what he was. For it was told her that it was he that smote down Sir Palamides, by whom the ten knights of King Arthur's were smitten down. Then the damosel prayed Sir Tristram to tell her what he was, and whether that he were Sir Launcelot du Lake, for she deemed that there was no knight in the world might do such deeds of arms but if it were Launcelot. Fair damosel, said Sir Tristram, wit ye well that I am not Sir Launcelot, for I was never of such prowess, but in God is all that he may make me as good a knight as the good knight Sir Launcelot. Now, gentle knight, said she, put up thy visor; and when she beheld his visage she thought she saw never a better man's visage, nor a better faring knight. And then when the damosel knew certainly that he was not Sir Launcelot, then she took her leave, and departed from him. And then Sir Tristram rode privily unto the postern, where kept him La Beale Isoud, and there she made him good cheer, and thanked God of his good speed. So anon, within a while the king and the queen understood that it was Tramtrist that smote down Sir Palamides; then was he much made of, more than he was before.

**CHAPTER XI. How the queen espied that Sir Tristram had slain her brother Sir Marhaus by his sword, and in what jeopardy he was.** THUS was Sir Tramtrist long there well cherished with the king and the queen, and namely with La Beale Isoud. So upon a day the queen and La Beale Isoud made a bain for Sir Tramtrist. And when he was in his bain the queen and Isoud, her daughter, roamed up and down in the chamber; and therewhiles Gouvernail and Hebes attended upon Tramtrist, and the queen beheld his sword whereas it lay upon his bed. And then by unhap the queen drew out his sword and beheld it a long while, and both they thought it a passing fair sword; but within a foot and an half of the point there was a great piece thereof out-broken of the edge. And when the queen espied that gap in the sword, she remembered her of a piece of a sword that was found in the brainpan of Sir Marhaus, the good knight that was her brother. Alas then, said she unto her daughter, La Beale Isoud, this is the same traitor knight that slew my brother, thine eme. When Isoud heard her say so she was passing sore abashed, for passing well she loved Tramtrist, and full well she knew the cruelty of her mother the queen.

Anon therewithal the queen went unto her own chamber, and sought her coffer, and there she took out the piece or the sword that was pulled out of Sir Marhaus' head after that he was dead. And then she ran with that piece of iron to the sword that lay upon the bed. And when she put that piece of steel and iron unto the sword, it was as meet as it might be when it was new broken. And then the queen gripped that sword in her hand fiercely, and with all her might she ran straight upon Tramtrist where he sat in his bain, and there she had rived him through had not Sir Hebes gotten her in his arms, and pulled the sword from her, and else she had thrust him through.

Then when she was let of her evil will she ran to the King Anguish, her husband, and said on her knees: O my lord, here have ye in your house that traitor knight that slew my brother and your servant, that noble knight, Sir Marhaus. Who is that, said King Anguish, and where is he? Sir, she said, it is Sir Tramtrist, the

same knight that my daughter healed. Alas, said the king, therefore am I right heavy, for he is a full noble knight as ever I saw in field. But I charge you, said the king to the queen, that ye have not ado with that knight, but let me deal with him.

Then the king went into the chamber unto Sir Tramtrist, and then was he gone unto his chamber, and the king found him all ready armed to mount upon his horse. When the king saw him all ready armed to go unto horseback, the king said: Nay, Tramtrist, it will not avail to compare thee against me; but thus much I shall do for my worship and for thy love; in so much as thou art within my court it were no worship for me to slay thee: therefore upon this condition I will give thee leave for to depart from this court in safety, so thou wilt tell me who was thy father, and what is thy name, and if thou slew Sir Marhaus, my brother.

**CHAPTER XII. How Sir Tristram departed from the king and La Beale Isoud out of Ireland for to come into Cornwall.** SIR, said Tristram, now I shall tell you all the truth: my father's name is Sir Meliodas, King of Liones, and my mother hight Elizabeth, that was sister unto King Mark of Cornwall; and my mother died of me in the forest, and because thereof she commanded, or she died, that when I were christened they should christen me Tristram; and because I would not be known in this country I turned my name and let me call Tramtrist; and for the truage of Cornwall I fought for my eme's sake, and for the right of Cornwall that ye had possessed many years. And wit ye well, said Tristram unto the king, I did the battle for the love of mine uncle, King Mark, and for the love of the country of Cornwall, and for to increase mine honour; for that same day that I fought with Sir Marhaus I was made knight, and never or then did I battle with no knight, and from me he went alive, and left his shield and his sword behind.

So God me help, said the king, I may not say but ye did as a knight should, and it was your part to do for your quarrel, and to increase your worship as a knight should; howbeit I may not maintain you in this country with my worship, unless that I should displease my barons, and my wife and her kin. Sir, said Tristram, I thank you of your good lordship that I have had with you here, and the great goodness my lady, your daughter, hath shewed me, and therefore, said Sir Tristram, it may so happen that ye shall win more by my life than by my death, for in the parts of England it may happen I may do you service at some season, that ye shall be glad that ever ye shewed me your good lordship. With more I promise you as I am true knight, that in all places I shall be my lady your daughter's servant and knight in right and in wrong, and I shall never fail her, to do as much as a knight may do. Also I beseech your good grace that I may take my leave at my lady, your daughter, and at all the barons and knights. I will well, said the king.

Then Sir Tristram went unto La Beale Isoud and took his leave of her. And then he told her all, what he was, and how he had changed his name because he would not be known, and how a lady told him that he should never be whole till he came into this country where the poison was made, wherethrough I was near my death had not your ladyship been. O gentle knight, said La Beale Isoud, full woe am I of thy departing, for I saw never man that I owed so good will to. And therewithal she wept heartily. Madam, said Sir Tristram, ye shall understand that my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, gotten of King Meliodas, and born of his queen. And I promise you faithfully that I shall be all the days of my life your knight. Gramercy, said La Beale Isoud, and I promise you there-against that I shall not be married this seven years but by your assent; and to whom that ye will I shall be married to him will I have, and he will have me if ye will consent.

And then Sir Tristram gave her a ring, and she gave him another; and therewith he departed from her, leaving her making great dole and lamentation; and he straight went unto the court among all the barons, and there he took his leave at most and least, and openly he said among them all: Fair lords, now it is so that I must depart: if there be any man here that I have offended unto, or that any man be with me grieved, let complain him here afore me or that ever I depart, and I shall amend it unto my power. And if there be any that will proffer me wrong, or say of me wrong

or shame behind my back, say it now or never, and here is my body to make it good, body against body. And all they stood still, there was not one that would say one word; yet were there some knights that were of the queen's blood, and of Sir Marhaus' blood, but they would not meddle with him.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Sir Tristram and King Mark hurted each other for the love of a knight's wife.** SO Sir Tristram departed, and took the sea, and with good wind he arrived up at Tintagil in Cornwall; and when King Mark was whole in his prosperity there came tidings that Sir Tristram was arrived, and whole of his wounds: thereof was King Mark passing glad, and so were all the barons; and when he saw his time he rode unto his father, King Meliodas, and there he had all the cheer that the king and the queen could make him. And then largely King Meliodas and his queen departed of their lands and goods to Sir Tristram.

Then by the license of King Meliodas, his father, he returned again unto the court of King Mark, and there he lived in great joy long time, until at the last there befell a jealousy and an unkindness betwixt King Mark and Sir Tristram, for they loved both one lady. And she was an earl's wife that hight Sir Segwarides. And this lady loved Sir Tristram passingly well. And he loved her again, for she was a passing fair lady, and that espied Sir Tristram well. Then King Mark understood that and was jealous, for King Mark loved her passingly well.

So it fell upon a day this lady sent a dwarf unto Sir Tristram, and bade him, as he loved her, that he would be with her the night next following. Also she charged you that ye come not to her but if ye be well armed, for her lover was called a good knight. Sir Tristram answered to the dwarf: Recommend me unto my lady, and tell her I will not fail but I will be with her the term that she hath set me. And with this answer the dwarf departed. And King Mark espied that the dwarf was with Sir Tristram upon message from Segwarides' wife; then King Mark sent for the dwarf, and when he was come he made the dwarf by force to tell him all, why and wherefore that he came on message from Sir Tristram. Now, said King Mark, go where thou wilt, and upon pain of death that thou say no word that thou spakest with me; so the dwarf departed from the king.

And that same night that the steven was set betwixt Segwarides' wife and Sir Tristram, King Mark armed him, and made him ready, and took two knights of his counsel with him; and so he rode afore for to abide by the way for to wait upon Sir Tristram. And as Sir Tristram came riding upon his way with his spear in his hand, King Mark came hurtling upon him with his two knights suddenly. And all three smote him with their spears, and King Mark hurt Sir Tristram on the breast right sore. And then Sir Tristram feuted his spear, and smote his uncle, King Mark, so sore, that he rashed him to the earth, and bruised him that he lay still in a swoon, and long it was or ever he might wield himself. And then he ran to the one knight, and eft to the other, and smote them to the cold earth, that they lay still. And therewithal Sir Tristram rode forth sore wounded to the lady, and found her abiding him at a postern.

**CHAPTER XIV. How Sir Tristram lay with the lady, and how her husband fought with Sir Tristram.** AND there she welcomed him fair, and either halsed other in arms, and so she let put up his horse in the best wise, and then she unarmed him. And so they supped lightly, and went to bed with great joy and pleasure; and so in his raging he took no keep of his green wound that King Mark had given him. And so Sir Tristram bebled both the over sheet and the nether, and pillows, and head sheet. And within a while there came one afore, that warned her that her lord was near-hand within a bow-draught. So she made Sir Tristram to arise, and so he armed him, and took his horse, and so departed. By then was come Segwarides, her lord, and when he found her bed troubled and broken, and went near and beheld it by candle light, then he saw that there had lain a wounded knight. Ah, false traitress, then he said, why hast thou betrayed me? And therewithal he swang out a sword, and said: But if thou tell me who hath been here, here thou shalt die. Ah, my lord, mercy, said the lady, and held up her hands, saying: Slay me not, and I shall tell you all who hath been here. Tell anon, said Segwarides, to me

all the truth. Anon for dread she said: Here was Sir Tristram with me, and by the way as he came to me ward, he was sore wounded. Ah, false traitress, said Segwarides, where is he become? Sir, she said, he is armed, and departed on horseback, not yet hence half a mile. Ye say well, said Segwarides.

Then he armed him lightly, and gat his horse, and rode after Sir Tristram that rode straightway unto Tintagil. And within a while he overtook Sir Tristram, and then he bade him, Turn, false traitor knight. And Sir Tristram anon turned him against him. And therewithal Segwarides smote Sir Tristram with a spear that it all to-brast; and then he swang out his sword and smote fast at Sir Tristram. Sir knight, said Sir Tristram, I counsel you that ye smite no more, howbeit for the wrongs that I have done you I will forbear you as long as I may. Nay, said Segwarides, that shall not be, for either thou shalt die or I.

Then Sir Tristram drew out his sword, and hurtled his horse unto him fiercely, and through the waist of the body he smote Sir Segwarides that he fell to the earth in a swoon. And so Sir Tristram departed and left him there. And so he rode unto Tintagil and took his lodging secretly, for he would not be known that he was hurt. Also Sir Segwarides' men rode after their master, whom they found lying in the field sore wounded, and brought him home on his shield, and there he lay long or that he were whole, but at the last he recovered. Also King Mark would not be known of that Sir Tristram and he had met that night. And as for Sir Tristram, he knew not that King Mark had met with him. And so the king askance came to Sir Tristram, to comfort him as he lay sick in his bed. But as long as King Mark lived he loved never Sir Tristram after that; though there was fair speech, love was there none. And thus it passed many weeks and days, and all was forgiven and forgotten; for Sir Segwarides durst not have ado with Sir Tristram, because of his noble prowess, and also because he was nephew unto King Mark; therefore he let it overslip: for he that hath a privy hurt is loath to have a shame outward.

**CHAPTER XV. How Sir Bleoberis demanded the fairest lady in King Mark's court, whom he took away, and how he was fought with.** THEN it befell upon a day that the good knight Bleoberis de Ganis, brother to Blamore de Ganis, and nigh cousin unto the good knight Sir Launcelot du Lake, this Bleoberis came unto the court of King Mark, and there he asked of King Mark a boon, to give him what gift that he would ask in his court. When the king heard him ask so, he marvelled of his asking, but because he was a knight of the Round Table, and of a great renown, King Mark granted him his whole asking. Then, said Sir Bleoberis, I will have the fairest lady in your court that me list to choose. I may not say nay, said King Mark; now choose at your adventure. And so Sir Bleoberis did choose Sir Segwarides' wife, and took her by the hand, and so went his way with her; and so he took his horse and gart set her behind his squire, and rode upon his way.

When Sir Segwarides heard tell that his lady was gone with a knight of King Arthur's court, then he armed him and rode after that knight for to rescue his lady. So when Bleoberis was gone with this lady, King Mark and all the court was wroth that she was away. Then were there certain ladies that knew that there were great love between Sir Tristram and her, and also that lady loved Sir Tristram above all other knights. Then there was one lady that rebuked Sir Tristram in the horriblest wise, and called him coward knight, that he would for shame of his knighthood see a lady so shamefully be taken away from his uncle's court. But she meant that either of them had loved other with entire heart. But Sir Tristram answered her thus: Fair lady, it is not my part to have ado in such matters while her lord and husband is present here; and if it had been that her lord had not been here in this court, then for the worship of this court peradventure I would have been her champion, and if so be Sir Segwarides speed not well, it may happen that I will speak with that good knight or ever he pass from this country.

Then within a while came one of Sir Segwarides' squires, and told in the court that Sir Segwarides was beaten sore and wounded to the point of death; as he would have rescued his lady Sir Bleoberis overthrew him and sore hath wounded him. Then was King Mark heavy thereof, and all the court. When Sir Tristram

heard of this he was ashamed and sore grieved; and then was he soon armed and on horseback, and Gouvernail, his servant, bare his shield and spear. And so as Sir Tristram rode fast he met with Sir Andred his cousin, that by the commandment of King Mark was sent to bring forth, an ever it lay in his power, two knights of Arthur's court, that rode by the country to seek their adventures. When Sir Tristram saw Sir Andred he asked him what tidings. So God me help, said Sir Andred, there was never worse with me, for here by the commandment of King Mark I was sent to fetch two knights of King Arthur's court, and that one beat me and wounded me, and set nought by my message. Fair cousin, said Sir Tristram, ride on your way, and if I may meet them it may happen I shall revenge you. So Sir Andred rode into Cornwall, and Sir Tristram rode after the two knights, the which one hight Sagamore le Desirous, and the other hight Dodinas le Savage.

**CHAPTER XVI. How Sir Tristram fought with two knights of the Round Table.** THEN within a while Sir Tristram saw them afore him, two likely knights. Sir, said Gouvernail unto his master, Sir, I would counsel you not to have ado with them, for they be two proved knights of Arthur's court. As for that, said Sir Tristram, have ye no doubt but I will have ado with them to increase my worship, for it is many day sithen I did any deeds of arms. Do as ye list, said Gouvernail. And therewithal anon Sir Tristram asked them from whence they came, and whither they would, and what they did in those marches. Sir Sagamore looked upon Sir Tristram, and had scorn of his words, and asked him again, Fair knight, be ye a knight of Cornwall? Whereby ask ye it? said Sir Tristram. For it is seldom seen, said Sir Sagamore, that ye Cornish knights be valiant men of arms; for within these two hours there met us one of your Cornish knights, and great words he spake, and anon with little might he was laid to the earth. And, as I trow, said Sir Sagamore, ye shall have the same handsel that he had. Fair lords, said Sir Tristram, it may so happen that I may better withstand than he did, and whether ye will or nill I will have ado with you, because he was my cousin that ye beat. And therefore here do your best, and wit ye well but if ye quit you the better here upon this ground, one knight of Cornwall shall beat you both.

When Sir Dodinas le Savage heard him say so he gat a spear in his hand, and said, Sir knight, keep well thyself: And then they departed and came together as it had been thunder. And Sir Dodinas' spear brast in-sunder, but Sir Tristram smote him with a more might, that he smote him clean over the horse-croup, that nigh he had broken his neck. When Sir Sagamore saw his fellow have such a fall he marvelled what knight he might be. And he dressed his spear with all his might, and Sir Tristram against him, and they came together as the thunder, and there Sir Tristram smote Sir Sagamore a strong buffet, that he bare his horse and him to the earth, and in the falling he brake his thigh.

When this was done Sir Tristram asked them: Fair knights, will ye any more? Be there no bigger knights in the court of King Arthur? it is to you shame to say of us knights of Cornwall dishonour, for it may happen a Cornish knight may match you. That is truth, said Sir Sagamore, that have we well proved; but I require thee, said Sir Sagamore, tell us your right name, by the faith and troth that ye owe to the high order of knighthood. Ye charge me with a great thing, said Sir Tristram, and sithen ye list to wit it, ye shall know and understand that my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, King Meliodas' son, and nephew unto King Mark. Then were they two knights fain that they had met with Tristram, and so they prayed him to abide in their fellowship. Nay, said Sir Tristram, for I must have ado with one of your fellows, his name is Sir Bleoberis de Ganis. God speed you well, said Sir Sagamore and Dodinas. Sir Tristram departed and rode onward on his way. And then was he ware before him in a valley where rode Sir Bleoberis, with Sir Segwarides' lady, that rode behind his squire upon a palfrey.

**CHAPTER XVII. How Sir Tristram fought with Sir Bleoberis for a lady, and how the lady was put to choice to whom she would go.** THEN Sir Tristram rode more than a pace until that he had overtaken him. Then spake Sir Tristram: Abide, he said, Knight of Arthur's court, bring again that lady, or deliver

her to me. I will do neither, said Bleoberis, for I dread no Cornish knight so sore that me list to deliver her. Why, said Sir Tristram, may not a Cornish knight do as well as another knight? this same day two knights of your court within this three mile met with me, and or ever we departed they found a Cornish knight good enough for them both. What were their names? said Bleoberis. They told me, said Sir Tristram, that the one of them hight Sir Sagromore le Desirous, and the other hight Dodinas le Savage. Ah, said Sir Bleoberis, have ye met with them? so God me help, they were two good knights and men of great worship, and if ye have beat them both ye must needs be a good knight; but if it so be ye have beat them both, yet shall ye not fear me, but ye shall beat me or ever ye have this lady. Then defend you, said Sir Tristram. So they departed and came together like thunder, and either bare other down, horse and all, to the earth.

Then they avoided their horses, and lashed together eagerly with swords, and mightily, now tracing and traversing on the right hand and on the left hand more than two hours. And sometime they rushed together with such a might that they lay both groveling on the ground. Then Sir Bleoberis de Ganis stert aback, and said thus: Now, gentle good knight, a while hold your hands, and let us speak together. Say what ye will, said Tristram, and I will answer you. Sir, said Bleoberis, I would wit of whence ye be, and of whom ye be come, and what is your name? So God me help, said Sir Tristram, I fear not to tell you my name. Wit ye well I am King Meliodas' son, and my mother is King Mark's sister, and my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, and King Mark is mine uncle. Truly, said Bleoberis, I am right glad of you, for ye are he that slew Marhaus the knight, hand for hand in an island, for the truage of Cornwall; also ye overcame Sir Palamides the good knight, at a tournament in an island, where ye beat Sir Gawaine and his nine fellows. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, wit ye well that I am the same knight; now I have told you my name, tell me yours with good will. Wit ye well that my name is Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, and my brother hight Sir Blamore de Ganis, that is called a good knight, and we be sister's children unto my lord Sir Launcelot du Lake, that we call one of the best knights of the world. That is truth, said Sir Tristram, Sir Launcelot is called peerless of courtesy and of knighthood; and for his sake, said Sir Tristram, I will not with my good will fight no more with you, for the great love I have to Sir Launcelot du Lake. In good faith, said Bleoberis, as for me I will be loath to fight with you; but sithen ye follow me here to have this lady, I shall proffer you kindness, courtesy, and gentleness right here upon this ground. This lady shall be betwixt us both, and to whom that she will go, let him have her in peace. I will well, said Tristram, for, as I deem, she will leave you and come to me. Ye shall prove it anon, said Bleoberis.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How the lady forsook Sir Tristram and abode with Sir Bleoberis, and how she desired to go to her husband.** So when she was set betwixt them both she said these words unto Sir Tristram: Wit ye well, Sir Tristram de Liones, that but late thou wast the man in the world that I most loved and trusted, and I weened thou hadst loved me again above all ladies; but when thou sawest this knight lead me away thou madest no cheer to rescue me, but suffered my lord Segwarides ride after me; but until that time I weened thou haddest loved me, and therefore now I will leave thee, and never love thee more. And therewithal she went unto Sir Bleoberis.

When Sir Tristram saw her do so he was wonderly wroth with that lady, and ashamed to come to the court. Sir Tristram, said Sir Bleoberis, ye are in the default, for I hear by this lady's words she before this day trusted you above all earthly knights, and, as she saith, ye have deceived her, therefore wit ye well, there may no man hold that will away; and rather than ye should be heartily displeased with me I would ye had her, an she would abide with you. Nay, said the lady, so God me help I will never go with him; for he that I loved most I weened he had loved me. And therefore, Sir Tristram, she said, ride as thou came, for though thou haddest overcome this knight, as ye was likely, with thee never would I have gone. And I shall pray this knight so fair of his knighthood, that or ever he pass this country, that he will lead me to the abbey where my lord Sir Segwarides lieth. So God me

help, said Bleoberis, I let you wit, good knight Sir Tristram, because King Mark gave me the choice of a gift in this court, and so this lady liked me best—notwithstanding, she is wedded and hath a lord, and I have fulfilled my quest, she shall be sent unto her husband again, and in especial most for your sake, Sir Tristram; and if she would go with you I would ye had her. I thank you, said Sir Tristram, but for her love I shall beware what manner a lady I shall love or trust; for had her lord, Sir Segwarides, been away from the court, I should have been the first that should have followed you; but sithen that ye have refused me, as I am true knight I shall her know passingly well that I shall love or trust. And so they took their leave one from the other and departed.

And so Sir Tristram rode unto Tintagil, and Sir Bleoberis rode unto the abbey where Sir Segwarides lay sore wounded, and there he delivered his lady, and departed as a noble knight; and when Sir Segwarides saw his lady, he was greatly comforted; and then she told him that Sir Tristram had done great battle with Sir Bleoberis, and caused him to bring her again. These words pleased Sir Segwarides right well, that Sir Tristram would do so much; and so that lady told all the battle unto King Mark betwixt Sir Tristram and Sir Bleoberis.

**CHAPTER XIX. How King Mark sent Sir Tristram for La Beale Isoud toward Ireland, and how by fortune he arrived into England.** THEN when this was done King Mark cast always in his heart how he might destroy Sir Tristram. And then he imagined in himself to send Sir Tristram into Ireland for La Beale Isoud. For Sir Tristram had so praised her beauty and her goodness that King Mark said that he would wed her, whereupon he prayed Sir Tristram to take his way into Ireland for him on message. And all this was done to the intent to slay Sir Tristram. Notwithstanding, Sir Tristram would not refuse the message for no danger nor peril that might fall, for the pleasure of his uncle, but to go he made him ready in the most goodliest wise that might be devised. For Sir Tristram took with him the most goodliest knights that he might find in the court; and they were arrayed, after the guise that was then used, in the goodliest manner. So Sir Tristram departed and took the sea with all his fellowship. And anon, as he was in the broad sea a tempest took him and his fellowship, and drove them back into the coast of England; and there they arrived fast by Camelot, and full fain they were to take the land.

And when they were landed Sir Tristram set up his pavilion upon the land of Camelot, and there he let hang his shield upon the pavilion. And that same day came two knights of King Arthur's, that one was Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Morganor. And they touched the shield, and bade him come out of the pavilion for to joust, an he would joust. Ye shall be answered, said Sir Tristram, an ye will tarry a little while. So he made him ready, and first he smote down Sir Ector de Maris, and after he smote down Sir Morganor, all with one spear, and sore bruised them. And when they lay upon the earth they asked Sir Tristram what he was, and of what country he was knight. Fair lords, said Sir Tristram, wit ye well that I am of Cornwall. Alas, said Sir Ector, now am I ashamed that ever any Cornish knight should overcome me. And then for despite Sir Ector put off his armour from him, and went on foot, and would not ride.

**CHAPTER XX. How King Anguish of Ireland was summoned to come to King Arthur's court for treason.** THEN it fell that Sir Bleoberis and Sir Blamore de Ganis, that were brethren, they had summoned the King Anguish of Ireland for to come to Arthur's court upon pain of forfeiture of King Arthur's good grace. And if the King of Ireland came not in, at the day assigned and set, the king should lose his lands. So it happened that at the day assigned, King Arthur neither Sir Launcelot might not be there for to give the judgment, for King Arthur was with Sir Launcelot at the Castle Joyous Garde. And so King Arthur assigned King Carados and the King of Scots to be there that day as judges. So when the kings were at Camelot King Anguish of Ireland was come to know his accusers. Then was there Sir Blamore de Ganis, and appealed the King of Ireland of treason, that he had slain a cousin of his in his court in Ireland by treason. The king was sore abashed of his accusation, for-why he was come at the summons of King Arthur, and or he came at Camelot he wist not

wherefore he was sent after. And when the king heard Sir Blamore say his will, he understood well there was none other remedy but for to answer him knightly; for the custom was such in those days, that an any man were appealed of any treason or murder he should fight body for body, or else to find another knight for him. And all manner of murders in those days were called treason.

So when King Anguish understood his accusing he was passing heavy, for he knew Sir Blamore de Ganis that he was a noble knight, and of noble knights come. Then the King of Ireland was simply purveyed of his answer; therefore the judges gave him respite by the third day to give his answer. So the king departed unto his lodging. The meanwhile there came a lady by Sir Tristram's pavilion making great dole. What aileth you, said Sir Tristram, that ye make such dole? Ah, fair knight, said the lady, I am ashamed unless that some good knight help me; for a great lady of worship sent by me a fair child and a rich, unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, and hereby there met with me a knight, and threw me down from my palfrey, and took away the child from me. Well, my lady, said Sir Tristram, and for my lord Sir Launcelot's sake I shall get you that child again, or else I shall be beaten for it. And so Sir Tristram took his horse, and asked the lady which way the knight rode; and then she told him. And he rode after him, and within a while he overtook that knight. And then Sir Tristram bade him turn and give again the child.

**CHAPTER XXI. How Sir Tristram rescued a child from a knight, and how Gouvernail told him of King Anguish.** THE knight turned his horse and made him ready to fight. And then Sir Tristram smote him with a sword such a buffet that he tumbled to the earth. And then he yielded him unto Sir Tristram. Then come thy way, said Sir Tristram, and bring the child to the lady again. So he took his horse meekly and rode with Sir Tristram; and then by the way Sir Tristram asked him his name. Then he said, My name is Breuse Saunce Pite. So when he had delivered that child to the lady, he said: Sir, as in this the child is well remedied. Then Sir Tristram let him go again that sore repented him after, for he was a great foe unto many good knights of King Arthur's court.

Then when Sir Tristram was in his pavilion Gouvernail, his man, came and told him how that King Anguish of Ireland was come thither, and he was put in great distress; and there Gouvernail told Sir Tristram how King Anguish was summoned and appealed of murder. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, these be the best tidings that ever came to me this seven years, for now shall the King of Ireland have need of my help; for I daresay there is no knight in this country that is not of Arthur's court dare do battle with Sir Blamore de Ganis; and for to win the love of the King of Ireland I will take the battle upon me; and therefore Gouvernail bring me, I charge thee, to the king.

Then Gouvernail went unto King Anguish of Ireland, and saluted him fair. The king welcomed him and asked him what he would. Sir, said Gouvernail, here is a knight near hand that desireth to speak with you: he bade me say he would do you service. What knight is he? said the king. Sir, said he, it is Sir Tristram de Liones, that for your good grace that ye showed him in your lands will reward you in this country. Come on, fellow, said the king, with me anon and show me unto Sir Tristram. So the king took a little hackney and but few fellowship with him, until he came unto Sir Tristram's pavilion. And when Sir Tristram saw the king he ran unto him and would have holden his stirrup. But the king leapt from his horse lightly, and either halsed other in their arms. My gracious lord, said Sir Tristram, gramercy of your great goodnesses showed unto me in your marches and lands: and at that time I promised you to do you service an ever it lay in my power. And, gentle knight, said the king unto Sir Tristram, now have I great need of you, never had I so great need of no knight's help. How so, my good lord? said Sir Tristram. I shall tell you, said the king: I am summoned and appealed from my country for the death of a knight that was kin unto the good knight Sir Launcelot; wherefore Sir Blamore de Ganis, brother to Sir Bleoberis hath appealed me to fight with him, outhere to find a knight in my stead. And well I wot, said the king, these that are come of King Ban's blood, as Sir Launcelot and these other, are passing good knights, and hard men for to win in battle as any that I know now living.

Sir, said Sir Tristram, for the good lordship ye showed me in Ireland, and for my lady your daughter's sake, La Beale Isoud, I will take the battle for you upon this condition that ye shall grant me two things: that one is that ye shall swear to me that ye are in the right, that ye were never consenting to the knight's death; Sir, then said Sir Tristram, when that I have done this battle, if God give me grace that I speed, that ye shall give me a reward, what thing reasonable that I will ask of you. So God me help, said the king, ye shall have whatsoever ye will ask. It is well said, said Sir Tristram.

**CHAPTER XXII. How Sir Tristram fought for Sir Anguish and overcame his adversary, and how his adversary would never yield him.** NOW make your answer that your champion is ready, for I shall die in your quarrel rather than to be recreant. I have no doubt of you, said the king, that, an ye should have ado with Sir Launcelot du Lake— Sir, said Sir Tristram, as for Sir Launcelot, he is called the noblest knight of the world, and wit ye well that the knights of his blood are noble men, and dread shame; and as for Bleoberis, brother unto Sir Blamore, I have done battle with him, therefore upon my head it is no shame to call him a good knight. It is noised, said the king, that Blamore is the hardier knight. Sir, as for that let him be, he shall never be refused, an as he were the best knight that now beareth shield or spear.

So King Anguish departed unto King Carados and the kings that were that time as judges, and told them that he had found his champion ready. Then by the commandment of the kings Sir Blamore de Ganis and Sir Tristram were sent for to hear the charge. And when they were come before the judges there were many kings and knights beheld Sir Tristram, and much speech they had of him because that he slew Sir Marhaus, the good knight, and because he for-jousted Sir Palamides the good knight. So when they had taken their charge they withdrew them to make them ready to do battle.

Then said Sir Bleoberis unto his brother, Sir Blamore: Fair dear brother, remember of what kin we be come of, and what a man is Sir Launcelot du Lake, neither farther nor nearer but brother's children, and there was never none of our kin that ever was shamed in battle; and rather suffer death, brother, than to be shamed. Brother, said Blamore, have ye no doubt of me, for I shall never shame none of my blood; howbeit I am sure that yonder knight is called a passing good knight as of his time one of the world, yet shall I never yield me, nor say the loath word: well may he happen to smite me down with his great might of chivalry, but rather shall he slay me than I shall yield me as recreant. God speed you well, said Sir Bleoberis, for ye shall find him the mightiest knight that ever ye had ado withal, for I know him, for I have had ado with him. God me speed, said Sir Blamore de Ganis; and therewith he took his horse at the one end of the lists, and Sir Tristram at the other end of the lists, and so they feuted their spears and came together as it had been thunder; and there Sir Tristram through great might smote down Sir Blamore and his horse to the earth. Then anon Sir Blamore avoided his horse and pulled out his sword and threw his shield afore him, and bade Sir Tristram alight: For though an horse hath failed me, I trust to God the earth will not fail me. And then Sir Tristram alighted, and dressed him unto battle; and there they lashed together strongly as racing and tracing, foining and dashing, many sad strokes, that the kings and knights had great wonder that they might stand; for ever they fought like wood men, so that there was never knights seen fight more fiercely than they did; for Sir Blamore was so hasty that he would have no rest, that all men wondered that they had breath to stand on their feet; and all the place was bloody that they fought in. And at the last, Sir Tristram smote Sir Blamore such a buffet upon the helm that he there fell down upon his side, and Sir Tristram stood and beheld him.

**CHAPTER XXIII. How Sir Blamore desired Tristram to slay him, and how Sir Tristram spared him, and how they took appointment.** THEN when Sir Blamore might speak, he said thus: Sir Tristram de Liones, I require thee, as thou art a noble knight, and the best knight that ever I found, that thou wilt slay me out, for I would not live to be made lord of all the earth, for I have liefer die with worship than live with shame; and needs, Sir

Tristram, thou must slay me, or else thou shalt never win the field, for I will never say the loath word. And therefore if thou dare slay me, slay me, I require thee. When Sir Tristram heard him say so knightly, he wist not what to do with him; he remembering him of both parties, of what blood he was come, and for Sir Launcelot's sake he would be loath to slay him; and in the other party in no wise he might not choose, but that he must make him to say the loath word, or else to slay him.

Then Sir Tristram stert aback, and went to the kings that were judges, and there he kneeled down to-fore them, and besought them for their worshipps, and for King Arthur's and Sir Launcelot's sake, that they would take this matter in their hands. For, my fair lords, said Sir Tristram, it were shame and pity that this noble knight that yonder lieth should be slain; for ye hear well, shamed will he not be, and I pray to God that he never be slain nor shamed for me. And as for the king for whom I fight for, I shall require him, as I am his true champion and true knight in this field, that he will have mercy upon this good knight. So God me help, said King Anguish, I will for your sake; Sir Tristram, be ruled as ye will have me, for I know you for my true knight; and therefore I will heartily pray the kings that be here as judges to take it in their hands. And the kings that were judges called Sir Bleoberis to them, and asked him his advice. My lords, said Bleoberis, though my brother be beaten, and hath the worse through might of arms, I dare say, though Sir Tristram hath beaten his body he hath not beaten his heart, and I thank God he is not shamed this day; and rather than he should be shamed I require you, said Bleoberis, let Sir Tristram slay him out. It shall not be so, said the kings, for his part adversary, both the king and the champion, have pity of Sir Blamore's knighthood. My lords, said Bleoberis, I will right well as ye will.

Then the kings called the King of Ireland, and found him goodly and treatable. And then, by all their advices, Sir Tristram and Sir Bleoberis took up Sir Blamore, and the two brethren were accorded with King Anguish, and kissed and made friends for ever. And then Sir Blamore and Sir Tristram kissed together, and there they made their oaths that they would never none of them two brethren fight with Sir Tristram, and Sir Tristram made the same oath. And for that gentle battle all the blood of Sir Launcelot loved Sir Tristram for ever.

Then King Anguish and Sir Tristram took their leave, and sailed into Ireland with great noblesse and joy. So when they were in Ireland the king let make it known throughout all the land how and in what manner Sir Tristram had done for him. Then the queen and all that there were made the most of him that they might. But the joy that La Beale Isoud made of Sir Tristram there might no tongue tell, for of all men earthly she loved him most.

**CHAPTER XXIV. How Sir Tristram demanded La Beale Isoud for King Mark, and how Sir Tristram and Isoud drank the love drink.** THEN upon a day King Anguish asked Sir Tristram why he asked not his boon, for whatsoever he had promised him he should have it without fail. Sir, said Sir Tristram, now is it time; this is all that I will desire, that ye will give me La Beale Isoud, your daughter, not for myself, but for mine uncle, King Mark, that shall have her to wife, for so have I promised him. Alas, said the king, I had liefer than all the land that I have ye would wed her yourself. Sir, an I did then I were shamed for ever in this world, and false of my promise. Therefore, said Sir I Tristram, I pray you hold your promise that ye promised me; for this is my desire, that ye will give me La Beale Isoud to go with me into Cornwall for to be wedded to King Mark, mine uncle. As for that, said King Anguish, ye shall have her with you to do with her what it please you; that is for to say if that ye list to wed her yourself, that is me liefest, and if ye will give her unto King Mark, your uncle, that is in your choice. So, to make short conclusion, La Beale Isoud was made ready to go with Sir Tristram, and Dame Bragwaine went with her for her chief gentlewoman, with many other.

Then the queen, Isoud's mother, gave to her and Dame Bragwaine, her daughter's gentlewoman, and unto Gouvernail, a drink, and charged them that what day King Mark should wed, that same day they should give him that drink, so that King Mark

should drink to La Beale Isoud, and then, said the queen, I undertake either shall love other the days of their life. So this drink was given unto Dame Bragwaine, and unto Gouvernail. And then anon Sir Tristram took the sea, and La Beale Isoud; and when they were in their cabin, it happed so that they were thirsty, and they saw a little flasket of gold stand by them, and it seemed by the colour and the taste that it was noble wine. Then Sir Tristram took the flasket in his hand, and said, Madam Isoud, here is the best drink that ever ye drank, that Dame Bragwaine, your maiden, and Gouvernail, my servant, have kept for themselves. Then they laughed and made good cheer, and either drank to other freely, and they thought never drink that ever they drank to other was so sweet nor so good. But by that their drink was in their bodies, they loved either other so well that never their love departed for weal neither for woe. And thus it happed the love first betwixt Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud, the which love never departed the days of their life.

So then they sailed till by fortune they came nigh a castle that high Pluere, and thereby arrived for to repose them, weening to them to have had good harbourage. But anon as Sir Tristram was within the castle they were taken prisoners; for the custom of the castle was such; who that rode by that castle and brought any lady, he must needs fight with the lord, that high Breunor. And if it were so that Breunor won the field, then should the knight stranger and his lady be put to death, what that ever they were; and if it were so that the strange knight won the field of Sir Breunor, then should he die and his lady both. This custom was used many winters, for it was called the Castle Pluere, that is to say the Weeping Castle.

**CHAPTER XXV. How Sir Tristram and Isoud were in prison, and how he fought for her beauty, and smote of another lady's head.** THUS as Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud were in prison, it happed a knight and a lady came unto them where they were, to cheer them. I have marvel, said Tristram unto the knight and the lady, what is the cause the lord of this castle holdeth us in prison: it was never the custom of no place of worship that ever I came in, when a knight and a lady asked harbour, and they to receive them, and after to destroy them that be his guests. Sir, said the knight, this is the old custom of this castle, that when a knight cometh here he must needs fight with our lord, and he that is weaker must lose his head. And when that is done, if his lady that he bringeth be fouler than our lord's wife, she must lose her head: and if she be fairer proved than is our lady, then shall the lady of this castle lose her head. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, this is a foul custom and a shameful. But one advantage have I, said Sir Tristram, I have a lady is fair enough, fairer saw I never in all my life-days, and I doubt not for lack of beauty she shall not lose her head; and rather than I should lose my head I will fight for it on a fair field. Wherefore, sir knight, I pray you tell your lord that I will be ready as to-morn with my lady, and myself to do battle, if it be so I may have my horse and mine armour. Sir, said that knight, I undertake that your desire shall be sped right well. And then he said: Take your rest, and look that ye be up betimes and make you ready and your lady, for ye shall want no thing that you behoveth. And therewith he departed, and on the morn betimes that same knight came to Sir Tristram, and fetched him out and his lady, and brought him horse and armour that was his own, and bade him make him ready to the field, for all the estates and commons of that lordship were there ready to behold that battle and judgment.

Then came Sir Breunor, the lord of that castle, with his lady in his hand, muffled, and asked Sir Tristram where was his lady: For an thy lady be fairer than mine, with thy sword smite off my lady's head; and if my lady be fairer than thine, with my sword I must strike off her head. And if I may win thee, yet shall thy lady be mine, and thou shalt lose thy head. Sir, said Tristram, this is a foul custom and horrible; and rather than my lady should lose her head, yet had I liefer lose my head. Nay, nay, said Sir Breunor, the ladies shall be first showed together, and the one shall have her judgment. Nay, I will not so, said Sir Tristram, for here is none that will give righteous judgment. But I doubt not, said Sir Tristram, my lady is fairer than thine, and that will I prove and make good

with my hand. And whosoever he be that will say the contrary I will prove it on his head. And therewith Sir Tristram showed La Beale Isoud, and turned her thrice about with his naked sword in his hand. And when Sir Breunor saw that, he did the same wise turn his lady. But when Sir Breunor beheld La Beale Isoud, him thought he saw never a fairer lady, and then he dread his lady's head should be off. And so all the people that were there present gave judgment that La Beale Isoud was the fairer lady and the better made. How now, said Sir Tristram, meseemeth it were pity that my lady should lose her head, but because thou and she of long time have used this wicked custom, and by you both have many good knights and ladies been destroyed, for that cause it were no loss to destroy you both. So God me help, said Sir Breunor, for to say the sooth, thy lady is fairer than mine, and that me sore repenteth. And so I hear the people privily say, for of all women I saw none so fair; and therefore, an thou wilt slay my lady, I doubt not but I shall slay thee and have thy lady. Thou shalt win her, said Sir Tristram, as dear as ever knight won lady. And because of thine own judgment, as thou wouldest have done to my lady if that she had been fouler, and because of the evil custom, give me thy lady, said Sir Tristram. And therewithal Sir Tristram strode unto him and took his lady from him, and with an awk stroke he smote off her head clean. Well, knight, said Sir Breunor, now hast thou done me a despite; now take thine horse: sithen I am ladyless I will win thy lady an I may.

**CHAPTER XXVI. How Sir Tristram fought with Sir Breunor, and at the last smote off his head.** THEN they took their horses and came together as it had been the thunder; and Sir Tristram smote Sir Breunor clean from his horse, and lightly he rose up; and as Sir Tristram came again by him he thrust his horse throughout both the shoulders, that his horse hurled here and there and fell dead to the ground. And ever Sir Breunor ran after to have slain Sir Tristram, but Sir Tristram was light and nimble, and voided his horse lightly. And or ever Sir Tristram might dress his shield and his sword the other gave him three or four sad strokes. Then they rushed together like two boars, tracing and traversing mightily and wisely as two noble knights. For this Sir Breunor was a proved knight, and had been or then the death of many good knights, that it was pity that he had so long endured.

Thus they fought, hurling here and there nigh two hours, and either were wounded sore. Then at the last Sir Breunor rushed upon Sir Tristram and took him in his arms, for he trusted much in his strength. Then was Sir Tristram called the strongest and the highest knight of the world; for he was called bigger than Sir Launcelot, but Sir Launcelot was better breathed. So anon Sir Tristram thrust Sir Breunor down grovelling, and then he unlaced his helm and struck off his head. And then all they that longed to the castle came to him, and did him homage and fealty, praying him that he would abide there still a little while to fordo that foul custom. Sir Tristram granted thereto. The meanwhile one of the knights of the castle rode unto Sir Galahad, the haut prince, the which was Sir Breunor's son, which was a noble knight, and told him what misadventure his father had and his mother.

**CHAPTER XXVII. How Sir Galahad fought with Sir Tristram, and how Sir Tristram yielded him and promised to fellowship with Launcelot.** THEN came Sir Galahad, and the King with the Hundred Knights with him; and this Sir Galahad proffered to fight with Sir Tristram hand for hand. And so they made them ready to go unto battle on horseback with great courage. Then Sir Galahad and Sir Tristram met together so hard that either bare other down, horse and all, to the earth. And then they avoided their horses as noble knights, and dressed their shields, and drew their swords with ire and rancour, and they lashed together many sad strokes, and one while striking, another while foining, tracing and traversing as noble knights; thus they fought long, near half a day, and either were sore wounded. At the last Sir Tristram waxed light and big, and doubled his strokes, and drove Sir Galahad aback on the one side and on the other, so that he was like to have been slain.

With that came the King with the Hundred Knights, and all that fellowship went fiercely upon Sir Tristram. When Sir Tris-

tram saw them coming upon him, then he wist well he might not endure. Then as a wise knight of war, he said to Sir Galahad, the haut prince: Sir, ye show to me no knighthood, for to suffer all your men to have ado with me all at once; and as meseemeth ye be a noble knight of your hands it is great shame to you. So God me help, said Sir Galahad, there is none other way but thou must yield thee to me, other else to die, said Sir Galahad to Sir Tristram. I will rather yield me to you than die for that is more for the might of your men than of your hands. And therewithal Sir Tristram took his own sword by the point, and put the pommel in the hand of Sir Galahad.

Therewithal came the King with the Hundred Knights, and hard began to assail Sir Tristram. Let be, said Sir Galahad, be ye not so hardy to touch him, for I have given this knight his life. That is your shame, said the King with the Hundred Knights; hath he not slain your father and your mother? As for that, said Sir Galahad, I may not wite him greatly, for my father had him in prison, and enforced him to do battle with him; and my father had such a custom that was a shameful custom, that what knight came there to ask harbour his lady must needs die but if she were fairer than my mother; and if my father overcame that knight he must needs die. This was a shameful custom and usage, a knight for his harbour-asking to have such harbourage. And for this custom I would never draw about him. So God me help, said the King, this was a shameful custom. Truly, said Sir Galahad, so seemed me; and meseemed it had been great pity that this knight should have been slain, for I dare say he is the noblest man that beareth life, but if it were Sir Launcelot du Lake. Now, fair knight, said Sir Galahad, I require thee tell me thy name, and of whence thou art, and whither thou wilt. Sir, he said, my name is Sir Tristram de Li-ones, and from King Mark of Cornwall I was sent on message unto King Anguish of Ireland, for to fetch his daughter to be his wife, and here she is ready to go with me into Cornwall, and her name is La Beale Isoud. And, Sir Tristram, said Sir Galahad, the haut prince, well be ye found in these marches, and so ye will promise me to go unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, and accompany with him, ye shall go where ye will, and your fair lady with you; and I shall promise you never in all my days shall such customs be used in this castle as have been used. Sir, said Sir Tristram, now I let you wit, so God me help, I weened ye had been Sir Launcelot du Lake when I saw you first, and therefore I dread you the more; and sir, I promise you, said Sir Tristram, as soon as I may I will see Sir Launcelot and in fellowship me with him; for of all the knights of the world I most desire his fellowship.

**CHAPTER XXVIII. How Sir Launcelot met with Sir Carados bearing away Sir Gawaine, and of the rescue of Sir Gawaine.**

And then Sir Tristram took his leave when he saw his time, and took the sea. And in the meanwhile word came unto Sir Launcelot and to Sir Tristram that Sir Carados, the mighty king, that was made like a giant, fought with Sir Gawaine, and gave him such strokes that he swooned in his saddle, and after that he took him by the collar and pulled him out of his saddle, and fast bound him to the saddle-bow, and so rode his way with him toward his castle. And as he rode, by fortune Sir Launcelot met with Sir Carados, and anon he knew Sir Gawaine that lay bound after him. Ah, said Sir Launcelot unto Sir Gawaine, how stands it with you? Never so hard, said Sir Gawaine, unless that ye help me, for so God me help, without ye rescue me I know no knight that may, but other you or Sir Tristram. Wherefore Sir Launcelot was heavy of Sir Gawaine's words. And then Sir Launcelot bade Sir Carados: Lay down that knight and fight with me. Thou art but a fool, said Sir Carados, for I will serve you in the same wise. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, spare me not, for I warn thee I will not spare thee. And then he bound Sir Gawaine hand and foot, and so threw him to the ground. And then he gat his spear of his squire, and departed from Sir Launcelot to fetch his course. And so either met with other, and brake their spears to their hands; and then they pulled out swords, and hurtled together on horseback more than an hour. And at the last Sir Launcelot smote Sir Carados such a buffet upon the helm that it pierced his brain-pan. So then Sir Launcelot took Sir Carados by the collar and pulled him under his horse's feet, and then he alighted and pulled off his helm and struck off his head.

And then Sir Launcelot unbound Sir Gawaine. So this same tale was told to Sir Galahad and to Sir Tristram:—here may ye hear the nobleness that followeth Sir Launcelot. Alas, said Sir Tristram, an I had not this message in hand with this fair lady, truly I would never stint or I had found Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud went to the sea and came into Cornwall, and there all the barons met them.

**CHAPTER XXIX. Of the wedding of King Mark to La Beale Isoud, and of Bragwaine her maid, and of Palamides.** AND anon they were richly wedded with great noblesse. But ever, as the French book saith, Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud loved ever together. Then was there great jousts and great tourneying, and many lords and ladies were at that feast, and Sir Tristram was most praised of all other. Thus dured the feast long, and after the feast was done, within a little while after, by the assent of two ladies that were with Queen Isoud, they ordained for hate and envy for to destroy Dame Bragwaine, that was maiden and lady unto La Beale Isoud; and she was sent into the forest for to fetch herbs, and there she was met, and bound feet and hand to a tree, and so she was bounden three days. And by fortune, Sir Palamides found Dame Bragwaine, and there he delivered her from the death, and brought her to a nunnery there beside, for to be recovered. When Isoud the queen missed her maiden, wit ye well she was right heavy as ever was any queen, for of all earthly women she loved her best: the cause was for she came with her out of her country. And so upon a day Queen Isoud walked into the forest to put away her thoughts, and there she went herself unto a well and made great moan. And suddenly there came Palamides to her, and had heard all her complaint, and said: Madam Isoud, an ye will grant me my boon, I shall bring to you Dame Bragwaine safe and sound. And the queen was so glad of his proffer that suddenly unadvised she granted all his asking. Well, Madam, said Palamides, I trust to your promise, and if ye will abide here half an hour I shall bring her to you. I shall abide you, said La Beale Isoud. And Sir Palamides rode forth his way to that nunnery, and lightly he came again with Dame Bragwaine; but by her good will she would not have come again, because for love of the queen she stood in adventure of her life. Notwithstanding, half against her will, she went with Sir Palamides unto the queen. And when the queen saw her she was passing glad. Now, Madam, said Palamides, remember upon your promise, for I have fulfilled my promise. Sir Palamides, said the queen, I wot not what is your desire, but I will that ye wit, howbeit I promised you largely, I thought none evil, nor I warn you none evil will I do. Madam, said Sir Palamides, as at this time, ye shall not know my desire, but before my lord your husband there shall ye know that I will have my desire that ye have promised me. And therewith the queen departed, and rode home to the king, and Sir Palamides rode after her. And when Sir Palamides came before the king, he said: Sir King, I require you as ye be a righteous king, that ye will judge me the right. Tell me your cause, said the king, and ye shall have right.

**CHAPTER XXX. How Palamides demanded Queen Isoud, and how Lambegus rode after to rescue her, and of the escape of Isoud.** SIR, said Palamides, I promised your Queen Isoud to bring again Dame Bragwaine that she had lost, upon this covenant, that she should grant me a boon that I would ask, and without grudging, outhere advisement, she granted me. What say ye, my lady? said the king. It is as he saith, so God me help, said the queen; to say thee sooth I promised him his asking for love and joy that I had to see her. Well, Madam, said the king, and if ye were hasty to grant him what boon he would ask, I will well that ye perform your promise. Then, said Palamides, I will that ye wit that I will have your queen to lead her and govern her whereas me list. Therewith the king stood still, and bethought him of Sir Tristram, and deemed that he would rescue her. And then hastily the king answered: Take her with the adventures that shall fall of it, for as I suppose thou wilt not enjoy her no while. As for that, said Palamides, I dare right well abide the adventure. And so, to make short tale, Sir Palamides took her by the hand and said: Madam, grudge not to go with me, for I desire nothing but your own promise. As for that, said the queen, I fear not greatly to go with thee, howbeit thou hast me at advantage upon my promise,

for I doubt not I shall be worshipfully rescued from thee. As for that, said Sir Palamides, be it as it be may. So Queen Isoud was set behind Palamides, and rode his way.

Anon the king sent after Sir Tristram, but in no wise he could be found, for he was in the forest a-hunting; for that was always his custom, but if he used arms, to chase and to hunt in the forests. Alas, said the king, now I am shamed for ever, that by mine own assent my lady and my queen shall be devoured. Then came forth a knight, his name was Lambegus, and he was a knight of Sir Tristram. My lord, said this knight, sith ye have trust in my lord, Sir Tristram, wit ye well for his sake I will ride after your queen and rescue her, or else I shall be beaten. Gramercy, said the king, as I live, Sir Lambegus, I shall deserve it. And then Sir Lambegus armed him, and rode after as fast as he might. And then within a while he overtook Sir Palamides. And then Sir Palamides left the queen. What art thou, said Palamides, art thou Tristram? Nay, he said, I am his servant, and my name is Sir Lambegus. That me repenteth, said Palamides. I had liefer thou hadst been Sir Tristram. I believe you well, said Lambegus, but when thou meetest with Sir Tristram thou shalt have thy hands full. And then they hurtled together and all to-brast their spears, and then they pulled out their swords, and hewed on helms and hauberks. At the last Sir Palamides gave Sir Lambegus such a wound that he fell down like a dead knight to the earth.

Then he looked after La Beale Isoud, and then she was gone he nist where. Wit ye well Sir Palamides was never so heavy. So the queen ran into the forest, and there she found a well, and therein she had thought to have drowned herself. And as good fortune would, there came a knight to her that had a castle thereby, his name was Sir Adtherp. And when he found the queen in that mischief he rescued her, and brought her to his castle. And when he wist what she was he armed him, and took his horse, and said he would be avenged upon Palamides; and so he rode on till he met with him, and there Sir Palamides wounded him sore, and by force he made him to tell him the cause why he did battle with him, and how he had led the queen unto his castle. Now bring me there, said Palamides, or thou shalt die of my hands. Sir, said Sir Adtherp, I am so wounded I may not follow, but ride you this way and it shall bring you into my castle, and there within is the queen. Then Sir Palamides rode still till he came to the castle. And at a window La Beale Isoud saw Sir Palamides; then she made the gates to be shut strongly. And when he saw he might not come within the castle, he put off his bridle and his saddle, and put his horse to pasture, and set himself down at the gate like a man that was out of his wit that recked not of himself.

**CHAPTER XXXI. How Sir Tristram rode after Palamides, and how he found him and fought with him, and by the means of Isoud the battle ceased.** NOW turn we unto Sir Tristram, that when he was come home and wist La Beale Isoud was gone with Sir Palamides, wit ye well he was wroth out of measure. Alas, said Sir Tristram, I am this day shamed. Then he cried to Gouvernail his man: Haste thee that I were armed and on horseback, for well I wot Lambegus hath no might nor strength to withstand Sir Palamides: alas that I have not been in his stead! So anon as he was armed and horsed Sir Tristram and Gouvernail rode after into the forest, and within a while he found his knight Lambegus almost wounded to the death; and Sir Tristram bare him to a forester, and charged him to keep him well. And then he rode forth, and there he found Sir Adtherp sore wounded, and he told him how the queen would have drowned herself had he not been, and how for her sake and love he had taken upon him to do battle with Sir Palamides. Where is my lady? said Sir Tristram. Sir, said the knight, she is sure enough within my castle, an she can hold her within it. Gramercy, said Sir Tristram, of thy great goodness. And so he rode till he came nigh to that castle; and then Sir Tristram saw where Sir Palamides sat at the gate sleeping, and his horse pastured fast afore him. Now go thou, Gouvernail, said Sir Tristram, and bid him awake, and make him ready. So Gouvernail rode unto him and said: Sir Palamides, arise, and take to thee thine harness. But he was in such a study he heard not what Gouvernail said. So Gouvernail came again and told Sir Tristram he slept, or else he was mad. Go thou again, said Sir Tristram, and bid him

arise, and tell him that I am here, his mortal foe. So Gouvernail rode again and put upon him the butt of his spear, and said: Sir Palamides, make thee ready, for wit ye well Sir Tristram hoveth yonder, and sendeth thee word he is thy mortal foe. And therewithal Sir Palamides arose stilly, without words, and gat his horse, and saddled him and bridled him, and lightly he leapt upon, and gat his spear in his hand, and either feuted their spears and hurtled fast together; and there Tristram smote down Sir Palamides over his horse's tail. Then lightly Sir Palamides put his shield afore him and drew his sword. And there began strong battle on both parts, for both they fought for the love of one lady, and ever she lay on the walls and beheld them how they fought out of measure, and either were wounded passing sore, but Palamides was much sorer wounded. Thus they fought tracing and traversing more than two hours, that well-nigh for dole and sorrow La Beale Isoud swooned. Alas, she said, that one I loved and yet do, and the other I love not, yet it were great pity that I should see Sir Palamides slain; for well I know by that time the end be done Sir Palamides is but a dead knight: because he is not christened I would be loath that he should die a Saracen. And therewithal she came down and besought Sir Tristram to fight no more. Ah, madam, said he, what mean you, will ye have me shamed? Well ye know I will be ruled by you. I will not your dishonour, said La Beale Isoud, but I would that ye would for my sake spare this unhappy Saracen Palamides. Madam, said Sir Tristram, I will leave fighting at this time for your sake. Then she said to Sir Palamides: This shall be your charge, that thou shalt go out of this country while I am therein. I will obey your commandment, said Sir Palamides, the which is sore against my will. Then take thy way, said La Beale Isoud, unto the court of King Arthur, and there recommend me unto Queen Guenever, and tell her that I send her word that there be within this land but four lovers, that is, Sir Launcelot du Lake and Queen Guenever, and Sir Tristram de Liones and Queen Isoud.

**CHAPTER XXXII. How Sir Tristram brought Queen Isoud home, and of the debate of King Mark and Sir Tristram.** AND so Sir Palamides departed with great heaviness. And Sir Tristram took the queen and brought her again to King Mark, and then was there made great joy of her home-coming. Who was cherished but Sir Tristram! Then Sir Tristram let fetch Sir Lam-begus, his knight, from the forester's house, and it was long or he was whole, but at the last he was well recovered. Thus they lived with joy and play a long while. But ever Sir Andreu, that was nigh cousin to Sir Tristram, lay in a watch to wait betwixt Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud, for to take them and slander them. So upon a day Sir Tristram talked with La Beale Isoud in a window, and that espied Sir Andreu, and told it to the King. Then King Mark took a sword in his hand and came to Sir Tristram, and called him false traitor, and would have stricken him. But Sir Tristram was nigh him, and ran under his sword, and took it out of his hand. And then the King cried: Where are my knights and my men? I charge you slay this traitor. But at that time there was not one would move for his words. When Sir Tristram saw that there was not one would be against him, he shook the sword to the king, and made countenance as though he would have stricken him. And then King Mark fled, and Sir Tristram followed him, and smote upon him five or six strokes flatling on the neck, that he made him to fall upon the nose. And then Sir Tristram yede his way and armed him, and took his horse and his man, and so he rode into that forest.

And there upon a day Sir Tristram met with two brethren that were knights with King Mark, and there he struck off the head of the one, and wounded the other to the death; and he made him to bear his brother's head in his helm unto the king, and thirty more there he wounded. And when that knight came before the king to say his message, he there died afore the king and the queen. Then King Mark called his council unto him, and asked advice of his barons what was best to do with Sir Tristram. Sir, said the barons, in especial Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, Sir, we will give you counsel for to send for Sir Tristram, for we will that ye wit many men will hold with Sir Tristram an he were hard bestead. And sir, said Sir Dinas, ye shall understand that Sir Tristram is called peerless and makeless of any Christian knight, and of his might and hardness

we knew none so good a knight, but if it be Sir Launcelot du Lake. And if he depart from your court and go to King Arthur's court, wit ye well he will get him such friends there that he will not set by your malice. And therefore, sir, I counsel you to take him to your grace. I will well, said the king, that he be sent for, that we may be friends. Then the barons sent for Sir Tristram under a safe conduct. And so when Sir Tristram came to the king he was welcome, and no rehearsal was made, and there was game and play. And then the king and the queen went a-hunting, and Sir Tristram.

**CHAPTER XXXIII. How Sir Lamorak jousted with thirty knights, and Sir Tristram at the request of King Mark smote his horse down.** THE king and the queen made their pavilions and their tents in that forest beside a river, and there was daily hunting and jousting, for there were ever thirty knights ready to joust unto all them that came in at that time. And there by fortune came Sir Lamorak de Galis and Sir Driant; and there Sir Driant jousted right well, but at the last he had a fall. Then Sir Lamorak proffered to joust. And when he began he fared so with the thirty knights that there was not one of them but that he gave him a fall, and some of them were sore hurt. I marvel, said King Mark, what knight he is that doth such deeds of arms. Sir, said Sir Tristram, I know him well for a noble knight as few now be living, and his name is Sir Lamorak de Galis. It were great shame, said the king, that he should go thus away, unless that some of you meet with him better. Sir, said Sir Tristram, meseemeth it were no worship for a noble man to have ado with him: and for because at this time he hath done over much for any mean knight living, therefore, as meseemeth, it were great shame and villainy to tempt him any more at this time, insomuch as he and his horse are weary both; for the deeds of arms that he hath done this day, an they be well considered, it were enough for Sir Launcelot du Lake. As for that, said King Mark, I require you, as ye love me and my lady the queen, La Beale Isoud, take your arms and joust with Sir Lamorak de Galis. Sir, said Sir Tristram, ye bid me do a thing that is against knighthood, and well I can deem that I shall give him a fall, for it is no mastery, for my horse and I be fresh both, and so is not his horse and he; and wit ye well that he will take it for great unkindness, for ever one good knight is loath to take another at disadvantage; but because I will not displease you, as ye require me so will I do, and obey your commandment.

And so Sir Tristram armed him and took his horse, and put him forth, and there Sir Lamorak met him mightily, and what with the might of his own spear, and of Sir Tristram's spear, Sir Lamorak's horse fell to the earth, and he sitting in the saddle. Then anon as lightly as he might he avoided the saddle and his horse, and put his shield afore him and drew his sword. And then he bade Sir Tristram: Alight, thou knight, an thou durst. Nay, said Sir Tristram, I will no more have ado with thee, for I have done to thee over much unto my dishonour and to thy worship. As for that, said Sir Lamorak, I can thee no thank; since thou hast for-jousted me on horseback I require thee and I beseech thee, an thou be Sir Tristram, fight with me on foot. I will not so, said Sir Tristram; and wit ye well my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, and well I know ye be Sir Lamorak de Galis, and this that I have done to you was against my will, but I was required thereto; but to say that I will do at your request as at this time, I will have no more ado with you, for me shameth of that I have done. As for the shame, said Sir Lamorak, on thy part or on mine, bear thou it an thou wilt, for though a mare's son hath failed me, now a queen's son shall not fail thee; and therefore, an thou be such a knight as men call thee, I require thee, alight, and fight with me. Sir Lamorak, said Sir Tristram, I understand your heart is great, and cause why ye have, to say thee sooth; for it would grieve me an any knight should keep him fresh and then to strike down a weary knight, for that knight nor horse was never formed that alway might stand or endure. And therefore, said Sir Tristram, I will not have ado with you, for me forthinketh of that I have done. As for that, said Sir Lamorak, I shall quit you, an ever I see my time.

**CHAPTER XXXIV. How Sir Lamorak sent an horn to King Mark in despite of Sir Tristram, and how Sir Tristram was driven into a chapel.** So he departed from him with Sir Driant,

and by the way they met with a knight that was sent from Morgan le Fay unto King Arthur; and this knight had a fair horn harnessed with gold, and the horn had such a virtue that there might no lady nor gentlewoman drink of that horn but if she were true to her husband, and if she were false she should spill all the drink, and if she were true to her lord she might drink peaceable. And because of the Queen Guenever, and in the despite of Sir Launcelot, this horn was sent unto King Arthur; and by force Sir Lamorak made that knight to tell all the cause why he bare that horn. Now shalt thou bear this horn, said Lamorak, unto King Mark, or else choose thou to die for it; for I tell thee plainly, in despite and reproof of Sir Tristram thou shalt bear that horn unto King Mark, his uncle, and say thou to him that I sent it him for to assay his lady, and if she be true to him he shall prove her. So the knight went his way unto King Mark, and brought him that rich horn, and said that Sir Lamorak sent it him, and thereto he told him the virtue of that horn. Then the king made Queen Isoud to drink thereof, and an hundred ladies, and there were but four ladies of all those that drank clean. Alas, said King Mark, this is a great despite, and sware a great oath that she should be burnt and the other ladies.

Then the barons gathered them together, and said plainly they would not have those ladies burnt for an horn made by sorcery, that came from as false a sorceress and witch as then was living. For that horn did never good, but caused strife and debate, and always in her days she had been an enemy to all true lovers. So there were many knights made their avow, an ever they met with Morgan le Fay, that they would show her short courtesy. Also Sir Tristram was passing wroth that Sir Lamorak sent that horn unto King Mark, for well he knew that it was done in the despite of him. And therefore he thought to quite Sir Lamorak.

Then Sir Tristram used daily and nightly to go to Queen Isoud when he might, and ever Sir Andreu his cousin watched him night and day for to take him with La Beale Isoud. And so upon a night Sir Andreu espied the hour and the time when Sir Tristram went to his lady. Then Sir Andreu gat unto him twelve knights, and at midnight he set upon Sir Tristram secretly and suddenly and there Sir Tristram was taken naked abed with La Beale Isoud, and then was he bound hand and foot, and so was he kept until day. And then by the assent of King Mark, and of Sir Andreu, and of some of the barons, Sir Tristram was led unto a chapel that stood upon the sea rocks, there for to take his judgment: and so he was led bounden with forty knights. And when Sir Tristram saw that there was none other boot but needs that he must die, then said he: Fair lords, remember what I have done for the country of Cornwall, and in what jeopardy I have been in for the weal of you all; for when I fought for the truage of Cornwall with Sir Marhaus, the good knight, I was promised for to be better rewarded, when ye all refused to take the battle; therefore, as ye be good gentle knights, see me not thus shamefully to die, for it is shame to all knighthood thus to see me die; for I dare say, said Sir Tristram, that I never met with no knight but I was as good as he, or better. Fie upon thee, said Sir Andreu, false traitor that thou art, with thine availing; for all thy boast thou shalt die this day. O Andreu, Andreu, said Sir Tristram, thou shouldst be my kinsman, and now thou art to me full unfriendly, but an there were no more but thou and I, thou wouldst not put me to death. No! said Sir Andreu, and therewith he drew his sword, and would have slain him.

When Sir Tristram saw him make such countenance he looked upon both his hands that were fast bounden unto two knights, and suddenly he pulled them both to him, and unwrast his hands, and then he leapt unto his cousin, Sir Andreu, and wrested his sword out of his hands; then he smote Sir Andreu that he fell to the earth, and so Sir Tristram fought till that he had killed ten knights. So then Sir Tristram gat the chapel and kept it mightily. Then the cry was great, and the people drew fast unto Sir Andreu, mo than an hundred. When Sir Tristram saw the people draw unto him, he remembered he was naked, and sperd fast the chapel door, and brake the bars of a window, and so he leapt out and fell upon the crags in the sea. And so at that time Sir Andreu nor none of his fellows might get to him, at that time.

**CHAPTER XXXV. How Sir Tristram was holpen by his men, and of Queen Isoud which was put in a lazar-cote, and how**

**Tristram was hurt.** SO when they were departed, Gouvernail, and Sir Lambegus, and Sir Sentraile de Lushon, that were Sir Tristram's men, sought their master. When they heard he was escaped then they were passing glad; and on the rocks they found him, and with towels they pulled him up. And then Sir Tristram asked them where was La Beale Isoud, for he weened she had been had away of Andreu's people. Sir, said Gouvernail, she is put in a lazar-cote. Alas, said Sir Tristram, this is a full ungoodly place for such a fair lady, and if I may she shall not be long there. And so he took his men and went thereas was La Beale Isoud, and fetched her away, and brought her into a forest to a fair manor, and Sir Tristram there abode with her. So the good knight bade his men go from him: For at this time I may not help you. So they departed all save Gouvernail. And so upon a day Sir Tristram yede into the forest for to disport him, and then it happened that there he fell sleep; and there came a man that Sir Tristram aforehand had slain his brother, and when this man had found him he shot him through the shoulder with an arrow, and Sir Tristram leapt up and killed that man. And in the meantime it was told King Mark how Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud were in that same manor, and as soon as ever he might thither he came with many knights to slay Sir Tristram. And when he came there he found him gone; and there he took La Beale Isoud home with him, and kept her strait that by no means never she might wit nor send unto Tristram, nor he unto her. And then when Sir Tristram came toward the old manor he found the track of many horses, and thereby he wist his lady was gone. And then Sir Tristram took great sorrow, and endured with great pain long time, for the arrow that he was hurt withal was envenomed.

Then by the mean of La Beale Isoud she told a lady that was cousin unto Dame Bragwaine, and she came to Sir Tristram, and told him that he might not be whole by no means. For thy lady, La Beale Isoud, may not help thee, therefore she biddeth you haste into Brittany to King Howel, and there ye shall find his daughter, Isoud la Blanche Mains, and she shall help thee. Then Sir Tristram and Gouvernail gat them shipping, and so sailed into Brittany. And when King Howel wist that it was Sir Tristram he was full glad of him. Sir, he said, I am come into this country to have help of your daughter, for it is told me that there is none other may heal me but she; and so within a while she healed him.

**CHAPTER XXXVI. How Sir Tristram served in war King Howel of Brittany, and slew his adversary in the field.**

THERE was an earl that hight Grip, and this earl made great war upon the king, and put the king to the worse, and besieged him. And on a time Sir Kehydus, that was son to King Howel, as he issued out he was sore wounded, nigh to the death. Then Gouvernail went to the king and said: Sir, I counsel you to desire my lord, Sir Tristram, as in your need to help you. I will do by your counsel, said the king. And so he yede unto Sir Tristram, and prayed him in his wars to help him: For my son, Sir Kehydus, may not go into the field. Sir, said Sir Tristram, I will go to the field and do what I may. Then Sir Tristram issued out of the town with such fellowship as he might make, and did such deeds that all Brittany spake of him. And then, at the last, by great might and force, he slew the Earl Grip with his own hands, and more than an hundred knights he slew that day. And then Sir Tristram was received worshipfully with procession. Then King Howel embraced him in his arms, and said: Sir Tristram, all my kingdom I will resign to thee. God defend, said Sir Tristram, for I am beholden unto you for your daughter's sake to do for you.

Then by the great means of King Howel and Kehydus his son, by great proffers, there grew great love betwixt Isoud and Sir Tristram, for that lady was both good and fair, and a woman of noble blood and fame. And for because Sir Tristram had such cheer and riches, and all other pleasure that he had, almost he had forsaken La Beale Isoud. And so upon a time Sir Tristram agreed to wed Isoud la Blanche Mains. And at the last they were wedded, and solemnly held their marriage. And so when they were abed both Sir Tristram remembered him of his old lady La Beale Isoud. And then he took such a thought suddenly that he was all dismayed, and other cheer made he none but with clipping and kissing; as for other fleshly lusts Sir Tristram never thought nor

had ado with her: such mention maketh the French book; also it maketh mention that the lady weened there had been no pleasure but kissing and clipping. And in the meantime there was a knight in Brittany, his name was Suppinables, and he came over the sea into England, and then he came into the court of King Arthur, and there he met with Sir Launcelot du Lake, and told him of the marriage of Sir Tristram. Then said Sir Launcelot: Fie upon him, untrue knight to his lady, that so noble a knight as Sir Tristram is should be found to his first lady false, La Beale Isoud, Queen of Cornwall; but say ye him this, said Sir Launcelot, that of all knights in the world I loved him most, and had most joy of him, and all was for his noble deeds; and let him wit the love between him and me is done for ever, and that I give him warning from this day forth as his mortal enemy.

**CHAPTER XXXVII. How Sir Suppinables told Sir Tristram how he was defamed in the court of King Arthur, and of Sir Lamorak.** THEN departed Sir Suppinables unto Brittany again, and there he found Sir Tristram, and told him that he had been in King Arthur's court. Then said Sir Tristram: Heard ye anything of me? So God me help, said Sir Suppinables, there I heard Sir Launcelot speak of you great shame, and that ye be a false knight to your lady and he bade me do you to wit that he will be your mortal enemy in every place where he may meet you. That me repenteth, said Tristram, for of all knights I loved to be in his fellowship. So Sir Tristram made great moan and was ashamed that noble knights should defame him for the sake of his lady. And in this meanwhile La Beale Isoud made a letter unto Queen Guenever, complaining her of the untruth of Sir Tristram, and how he had wedded the king's daughter of Brittany. Queen Guenever sent her another letter, and bade her be of good cheer, for she should have joy after sorrow, for Sir Tristram was so noble a knight called, that by crafts of sorcery ladies would make such noble men to wed them. But in the end, Queen Guenever said, it shall be thus, that he shall hate her, and love you better than ever he did to-fore.

So leave we Sir Tristram in Brittany, and speak we of Sir Lamorak de Galis, that as he sailed his ship fell on a rock and perished all, save Sir Lamorak and his squire; and there he swam mightily, and fishers of the Isle of Servage took him up, and his squire was drowned, and the shipmen had great labour to save Sir Lamorak's life, for all the comfort that they could do.

And the lord of that isle, hight Sir Nabon le Noire, a great mighty giant. And this Sir Nabon hated all the knights of King Arthur's, and in no wise he would do them favour. And these fishers told Sir Lamorak all the guise of Sir Nabon; how there came never knight of King Arthur's but he destroyed him. And at the last battle that he did was slain Sir Nanowne le Petite, the which he put to a shameful death in despite of King Arthur, for he was drawn limb-meal. That forthinketh me, said Sir Lamorak, for that knight's death, for he was my cousin; and if I were at mine ease as well as ever I was, I would revenge his death. Peace, said the fishers, and make here no words, for or ever ye depart from hence Sir Nabon must know that ye have been here, or else we should die for your sake. So that I be whole, said Lamorak, of my disease that I have taken in the sea, I will that ye tell him that I am a knight of King Arthur's, for I was never afraid to reneye my lord.

**CHAPTER XXXVIII. How Sir Tristram and his wife arrived in Wales, and how he met there with Sir Lamorak.** NOW turn we unto Sir Tristram, that upon a day he took a little barge, and his wife Isoud la Blanche Mains, with Sir Kehydus her brother, to play them in the coasts. And when they were from the land, there was a wind drove them in to the coast of Wales upon this Isle of Servage, whereas was Sir Lamorak, and there the barge all to-rove; and there Dame Isoud was hurt; and as well as they might they gat into the forest, and there by a well he saw Segwarides and a damosel. And then either saluted other. Sir, said Segwarides, I know you for Sir Tristram de Liones, the man in the world that I have most cause to hate, because ye departed the love between me and my wife; but as for that, said Sir Segwarides, I will never hate a noble knight for a light lady; and therefore, I pray you, be my friend, and I will be yours unto my power; for wit ye well ye are hard bestead in this valley, and we shall have enough to do either of us to succour other. And then Sir Segwarides brought

Sir Tristram to a lady thereby that was born in Cornwall, and she told him all the perils of that valley, and how there came never knight there but he were taken prisoner or slain. Wit you well, fair lady, said Sir Tristram, that I slew Sir Marhaus and delivered Cornwall from the truage of Ireland, and I am he that delivered the King of Ireland from Sir Blamore de Ganis, and I am he that beat Sir Palamides; and wit ye well I am Sir Tristram de Liones, that by the grace of God shall deliver this woful Isle of Servage. So Sir Tristram was well eased.

Then one told him there was a knight of King Arthur's that was wrecked on the rocks. What is his name? said Sir Tristram. We wot not, said the fishers, but he keepeth it no counsel but that he is a knight of King Arthur's, and by the mighty lord of this isle he setteth nought. I pray you, said Sir Tristram, an ye may, bring him hither that I may see him, and if he be any of the knights of Arthur's I shall know him. Then the lady prayed the fishers to bring him to her place. So on the morrow they brought him thither in a fisher's raiment; and as soon as Sir Tristram saw him he smiled upon him and knew him well, but he knew not Sir Tristram. Fair sir, said Sir Tristram, meseemeth by your cheer ye have been diseased but late, and also methinketh I should know you heretofore. I will well, said Sir Lamorak, that ye have seen me and met with me. Fair sir, said Sir Tristram, tell me your name. Upon a covenant I will tell you, said Sir Lamorak, that is, that ye will tell me whether ye be lord of this island or no, that is called Nabon le Noire. Forsooth, said Sir Tristram, I am not he, nor I hold not of him; I am his foe as well as ye be, and so shall I be found or I depart out of this isle. Well, said Sir Lamorak, since ye have said so largely unto me, my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis, son unto King Pellinore. Forsooth, I trow well, said Sir Tristram, for an ye said other I know the contrary. What are ye, said Sir Lamorak, that knoweth me? I am Sir Tristram de Liones. Ah, sir, remember ye not of the fall ye did give me once, and after ye refused me to fight on foot. That was not for fear I had of you, said Sir Tristram, but me shamed at that time to have more ado with you, for meseemed ye had enough; but, Sir Lamorak, for my kindness many ladies ye put to a reproof when ye sent the horn from Morgan le Fay to King Mark, whereas ye did this in despite of me. Well, said he, an it were to do again, so would I do, for I had liefer strife and debate fell in King Mark's court rather than Arthur's court, for the honour of both courts be not alike. As to that, said Sir Tristram, I know well; but that that was done it was for despite of me, but all your malice, I thank God, hurt not greatly. Therefore, said Sir Tristram, ye shall leave all your malice, and so will I, and let us assay how we may win worship between you and me upon this giant Sir Nabon le Noire that is lord of this island, to destroy him. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, now I understand your knighthood, it may not be false that all men say, for of your bounty, noblesse, and worship, of all knights ye are peerless, and for your courtesy and gentleness I showed you ungentleness, and that now me repenteth.

**CHAPTER XXXIX. How Sir Tristram fought with Sir Nabon, and overcame him, and made Sir Segwarides lord of the isle.** IN the meantime there came word that Sir Nabon had made a cry that all the people of that isle should be at his castle the fifth day after. And the same day the son of Nabon should be made knight, and all the knights of that valley and thereabout should be there to joust, and all those of the realm of Logris should be there to joust with them of North Wales: and thither came five hundred knights, and they of the country brought thither Sir Lamorak, and Sir Tristram, and Sir Kehydus, and Sir Segwarides, for they durst none otherwise do; and then Sir Nabon lent Sir Lamorak horse and armour at Sir Lamorak's desire, and Sir Lamorak jousted and did such deeds of arms that Nabon and all the people said there was never knight that ever they saw do such deeds of arms; for, as the French book saith, he for-jousted all that were there, for the most part of five hundred knights, that none abode him in his saddle.

Then Sir Nabon proffered to play with him his play: For I saw never no knight do so much upon a day. I will well, said Sir Lamorak, play as I may, but I am weary and sore bruised. And there either gat a spear, but Nabon would not encounter with Sir Lamorak, but smote his horse in the forehead, and so slew him; and

then Sir Lamorak yede on foot, and turned his shield and drew his sword, and there began strong battle on foot. But Sir Lamorak was so sore bruised and short breathed, that he traced and traversed somewhat aback. Fair fellow, said Sir Nabon, hold thy hand and I shall show thee more courtesy than ever I showed knight, because I have seen this day thy noble knighthood, and therefore stand thou by, and I will wit whether any of thy fellows will have ado with me. Then when Sir Tristram heard that, he stepped forth and said: Nabon, lend me horse and sure armour, and I will have ado with thee. Well, fellow, said Sir Nabon, go thou to yonder pavilion, and arm thee of the best thou findest there, and I shall play a marvellous play with thee. Then said Sir Tristram: Look ye play well, or else peradventure I shall learn you a new play. That is well said, fellow, said Sir Nabon. So when Sir Tristram was armed as him liked best, and well shielded and sworded, he dressed to him on foot; for well he knew that Sir Nabon would not abide a stroke with a spear, therefore he would slay all knights' horses. Now, fair fellow, Sir Nabon, let us play. So then they fought long on foot, tracing and traversing, smiting and foining long without any rest. At the last Sir Nabon prayed him to tell him his name. Sir Nabon, I tell thee my name is Sir Tristram de Lioness, a knight of Cornwall under King Mark. Thou art welcome, said Sir Nabon, for of all knights I have most desired to fight with thee or with Sir Launcelot.

So then they went eagerly together, and Sir Tristram slew Sir Nabon, and so forthwith he leapt to his son, and struck off his head; and then all the country said they would hold of Sir Tristram. Nay, said Sir Tristram, I will not so; here is a worshipful knight, Sir Lamorak de Galis, that for me he shall be lord of this country, for he hath done here great deeds of arms. Nay, said Sir Lamorak, I will not be lord of this country, for I have not deserved it as well as ye, therefore give ye it where ye will, for I will none have. Well, said Sir Tristram, since ye nor I will not have it, let us give it to him that hath not so well deserved it. Do as ye list, said Segwarides, for the gift is yours, for I will none have an I had deserved it. So was it given to Segwarides, whereof he thanked them; and so was he lord, and worshipfully he did govern it. And then Sir Segwarides delivered all prisoners, and set good governance in that valley; and so he returned into Cornwall, and told King Mark and La Beale Isoud how Sir Tristram had advanced him to the Isle of Servage, and there he proclaimed in all Cornwall of all the adventures of these two knights, so was it openly known. But full woe was La Beale Isoud when she heard tell that Sir Tristram was wedded to Isoud la Blanche Mains.

**CHAPTER XL. How Sir Lamorak departed from Sir Tristram, and how he met with Sir Frol, and after with Sir Launcelot.** So turn we unto Sir Lamorak, that rode toward Arthur's court, and Sir Tristram's wife and Kehydus took a vessel and sailed into Brittany, unto King Howel, where he was welcome. And when he heard of these adventures they marvelled of his noble deeds. Now turn we unto Sir Lamorak, that when he was departed from Sir Tristram he rode out of the forest, till he came to an hermitage. When the hermit saw him, he asked him from whence he came. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, I come from this valley. Sir, said the hermit: thereof I marvel. For this twenty winter I saw never no knight pass this country but he was either slain or villainously wounded, or pass as a poor prisoner. Those ill customs, said Sir Lamorak, are fordone, for Sir Tristram slew your lord, Sir Nabon, and his son. Then was the hermit glad, and all his brethren, for he said there was never such a tyrant among Christian men. And therefore, said the hermit, this valley and franchise we will hold of Sir Tristram.

So on the morrow Sir Lamorak departed; and as he rode he saw four knights fight against one, and that one knight defended him well, but at the last the four knights had him down. And then Sir Lamorak went betwixt them, and asked them why they would slay that one knight, and said it was shame, four against one. Thou shalt well wit, said the four knights, that he is false. That is your tale, said Sir Lamorak, and when I hear him also speak, I will say as ye say. Then said Lamorak: Ah, knight, can ye not excuse you, but that ye are a false knight. Sir, said he, yet can I excuse me both with my word and with my hands, that I will make good upon one

of the best of them, my body to his body. Then spake they all at once: We will not jeopardy our bodies as for thee. But wit thou well, they said, an King Arthur were here himself, it should not lie in his power to save his life. That is too much said, said Sir Lamorak, but many speak behind a man more than they will say to his face; and because of your words ye shall understand that I am one of the simplest of King Arthur's court; in the worship of my lord now do your best, and in despite of you I shall rescue him. And then they lashed all at once to Sir Lamorak, but anon at two strokes Sir Lamorak had slain two of them, and then the other two fled. So then Sir Lamorak turned again to that knight, and asked him his name. Sir, he said, my name is Sir Frol of the Out Isles. Then he rode with Sir Lamorak and bare him company.

And as they rode by the way they saw a seemingly knight riding against them, and all in white. Ah, said Frol, yonder knight jousteth late with me and smote me down, therefore I will joust with him. Ye shall not do so, said Sir Lamorak, by my counsel, an ye will tell me your quarrel, whether ye jousteth at his request, or he at yours. Nay, said Sir Frol, I joust with him at my request. Sir, said Lamorak, then will I counsel you deal no more with him, for meseemeth by his countenance he should be a noble knight, and no japer; for methinketh he should be of the Table Round. Therefore I will not spare, said Sir Frol. And then he cried and said: Sir knight, make thee ready to joust. That needeth not, said the White Knight, for I have no lust to joust with thee; but yet they feutred their spears, and the White Knight overthrew Sir Frol, and then he rode his way a soft pace. Then Sir Lamorak rode after him, and prayed him to tell him his name: For meseemeth ye should be of the fellowship of the Round Table. Upon a covenant, said he, I will tell you my name, so that ye will not discover my name, and also that ye will tell me yours. Then, said he, my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis. And my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. Then they put up their swords, and kissed heartily together, and either made great joy of other. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, an it please you I will do you service. God defend, said Launcelot, that any of so noble a blood as ye be should do me service. Then he said: More, I am in a quest that I must do myself alone. Now God speed you, said Sir Lamorak, and so they departed. Then Sir Lamorak came to Sir Frol and horsed him again. What knight is that? said Sir Frol. Sir, he said, it is not for you to know, nor it is no point of my charge. Ye are the more uncourteous, said Sir Frol, and therefore I will depart from you. Ye may do as ye list, said Sir Lamorak, and yet by my company ye have saved the fairest flower of your garland; so they departed.

**CHAPTER XLI. How Sir Lamorak slew Sir Frol, and of the courteous fighting with Sir Belliance his brother.** THEN within two or three days Sir Lamorak found a knight at a well sleeping, and his lady sat with him and waked. Right so came Sir Gawaine and took the knight's lady, and set her up behind his squire. So Sir Lamorak rode after Sir Gawaine, and said: Sir Gawaine, turn again. And then said Sir Gawaine: What will ye do with me? for I am nephew unto King Arthur. Sir, said he, for that cause I will spare you, else that lady should abide with me, or else ye should joust with me. Then Sir Gawaine turned him and ran to him that ought the lady, with his spear, but the knight with pure might smote down Sir Gawaine, and took his lady with him. All this Sir Lamorak saw, and said to himself: But I revenge my fellow he will say of me dishonour in King Arthur's court. Then Sir Lamorak returned and proffered that knight to joust. Sir, said he, I am ready. And there they came together with all their might, and there Sir Lamorak smote the knight through both sides that he fell to the earth dead.

Then that lady rode to that knight's brother that hight Belliance le Orgulus, that dwelt fast thereby, and then she told him how his brother was slain. Alas, said he, I will be revenged. And so he horsed him, and armed him, and within a while he overtook Sir Lamorak, and bade him: Turn and leave that lady, for thou and I must play a new play; for thou hast slain my brother Sir Frol, that was a better knight than ever wert thou. It might well be, said Sir Lamorak, but this day in the field I was found the better. So they rode together, and unhorsed other, and turned their shields, and drew their swords, and fought mightily as noble knights proved,

by the space of two hours. So then Sir Belliance prayed him to tell him his name. Sir, said he, my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis. Ah, said Sir Belliance, thou art the man in the world that I most hate, for I slew my sons for thy sake, where I saved thy life, and now thou hast slain my brother Sir Frol. Alas, how should I be accorded with thee; therefore defend thee, for thou shalt die, there is none other remedy. Alas, said Sir Lamorak, full well me ought to know you, for ye are the man that most have done for me. And therewithal Sir Lamorak kneeled down, and besought him of grace. Arise, said Sir Belliance, or else thereas thou kneelest I shall slay thee. That shall not need, said Sir Lamorak, for I will yield me unto you, not for fear of you, nor for your strength, but your goodness maketh me full loath to have ado with you; wherefore I require you for God's sake, and for the honour of knighthood, forgive me all that I have offended unto you. Alas, said Belliance, leave thy kneeling, or else I shall slay thee without mercy.

Then they yede again unto battle, and either wounded other, that all the ground was bloody thereas they fought. And at the last Belliance withdrew him aback and set him down softly upon a little hill, for he was so faint for bleeding that he might not stand. Then Sir Lamorak threw his shield upon his back, and asked him what cheer. Well, said Sir Belliance. Ah, Sir, yet shall I show you favour in your mal-ease. Ah, Knight Sir Belliance, said Sir Lamorak, thou art a fool, for an I had had thee at such advantage as thou hast done me, I should slay thee; but thy gentleness is so good and so large, that I must needs forgive thee mine evil will. And then Sir Lamorak kneeled down, and unlaced first his umberere, and then his own, and then either kissed other with weeping tears. Then Sir Lamorak led Sir Belliance to an abbey fast by, and there Sir Lamorak would not depart from Belliance till he was whole. And then they sware together that none of them should never fight against other. So Sir Lamorak departed and went to the court of King Arthur.

Here leave we of Sir Lamorak and of Sir Tristram. And here beginneth the history of La Cote Male Taile.

## BOOK IX.

**CHAPTER I. How a young man came into the court of King Arthur, and how Sir Kay called him in scorn La Cote Male Taile.** AT the court of King Arthur there came a young man and bigly made, and he was richly beseen: and he desired to be made knight of the king, but his over-garment sat over-thwartly, howbeit it was rich cloth of gold. What is your name? said King Arthur. Sir, said he, my name is Breunor le Noire, and within short space ye shall know that I am of good kin. It may well be, said Sir Kay, the Seneschal, but in mockage ye shall be called La Cote Male Taile, that is as much to say, the evil-shapen coat. It is a great thing that thou askest, said the king; and for what cause wearest thou that rich coat? tell me, for I can well think for some cause it is. Sir, he answered, I had a father, a noble knight, and as he rode a-hunting, upon a day it happened him to lay him down to sleep; and there came a knight that had been long his enemy, and when he saw he was fast asleep he all to-hew him; and this same coat had my father on the same time; and that maketh this coat to sit so evil upon me, for the strokes be on it as I found it, and never shall be amended for me. Thus to have my father's death in remembrance I wear this coat till I be revenged; and because ye are called the most noblest king of the world I come to you that ye should make me knight. Sir, said Sir Lamorak and Sir Gaheris, it were well done to make him knight; for him besemeth well of person and of countenance, that he shall prove a good man, and a good knight, and a mighty; for, Sir, an ye be remembered, even such one was Sir Launcelot du Lake when he came first into this court, and full few of us knew from whence he came; and now is he proved the man of most worship in the world; and all your court and all your Round Table is by Sir Launcelot worshipped and amended more than by any knight now living. That is truth, said the king, and to-morrow at your request I shall make him knight.

So on the morrow there was an hart found, and thither rode King Arthur with a company of his knights to slay the hart. And this young man that Sir Kay named La Cote Male Taile was there left behind with Queen Guenever; and by sudden adventure there

was an horrible lion kept in a strong tower of stone, and it happened that he at that time brake loose, and came hurling afore the queen and her knights. And when the queen saw the lion she cried and fled, and prayed her knights to rescue her. And there was none of them all but twelve that abode, and all the other fled. Then said La Cote Male Taile: Now I see well that all coward knights be not dead; and therewithal he drew his sword and dressed him afore the lion. And that lion gaped wide and came upon him ramping to have slain him. And he then smote him in the midst of the head such a mighty stroke that it clave his head in sunder, and dashed to the earth. Then was it told the queen how the young man that Sir Kay named by scorn La Cote Male Taile had slain the lion. With that the king came home. And when the queen told him of that adventure, he was well pleased, and said: Upon pain of mine head he shall prove a noble man and a faithful knight, and true of his promise: then the king forthwithal made him knight. Now Sir, said this young knight, I require you and all the knights of your court, that ye call me by none other name but La Cote Male Taile: in so much as Sir Kay hath so named me so will I be called. I assent me well thereto, said the king.

**CHAPTER II. How a damosel came into the court and desired a knight to take on him an enquest, which La Cote Male Taile emprisied.** THEN that same day there came a damosel into the court, and she brought with her a great black shield, with a white hand in the midst holding a sword. Other picture was there none in that shield. When King Arthur saw her he asked her from whence she came and what she would. Sir, she said, I have ridden long and many a day with this shield many ways, and for this cause I am come to your court: there was a good knight that ought this shield, and this knight had undertaken a great deed of arms to enchieve it; and so it misfortuned him another strong knight met with him by sudden adventure, and there they fought long, and either wounded other passing sore; and they were so weary that they left that battle even hand. So this knight that ought this shield saw none other way but he must die; and then he commanded me to bear this shield to the court of King Arthur, he requiring and praying some good knight to take this shield, and that he would fulfil the quest that he was in. Now what say ye to this quest? said King Arthur; is there any of you here that will take upon him to wield this shield? Then was there not one that would speak one word. Then Sir Kay took the shield in his hands. Sir knight, said the damosel, what is your name? Wit ye well, said he, my name is Sir Kay, the Seneschal, that whidewhere is known. Sir, said that damosel, lay down that shield, for wit ye well it falleth not for you, for he must be a better knight than ye that shall wield this shield. Damosel, said Sir Kay, wit ye well I took this shield in my hands by your leave for to behold it, not to that intent; but go wheresomever thou wilt, for I will not go with you.

Then the damosel stood still a great while and beheld many of those knights. Then spake the knight, La Cote Male Taile: Fair damosel, I will take the shield and that adventure upon me, so I wist I should know whitherward my journey might be; for because I was this day made knight I would take this adventure upon me. What is your name, fair young man? said the damosel. My name is, said he, La Cote Male Taile. Well mayest thou be called so, said the damosel, the knight with the evil-shapen coat; but an thou be so hardy to take upon thee to bear that shield and to follow me, wit thou well thy skin shall be as well hewn as thy coat. As for that, said La Cote Male Taile, when I am so hewn I will ask you no salve to heal me withal. And forthwithal there came into the court two squires and brought him great horses, and his armour, and his spears, and anon he was armed and took his leave. I would not by my will, said the king, that ye took upon you that hard adventure. Sir, said he, this adventure is mine, and the first that ever I took upon me, and that will I follow whatsomever come of me. Then that damosel departed, and La Cote Male Taile fast followed after. And within a while he overtook the damosel, and anon she missaid him in the foulest manner.

Then the damosel stood still a great while and beheld many of those knights. Then spake the knight, La Cote Male Taile: Fair damosel, I will take the shield and that adventure upon me, so I wist I should know whitherward my journey might be; for because I was this day made knight I would take this adventure upon me. What is your name, fair young man? said the damosel. My name is, said he, La Cote Male Taile. Well mayest thou be called so, said the damosel, the knight with the evil-shapen coat; but an thou be so hardy to take upon thee to bear that shield and to follow me, wit thou well thy skin shall be as well hewn as thy coat. As for that, said La Cote Male Taile, when I am so hewn I will ask you no salve to heal me withal. And forthwithal there came into the court two squires and brought him great horses, and his armour, and his spears, and anon he was armed and took his leave. I would not by my will, said the king, that ye took upon you that hard adventure. Sir, said he, this adventure is mine, and the first that ever I took upon me, and that will I follow whatsomever come of me. Then that damosel departed, and La Cote Male Taile fast followed after. And within a while he overtook the damosel, and anon she missaid him in the foulest manner.

**CHAPTER III. How La Cote Male Taile overthrew Sir Dagonet the king's fool, and of the rebuke that he had of the damosel.** THEN Sir Kay ordained Sir Dagonet, King Arthur's

fool, to follow after La Cote Male Taile; and there Sir Kay ordained that Sir Dagonet was horsed and armed, and bade him follow La Cote Male Taile and proffer him to joust, and so he did; and when he saw La Cote Male Taile, he cried and bade him make him ready to joust. So Sir La Cote Male Taile smote Sir Dagonet over his horse's croup. Then the damosel mocked La Cote Male Taile, and said: Fie for shame! now art thou shamed in Arthur's court, when they send a fool to have ado with thee, and specially at thy first jousts; thus she rode long, and chid. And within a while there came Sir Bleoberis, the good knight, and there he jousts with La Cote Male Taile, and there Sir Bleoberis smote him so sore, that horse and all fell to the earth. Then La Cote Male Taile arose up lightly, and dressed his shield, and drew his sword, and would have done battle to the utterance, for he was wood wroth. Not so, said Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, as at this time I will not fight upon foot. Then the damosel Maledisant rebuked him in the foulest manner, and bade him: Turn again, coward. Ah, damosel, he said, I pray you of mercy to missay me no more, my grief is enough though ye give me no more; I call myself never the worse knight when a mare's son faileth me, and also I count me never the worse knight for a fall of Sir Bleoberis.

So thus he rode with her two days; and by fortune there came Sir Palomides and encountered with him, and he in the same wise served him as did Bleoberis to-forehand. What dost thou here in my fellowship? said the damosel Maledisant, thou canst not sit no knight, nor withstand him one buffet, but if it were Sir Dagonet. Ah, fair damosel, I am not the worse to take a fall of Sir Palomides, and yet great disworship have I none, for neither Bleoberis nor yet Palomides would not fight with me on foot. As for that, said the damosel, wit thou well they have disdain and scorn to light off their horses to fight with such a lewd knight as thou art. So in the meanwhile there came Sir Mordred, Sir Gawaine's brother, and so he fell in the fellowship with the damosel Maledisant. And then they came afore the Castle Orgulous, and there was such a custom that there might no knight come by that castle but either he must joust or be prisoner, or at the least to lose his horse and his harness. And there came out two knights against them, and Sir Mordred jousts with the foremost, and that knight of the castle smote Sir Mordred down off his horse. And then La Cote Male Taile jousts with that other, and either of them smote other down, horse and all, to the earth. And when they avoided their horses, then either of them took other's horses. And then La Cote Male Taile rode unto that knight that smote down Sir Mordred, and jousts with him. And there Sir La Cote Male Taile hurt and wounded him passing sore, and put him from his horse as he had been dead. So he turned unto him that met him afore, and he took the flight towards the castle, and Sir La Cote Male Taile rode after him into the Castle Orgulous, and there La Cote Male Taile slew him.

#### CHAPTER IV. How La Cote Male Taile fought against an hundred knights, and how he escaped by the mean of a lady.

AND anon there came an hundred knights about him and assailed him; and when he saw his horse should be slain he alighted and voided his horse, and put the bridle under his feet, and so put him out of the gate. And when he had so done he hurled in among them, and dressed his back unto a lady's chamber-wall, thinking himself that he had liefer die there with worship than to abide the rebukes of the damosel Maledisant. And in the meantime as he stood and fought, that lady whose was the chamber went out slyly at her postern, and without the gates she found La Cote Male Taile's horse, and lightly she gat him by the bridle, and tied him to the postern. And then she went unto her chamber slyly again for to behold how that one knight fought against an hundred knights. And when she had beheld him long she went to a window behind his back, and said: Thou knight, thou fightest wonderly well, but for all that at the last thou must needs die, but, an thou canst through thy mighty prowess, win unto yonder postern, for there have I fastened thy horse to abide thee: but wit thou well thou must think on thy worship, and think not to die, for thou mayst not win unto that postern without thou do nobly and mightily. When La Cote Male Taile heard her say so he gripped his sword in his hands, and put his shield fair afore him, and through the thickest press he thrulled through them. And when he came to

the postern he found there ready four knights, and at two the first strokes he slew two of the knights, and the other fled; and so he won his horse and rode from them. And all as it was it was rehearsed in King Arthur's court, how he slew twelve knights within the Castle Orgulous; and so he rode on his way.

And in the meanwhile the damosel said to Sir Mordred: I ween my foolish knight be either slain or taken prisoner: then were they ware where he came riding. And when he was come unto them he told all how he had sped and escaped in despite of them all: And some of the best of them will tell no tales. Thou liest falsely, said the damosel, that dare I make good, but as a fool and a dastard to all knighthood they have let thee pass. That may ye prove, said La Cote Male Taile. With that she sent a courier of hers, that rode alway with her, for to know the truth of this deed; and so he rode thither lightly, and asked how and in what manner that La Cote Male Taile was escaped out of the castle. Then all the knights cursed him, and said that he was a fiend and no man: For he hath slain here twelve of our best knights, and we weened unto this day that it had been too much for Sir Launcelot du Lake or for Sir Tristram de Liones. And in despite of us all he is departed from us and maugre our heads.

With this answer the courier departed and came to Maledisant his lady, and told her all how Sir La Cote Male Taile had sped at the Castle Orgulous. Then she smote down her head, and said little. By my head, said Sir Mordred to the damosel, ye are greatly to blame so to rebuke him, for I warn you plainly he is a good knight, and I doubt not but he shall prove a noble knight; but as yet he may not yet sit sure on horseback, for he that shall be a good horseman it must come of usage and exercise. But when he cometh to the strokes of his sword he is then noble and mighty, and that saw Sir Bleoberis and Sir Palomides, for wit ye well they are wily men of arms, and anon they know when they see a young knight by his riding, how they are sure to give him a fall from his horse or a great buffet. But for the most part they will not light on foot with young knights, for they are wight and strongly armed. For in likewise Sir Launcelot du Lake, when he was first made knight, he was often put to the worse upon horseback, but ever upon foot he recovered his renown, and slew and defoiled many knights of the Round Table. And therefore the rebukes that Sir Launcelot did unto many knights causeth them that be men of prowess to beware; for often I have seen the old proved knights rebuked and slain by them that were but young beginners. Thus they rode sure talking by the way together.

#### CHAPTER V. How Sir Launcelot came to the court and heard of La Cote Male Taile, and how he followed after him, and how La Cote Male Taile was prisoner.

HERE leave we off a while of this tale, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lake, that when he was come to the court of King Arthur, then heard he tell of the young knight La Cote Male Taile, how he slew the lion, and how he took upon him the adventure of the black shield, the which was named at that time the hardest adventure of the world. So God me save, said Sir Launcelot unto many of his fellows, it was shame to all the noble knights to suffer such a young knight to take such adventure upon him for his destruction; for I will that ye wit, said Sir Launcelot, that that damosel Maledisant hath borne that shield many a day for to seek the most proved knights, and that was she that Breuse Saunce Pite took that shield from her, and after Tristram de Liones rescued that shield from him and gave it to the damosel again, a little afore that time that Sir Tristram fought with my nephew Sir Blamore de Ganis, for a quarrel that was betwixt the King of Ireland and him. Then many knights were sorry that Sir La Cote Male Taile was gone forth to that adventure. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I cast me to ride after him. And within seven days Sir Launcelot overtook La Cote Male Taile, and then he saluted him and the damosel Maledisant. And when Sir Mordred saw Sir Launcelot, then he left their fellowship; and so Sir Launcelot rode with them all a day, and ever that damosel rebuked La Cote Male Taile; and then Sir Launcelot answered for him, then she left off, and rebuked Sir Launcelot.

So this meantime Sir Tristram sent by a damosel a letter unto Sir Launcelot, excusing him of the wedding of Isoud la Blanche Mains; and said in the letter, as he was a true knight he had never

ado fleshly with Isoud la Blanche Mains; and passing courteously and gently Sir Tristram wrote unto Sir Launcelot, ever beseeching him to be his good friend and unto La Beale Isoud of Cornwall, and that Sir Launcelot would excuse him if that ever he saw her. And within short time by the grace of God, said Sir Tristram, that he would speak with La Beale Isoud, and with him right hastily. Then Sir Launcelot departed from the damosel and from Sir La Cote Male Taile, for to oversee that letter, and to write another letter unto Sir Tristram de Liones.

And in the meanwhile La Cote Male Taile rode with the damosel until they came to a castle that hight Pendragon; and there were six knights stood afore him, and one of them proffered to joust with La Cote Male Taile. And there La Cote Male Taile smote him over his horse's croup. And then the five knights set upon him all at once with their spears, and there they smote La Cote Male Taile down, horse and man. And then they alighted suddenly, and set their hands upon him all at once, and took him prisoner, and so led him unto the castle and kept him as prisoner.

And on the morn Sir Launcelot arose, and delivered the damosel with letters unto Sir Tristram, and then he took his way after La Cote Male Taile; and by the way upon a bridge there was a knight proffered Sir Launcelot to joust, and Sir Launcelot smote him down, and then they fought upon foot a noble battle together, and a mighty; and at the last Sir Launcelot smote him down grovelling upon his hands and his knees. And then that knight yielded him, and Sir Launcelot received him fair. Sir, said the knight, I require thee tell me your name, for much my heart giveth unto you. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, as at this time I will not tell you my name, unless then that ye tell me your name. Certainly, said the knight, my name is Sir Nerovens, that was made knight of my lord Sir Launcelot du Lake. Ah, Nerovens de Lile, said Sir Launcelot, I am right glad that ye are proved a good knight, for now wit ye well my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. Alas, said Sir Nerovens de Lile, what have I done! And therewithal flatling he fell to his feet, and would have kissed them, but Sir Launcelot would not let him; and then either made great joy of other. And then Sir Nerovens told Sir Launcelot that he should not go by the Castle of Pendragon: For there is a lord, a mighty knight, and many knights with him, and this night I heard say that they took a knight prisoner yesterday that rode with a damosel, and they say he is a Knight of the Round Table.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Launcelot fought with six knights, and after with Sir Brian, and how he delivered the prisoners.** AH, said Sir Launcelot, that knight is my fellow, and him shall I rescue or else I shall lose my life therefore. And therewithal he rode fast till he came before the Castle of Pendragon; and anon therewithal there came six knights, and all made them ready to set upon Sir Launcelot at once; then Sir Launcelot feutred his spear, and smote the foremost that he brake his back in-sunder, and three of them hit and three failed. And then Sir Launcelot passed through them, and lightly he turned in again, and smote another knight through the breast and throughout the back more than an ell, and therewithal his spear brake. So then all the remnant of the four knights drew their swords and lashed at Sir Launcelot. And at every stroke Sir Launcelot bestowed so his strokes that at four strokes sundry they avoided their saddles, passing sore wounded; and forthwithal he rode hurling into that castle.

And anon the lord of the castle, that was that time cleped Sir Brian de les Isles, the which was a noble man and a great enemy unto King Arthur, within a while he was armed and upon horseback. And then they feutred their spears and hurled together so strongly that both their horses rushed to the earth. And then they avoided their saddles, and dressed their shields, and drew their swords, and flang together as wood men, and there were many strokes given in a while. At the last Sir Launcelot gave to Sir Brian such a buffet that he kneeled upon his knees, and then Sir Launcelot rushed upon him, and with great force he pulled off his helm; and when Sir Brian saw that he should be slain he yielded him, and put him in his mercy and in his grace. Then Sir Launcelot made him to deliver all his prisoners that he had within his castle, and therein Sir Launcelot found of Arthur's knights thirty, and forty ladies, and so he delivered them; and then he rode his way.

And anon as La Cote Male Taile was delivered he gat his horse, and his harness, and his damosel Maledisant.

The meanwhile Sir Nerovens, that Sir Launcelot had foughten withal afore at the bridge, he sent a damosel after Sir Launcelot to wit how he sped at the Castle of Pendragon. And then they within the castle marvelled what knight he was, when Sir Brian and his knights delivered all those prisoners. Have ye no marvel, said the damosel, for the best knight in this world was here, and did this journey, and wit ye well, she said, it was Sir Launcelot. Then was Sir Brian full glad, and so was his lady, and all his knights, that such a man should win them. And when the damosel and La Cote Male Taile understood that it was Sir Launcelot du Lake that had ridden with them in fellowship, and that she remembered her how she had rebuked him and called him coward, then was she passing heavy.

**CHAPTER VII. How Sir Launcelot met with the damosel named Male disant, and named her the Damosel Bienpensant.** SO then they took their horses and rode forth a pace after Sir Launcelot. And within two mile they overtook him, and saluted him, and thanked him, and the damosel cried Sir Launcelot mercy of her evil deed and saying: For now I know the flower of all knighthood is departed even between Sir Tristram and you. For God knoweth, said the damosel, that I have sought you my lord, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Tristram long, and now I thank God I have met with you; and once at Camelot I met with Sir Tristram, and there he rescued this black shield with the white hand holding a naked sword that Sir Breuse Saunce Pite had taken from me. Now, fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, who told you my name? Sir, said she, there came a damosel from a knight that ye fought withal at the bridge, and she told me your name was Sir Launcelot du Lake. Blame have she then, said Sir Launcelot, but her lord, Sir Nerovens, hath told her. But, damosel, said Sir Launcelot, upon this covenant I will ride with you, so that ye will not rebuke this knight Sir La Cote Male Taile no more; for he is a good knight, and I doubt not he shall prove a noble knight, and for his sake and pity that he should not be destroyed I followed him to succour him in this great need. Ah, Jesu thank you, said the damosel, for now I will say unto you and to him both, I rebuked him never for no hate that I hated him, but for great love that I had to him. For ever I supposed that he had been too young and too tender to take upon him these adventures. And therefore by my will I would have driven him away for jealousy that I had of his life, for it may be no young knight's deed that shall enchieve this adventure to the end. Pardieu, said Sir Launcelot, it is well said, and where ye are called the Damosel Maledisant I will call you the Damosel Bienpensant.

And so they rode forth a great while unto they came to the border of the country of Surluse, and there they found a fair village with a strong bridge like a fortress. And when Sir Launcelot and they were at the bridge there stert forth afore them of gentlemen and yeomen many, that said: Fair lords, ye may not pass this bridge and this fortress because of that black shield that I see one of you bear, and therefore there shall not pass but one of you at once; therefore choose you which of you shall enter within this bridge first. Then Sir Launcelot proffered himself first to enter within this bridge. Sir, said La Cote Male Taile, I beseech you let me enter within this fortress, and if I may speed well I will send for you, and if it happened that I be slain, there it goeth. And if so be that I am a prisoner taken, then may ye rescue me. I am loath, said Sir Launcelot, to let you pass this passage. Sir, said La Cote Male Taile, I pray you let me put my body in this adventure. Now go your way, said Sir Launcelot, and Jesu be your speed.

So he entered, and anon there met with him two brethren, the one hight Sir Plaine de Force, and the other hight Sir Plaine de Amours. And anon they met with Sir La Cote Male Taile; and first La Cote Male Taile smote down Plaine de Force, and after he smote down Plaine de Amours; and then they dressed them to their shields and swords, and bade La Cote Male Taile alight, and so he did; and there was dashing and foining with swords, and so they began to assail full hard La Cote Male Taile, and many great wounds they gave him upon his head, and upon his breast, and upon his shoulders. And as he might ever among he gave sad strokes again. And then the two brethren traced and traversed for

to be of both hands of Sir La Cote Male Taile, but he by fine force and knightly prowess gat them afore him. And then when he felt himself so wounded, then he doubled his strokes, and gave them so many wounds that he felled them to the earth, and would have slain them had they not yielded them. And right so Sir La Cote Male Taile took the best horse that there was of them three, and so rode forth his way to the other fortress and bridge; and there he met with the third brother whose name was Sir Plenorius, a full noble knight, and there they joustet together, and either smote other down, horse and man, to the earth. And then they avoided their horses, and dressed their shields, and drew their swords, and gave many sad strokes, and one while the one knight was afore on the bridge, and another while the other. And thus they fought two hours and more, and never rested. And ever Sir Launcelot and the damosel beheld them. Alas, said the damosel, my knight fighetht passing sore and over long. Now may ye see, said Sir Launcelot, that he is a noble knight, for to consider his first battle, and his grievous wounds; and even forthwithal so wounded as he is, it is marvel that he may endure this long battle with that good knight.

**CHAPTER VIII. How La Cote Male Taile was taken prisoner, and after rescued by Sir Launcelot, and how Sir Launcelot overcame four brethren.** THIS meanwhile Sir La Cote Male Taile sank right down upon the earth, what for-wounded and what for-bleed he might not stand. Then the other knight had pity of him, and said: Fair young knight, dismay you not, for had ye been fresh when ye met with me, as I was, I wot well that I should not have endured so long as ye have done; and therefore for your noble deeds of arms I shall show to you kindness and gentleness in all that I may. And forthwithal this noble knight, Sir Plenorius, took him up in his arms, and led him into his tower. And then he commanded him the wine, and made to search him and to stop his bleeding wounds. Sir, said La Cote Male Taile, withdraw you from me, and hie you to yonder bridge again, for there will meet with you another manner knight than ever was I. Why, said Plenorius, is there another manner knight behind of your fellowship? Yea, said La Cote Male Taile, there is a much better knight than I am. What is his name? said Plenorius. Ye shall not know for me, said La Cote Male Taile. Well, said the knight, he shall be encountered withal whosoever he be.

Then Sir Plenorius heard a knight call that said: Sir Plenorius, where art thou? either thou must deliver me the prisoner that thou hast led unto thy tower, or else come and do battle with me. Then Plenorius gat his horse, and came with a spear in his hand walloping toward Sir Launcelot; and then they began to feutre their spears, and came together as thunder, and smote either other so mightily that their horses fell down under them. And then they avoided their horses, and pulled out their swords, and like two bulls they lashed together with great strokes and foins; but ever Sir Launcelot recovered ground upon him, and Sir Plenorius traced to have gone about him. But Sir Launcelot would not suffer that, but bare him backer and backer, till he came nigh his tower gate. And then said Sir Launcelot: I know thee well for a good knight, but wit thou well thy life and death is in my hand, and therefore yield thee to me, and thy prisoner. The other answered no word, but struck mightily upon Sir Launcelot's helm, that the fire sprang out of his eyes. Then Sir Launcelot doubled his strokes so thick, and smote at him so mightily, that he made him kneel upon his knees. And therewith Sir Launcelot leapt upon him, and pulled him grovelling down. Then Sir Plenorius yielded him, and his tower, and all his prisoners at his will.

Then Sir Launcelot received him and took his troth; and then he rode to the other bridge, and there Sir Launcelot joustet with other three of his brethren, the one hight Pillounes, and the other hight Pellogris, and the third Sir Pellandris. And first upon horseback Sir Launcelot smote them down, and afterward he beat them on foot, and made them to yield them unto him; and then he returned unto Sir Plenorius, and there he found in his prison King Carados of Scotland, and many other knights, and all they were delivered. And then Sir La Cote Male Taile came to Sir Launcelot, and then Sir Launcelot would have given him all these fortresses and these bridges. Nay, said La Cote Male Taile, I will not have Sir Plenorius' livelihood; with that he will grant you, my lord Sir

Launcelot, to come unto King Arthur's court, and to be his knight, and all his brethren, I will pray you, my lord, to let him have his livelihood. I will well, said Sir Launcelot, with this that he will come to the court of King Arthur and become his man, and his brethren five. And as for you, Sir Plenorius, I will undertake, said Sir Launcelot, at the next feast, so there be a place voided, that ye shall be Knight of the Round Table. Sir, said Plenorius, at the next feast of Pentecost I will be at Arthur's court, and at that time I will be guided and ruled as King Arthur and ye will have me. Then Sir Launcelot and Sir La Cote Male Taile reposed them there, unto the time that Sir La Cote Male Taile was whole of his wounds, and there they had merry cheer, and good rest, and many good games, and there were many fair ladies.

**CHAPTER IX. How Sir Launcelot made La Cote Male Taile lord of the Castle of Pendragon, and after was made knight of the Round Table.** AND in the meanwhile came Sir Kay, the Seneschal, and Sir Brandiles, and anon they fellowshiped with them. And then within ten days, then departed those knights of Arthur's court from these fortresses. And as Sir Launcelot came by the Castle of Pendragon there he put Sir Brian de les Isles from his lands, for cause he would never be withhold with King Arthur; and all that Castle of Pendragon and all the lands thereof he gave to Sir La Cote Male Taile. And then Sir Launcelot sent for Nerovens that he made once knight, and he made him to have all the rule of that castle and of that country, under La Cote Male Taile; and so they rode to Arthur's court all wholly together. And at Pentecost next following there was Sir Plenorius and Sir La Cote Male Taile, called otherwise by right Sir Breunor le Noire, both made Knights of the Table Round; and great lands King Arthur gave them, and there Breunor le Noire wedded that damosel Maledisant. And after she was called Beauvivante, but ever after for the more part he was called La Cote Male Taile; and he proved a passing noble knight, and mighty; and many worshipful deeds he did after in his life; and Sir Plenorius proved a noble knight and full of prowess, and all the days of their life for the most part they awaited upon Sir Launcelot; and Sir Plenorius' brethren were ever knights of King Arthur. And also, as the French book maketh mention, Sir La Cote Male Taile avenged his father's death.

**CHAPTER X. How La Beale Isoud sent letters to Sir Tristram by her maid Bragwaine, and of divers adventures of Sir Tristram.** NOW leave we here Sir La Cote Male Taile, and turn we unto Sir Tristram de Lioness that was in Brittany. When La Beale Isoud understood that he was wedded she sent to him by her maiden Bragwaine as piteous letters as could be thought and made, and her conclusion was that, an it pleased Sir Tristram, that he would come to her court, and bring with him Isoud la Blanche Mains, and they should be kept as well as she herself. Then Sir Tristram called unto him Sir Kehydus, and asked him whether he would go with him into Cornwall secretly. He answered him that he was ready at all times. And then he let ordain privily a little vessel, and therein they went, Sir Tristram, Kehydus, Dame Bragwaine, and Gouvernail, Sir Tristram's squire. So when they were in the sea a contrarious wind blew them on the coasts of North Wales, nigh the Castle Perilous. Then said Sir Tristram: Here shall ye abide me these ten days, and Gouvernail, my squire, with you. And if so be I come not again by that day take the next way into Cornwall; for in this forest are many strange adventures, as I have heard say, and some of them I cast me to prove or I depart. And when I may I shall hie me after you.

Then Sir Tristram and Kehydus took their horses and departed from their fellowship. And so they rode within that forest a mile and more; and at the last Sir Tristram saw afore him a likely knight, armed, sitting by a well, and a strong mighty horse passing nigh him tied to an oak, and a man hoving and riding by him leading an horse laden with spears. And this knight that sat at the well seemed by his countenance to be passing heavy. Then Sir Tristram rode near him and said: Fair knight, why sit ye so drooping? ye seem to be a knight-errant by your arms and harness, and therefore dress you to joust with one of us, or with both. Therewithal that knight made no words, but took his shield and buckled it about his neck, and lightly he took his horse and leapt upon him. And then he took a great spear of his squire, and departed his way

a furlong. Sir Kehydus asked leave of Sir Tristram to joust first. Do your best, said Sir Tristram. So they met together, and there Sir Kehydus had a fall, and was sore wounded on high above the paps. Then Sir Tristram said: Knight, that is well jousted, now make you ready unto me. I am ready, said the knight. And then that knight took a greater spear in his hand, and encountered with Sir Tristram, and there by great force that knight smote down Sir Tristram from his horse and had a great fall. Then Sir Tristram was sore ashamed, and lightly he avoided his horse, and put his shield afore his shoulder, and drew his sword. And then Sir Tristram required that knight of his knighthood to alight upon foot and fight with him. I will well, said the knight; and so he alighted upon foot, and avoided his horse, and cast his shield upon his shoulder, and drew his sword, and there they fought a long battle together full nigh two hours. Then Sir Tristram said: Fair knight, hold thine hand, and tell me of whence thou art, and what is thy name. As for that, said the knight, I will be avised; but an thou wilt tell me thy name peradventure I will tell thee mine.

**CHAPTER XI. How Sir Tristram met with Sir Lamorak de Galis, and how they fought, and after accorded never to fight together.** NOW fair knight, he said, my name is Sir Tristram de Liones. Sir, said the other knight, and my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis. Ah, Sir Lamorak, said Sir Tristram, well be we met, and bethink thee now of the despite thou didst me of the sending of the horn unto King Mark's court, to the intent to have slain or dishonoured my lady the queen, La Beale Isoud; and therefore wit thou well, said Sir Tristram, the one of us shall die or we depart. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, remember that we were together in the Isle of Servage, and at that time ye promised me great friendship. Then Sir Tristram would make no longer delays, but lashed at Sir Lamorak; and thus they fought long till either were weary of other. Then Sir Tristram said to Sir Lamorak: In all my life met I never with such a knight that was so big and well breathed as ye be, therefore, said Sir Tristram, it were pity that any of us both should here be mischieved. Sir said Sir Lamorak, for your renown and name I will that ye have the worship of this battle, and therefore I will yield me unto you. And therewith he took the point of his sword to yield him. Nay, said Sir Tristram, ye shall not do so, for well I know your proffers, and more of your gentleness than for any fear or dread ye have of me. And therewithal Sir Tristram proffered him his sword and said: Sir Lamorak, as an overcome knight I yield me unto you as to a man of the most noble prowess that ever I met withal. Nay, said Sir Lamorak, I will do you gentleness; I require you let us be sworn together that never none of us shall after this day have ado with other. And therewithal Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak sware that never none of them should fight against other, nor for weal nor for woe.

**CHAPTER XII. How Sir Palomides followed the Questing Beast, and smote down Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak with one spear.** AND this meanwhile there came Sir Palomides, the good knight, following the Questing Beast that had in shape a head like a serpent's head, and a body like a leopard, buttocks like a lion, and footed like an hart; and in his body there was such a noise as it had been the noise of thirty couple of hounds questing, and such a noise that beast made wheresoever he went; and this beast ever more Sir Palomides followed, for it was called his quest. And right so as he followed this beast it came by Sir Tristram, and soon after came Palomides. And to brief this matter he smote down Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak both with one spear; and so he departed after the beast Galtisant, that was called the Questing Beast; wherefore these two knights were passing wroth that Sir Palomides would not fight on foot with them. Here men may understand that be of worship, that he was never formed that all times might stand, but sometime he was put to the worse by malfortune; and at sometime the worse knight put the better knight to a rebuke.

Then Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak gat Sir Kehydus upon a shield betwixt them both, and led him to a forester's lodge, and there they gave him in charge to keep him well, and with him they abode three days. Then the two knights took their horses and at the cross they departed. And then said Sir Tristram to Sir Lamorak: I require you if ye hap to meet with Sir Palomides, say

him that he shall find me at the same well where I met him, and there I, Sir Tristram, shall prove whether he be better knight than I. And so either departed from other a sundry way, and Sir Tristram rode nigh thereas was Sir Kehydus; and Sir Lamorak rode until he came to a chapel, and there he put his horse unto pasture. And anon there came Sir Meliagaunce, that was King Bagdemagus' son, and he there put his horse to pasture, and was not ware of Sir Lamorak; and then this knight Sir Meliagaunce made his moan of the love that he had to Queen Guenever, and there he made a woful complaint. All this heard Sir Lamorak, and on the morn Sir Lamorak took his horse and rode unto the forest, and there he met with two knights hovering under the wood-shaw. Fair knights, said Sir Lamorak, what do ye hovering here and watching? and if ye be knights-errant that will joust, lo I am ready. Nay, sir knight, they said, not so, we abide not here to joust with you, but we lie here in await of a knight that slew our brother. What knight was that, said Sir Lamorak, that you would fain meet withal? Sir, they said, it is Sir Launcelot that slew our brother, and if ever we may meet with him he shall not escape, but we shall slay him. Ye take upon you a great charge, said Sir Lamorak, for Sir Launcelot is a noble proved knight. As for that we doubt not, for there nis none of us but we are good enough for him. I will not believe that, said Sir Lamorak, for I heard never yet of no knight the days of my life but Sir Launcelot was too big for him.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Sir Lamorak met with Sir Meliagaunce, and fought together for the beauty of Dame Guenever.** RIGHT so as they stood talking thus Sir Lamorak was ware how Sir Launcelot came riding straight toward them; then Sir Lamorak saluted him, and he him again. And then Sir Lamorak asked Sir Launcelot if there were anything that he might do for him in these marches. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, not at this time I thank you. Then either departed from other, and Sir Lamorak rode again thereas he left the two knights, and then he found them hid in the leaved wood. Fie on you, said Sir Lamorak, false cowards, pity and shame it is that any of you should take the high order of knighthood. So Sir Lamorak departed from them, and within a while he met with Sir Meliagaunce. And then Sir Lamorak asked him why he loved Queen Guenever as he did: For I was not far from you when ye made your complaint by the chapel. Did ye so? said Sir Meliagaunce, then will I abide by it: I love Queen Guenever, what will ye with it? I will prove and make good that she is the fairest lady and most of beauty in the world. As to that, said Sir Lamorak, I say nay thereto, for Queen Morgawse of Orkney, mother to Sir Gawaine, and his mother is the fairest queen and lady that beareth the life. That is not so, said Sir Meliagaunce, and that will I prove with my hands upon thy body. Will ye so? said Sir Lamorak, and in a better quarrel keep I not to fight. Then they departed either from other in great wrath. And then they came riding together as it had been thunder, and either smote other so sore that their horses fell backward to the earth. And then they avoided their horses, and dressed their shields, and drew their swords. And then they hurtled together as wild boars, and thus they fought a great while. For Meliagaunce was a good man and of great might, but Sir Lamorak was hard big for him, and put him always aback, but either had wounded other sore.

And as they stood thus fighting, by fortune came Sir Launcelot and Sir Bleoberis riding. And then Sir Launcelot rode betwixt them, and asked them for what cause they fought so together: And ye are both knights of King Arthur!

**CHAPTER XIV. How Sir Meliagaunce told for what cause they fought, and how Sir Lamorak jousted with King Arthur.** SIR, said Meliagaunce, I shall tell you for what cause we do this battle. I praised my lady, Queen Guenever, and said she was the fairest lady of the world, and Sir Lamorak said nay thereto, for he said Queen Morgawse of Orkney was fairer than she and more of beauty. Ah, Sir Lamorak, why sayest thou so? it is not thy part to dispraise thy princess that thou art under her obeissance, and we all. And therewith he alighted on foot, and said: For this quarrel, make thee ready, for I will prove upon thee that Queen Guenever is the fairest lady and most of bounty in the world. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, I am loath to have ado with you in this quarrel, for every man thinketh his own lady fairest; and though I praise

the lady that I love most ye should not be wroth; for though my lady Queen Guenever, be fairest in your eye, wit ye well Queen Morgawse of Orkney is fairest in mine eye, and so every knight thinketh his own lady fairest; and wit ye well, sir, ye are the man in the world except Sir Tristram that I am most loathest to have ado withal, but, an ye will needs fight with me I shall endure you as long as I may. Then spake Sir Bleoberis and said: My lord Sir Launcelot, I wist you never so misadvised as ye are now, for Sir Lamorak sayeth you but reason and knightly; for I warn you I have a lady, and methinketh that she is the fairest lady of the world. Were this a great reason that ye should be wroth with me for such language? And well ye wot, that Sir Lamorak is as noble a knight as I know, and he hath ought you and us ever good will, and therefore I pray you be good friends. Then Sir Launcelot said unto Sir Lamorak. I pray you forgive me mine evil will, and if I was misadvised I will amend it. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, the amends is soon made betwixt you and me. And so Sir Launcelot and Sir Bleoberis departed, and Sir Meliagaunce and Sir Lamorak took their horses, and either departed from other.

And within a while came King Arthur, and met with Sir Lamorak, and jousted with him; and there he smote down Sir Lamorak, and wounded him sore with a spear, and so he rode from him; wherefore Sir Lamorak was wroth that he would not fight with him on foot, howbeit that Sir Lamorak knew not King Arthur.

**CHAPTER XV. How Sir Kay met with Sir Tristram, and after of the shame spoken of the knights of Cornwall, and how they joust.** NOW leave we of this tale, and speak we of Sir Tristram, that as he rode he met with Sir Kay, the Seneschal; and there Sir Kay asked Sir Tristram of what country he was. He answered that he was of the country of Cornwall. It may well be, said Sir Kay, for yet heard I never that ever good knight came out of Cornwall. That is evil spoken, said Sir Tristram, but an it please you to tell me your name I require you. Sir, wit ye well, said Sir Kay, that my name is Sir Kay, the Seneschal. Is that your name? said Sir Tristram, now wit ye well that ye are named the shamefullest knight of your tongue that now is living; howbeit ye are called a good knight, but ye are called unfortunate, and passing overthwart of your tongue. And thus they rode together till they came to a bridge. And there was a knight would not let them pass till one of them jousted with him; and so that knight jousted with Sir Kay, and there that knight gave Sir Kay a fall: his name was Sir Tor, Sir Lamorak's half-brother. And then they two rode to their lodging, and there they found Sir Brandiles, and Sir Tor came thither anon after. And as they sat at supper these four knights, three of them spake all shame by Cornish knights. Sir Tristram heard all that they said and he said but little, but he thought the more, but at that time he discovered not his name.

Upon the morn Sir Tristram took his horse and abode them upon their way. And there Sir Brandiles proffered to joust with Sir Tristram, and Sir Tristram smote him down, horse and all, to the earth. Then Sir Tor le Fise de Vayshoure encountered with Sir Tristram and there Sir Tristram smote him down, and then he rode his way, and Sir Kay followed him, but he would not of his fellowship. Then Sir Brandiles came to Sir Kay and said: I would wit fain what is that knight's name. Come on with me, said Sir Kay, and we shall pray him to tell us his name. So they rode together till they came nigh him, and then they were ware where he sat by a well, and had put off his helm to drink at the well. And when he saw them come he laced on his helm lightly, and took his horse, and proffered them to joust. Nay, said Sir Brandiles, we jousted late enough with you, we come not in that intent. But for this we come to require you of knighthood to tell us your name. My fair knights, sithen that is your desire, and to please you, ye shall wit that my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, nephew unto King Mark of Cornwall. In good time, said Sir Brandiles, and well be ye found, and wit ye well that we be right glad that we have found you, and we be of a fellowship that would be right glad of your company. For ye are the knight in the world that the noble fellowship of the Round Table most desireth to have the company of. God thank them said Sir Tristram, of their great goodness, but as yet I feel well that I am unable to be of their fellowship, for I was never yet of such deeds of worthiness to be in the company of such

a fellowship. Ah, said Sir Kay, an ye be Sir Tristram de Liones, ye are the man called now most of prowess except Sir Launcelot du Lake; for he beareth not the life, Christian nor heathen, that can find such another knight, to speak of his prowess, and of his hands, and his truth withal. For yet could there never creature say of him dishonour and make it good. Thus they talked a great while, and then they departed either from other such ways as them seemed best.

**CHAPTER XVI. How King Arthur was brought into the Forest Perilous, and how Sir Tristram saved his life.** NOW shall ye hear what was the cause that King Arthur came into the Forest Perilous, that was in North Wales, by the means of a lady. Her name was Annowre, and this lady came to King Arthur at Cardiff; and she by fair promise and fair behests made King Arthur to ride with her into that Forest Perilous; and she was a great sorceress; and many days she had loved King Arthur, and because she would have him to lie by her she came into that country. So when the king was gone with her many of his knights followed after King Arthur when they missed him, as Sir Launcelot, Brandiles, and many other; and when she had brought him to her tower she desired him to lie by her; and then the king remembered him of his lady, and would not lie by her for no craft that she could do. Then every day she would make him ride into that forest with his own knights, to the intent to have had King Arthur slain. For when this Lady Annowre saw that she might not have him at her will, then she laboured by false means to have destroyed King Arthur, and slain.

Then the Lady of the Lake that was alway friendly to King Arthur, she understood by her subtle crafts that King Arthur was like to be destroyed. And therefore this Lady of the Lake, that hight Nimue, came into that forest to seek after Sir Launcelot du Lake or Sir Tristram for to help King Arthur; foras that same day this Lady of the Lake knew well that King Arthur should be slain, unless that he had help of one of these two knights. And thus she rode up and down till she met with Sir Tristram, and anon as she saw him she knew him. O my lord Sir Tristram, she said, well be ye met, and blessed be the time that I have met with you; for this same day, and within these two hours, shall be done the foulest deed that ever was done in this land. O fair damosel, said Sir Tristram, may I amend it. Come on with me, she said, and that in all the haste ye may, for ye shall see the most worshipfullest knight of the world hard bestead. Then said Sir Tristram: I am ready to help such a noble man. He is neither better nor worse, said the Lady of the Lake, but the noble King Arthur himself. God defend, said Sir Tristram, that ever he should be in such distress. Then they rode together a great pace, until they came to a little turret or castle; and underneath that castle they saw a knight standing upon foot fighting with two knights; and so Sir Tristram beheld them, and at the last the two knights smote down the one knight, and that one of them unlaced his helm to have slain him. And the Lady Annowre gat King Arthur's sword in her hand to have stricken off his head. And therewithal came Sir Tristram with all his might, crying: Traitor, traitress, leave that. And anon there Sir Tristram smote the one of the knights through the body that he fell dead; and then he rushed to the other and smote his back asunder; and in the meanwhile the Lady of the Lake cried to King Arthur: Let not that false lady escape. Then King Arthur overtook her, and with the same sword he smote off her head, and the Lady of the Lake took up her head and hung it up by the hair of her saddle-bow. And then Sir Tristram horsed King Arthur and rode forth with him, but he charged the Lady of the Lake not to discover his name as at that time.

When the king was horsed he thanked heartily Sir Tristram, and desired to wit his name; but he would not tell him, but that he was a poor knight adventurous; and so he bare King Arthur fellowship till he met with some of his knights. And within a while he met with Sir Ector de Maris, and he knew not King Arthur nor Sir Tristram, and he desired to joust with one of them. Then Sir Tristram rode unto Sir Ector, and smote him from his horse. And when he had done so he came again to the king and said: My lord, yonder is one of your knights, he may bare you fellowship, and another day that deed that I have done for you I trust to God

ye shall understand that I would do you service. Alas, said King Arthur, let me wit what ye are? Not at this time, said Sir Tristram. So he departed and left King Arthur and Sir Ector together.

**CHAPTER XVII. How Sir Tristram came to La Beale Isoud, and how Kehydus began to love Beale Isoud, and of a letter that Tristram found.** AND then at a day set Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak met at the well; and then they took Kehydus at the forester's house, and so they rode with him to the ship where they left Dame Bragwaine and Gouvernail, and so they sailed into Cornwall all wholly together. And by assent and information of Dame Bragwaine when they were landed they rode unto Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, a trusty friend of Sir Tristram's. And so Dame Bragwaine and Sir Dinas rode to the court of King Mark, and told the queen, La Beale Isoud, that Sir Tristram was nigh her in that country. Then for very pure joy La Beale Isoud swooned; and when she might speak she said: Gentle knight Seneschal, help that I might speak with him, outher my heart will brast. Then Sir Dinas and Dame Bragwaine brought Sir Tristram and Kehydus privily unto the court, unto a chamber whereas La Beale Isoud had assigned it; and to tell the joys that were betwixt La Beale Isoud and Sir Tristram, there is no tongue can tell it, nor heart think it, nor pen write it. And as the French book maketh mention, at the first time that ever Sir Kehydus saw La Beale Isoud he was so enamoured upon her that for very pure love he might never withdraw it. And at the last, as ye shall hear or the book be ended, Sir Kehydus died for the love of La Beale Isoud. And then privily he wrote unto her letters and ballads of the most goodliest that were used in those days. And when La Beale Isoud understood his letters she had pity of his complaint, and unavised she wrote another letter to comfort him withal.

And Sir Tristram was all this while in a turret at the commandment of La Beale Isoud, and when she might she came unto Sir Tristram. So on a day King Mark played at the chess under a chamber window; and at that time Sir Tristram and Sir Kehydus were within the chamber over King Mark, and as it mishapped Sir Tristram found the letter that Kehydus sent unto La Beale Isoud, also he had found the letter that she wrote unto Kehydus, and at that same time La Beale Isoud was in the same chamber. Then Sir Tristram came unto La Beale Isoud and said: Madam, here is a letter that was sent unto you, and here is the letter that ye sent unto him that sent you that letter. Alas, Madam, the good love that I have loved you; and many lands and riches have I forsaken for your love, and now ye are a traitress to me, the which doth me great pain. But as for thee, Sir Kehydus, I brought thee out of Brittany into this country, and thy father, King Howel, I won his lands, howbeit I wedded thy sister Isoud la Blanche Mains for the goodness she did unto me. And yet, as I am true knight, she is a clean maiden for me; but wit thou well, Sir Kehydus, for this falsehood and treason thou hast done me, I will revenge it upon thee. And therewithal Sir Tristram drew out his sword and said: Sir Kehydus, keep thee, and then La Beale Isoud swooned to the earth. And when Sir Kehydus saw Sir Tristram come upon him he saw none other boot, but leapt out at a bay-window even over the head where sat King Mark playing at the chess. And when the king saw one come hurling over his head he said: Fellow, what art thou, and what is the cause thou leapest out at that window? My lord the king, said Kehydus, it fortuneed me that I was asleep in the window above your head, and as I slept I slumbered, and so I fell down. And thus Sir Kehydus excused him.

**CHAP TER XVIII.** How Sir Tristram departed from Tintagil, and how he sorrowed and was so long in a forest till he was out of his mind.

THEN Sir Tristram dread sore lest he were discovered unto the king that he was there; wherefore he drew him to the strength of the Tower, and armed him in such armour as he had for to fight with them that would withstand him. And so when Sir Tristram saw there was no resistance against him he sent Gouvernail for his horse and his spear, and knightly he rode forth out of the castle openly, that was called the Castle of Tintagil. And even at gate he met with Gingalin, Sir Gawaine's son. And anon Sir Gingalin put his spear in his rest, and ran upon Sir Tristram and brake his spear; and Sir Tristram at that time had but a sword, and gave him

such a buffet upon the helm that he fell down from his saddle, and his sword slid adown, and carved asunder his horse's neck. And so Sir Tristram rode his way into the forest, and all this doing saw King Mark. And then he sent a squire unto the hurt knight, and commanded him to come to him, and so he did. And when King Mark wist that it was Sir Gingalin he welcomed him and gave him an horse, and asked him what knight it was that had encountered with him. Sir, said Gingalin, I wot not what knight he was, but well I wot that he sigheth and maketh great dole.

Then Sir Tristram within a while met with a knight of his own, that hight Sir Fergus. And when he had met with him he made great sorrow, insomuch that he fell down off his horse in a swoon, and in such sorrow he was in three days and three nights. Then at the last Sir Tristram sent unto the court by Sir Fergus, for to spere what tidings. And so as he rode by the way he met with a damosel that came from Sir Palomides, to know and seek how Sir Tristram did. Then Sir Fergus told her how he was almost out of his mind. Alas, said the damosel, where shall I find him? In such a place, said Sir Fergus. Then Sir Fergus found Queen Isoud sick in her bed, making the greatest dole that ever any earthly woman made. And when the damosel found Sir Tristram she made great dole because she might not amend him, for the more she made of him the more was his pain. And at the last Sir Tristram took his horse and rode away from her. And then was it three days or that she could find him, and then she brought him meat and drink, but he would none; and then another time Sir Tristram escaped away from the damosel, and it happed him to ride by the same castle where Sir Palomides and Sir Tristram did battle when La Beale Isoud departed them. And there by fortune the damosel met with Sir Tristram again, making the greatest dole that ever earthly creature made; and she yede to the lady of that castle and told her of the misadventure of Sir Tristram. Alas, said the lady of that castle, where is my lord, Sir Tristram? Right here by your castle, said the damosel. In good time, said the lady, is he so nigh me; he shall have meat and drink of the best; and an harp I have of his whereupon he taught me, for of goodly harping he beareth the prize in the world. So this lady and damosel brought him meat and drink, but he ate little thereof. Then upon a night he put his horse from him, and then he unlaced his armour, and then Sir Tristram would go into the wilderness, and brast down the trees and boughs; and otherwhile when he found the harp that the lady sent him, then would he harp, and play thereupon and weep together. And sometime when Sir Tristram was in the wood that the lady wist not where he was, then would she sit her down and play upon that harp: then would Sir Tristram come to that harp, and hearken thereto, and sometime he would harp himself. Thus he there endured a quarter of a year. Then at the last he ran his way, and she wist not where he was become. And then was he naked and waxed lean and poor of flesh; and so he fell in the fellowship of herdmen and shepherds, and daily they would give him some of their meat and drink. And when he did any shrewd deed they would beat him with rods, and so they clipped him with shears and made him like a fool.

**CHAPTER XIX. How Sir Tristram soused Dagonet in a well, and how Palomides sent a damosel to seek Tristram, and how Palomides met with King Mark.** AND upon a day Dagonet, King Arthur's fool, came into Cornwall with two squires with him; and as they rode through that forest they came by a fair well where Sir Tristram was wont to be; and the weather was hot, and they alighted to drink of that well, and in the meanwhile their horses brake loose. Right so Sir Tristram came unto them, and first he soused Sir Dagonet in that well, and after his squires, and thereat laughed the shepherds; and forthwithal he ran after their horses and brought them again one by one, and right so, wet as they were, he made them leap up and ride their ways. Thus Sir Tristram endured there an half year naked, and would never come in town nor village. The meanwhile the damosel that Sir Palomides sent to seek Sir Tristram, she yede unto Sir Palomides and told him all the mischief that Sir Tristram endured. Alas, said Sir Palomides, it is great pity that ever so noble a knight should be so mischieved for the love of a lady; but nevertheless, I will go and seek him, and comfort him an I may. Then a little before that

time La Beale Isoud had commanded Sir Kehydus out of the country of Cornwall. So Sir Kehydus departed with a dolorous heart, and by adventure he met with Sir Palomides, and they enfellow-shipped together; and either complained to other of their hot love that they loved La Beale Isoud. Now let us, said Sir Palomides, seek Sir Tristram, that loved her as well as we, and let us prove whether we may recover him. So they rode into that forest, and three days and three nights they would never take their lodging, but ever sought Sir Tristram.

And upon a time, by adventure, they met with King Mark that was ridden from his men all alone. When they saw him Sir Palomides knew him, but Sir Kehydus knew him not. Ah, false king, said Sir Palomides, it is pity thou hast thy life, for thou art a destroyer of all worshipful knights, and by thy mischief and thy vengeance thou hast destroyed that most noble knight, Sir Tristram de Lioness. And therefore defend thee, said Sir Palomides, for thou shalt die this day. That were shame, said King Mark, for ye two are armed and I am unarmed. As for that, said Sir Palomides, I shall find a remedy therefore; here is a knight with me, and thou shalt have his harness. Nay, said King Mark, I will not have ado with you, for cause have ye none to me; for all the misease that Sir Tristram hath was for a letter that he found; for as to me I did to him no displeasure, and God knoweth I am full sorry for his disease and malady. So when the king had thus excused him they were friends, and King Mark would have had them unto Tintagil; but Sir Palomides would not, but turned unto the realm of Logris, and Sir Kehydus said that he would go into Brittany.

Now turn we unto Sir Dagonet again, that when he and his squires were upon horseback he deemed that the shepherds had sent that fool to array them so, because that they laughed at them, and so they rode unto the keepers of beasts and all to-beat them. Sir Tristram saw them beat that were wont to give him meat and drink, then he ran thither and gat Sir Dagonet by the head, and gave him such a fall to the earth that he bruised him sore so that he lay still. And then he wrast his sword out of his hand, and therewith he ran to one of his squires and smote off his head, and the other fled. And so Sir Tristram took his way with that sword in his hand, running as he had been wild wood. Then Sir Dagonet rode to King Mark and told him how he had sped in that forest. And therefore, said Sir Dagonet, beware, King Mark, that thou come not about that well in the forest, for there is a fool naked, and that fool and I fool met together, and he had almost slain me. Ah, said King Mark, that is Sir Matto le Breune, that fell out of his wit because he lost his lady; for when Sir Gaheris smote down Sir Matto and won his lady of him, never since was he in his mind, and that was pity, for he was a good knight.

**CHAPTER XX. How it was noised how Sir Tristram was dead, and how La Beale Isoud would have slain herself.** THEN Sir Andred, that was cousin unto Sir Tristram, made a lady that was his paramour to say and to noise it that she was with Sir Tristram or ever he died. And this tale she brought unto King Mark's court, that she buried him by a well, and that or he died he besought King Mark to make his cousin, Sir Andred, king of the country of Lioness, of the which Sir Tristram was lord of. All this did Sir Andred because he would have had Sir Tristram's lands. And when King Mark heard tell that Sir Tristram was dead he wept and made great dole. But when Queen Isoud heard of these tidings she made such sorrow that she was nigh out of her mind; and so upon a day she thought to slay herself and never to live after Sir Tristram's death. And so upon a day La Beale Isoud gat a sword privily and bare it to her garden, and there she pight the sword through a plum tree up to the hilt, so that it stuck fast, and it stood breast high. And as she would have run upon the sword and to have slain herself all this espied King Mark, how she kneeled down and said: Sweet Lord Jesu, have mercy upon me, for I may not live after the death of Sir Tristram de Lioness, for he was my first love and he shall be the last. And with these words came King Mark and took her in his arms, and then he took up the sword, and bare her away with him into a tower; and there he made her to be kept, and watched her surely, and after that she lay long sick, nigh at the point of death.

This meanwhile ran Sir Tristram naked in the forest with the

sword in his hand, and so he came to an hermitage, and there he laid him down and slept; and in the meanwhile the hermit stole away his sword, and laid meat down by him. Thus was he kept there ten days; and at the last he departed and came to the herdmen again. And there was a giant in that country that hight Tauleas, and for fear of Sir Tristram more than seven year he durst never much go at large, but for the most part he kept him in a sure castle of his own; and so this Tauleas heard tell that Sir Tristram was dead, by the noise of the court of King Mark. Then this Tauleas went daily at large. And so he happened upon a day he came to the herdmen wandering and lingering, and there he set him down to rest among them. The meanwhile there came a knight of Cornwall that led a lady with him, and his name was Sir Dinant; and when the giant saw him he went from the herdmen and hid him under a tree, and so the knight came to that well, and there he alighted to repose him. And as soon as he was from his horse this giant Tauleas came betwixt this knight and his horse, and took the horse and leapt upon him. So forthwith he rode unto Sir Dinant and took him by the collar, and pulled him afore him upon his horse, and there would have stricken off his head. Then the herdmen said unto Sir Tristram: Help yonder knight. Help ye him, said Sir Tristram. We dare not, said the herdmen. Then Sir Tristram was ware of the sword of the knight thereas it lay; and so thither he ran and took up the sword and struck off Sir Tauleas' head, and so he yede his way to the herdmen.

**CHAPTER XXI. How King Mark found Sir Tristram naked, and made him to be borne home to Tintagil, and how he was there known by a brachet.** THEN the knight took up the giant's head and bare it with him unto King Mark, and told him what adventure betid him in the forest, and how a naked man rescued him from the grimly giant, Tauleas. Where had ye this adventure? said King Mark. Forsooth, said Sir Dinant, at the fair fountain in your forest where many adventurous knights meet, and there is the mad man. Well, said King Mark, I will see that wild man. So within a day or two King Mark commanded his knights and his hunters that they should be ready on the morn for to hunt, and so upon the morn he went unto that forest. And when the king came to that well he found there lying by that well a fair naked man, and a sword by him. Then King Mark blew and straked, and therewith his knights came to him; and then the king commanded his knights to: Take that naked man with fairness, and bring him to my castle. So they did softly and fair, and cast mantles upon Sir Tristram, and so led him unto Tintagil; and there they bathed him, and washed him, and gave him hot suppings till they had brought him well to his remembrance; but all this while there was no creature that knew Sir Tristram, nor what man he was.

So it fell upon a day that the queen, La Beale Isoud, heard of such a man, that ran naked in the forest, and how the king had brought him home to the court. Then La Beale Isoud called unto her Dame Bragwaine and said: Come on with me, for we will go see this man that my lord brought from the forest the last day. So they passed forth, and spered where was the sick man. And then a squire told the queen that he was in the garden taking his rest, and reposing him against the sun. So when the queen looked upon Sir Tristram she was not remembered of him. But ever she said unto Dame Bragwaine: Meseemeth I should have seen him heretofore in many places. But as soon as Sir Tristram saw her he knew her well enough. And then he turned away his visage and wept.

Then the queen had always a little brachet with her that Sir Tristram gave her the first time that ever she came into Cornwall, and never would that brachet depart from her but if Sir Tristram was nigh thereas was La Beale Isoud; and this brachet was sent from the king's daughter of France unto Sir Tristram for great love. And anon as this little brachet felt a savour of Sir Tristram, she leapt upon him and licked his lears and his ears, and then she whined and quested, and she smelled at his feet and at his hands, and on all parts of his body that she might come to. Ah, my lady, said Dame Bragwaine unto La Beale Isoud, alas, alas, said she, I see it is mine own lord, Sir Tristram. And thereupon Isoud fell down in a swoon, and so lay a great while. And when she might speak she said: My lord Sir Tristram, blessed be God ye have your life, and now I am sure ye shall be discovered by this little brachet, for

she will never leave you. And also I am sure as soon as my lord, King Mark, do know you he will banish you out of the country of Cornwall, or else he will destroy you; for God's sake, mine own lord, grant King Mark his will, and then draw you unto the court of King Arthur, for there are ye beloved, and ever when I may I shall send unto you; and when ye list ye may come to me, and at all times early and late I will be at your commandment, to live as poor a life as ever did queen or lady. O Madam, said Sir Tristram, go from me, for mickle anger and danger have I escaped for your love.

**CHAPTER XXII. How King Mark, by the advice of his council, banished Sir Tristram out of Cornwall the term of ten years.** THEN the queen departed, but the brachet would not from him; and therewithal came King Mark, and the brachet set upon him, and bayed at them all. There withal Sir Andred spake and said: Sir, this is Sir Tristram, I see by the brachet. Nay, said the king, I cannot suppose that. Then the king asked him upon his faith what he was, and what was his name. So God me help, said he, my name is Sir Tristram de Liones; now do by me what ye list. Ah, said King Mark, me repenteth of your recovery. And then he let call his barons to judge Sir Tristram to the death. Then many of his barons would not assent thereto, and in especial Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, and Sir Fergus. And so by the advice of them all Sir Tristram was banished out of the country for ten year, and thereupon he took his oath upon a book before the king and his barons. And so he was made to depart out of the country of Cornwall; and there were many barons brought him unto his ship, of the which some were his friends and some his foes. And in the meanwhile there came a knight of King Arthur's, his name was Dinadan, and his coming was for to seek after Sir Tristram; then they showed him where he was armed at all points going to the ship. Now fair knight, said Sir Dinadan, or ye pass this court that ye will joust with me I require thee. With a good will, said Sir Tristram, an these lords will give me leave. Then the barons granted thereto, and so they ran together, and there Sir Tristram gave Sir Dinadan a fall. And then he prayed Sir Tristram to give him leave to go in his fellowship. Ye shall be right welcome, said then Sir Tristram.

And so they took their horses and rode to their ships together, and when Sir Tristram was in the sea he said: Greet well King Mark and all mine enemies, and say them I will come again when I may; and well am I rewarded for the fighting with Sir Marhaus, and delivered all this country from servage; and well am I rewarded for the fetching and costs of Queen Isoud out of Ireland, and the danger that I was in first and last, and by the way coming home what danger I had to bring again Queen Isoud from the Castle Pluere; and well am I rewarded when I fought with Sir Bleoberis for Sir Segwarides' wife; and well am I rewarded when I fought with Sir Blamore de Ganis for King Anguish, father unto La Beale Isoud; and well am I rewarded when I smote down the good knight, Sir Lamorak de Galis, at King Mark's request; and well am I rewarded when I fought with the King with the Hundred Knights, and the King of Northgalis, and both these would have put his land in servage, and by me they were put to a rebuke; and well am I rewarded for the slaying of Tauleas, the mighty giant, and many other deeds have I done for him, and now have I my warison. And tell King Mark that many noble knights of the Table Round have spared the barons of this country for my sake. Also am I not well rewarded when I fought with the good knight Sir Palomides and rescued Queen Isoud from him; and at that time King Mark said afore all his barons I should have been better rewarded. And forthwithal he took the sea.

**CHAPTER XXIII. How a damosel sought help to help Sir Launcelot against thirty knights, and how Sir Tristram fought with them.** AND at the next landing, fast by the sea, there met with Sir Tristram and with Sir Dinadan, Sir Ector de Maris and Sir Bors de Ganis; and there Sir Ector jousted with Sir Dinadan, and he smote him and his horse down. And then Sir Tristram would have jousted with Sir Bors, and Sir Bors said that he would not joust with no Cornish knights, for they are not called men of worship; and all this was done upon a bridge. And with this came Sir Bleoberis and Sir Driant, and Sir Bleoberis proffered to joust with Sir Tristram, and there Sir Tristram smote down Sir

Bleoberis. Then said Sir Bors de Ganis: I wist never Cornish knight of so great valour nor so valiant as that knight that beareth the trappings embroidered with crowns. And then Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan departed from them into a forest, and there met them a damosel that came for the love of Sir Launcelot to seek after some noble knights of King Arthur's court for to rescue Sir Launcelot. And so Sir Launcelot was ordained, for-by the treason of Queen Morgan le Fay to have slain Sir Launcelot, and for that cause she ordained thirty knights to lie in await for Sir Launcelot, and this damosel knew this treason. And for this cause the damosel came for to seek noble knights to help Sir Launcelot. For that night, or the day after, Sir Launcelot should come where these thirty knights were. And so this damosel met with Sir Bors and Sir Ector and with Sir Driant, and there she told them all four of the treason of Morgan le Fay; and then they promised her that they would be nigh where Sir Launcelot should meet with the thirty knights. And if so be they set upon him we will do rescues as we can.

So the damosel departed, and by adventure the damosel met with Sir Tristram and with Sir Dinadan, and there the damosel told them all the treason that was ordained for Sir Launcelot. Fair damosel, said Sir Tristram, bring me to that same place where they should meet with Sir Launcelot. Then said Sir Dinadan: What will ye do? it is not for us to fight with thirty knights, and wit you well I will not thereof; as to match one knight two or three is enough an they be men, but for to match fifteen knights that will I never undertake. Fie for shame, said Sir Tristram, do but your part. Nay, said Sir Dinadan, I will not thereof but if ye will lend me your shield, for ye bear a shield of Cornwall; and for the cowardice that is named to the knights of Cornwall, by your shields ye be ever forborne. Nay, said Sir Tristram, I will not depart from my shield for her sake that gave it me. But one thing, said Sir Tristram, I promise thee, Sir Dinadan, but if thou wilt promise me to abide with me, here I shall slay thee, for I desire no more of thee but answer one knight. And if thy heart will not serve thee, stand by and look upon me and them. Sir, said Sir Dinadan, I promise you to look upon and to do what I may to save myself, but I would I had not met with you.

So then anon these thirty knights came fast by these four knights, and they were ware of them, and either of other. And so these thirty knights let them pass, for this cause, that they would not wrath them, if case be that they had ado with Sir Launcelot; and the four knights let them pass to this intent, that they would see and behold what they would do with Sir Launcelot. And so the thirty knights passed on and came by Sir Tristram and by Sir Dinadan, and then Sir Tristram cried on high: Lo, here is a knight against you for the love of Sir Launcelot. And there he slew two with one spear and ten with his sword. And then came in Sir Dinadan and he did passing well, and so of the thirty knights there went but ten away, and they fled. All this battle saw Sir Bors de Ganis and his three fellows, and then they saw well it was the same knight that jousted with them at the bridge; then they took their horses and rode unto Sir Tristram, and praised him and thanked him of his good deeds, and they all desired Sir Tristram to go with them to their lodging; and he said: Nay, he would not go to no lodging. Then they all four knights prayed him to tell them his name. Fair lords, said Sir Tristram, as at this time I will not tell you my name.

**CHAPTER XXIV. How Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan came to a lodging where they must joust with two knights.** THEN Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan rode forth their way till they came to the shepherds and to the herdmen, and there they asked them if they knew any lodging or harbour there nigh hand. Forsooth, sirs, said the herdmen, hereby is good lodging in a castle; but there is such a custom that there shall no knight be harboured but if he joust with two knights, and if he be but one knight he must joust with two. And as ye be therein soon shall ye be matched. There is shrewd harbour, said Sir Dinadan; lodge where ye will, for I will not lodge there. Fie for shame, said Sir Tristram, are ye not a knight of the Table Round? wherefore ye may not with your worship refuse your lodging. Not so, said the herdmen, for an ye be beaten and have the worse ye shall not be lodged there, and if ye

beat them ye shall be well harboured. Ah, said Sir Dinadan, they are two sure knights. Then Sir Dinadan would not lodge there in no manner but as Sir Tristram required him of his knighthood; and so they rode thither. And to make short tale, Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan smote them down both, and so they entered into the castle and had good cheer as they could think or devise.

And when they were unarmed, and thought to be merry and in good rest, there came in at the gates Sir Palomides and Sir Gaheris, requiring to have the custom of the castle. What array is this? said Sir Dinadan, I would have my rest. That may not be, said Sir Tristram; now must we needs defend the custom of this castle, insomuch as we have the better of the lords of this castle, and therefore, said Sir Tristram, needs must ye make you ready. In the devil's name, said Sir Dinadan, came I into your company. And so they made them ready; and Sir Gaheris encountered with Sir Tristram, and Sir Gaheris had a fall; and Sir Palomides encountered with Sir Dinadan, and Sir Dinadan had a fall: then was it fall for fall. So then must they fight on foot. That would not Sir Dinadan, for he was so sore bruised of the fall that Sir Palomides gave him. Then Sir Tristram unlaced Sir Dinadan's helm, and prayed him to help him. I will not, said Sir Dinadan, for I am sore wounded of the thirty knights that we had but late ago to do withal. But ye fare, said Sir Dinadan unto Sir Tristram, as a madman and as a man that is out of his mind that would cast himself away, and I may curse the time that ever I saw you, for in all the world are not two such knights that be so wood as is Sir Launcelot and ye Sir Tristram; for once I fell in the fellowship of Sir Launcelot as I have done now with you, and he set me a work that a quarter of a year I kept my bed. Jesu defend me, said Sir Dinadan, from such two knights, and specially from your fellowship. Then, said Sir Tristram, I will fight with them both. Then Sir Tristram bade them come forth both, for I will fight with you. Then Sir Palomides and Sir Gaheris dressed them, and smote at them both. Then Dinadan smote at Sir Gaheris a stroke or two, and turned from him. Nay, said Sir Palomides, it is too much shame for us two knights to fight with one. And then he did bid Sir Gaheris stand aside with that knight that hath no list to fight. Then they rode together and fought long, and at the last Sir Tristram doubled his strokes, and drove Sir Palomides aback more than three strides. And then by one assent Sir Gaheris and Sir Dinadan went betwixt them, and departed them in-sunder. And then by assent of Sir Tristram they would have lodged together. But Sir Dinadan would not lodge in that castle. And then he cursed the time that ever he came in their fellowship, and so he took his horse, and his harness, and departed.

Then Sir Tristram prayed the lords of that castle to lend him a man to bring him to a lodging, and so they did, and overtook Sir Dinadan, and rode to their lodging two mile thence with a good man in a priory, and there they were well at ease. And that same night Sir Bors and Sir Bleoberis, and Sir Ector and Sir Driant, abode still in the same place thereas Sir Tristram fought with the thirty knights; and there they met with Sir Launcelot the same night, and had made promise to lodge with Sir Colgrevice the same night.

**CHAPTER XXV. How Sir Tristram jousted with Sir Kay and Sir Sagamore le Desirous, and how Sir Gawaine turned Sir Tristram from Morgan le Fay.** BUT anon as the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, heard of the shield of Cornwall, then wist he well that it was Sir Tristram that fought with his enemies. And then Sir Launcelot praised Sir Tristram, and called him the man of most worship in the world. So there was a knight in that priory that hight Pellinore, and he desired to wit the name of Sir Tristram, but in no wise he could not; and so Sir Tristram departed and left Sir Dinadan in the priory, for he was so weary and so sore bruised that he might not ride. Then this knight, Sir Pellinore, said to Sir Dinadan: Sithen that ye will not tell me that knight's name I will ride after him and make him to tell me his name, or he shall die therefore. Beware, sir knight, said Sir Dinadan, for an ye follow him ye shall repent it. So that knight, Sir Pellinore, rode after Sir Tristram and required him of jousts. Then Sir Tristram smote him down and wounded him through the shoulder, and so he passed on his way. And on the next day following Sir Tristram met with pursuivants, and they told him that there was made a great cry

of tournament between King Carados of Scotland and the King of North Wales, and either should joust against other at the Castle of Maidens; and these pursuivants sought all the country after the good knights, and in especial King Carados let make seeking for Sir Launcelot du Lake, and the King of Northgalis let seek after Sir Tristram de Liones. And at that time Sir Tristram thought to be at that jousts; and so by adventure they met with Sir Kay, the Seneschal, and Sir Sagamore le Desirous; and Sir Kay required Sir Tristram to joust, and Sir Tristram in a manner refused him, because he would not be hurt nor bruised against the great jousts that should be before the Castle of Maidens, and therefore thought to repose him and to rest him. And alway Sir Kay cried: Sir knight of Cornwall, joust with me, or else yield thee to me as recreant. When Sir Tristram heard him say so he turned to him, and then Sir Kay refused him and turned his back. Then Sir Tristram said: As I find thee I shall take thee. Then Sir Kay turned with evil will, and Sir Tristram smote Sir Kay down, and so he rode forth.

Then Sir Sagamore le Desirous rode after Sir Tristram, and made him to joust with him, and there Sir Tristram smote down Sir Sagamore le Desirous from his horse, and rode his way; and the same day he met with a damosel that told him that he should win great worship of a knight adventurous that did much harm in all that country. When Sir Tristram heard her say so, he was glad to go with her to win worship. So Sir Tristram rode with that damosel a six mile, and then met him Sir Gawaine, and therewithal Sir Gawaine knew the damosel, that she was a damosel of Queen Morgan le Fay. Then Sir Gawaine understood that she led that knight to some mischief. Fair knight, said Sir Gawaine, whither ride you now with that damosel? Sir, said Sir Tristram, I wot not whither I shall ride but as the damosel will lead me. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, ye shall not ride with her, for she and her lady did never good, but ill. And then Sir Gawaine pulled out his sword and said: Damosel, but if thou tell me anon for what cause thou ledest this knight with thee thou shalt die for it right anon: I know all your lady's treason, and yours. Mercy, Sir Gawaine, she said, and if ye will save my life I will tell you. Say on, said Sir Gawaine, and thou shalt have thy life. Sir, she said, Queen Morgan le Fay, my lady, hath ordained a thirty ladies to seek and espy after Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram, and by the trains of these ladies, who that may first meet any of these two knights they should turn them unto Morgan le Fay's castle, saying that they should do deeds of worship; and if any of the two knights came there, there be thirty knights lying and watching in a tower to wait upon Sir Launcelot or upon Sir Tristram. Fie for shame, said Sir Gawaine, that ever such false treason should be wrought or used in a queen, and a king's sister, and a king and queen's daughter.

**CHAPTER XXVI. How Sir Tristram and Sir Gawaine rode to have foughten with the thirty knights, but they durst not come out.** SIR, said Sir Gawaine, will ye stand with me, and we will see the malice of these thirty knights. Sir, said Sir Tristram, go ye to them, an it please you, and ye shall see I will not fail you, for it is not long ago since I and a fellow met with thirty knights of that queen's fellowship; and God speed us so that we may win worship. So then Sir Gawaine and Sir Tristram rode toward the castle where Morgan le Fay was, and ever Sir Gawaine deemed well that he was Sir Tristram de Liones, because he heard that two knights had slain and beaten thirty knights. And when they came afore the castle Sir Gawaine spake on high and said: Queen Morgan le Fay, send out your knights that ye have laid in a watch for Sir Launcelot and for Sir Tristram. Now, said Sir Gawaine, I know your false treason, and through all places where that I ride men shall know of your false treason; and now let see, said Sir Gawaine, whether ye dare come out of your castle, ye thirty knights. Then the queen spake and all the thirty knights at once, and said: Sir Gawaine, full well wottest thou what thou dost and sayest; for by God we know thee passing well, but all that thou speakest and dost, thou sayest it upon pride of that good knight that is there with thee. For there be some of us that know full well the hands of that knight over all well. And wit thou well, Sir Gawaine, it is more for his sake than for thine that we will not come out of this castle. For wit ye well, Sir Gawaine, the knight that beareth the arms of Cornwall, we know him and what he is.

Then Sir Gawaine and Sir Tristram departed and rode on their ways a day or two together; and there by adventure, they met with Sir Kay and Sir Sagamore le Desirous. And then they were glad of Sir Gawaine, and he of them, but they wist not what he was with the shield of Cornwall, but by deeming. And thus they rode together a day or two. And then they were ware of Sir Breuse Saunce Pite chasing a lady for to have slain her, for he had slain her paramour afore. Hold you all still, said Sir Gawaine, and show none of you forth, and ye shall see me reward yonder false knight; for an he espy you he is so well horsed that he will escape away. And then Sir Gawaine rode betwixt Sir Breuse and the lady, and said: False knight, leave her, and have ado with me. When Sir Breuse saw no more but Sir Gawaine he feutred his spear, and Sir Gawaine against him; and there Sir Breuse overthrew Sir Gawaine, and then he rode over him, and overthwart him twenty times to have destroyed him; and when Sir Tristram saw him do so villainous a deed, he hurled out against him. And when Sir Breuse saw him with the shield of Cornwall he knew him well that it was Sir Tristram, and then he fled, and Sir Tristram followed after him; and Sir Breuse Saunce Pite was so horsed that he went his way quite, and Sir Tristram followed him long, for he would fain have been avenged upon him. And so when he had long chased him, he saw a fair well, and thither he rode to repose him, and tied his horse till a tree.

**CHAPTER XXVII. How damosel Bragwaine found Tristram sleeping by a well, and how she delivered letters to him from La Beale Isoud.** AND then he pulled off his helm and washed his visage and his hands, and so he fell asleep. In the meanwhile came a damosel that had sought Sir Tristram many ways and days within this land. And when she came to the well she looked upon him, and had forgotten him as in remembrance of Sir Tristram, but by his horse she knew him, that hight Passe-Brewel that had been Sir Tristram's horse many years. For when he was mad in the forest Sir Fergus kept him. So this lady, Dame Bragwaine, abode still till he was awake. So when she saw him wake she saluted him, and he her again, for either knew other of old acquaintance; then she told him how she had sought him long and broad, and there she told him how she had letters from Queen La Beale Isoud. Then anon Sir Tristram read them, and wit ye well he was glad, for therein was many a piteous complaint. Then Sir Tristram said: Lady Bragwaine, ye shall ride with me till that tournament be done at the Castle of Maidens, and then shall bear letters and tidings with you. And then Sir Tristram took his horse and sought lodging, and there he met with a good ancient knight and prayed him to lodge with him. Right so came Gouvernail unto Sir Tristram, that was glad of that lady. So this old knight's name was Sir Pellounes, and he told of the great tournament that should be at the Castle of Maidens. And there Sir Launcelot and thirty-two knights of his blood had ordained shields of Cornwall. And right so there came one unto Sir Pellounes, and told him that Sir Persides de Bloise was come home; then that knight held up his hands and thanked God of his coming home. And there Sir Pellounes told Sir Tristram that in two years he had not seen his son, Sir Persides. Sir, said Sir Tristram, I know your son well enough for a good knight.

So on a time Sir Tristram and Sir Persides came to their lodging both at once, and so they unarmed them, and put upon them their clothing. And then these two knights each welcomed other. And when Sir Persides understood that Sir Tristram was of Cornwall, he said he was once in Cornwall: And there I jousted afore King Mark; and so it happened me at that time to overthrow ten knights, and then came to me Sir Tristram de Liones and overthrew me, and took my lady away from me, and that shall I never forget, but I shall remember me an ever I see my time. Ah, said Sir Tristram, now I understand that ye hate Sir Tristram. What deem ye, ween ye that Sir Tristram is not able to withstand your malice? Yes, said Sir Persides, I know well that Sir Tristram is a noble knight and a much better knight than I, yet shall I not owe him my good will. Right as they stood thus talking at a bay-window of that castle, they saw many knights riding to and fro toward the tournament. And then was Sir Tristram ware of a likely knight riding upon a great black horse, and a black-covered shield. What knight is

that, said Sir Tristram, with the black horse and the black shield? he seemeth a good knight. I know him well, said Sir Persides, he is one of the best knights of the world. Then is it Sir Launcelot, said Tristram. Nay, said Sir Persides, it is Sir Palomides, that is yet unchristened.

**CHAPTER XXVIII. How Sir Tristram had a fall with Sir Palomides, and how Launcelot overthrew two knights.**

THEN they saw much people of the country salute Sir Palomides. And within a while after there came a squire of the castle, that told Sir Pellounes that was lord of that castle, that a knight with a black shield had smitten down thirteen knights. Fair brother, said Sir Tristram unto Sir Persides, let us cast upon us cloaks, and let us go see the play. Not so, said Sir Persides, we will not go like knaves thither, but we will ride like men and good knights to withstand our enemies. So they armed them, and took their horses and great spears, and thither they went whereas many knights assayed themselves before the tournament. And anon Sir Palomides saw Sir Persides, and then he sent a squire unto him and said: Go thou to the yonder knight with the green shield and therein a lion of gold, and say him I require him to joust with me, and tell him that my name is Sir Palomides. When Sir Persides understood that request of Sir Palomides, he made him ready, and there anon they met together, but Sir Persides had a fall. Then Sir Tristram dressed him to be revenged upon Sir Palomides, and that saw Sir Palomides that was ready and so was not Sir Tristram, and took him at an advantage and smote him over his horse's tail when he had no spear in his rest. Then stert up Sir Tristram and took his horse lightly, and was wroth out of measure, and sore ashamed of that fall. Then Sir Tristram sent unto Sir Palomides by Gouvernail, and prayed him to joust with him at his request. Nay, said Sir Palomides, as at this time I will not joust with that knight, for I know him better than he weeneth. And if he be wroth he may right it to-morn at the Castle of Maidens, where he may see me and many other knights.

With that came Sir Dinadan, and when he saw Sir Tristram wroth he list not to jape. Lo, said Sir Dinadan, here may a man prove, be a man never so good yet may he have a fall, and he was never so wise but he might be overseen, and he rideth well that never fell. So Sir Tristram was passing wroth, and said to Sir Persides and to Sir Dinadan: I will revenge me. Right so as they stood talking there, there came by Sir Tristram a likely knight riding passing soberly and heavily with a black shield. What knight is that? said Sir Tristram unto Sir Persides. I know him well, said Sir Persides, for his name is Sir Briant of North Wales; so he passed on among other knights of North Wales. And there came in Sir Launcelot du Lake with a shield of the arms of Cornwall, and he sent a squire unto Sir Briant, and required him to joust with him. Well, said Sir Briant, sithen I am required to joust I will do what I may; and there Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Briant from his horse a great fall. And then Sir Tristram marvelled what knight he was that bare the shield of Cornwall. Whatsoever he be, said Sir Dinadan, I warrant you he is of King Ban's blood, the which be knights of the most noble prowess in the world, for to account so many for so many. Then there came two knights of Northgalis, that one hight Hew de la Montaine, and the other Sir Madok de la Montaine, and they challenged Sir Launcelot foot-hot. Sir Launcelot not refusing them but made him ready, with one spear he smote them down both over their horses' croups; and so Sir Launcelot rode his way. By the good lord, said Sir Tristram, he is a good knight that beareth the shield of Cornwall, and meseemeth he rideth in the best manner that ever I saw knight ride.

Then the King of Northgalis rode unto Sir Palomides and prayed him heartily for his sake to joust with that knight that hath done us of Northgalis despite. Sir, said Sir Palomides, I am full loath to have ado with that knight, and cause why is, for as to-morn the great tournament shall be; and therefore I will keep myself fresh by my will. Nay, said the King of Northgalis, I pray you require him of jousts. Sir, said Sir Palomides, I will joust at your request, and require that knight to joust with me, and often I have seen a man have a fall at his own request.

**CHAPTER XXIX. How Sir Launcelot jousted with Palomides and overthrew him, and after he was assailed with twelve knights.** THEN Sir Palomides sent unto Sir Launcelot a

squire, and required him of jousts. Fair fellow, said Sir Launcelot, tell me thy lord's name. Sir, said the squire, my lord's name is Sir Palomides, the good knight. In good hour, said Sir Launcelot, for there is no knight that I saw this seven years that I had liefer ado withal than with him. And so either knights made them ready with two great spears. Nay, said Sir Dinadan, ye shall see that Sir Palomides will quit him right well. It may be so, said Sir Tristram, but I undertake that knight with the shield of Cornwall shall give him a fall. I believe it not, said Sir Dinadan. Right so they spurred their horses and feuted their spears, and either hit other, and Sir Palomides brake a spear upon Sir Launcelot, and he sat and moved not; but Sir Launcelot smote him so lightly that he made his horse to avoid the saddle, and the stroke brake his shield and the hauberk, and had he not fallen he had been slain. How now, said Sir Tristram, I wist well by the manner of their riding both that Sir Palomides should have a fall.

Right so Sir Launcelot rode his way, and rode to a well to drink and to repose him, and they of Northgalis espied him whither he rode; and then there followed him twelve knights for to have mischiefed him, for this cause that upon the morn at the tournament of the Castle of Maidens that he should not win the victory. So they came upon Sir Launcelot suddenly, and unneth he might put upon him his helm and take his horse, but they were in hands with him; and then Sir Launcelot gat his spear, and rode through them, and there he slew a knight and brake a spear in his body. Then he drew his sword and smote upon the right hand and upon the left hand, so that within a few strokes he had slain other three knights, and the remnant that abode he wounded them sore all that did abide. Thus Sir Launcelot escaped from his enemies of North Wales, and then Sir Launcelot rode his way till a friend, and lodged him till on the morn; for he would not the first day have ado in the tournament because of his great labour. And on the first day he was with King Arthur whereas he was set on high upon a scaffold to discern who was best worthy of his deeds. So Sir Launcelot was with King Arthur, and jousted not the first day.

#### **CHAPTER XXX. How Sir Tristram behaved him the first day of the tournament, and there he had the prize.**

NOW turn we unto Sir Tristram de Lioness, that commanded Gouvernail, his servant, to ordain him a black shield with none other remembrance therein. And so Sir Persides and Sir Tristram departed from their host Sir Pellounes, and they rode early toward the tournament, and then they drew them to King Carados' side, of Scotland; and anon knights began the field what of King Northgalis' part, and what of King Carados' part, and there began great party. Then there was hurling and rashing. Right so came in Sir Persides and Sir Tristram and so they did fare that they put the King of Northgalis aback. Then came in Sir Bleoberis de Ganis and Sir Gaheris with them of Northgalis, and then was Sir Persides smitten down and almost slain, for more than forty horse men went over him. For Sir Bleoberis did great deeds of arms, and Sir Gaheris failed him not. When Sir Tristram beheld them, and saw them do such deeds of arms, he marvelled what they were. Also Sir Tristram thought shame that Sir Persides was so done to; and then he gat a great spear in his hand, and then he rode to Sir Gaheris and smote him down from his horse. And then was Sir Bleoberis wroth, and gat a spear and rode against Sir Tristram in great ire; and there Sir Tristram met with him, and smote Sir Bleoberis from his horse. So then the King with the Hundred Knights was wroth, and he horsed Sir Bleoberis and Sir Gaheris again, and there began a great medley; and ever Sir Tristram held them passing short, and ever Sir Bleoberis was passing busy upon Sir Tristram; and there came Sir Dinadan against Sir Tristram, and Sir Tristram gave him such a buffet that he swooned in his saddle. Then anon Sir Dinadan came to Sir Tristram and said: Sir, I know thee better than thou weenest; but here I promise thee my troth I will never come against thee more, for I promise thee that sword of thine shall never come on mine helm.

With that came Sir Bleoberis, and Sir Tristram gave him such a buffet that down he laid his head; and then he caught him so sore by the helm that he pulled him under his horse's feet. And then King Arthur blew to lodging. Then Sir Tristram departed to his pavilion, and Sir Dinadan rode with him; and Sir Persides

and King Arthur then, and the kings upon both parties, marvelled what knight that was with the black shield. Many said their advice, and some knew him for Sir Tristram, and held their peace and would nought say. So that first day King Arthur, and all the kings and lords that were judges, gave Sir Tristram the prize; howbeit they knew him not, but named him the Knight with the Black Shield.

#### **CHAPTER XXXI. How Sir Tristram returned against King Arthur's party because he saw Sir Palomides on that party.**

THEN upon the morn Sir Palomides returned from the King of Northgalis, and rode to King Arthur's side, where was King Carados, and the King of Ireland, and Sir Launcelot's kin, and Sir Gawaine's kin. So Sir Palomides sent the damosel unto Sir Tristram that he sent to seek him when he was out of his mind in the forest, and this damosel asked Sir Tristram what he was and what was his name? As for that, said Sir Tristram, tell Sir Palomides ye shall not wit as at this time unto the time I have broken two spears upon him. But let him wit thus much, said Sir Tristram, that I am the same knight that he smote down in over-evening at the tournament; and tell him plainly on what party that Sir Palomides be I will be of the contrary party. Sir, said the damosel, ye shall understand that Sir Palomides will be on King Arthur's side, where the most noble knights of the world be. In the name of God, said Sir Tristram, then will I be with the King of Northgalis, because Sir Palomides will be on King Arthur's side, and else I would not but for his sake. So when King Arthur was come they blew unto the field; and then there began a great party, and so King Carados jousted with the King of the Hundred Knights, and there King Carados had a fall: then was there hurling and rushing, and right so came in knights of King Arthur's, and they bare aback the King of Northgalis' knights.

Then Sir Tristram came in, and began so roughly and so bigly that there was none might withstand him, and thus Sir Tristram dured long. And at the last Sir Tristram fell among the fellowship of King Ban, and there fell upon him Sir Bors de Ganis, and Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Blamore de Ganis, and many other knights. And then Sir Tristram smote on the right hand and on the left hand, that all lords and ladies spake of his noble deeds. But at the last Sir Tristram should have had the worse had not the King with the Hundred Knights been. And then he came with his fellowship and rescued Sir Tristram, and brought him away from those knights that bare the shields of Cornwall. And then Sir Tristram saw another fellowship by himself, and there were a forty knights together, and Sir Kay, the Seneschal, was their governor. Then Sir Tristram rode in amongst them, and there he smote down Sir Kay from his horse; and there he fared among those knights like a greyhound among conies.

Then Sir Launcelot found a knight that was sore wounded upon the head. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, who wounded you so sore? Sir, he said, a knight that beareth a black shield, and I may curse the time that ever I met with him, for he is a devil and no man. So Sir Launcelot departed from him and thought to meet with Sir Tristram, and so he rode with his sword drawn in his hand to seek Sir Tristram; and then he espied him how he hurled here and there, and at every stroke Sir Tristram wellnigh smote down a knight. O mercy Jesu! said the king, sith the times I bare arms saw I never no knight do so marvellous deeds of arms. And if I should set upon this knight, said Sir Launcelot to himself, I did shame to myself, and therewithal Sir Launcelot put up his sword. And then the King with the Hundred Knights and an hundred more of North Wales set upon the twenty of Sir Launcelot's kin: and they twenty knights held them ever together as wild swine, and none would fail other. And so when Sir Tristram beheld the noblesse or these twenty knights he marvelled of their good deeds, for he saw by their fare and by their rule that they had liefer die than avoid the field. Now Jesu, said Sir Tristram, well may he be valiant and full of prowess that hath such a sort of noble knights unto his kin, and full like is he to be a noble man that is their leader and governor. He meant it by Sir Launcelot du Lake. So when Sir Tristram had beholden them long he thought shame to see two hundred knights battering upon twenty knights. Then Sir Tristram rode unto the King with the Hundred Knights and said: Sir, leave your fighting

with those twenty knights, for ye win no worship of them, ye be so many and they so few; and wit ye well they will not out of the field I see by their cheer and countenance; and worship get ye none an ye slay them. Therefore leave your fighting with them, for I to increase my worship I will ride to the twenty knights and help them with all my might and power. Nay, said the King with the Hundred Knights, ye shall not do so; now I see your courage and courtesy I will withdraw my knights for your pleasure, for evermore a good knight will favour another, and like will draw to like.

**CHAPTER XXXII. How Sir Tristram found Palomides by a well, and brought him with him to his lodging.** THEN the King with the Hundred Knights withdrew his knights. And all this while, and long to-fore, Sir Launcelot had watched upon Sir Tristram with a very purpose to have fellowshiped with him. And then suddenly Sir Tristram, Sir Dinadan, and Gouvernail, his man, rode their way into the forest, that no man perceived where they went. So then King Arthur blew unto lodging, and gave the King of Northgalis the prize because Sir Tristram was upon his side. Then Sir Launcelot rode here and there, so wood as lion that fauted his fill, because he had lost Sir Tristram, and so he returned unto King Arthur. And then in all the field was a noise that with the wind it might be heard two mile thence, how the lords and ladies cried: The Knight with the Black Shield hath won the field. Alas, said King Arthur, where is that knight become? It is shame to all those in the field so to let him escape away from you; but with gentleness and courtesy ye might have brought him unto me to the Castle of Maidens. Then the noble King Arthur went unto his knights and comforted them in the best wise that he could, and said: My fair fellows, be not dismayed, howbeit ye have lost the field this day. And many were hurt and sore wounded, and many were whole. My fellows, said King Arthur, look that ye be of good cheer, for to-morn I will be in the field with you and revenge you of your enemies. So that night King Arthur and his knights reposed themselves.

The damosel that came from La Beale Isoud unto Sir Tristram, all the while the tournament was a-doing she was with Queen Guenever, and ever the queen asked her for what cause she came into that country. Madam, she answered, I come for none other cause but from my lady La Beale Isoud to wit of your welfare. For in no wise she would not tell the queen that she came for Sir Tristram's sake. So this lady, Dame Bragwaine, took her leave of Queen Guenever, and she rode after Sir Tristram. And as she rode through the forest she heard a great cry; then she commanded her squire to go into the forest to wit what was that noise. And so he came to a well, and there he found a knight bounden till a tree crying as he had been wood, and his horse and his harness standing by him. And when he espied that squire, therewith he abraid and brake himself loose, and took his sword in his hand, and ran to have slain the squire. Then he took his horse and fled all that ever he might unto Dame Bragwaine, and told her of his adventure. Then she rode unto Sir Tristram's pavilion, and told Sir Tristram what adventure she had found in the forest. Alas, said Sir Tristram, upon my head there is some good knight at mischief.

Then Sir Tristram took his horse and his sword and rode thither, and there he heard how the knight complained unto himself and said: I, woful knight Sir Palomides, what misadventure befallerth me, that thus am defoiled with falsehood and treason, through Sir Bors and Sir Ector. Alas, he said, why live I so long! And then he gat his sword in his hands, and made many strange signs and tokens; and so through his raging he threw his sword into that fountain. Then Sir Palomides wailed and wrang his hands. And at the last for pure sorrow he ran into that fountain, over his belly, and sought after his sword. Then Sir Tristram saw that, and ran upon Sir Palomides, and held him in his arms fast. What art thou, said Palomides, that holdeth me so? I am a man of this forest that would thee none harm. Alas, said Sir Palomides, I may never win worship where Sir Tristram is; for ever where he is an I be there, then get I no worship; and if he be away for the most part I have the gree, unless that Sir Launcelot be there or Sir Lamorak. Then Sir Palomides said: Once in Ireland Sir Tristram put me to the worse, and another time in Cornwall, and in other

places in this land. What would ye do, said Sir Tristram, an ye had Sir Tristram? I would fight with him, said Sir Palomides, and ease my heart upon him; and yet, to say thee sooth, Sir Tristram is the gentlest knight in this world living. What will ye do, said Sir Tristram, will ye go with me to your lodging? Nay, said he, I will go to the King with the Hundred Knights, for he rescued me from Sir Bors de Ganis and Sir Ector and else had I been slain traitorly. Sir Tristram said him such kind words that Sir Palomides went with him to his lodging. Then Gouvernail went to-fore, and charged Dame Bragwaine to go out of the way to her lodging And bid ye Sir Persides that he make him no quarrels. And so they rode together till they came to Sir Tristram's pavilion, and there Sir Palomides had all the cheer that might be had all that night. But in no wise Sir Palomides might not know what was Sir Tristram; and so after supper they yede to rest, and Sir Tristram for great travail slept till it was day. And Sir Palomides might not sleep for anguish; and in the dawning of the day he took his horse privily, and rode his way unto Sir Gaheris and unto Sir Sagamore le Desirous, where they were in their pavilions; for they three were fellows at the beginning of the tournament. And then upon the morn the king blew unto the tournament upon the third day.

**CHAPTER XXXIII. How Sir Tristram smote down Sir Palomides, and how he joustet with King Arthur, and other feats.** SO the King of Northgalis and the King with the Hundred Knights, they two encountered with King Carados and with the King of Ireland; and there the King with the Hundred Knights smote down King Carados, and the King of Northgalis smote down the King of Ireland. With that came in Sir Palomides, and when he came he made great work, for by his indented shield he was well known. So came in King Arthur, and did great deeds of arms together, and put the King of Northgalis and the King with the Hundred Knights to the worse. With this came in Sir Tristram with his black shield, and anon he joustet with Sir Palomides, and there by fine force Sir Tristram smote Sir Palomides over his horse's croup. Then King Arthur cried: Knight with the Black Shield, make thee ready to me, and in the same wise Sir Tristram smote King Arthur. And then by force of King Arthur's knights the King and Sir Palomides were horsed again. Then King Arthur with a great eager heart he gat a spear in his hand, and there upon the one side he smote Sir Tristram over his horse. Then foot-hot Sir Palomides came upon Sir Tristram, as he was upon foot, to have overridden him. Then Sir Tristram was ware of him, and there he stooped aside, and with great ire he gat him by the arm, and pulled him down from his horse. Then Sir Palomides lightly arose, and then they dashed together mightily with their swords; and many kings, queens, and lords, stood and beheld them. And at the last Sir Tristram smote Sir Palomides upon the helm three mighty strokes, and at every stroke that he gave him he said: This for Sir Tristram's sake. With that Sir Palomides fell to the earth grovelling.

Then came the King with the Hundred Knights, and brought Sir Tristram an horse, and so was he horsed again. By then was Sir Palomides horsed, and with great ire he joustet upon Sir Tristram with his spear as it was in the rest, and gave him a great dash with his sword. Then Sir Tristram avoided his spear, and gat him by the neck with his both hands, and pulled him clean out of his saddle, and so he bare him afore him the length of ten spears, and then in the presence of them all he let him fall at his adventure. Then Sir Tristram was ware of King Arthur with a naked sword in his hand, and with his spear Sir Tristram ran upon King Arthur; and then King Arthur boldly abode him and with his sword he smote a-two his spear, and therewithal Sir Tristram stonied; and so King Arthur gave him three or four strokes or he might get out his sword, and at the last Sir Tristram drew his sword and [either] assailed other passing hard. With that the great press departed [them]. Then Sir Tristram rode here and there and did his great pain, that eleven of the good knights of the blood of King Ban, that was of Sir Launcelot's kin, that day Sir Tristram smote down; that all the estates marvelled of his great deeds and all cried upon the Knight with the Black Shield.

**CHAPTER XXXIV. How Sir Launcelot hurt Sir Tristram, and how after Sir Tristram smote down Sir Palomides.** THEN this cry was so large that Sir Launcelot heard it. And then

he gat a great spear in his hand and came towards the cry. Then Sir Launcelot cried: The Knight with the Black Shield, make thee ready to joust with me. When Sir Tristram heard him say so he gat his spear in his hand, and either abashed down their heads, and came together as thunder; and Sir Tristram's spear brake in pieces, and Sir Launcelot by malfortune struck Sir Tristram on the side a deep wound nigh to the death; but yet Sir Tristram avoided not his saddle, and so the spear brake. Therewithal Sir Tristram that was wounded gat out his sword, and he rushed to Sir Launcelot, and gave him three great strokes upon the helm that the fire sprang thereout, and Sir Launcelot abashed his head lowly toward his saddle-bow. And therewithal Sir Tristram departed from the field, for he felt him so wounded that he weened he should have died; and Sir Dinadan espied him and followed him into the forest. Then Sir Launcelot abode and did many marvellous deeds.

So when Sir Tristram was departed by the forest's side he alighted, and unlaced his harness and freshed his wound; then weened Sir Dinadan that he should have died. Nay, nay, said Sir Tristram, Dinadan never dread thee, for I am heart-whole, and of this wound I shall soon be whole, by the mercy of God. By that Sir Dinadan was ware where came Palomides riding straight upon them. And then Sir Tristram was ware that Sir Palomides came to have destroyed him. And so Sir Dinadan gave him warning, and said: Sir Tristram, my lord, ye are so sore wounded that ye may not have ado with him, therefore I will ride against him and do to him what I may, and if I be slain ye may pray for my soul; and in the meanwhile ye may withdraw you and go into the castle, or in the forest, that he shall not meet with you. Sir Tristram smiled and said: I thank you, Sir Dinadan, of your good will, but ye shall wit that I am able to handle him. And then anon hastily he armed him, and took his horse, and a great spear in his hand, and said to Sir Dinadan: Adieu; and rode toward Sir Palomides a soft pace. Then when Sir Palomides saw that, he made countenance to amend his horse, but he did it for this cause, for he abode Sir Gaheris that came after him. And when he was come he rode toward Sir Tristram. Then Sir Tristram sent unto Sir Palomides, and required him to joust with him; and if he smote down Sir Palomides he would do no more to him; and if it so happened that Sir Palomides smote down Sir Tristram, he bade him do his utterance. So they were accorded. Then they met together, and Sir Tristram smote down Sir Palomides that he had a grievous fall, so that he lay still as he had been dead. And then Sir Tristram ran upon Sir Gaheris, and he would not have jousted; but whether he would or not Sir Tristram smote him over his horse's croup, that he lay still as though he had been dead. And then Sir Tristram rode his way and left Sir Persides' squire within the pavilions, and Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan rode to an old knight's place to lodge them. And that old knight had five sons at the tournament, for whom he prayed God heartily for their coming home. And so, as the French book saith, they came home all five well beaten.

And when Sir Tristram departed into the forest Sir Launcelot held alway the stour like hard, as a man araged that took no heed to himself, and wit ye well there was many a noble knight against him. And when King Arthur saw Sir Launcelot do so marvellous deeds of arms he then armed him, and took his horse and his armour, and rode into the field to help Sir Launcelot; and so many knights came in with King Arthur. And to make short tale in conclusion, the King of Northgalis and the King of the Hundred Knights were put to the worse; and because Sir Launcelot abode and was the last in the field the prize was given him. But Sir Launcelot would neither for king, queen, nor knight, have the prize, but where the cry was cried through the field: Sir Launcelot, Sir Launcelot hath won the field this day, Sir Launcelot let make another cry contrary: Sir Tristram hath won the field, for he began first, and last he hath endured, and so hath he done the first day, the second, and the third day.

**CHAPTER XXXV. How the prize of the third day was given to Sir Launcelot, and Sir Launcelot gave it to Sir Tristram.** THEN all the estates and degrees high and low said of Sir Launcelot great worship, for the honour that he did unto Sir Tristram; and for that honour doing to Sir Tristram he was at that time more praised and renowned than an he had overthrown five hun-

dred knights; and all the people wholly for this gentleness, first the estates both high and low, and after the commonalty cried at once: Sir Launcelot hath won the field whosoever say nay. Then was Sir Launcelot wroth and ashamed, and so therewithal he rode to King Arthur. Alas, said the king, we are all dismayed that Sir Tristram is thus departed from us. By God, said King Arthur, he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw hold spear or sword in hand, and the most courteoust knight in his fighting; for full hard I saw him, said King Arthur, when he smote Sir Palomides upon the helm thrice, that he abashed his helm with his strokes, and also he said: Here is a stroke for Sir Tristram, and thus thrice he said. Then King Arthur, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Dodinas le Savage took their horses to seek Sir Tristram, and by the means of Sir Persides he had told King Arthur where Sir Tristram was in his pavilion. But when they came there, Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan were gone.

Then King Arthur and Sir Launcelot were heavy, and returned again to the Castle of Maidens making great dole for the hurt of Sir Tristram, and his sudden departing. So God me help, said King Arthur, I am more heavy that I cannot meet with him than for all the hurts that all my knights have had at the tournament. Right so came Sir Gaheris and told King Arthur how Sir Tristram had smitten down Sir Palomides, and it was at Sir Palomides' own request. Alas, said King Arthur, that was great dishonour to Sir Palomides, inasmuch as Sir Tristram was sore wounded, and now may we all, kings, and knights, and men of worship, say that Sir Tristram may be called a noble knight, and one of the best knights that ever I saw the days of my life. For I will that ye all, kings and knights, know, said King Arthur, that I never saw knight do so marvellously as he hath done these three days; for he was the first that began and that longest held on, save this last day. And though he was hurt, it was a manly adventure of two noble knights, and when two noble men encounter needs must the one have the worse, like as God will suffer at that time. As for me, said Sir Launcelot, for all the lands that ever my father left me I would not have hurt Sir Tristram an I had known him at that time; that I hurt him was for I saw not his shield. For an I had seen his black shield, I would not have meddled with him for many causes; for late he did as much for me as ever did knight, and that is well known that he had ado with thirty knights, and no help save Sir Dinadan. And one thing shall I promise, said Sir Launcelot, Sir Palomides shall repent it as in his unkindly dealing for to follow that noble knight that I by mishap hurted thus. Sir Launcelot said all the worship that might be said by Sir Tristram. Then King Arthur made a great feast to all that would come. And thus we let pass King Arthur, and a little we will turn unto Sir Palomides, that after he had a fall of Sir Tristram, he was nigh-hand araged out of his wit for despite of Sir Tristram. And so he followed him by adventure. And as he came by a river, in his woodness he would have made his horse to have leapt over; and the horse failed footing and fell in the river, wherefore Sir Palomides was adread lest he should have been drowned; and then he avoided his horse, and swam to the land, and let his horse go down by adventure.

**CHAPTER XXXVI. How Palomides came to the castle where Sir Tristram was, and of the quest that Sir Launcelot and ten knights made for Sir Tristram.** AND when he came to the land he took off his harness, and sat roaring and crying as a man out of his mind. Right so came a damosel even by Sir Palomides, that was sent from Sir Gawaine and his brother unto Sir Mordred, that lay sick in the same place with that old knight where Sir Tristram was. For, as the French book saith, Sir Persides hurt so Sir Mordred a ten days afore; and had it hot been for the love of Sir Gawaine and his brother, Sir Persides had slain Sir Mordred. And so this damosel came by Sir Palomides, and she and he had language together, the which pleased neither of them; and so the damosel rode her ways till she came to the old knight's place, and there she told that old knight how she met with the wooddest knight by adventure that ever she met withal. What bare he in his shield? said Sir Tristram. It was indented with white and black, said the damosel. Ah, said Sir Tristram, that was Sir Palomides, the good knight. For well I know him, said Sir Tristram, for one of the best knights living in this realm. Then that old knight took a

little hackney, and rode for Sir Palomides, and brought him unto his own manor; and full well knew Sir Tristram Sir Palomides, but he said but little, for at that time Sir Tristram was walking upon his feet, and well amended of his hurts; and always when Sir Palomides saw Sir Tristram he would behold him full marvelously, and ever him seemed that he had seen him. Then would he say unto Sir Dinadan: An ever I may meet with Sir Tristram he shall not escape mine hands. I marvel, said Sir Dinadan, that ye boast behind Sir Tristram, for it is but late that he was in your hands, and ye in his hands; why would ye not hold him when ye had him? for I saw myself twice or thrice that ye gat but little worship of Sir Tristram. Then was Sir Palomides ashamed. So leave we them a little while in the old castle with the old knight Sir Darras.

Now shall we speak of King Arthur, that said to Sir Launcelot: Had not ye been we had not lost Sir Tristram, for he was here daily unto the time ye met with him, and in an evil time, said Arthur, ye encountered with him. My lord Arthur, said Launcelot, ye put upon me that I should be cause of his departure; God knoweth it was against my will. But when men be hot in deeds of arms oft they hurt their friends as well as their foes. And my lord, said Sir Launcelot, ye shall understand that Sir Tristram is a man that I am loath to offend, for he hath done for me more than ever I did for him as yet. But then Sir Launcelot made bring forth a book: and then Sir Launcelot said: Here we are ten knights that will swear upon a book never to rest one night where we rest another this twelvemonth until that we find Sir Tristram. And as for me, said Sir Launcelot, I promise you upon this book that an I may meet with him, either with fairness or foulness I shall bring him to this court, or else I shall die therefore. And the names of these ten knights that had undertaken this quest were these following: First was Sir Launcelot, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Bors de Ganis, and Bleoberis, and Sir Blamore de Ganis, and Lucan the Butler, Sir Uwayne, Sir Galihud Lionel, and Galiodin. So these ten noble knights departed from the court of King Arthur, and so they rode upon their quest together until they came to a cross where departed four ways, and there departed the fellowship in four to seek Sir Tristram.

And as Sir Launcelot rode by adventure he met with Dame Bragwaine that was sent into that country to seek Sir Tristram, and she fled as fast as her palfrey might go. So Sir Launcelot met with her and asked her why she fled. Ah, fair knight, said Dame Bragwaine, I flee for dread of my life, for here followeth me Sir Breuse Saunce Pite to slay me. Hold you nigh me, said Sir Launcelot. Then when Sir Launcelot saw Sir Breuse Saunce Pite, Sir Launcelot cried unto him, and said: False knight destroyer of ladies and damosels, now thy last days be come. When Sir Breuse Saunce Pite saw Sir Launcelot's shield he knew it well, for at that time he bare not the arms of Cornwall, but he bare his own shield. And then Sir Breuse fled, and Sir Launcelot followed after him. But Sir Breuse was so well horsed that when him list to flee he might well flee, and also abide when him list. And then Sir Launcelot returned unto Dame Bragwaine, and she thanked him of his great labour.

**CHAPTER XXXVII. How Sir Tristram, Sir Palomides, and Sir Dinadan were taken and put in prison.** NOW will we speak of Sir Lucan the butler, that by fortune he came riding to the same place thereas was Sir Tristram, and in he came in none other intent but to ask harbour. Then the porter asked what was his name. Tell your lord that my name is Sir Lucan, the butler, a Knight of the Round Table. So the porter went unto Sir Darras, lord of the place, and told him who was there to ask harbour. Nay, nay, said Sir Daname, that was nephew to Sir Darras, say him that he shall not be lodged here, but let him wit that I, Sir Daname, will meet with him anon, and bid him make him ready. So Sir Daname came forth on horseback, and there they met together with spears, and Sir Lucan smote down Sir Daname over his horse's croup, and then he fled into that place, and Sir Lucan rode after him, and asked after him many times.

Then Sir Dinadan said to Sir Tristram: It is shame to see the lord's cousin of this place defiled. Abide, said Sir Tristram, and I shall redress it. And in the meanwhile Sir Dinadan was on horse-

back, and he jousts with Lucan the butler, and there Sir Lucan smote Dinadan through the thick of the thigh, and so he rode his way; and Sir Tristram was wroth that Sir Dinadan was hurt, and followed after, and thought to avenge him; and within a while he overtook Sir Lucan, and bade him turn; and so they met together so that Sir Tristram hurt Sir Lucan passing sore and gave him a fall. With that came Sir Uwayne, a gentle knight, and when he saw Sir Lucan so hurt he called Sir Tristram to joust with him. Fair knight, said Sir Tristram, tell me your name I require you. Sir knight, wit ye well my name is Sir Uwayne le Fise de Roy Ureine. Ah, said Sir Tristram, by my will I would not have ado with you at no time. Ye shall not so, said Sir Uwayne, but ye shall have ado with me. And then Sir Tristram saw none other bote, but rode against him, and overthrew Sir Uwayne and hurt him in the side, and so he departed unto his lodging again. And when Sir Dinadan understood that Sir Tristram had hurt Sir Lucan he would have ridden after Sir Lucan for to have slain him, but Sir Tristram would not suffer him. Then Sir Uwayne let ordain an horse litter, and brought Sir Lucan to the abbey of Ganis, and the castle thereby hight the Castle of Ganis, of the which Sir Bleoberis was lord. And at that castle Sir Launcelot promised all his fellows to meet in the quest of Sir Tristram.

So when Sir Tristram was come to his lodging there came a damosel that told Sir Darras that three of his sons were slain at that tournament, and two grievously wounded that they were never like to help themselves. And all this was done by a noble knight that bare the black shield, and that was he that bare the prize. Then came there one and told Sir Darras that the same knight was within, him that bare the black shield. Then Sir Darras yede unto Sir Tristram's chamber, and there he found his shield and showed it to the damosel. Ah sir, said the damosel, that same is he that slew your three sons. Then without any tarrying Sir Darras put Sir Tristram, and Sir Palomides, and Sir Dinadan, within a strong prison, and there Sir Tristram was like to have died of great sickness; and every day Sir Palomides would reprove Sir Tristram of old hate betwixt them. And ever Sir Tristram spake fair and said little. But when Sir Palomides saw the falling of sickness of Sir Tristram, then was he heavy for him, and comforted him in all the best wise he could. And as the French book saith, there came forty knights to Sir Darras that were of his own kin, and they would have slain Sir Tristram and his two fellows, but Sir Darras would not suffer that, but kept them in prison, and meat and drink they had. So Sir Tristram endured there great pain, for sickness had undertaken him, and that is the greatest pain a prisoner may have. For all the while a prisoner may have his health of body he may endure under the mercy of God and in hope of good deliverance; but when sickness toucheth a prisoner's body, then may a prisoner say all wealth is him bereft, and then he hath cause to wail and to weep. Right so did Sir Tristram when sickness had undertaken him, for then he took such sorrow that he had almost slain himself.

**CHAPTER XXXVIII. How King Mark was sorry for the good renown of Sir Tristram. Some of King Arthur's knights jousts with knights of Cornwall.** NOW will we speak, and leave Sir Tristram, Sir Palomides, and Sir Dinadan in prison, and speak we of other knights that sought after Sir Tristram many divers parts of this land. And some yede into Cornwall; and by adventure Sir Gaheris, nephew unto King Arthur, came unto King Mark, and there he was well received and sat at King Mark's own table and ate of his own mess. Then King Mark asked Sir Gaheris what tidings there were in the realm of Logris. Sir, said Sir Gaheris, the king reigneth as a noble knight; and now but late there was a great jousts and tournament as ever I saw any in the realm of Logris, and the most noble knights were at that jousts. But there was one knight that did marvellously three days, and he bare a black shield, and of all knights that ever I saw he proved the best knight. Then, said King Mark, that was Sir Launcelot, or Sir Palomides the paynim. Not so, said Sir Gheris, for both Sir Launcelot and Sir Palomides were on the contrary party against the Knight with the Black Shield. Then was it Sir Tristram, said the king. Yea, said Sir Gaheris. And therewithal the king smote down his head, and in his heart he feared sore that Sir Tristram should get him such worship in the realm of Logris wherethrough that he himself should not be able to withstand him. Thus Sir Gaheris had

great cheer with King Mark, and with Queen La Beale Isoud, the which was glad of Sir Gaheris' words; for well she wist by his deeds and manners that it was Sir Tristram. And then the king made a feast royal, and to that feast came Sir Uwayne le Fise de Roy Ureine, and some called him Uwayne le Blanchemains. And this Sir Uwayne challenged all the knights of Cornwall. Then was the king wroth that he had no knights to answer him. Then Sir Andred, nephew unto King Mark, leapt up and said: I will encounter with Sir Uwayne. Then he yede and armed him and horsed him in the best manner. And there Sir Uwayne met with Sir Andred, and smote him down that he swooned on the earth. Then was King Mark sorry and wroth out of measure that he had no knight to revenge his nephew, Sir Andred.

So the king called unto him Sir Dinas, the Seneschal, and prayed him for his sake to take upon him to joust with Sir Uwayne. Sir, said Sir Dinas, I am full loath to have ado with any knight of the Round Table. Yet, said the king, for my love take upon thee to joust. So Sir Dinas made him ready, and anon they encountered together with great spears, but Sir Dinas was overthrown, horse and man, a great fall. Who was wroth but King Mark! Alas, he said, have I no knight that will encounter with yonder knight? Sir, said Sir Gaheris, for your sake I will joust. So Sir Gaheris made him ready, and when he was armed he rode into the field. And when Sir Uwayne saw Sir Gaheris' shield he rode to him and said: Sir, ye do not your part. For, sir, the first time ye were made Knight of the Round Table ye sware that ye should not have ado with your fellowship wittingly. And pardie, Sir Gaheris, ye knew me well enough by my shield, and so do I know you by your shield, and though ye would break your oath I would not break mine; for there is not one here, nor ye, that shall think I am afraid of you, but I durst right well have ado with you, and yet we be sisters' sons. Then was Sir Gaheris ashamed, and so therewithal every knight went their way, and Sir Uwayne rode into the country.

Then King Mark armed him, and took his horse and his spear, with a squire with him. And then he rode afore Sir Uwayne, and suddenly at a gap he ran upon him as he that was not ware of him, and there he smote him almost through the body, and there left him. So within a while there came Sir Kay and found Sir Uwayne, and asked him how he was hurt. I wot not, said Sir Uwayne, why nor wherefore, but by treason I am sure I gat this hurt; for here came a knight suddenly upon me or that I was ware, and suddenly hurt me. Then there was come Sir Andred to seek King Mark. Thou traitor knight, said Sir Kay, an I wist it were thou that thus traitorly hast hurt this noble knight thou shouldst never pass my hands. Sir, said Sir Andred, I did never hurt him, and that I will report me to himself. Fie on you false knight, said Sir Kay, for ye of Cornwall are nought worth. So Sir Kay made carry Sir Uwayne to the Abbey of the Black Cross, and there he was healed. And then Sir Gaheris took his leave of King Mark, but or he departed he said: Sir king, ye did a foul shame unto you and your court, when ye banished Sir Tristram out of this country, for ye needed not to have doubted no knight an he had been here. And so he departed.

**CHAPTER XXXIX. Of the treason of King Mark, and how Sir Gaheris smote him down and Andred his cousin.** THEN there came Sir Kay, the Seneschal, unto King Mark, and there he had good cheer showing outward. Now, fair lords, said he, will ye prove any adventure in the forest of Morris, in the which I know well is as hard an adventure as I know any. Sir, said Sir Kay, I will prove it. And Sir Gaheris said he would be avised for King Mark was ever full of treason: and therewithal Sir Gaheris departed and rode his way. And by the same way that Sir Kay should ride he laid him down to rest, charging his squire to wait upon Sir Kay; and warn me when he cometh. So within a while Sir Kay came riding that way, and then Sir Gaheris took his horse and met him, and said: Sir Kay, ye are not wise to ride at the request of King Mark, for he dealeth all with treason. Then said Sir Kay: I require you let us prove this adventure. I shall not fail you, said Sir Gaheris. And so they rode that time till a lake that was that time called the Perilous Lake, and there they abode under the shaw of the wood.

The meanwhile King Mark within the castle of Tintagil avoided all his barons, and all other save such as were privy with him were

avoided out of his chamber. And then he let call his nephew Sir Andred, and bade arm him and horse him lightly; and by that time it was midnight. And so King Mark was armed in black, horse and all; and so at a privy postern they two issued out with their varlets with them, and rode till they came to that lake. Then Sir Kay espied them first, and gat his spear, and proffered to joust. And King Mark rode against him, and smote each other full hard, for the moon shone as the bright day. And there at that jousts Sir Kay's horse fell down, for his horse was not so big as the king's horse, and Sir Kay's horse bruised him full sore. Then Sir Gaheris was wroth that Sir Kay had a fall. Then he cried: Knight, sit thou fast in thy saddle, for I will revenge my fellow. Then King Mark was afraid of Sir Gaheris, and so with evil will King Mark rode against him, and Sir Gaheris gave him such a stroke that he fell down. So then forthwithal Sir Gaheris ran unto Sir Andred and smote him from his horse quite, that his helm smote in the earth, and nigh had broken his neck. And therewithal Sir Gaheris alighted, and gat up Sir Kay. And then they yode both on foot to them, and bade them yield them, and tell their names outhier they should die. Then with great pain Sir Andred spake first, and said: It is King Mark of Cornwall, therefore be ye ware what ye do, and I am Sir Andred, his cousin. Fie on you both, said Sir Gaheris, for a false traitor, and false treason hast thou wrought and he both, under the feigned cheer that ye made us! it were pity, said Sir Gaheris, that thou shouldst live any longer. Save my life, said King Mark, and I will make amends; and consider that I am a king anointed. It were the more shame, said Sir Gaheris, to save thy life; thou art a king anointed with cream, and therefore thou shouldst hold with all men of worship; and therefore thou art worthy to die. With that he lashed at King Mark without saying any more, and covered him with his shield and defended him as he might. And then Sir Kay lashed at Sir Andred, and therewithal King Mark yielded him unto Sir Gaheris. And then he kneeled adown, and made his oath upon the cross of the sword, that never while he lived he would be against errant-knights. And also he swore to be good friend unto Sir Tristram if ever he came into Cornwall.

By then Sir Andred was on the earth, and Sir Kay would have slain him. Let be, said Sir Gaheris, slay him not I pray you. It were pity, said Sir Kay, that he should live any longer, for this is nigh cousin unto Sir Tristram, and ever he hath been a traitor unto him, and by him he was exiled out of Cornwall, and therefore I will slay him, said Sir Kay. Ye shall not, said Sir Gaheris; sithen I have given the king his life, I pray you give him his life. And therewithal Sir Kay let him go. And so Sir Kay and Sir Gaheris rode their way unto Dinas, the Seneschal, for because they heard say that he loved well Sir Tristram. So they reposed them there, and soon after they rode unto the realm of Logris. And so within a little while they met with Sir Launcelot that always had Dame Bragwaine with him, to that intent he weened to have met the sooner with Sir Tristram; and Sir Launcelot asked what tidings in Cornwall, and whether they heard of Sir Tristram or not. Sir Kay and Sir Gaheris answered and said, that they heard not of him. Then they told Sir Launcelot word by word of their adventure. Then Sir Launcelot smiled and said: Hard it is to take out of the flesh that is bred in the bone; and so made them merry together.

**CHAPTER XL. How after that Sir Tristram, Sir Palomides, and Sir Dinadan had been long in prison they were delivered.** NOW leave we off this tale, and speak we of sir Dinas that had within the castle a paramour, and she loved another knight better than him. And so when sir Dinas went out a-hunting she slipped down by a towel, and took with her two brachets, and so she yede to the knight that she loved, and he her again. And when sir Dinas came home and missed his paramour and his brachets, then was he the more wrother for his brachets than for the lady. So then he rode after the knight that had his paramour, and bade him turn and joust. So sir Dinas smote him down, that with the fall he brake his leg and his arm. And then his lady and paramour cried sir Dinas mercy, and said she would love him better than ever she did. Nay, said sir Dinas, I shall never trust them that once betrayed me, and therefore, as ye have begun, so end, for I will never meddle with you. And so sir Dinas departed, and took his brachets with him, and so rode to his castle.

Now will we turn unto sir Launcelot, that was right heavy that he could never hear no tidings of sir Tristram, for all this while he was in prison with sir Darras, Palomides, and Dinadan. Then Dame Bragwaine took her leave to go into Cornwall, and sir Launcelot, sir Kay, and sir Gaheris rode to seek sir Tristram in the country of Surluse.

Now speaketh this tale of sir Tristram and of his two fellows, for every day sir Palomides brawled and said language against sir Tristram. I marvel, said sir Dinadan, of thee, sir Palomides, an thou haddest sir Tristram here thou wouldst do him no harm; for an a wolf and a sheep were together in a prison the wolf would suffer the sheep to be in peace. And wit thou well, said sir Dinadan, this same is sir Tristram at a word, and now must thou do thy best with him, and let see now if ye can skift it with your hands. Then was sir Palomides abashed and said little. Sir Palomides, then said sir Tristram, I have heard much of your maugre against me, but I will not meddle with you as at this time by my will, because I dread the lord of this place that hath us in governance; for an I dread him not more than I do thee, soon it should be skift: so they peaced themselves. Right so came in a damosel and said: Knights, be of good cheer, for ye are sure of your lives, and that I heard say my lord, Sir Darras. Then were they glad all three, for daily they weened they should have died.

Then soon after this Sir Tristram fell sick that he weened to have died; then Sir Dinadan wept, and so did Sir Palomides under them both making great sorrow. So a damosel came in to them and found them mourning. Then she went unto Sir Darras, and told him how that mighty knight that bare the black shield was likely to die. That shall not be, said Sir Darras, for God defend when knights come to me for succour that I should suffer them to die within my prison. Therefore, said Sir Darras to the damosel, fetch that knight and his fellows afore me. And then anon Sir Darras saw Sir Tristram brought afore him. He said: Sir knight, me repenteth of thy sickness for thou art called a full noble knight, and so it seemeth by thee; and wit ye well it shall never be said that Sir Darras shall destroy such a noble knight as thou art in prison, howbeit that thou hast slain three of my sons whereby I was greatly aggrieved. But now shalt thou go and thy fellows, and your harness and horses have been fair and clean kept, and ye shall go where it liketh you, upon this covenant, that thou, knight, wilt promise me to be good friend to my sons two that be now alive, and also that thou tell me thy name. Sir, said he, as for me my name is Sir Tristram de Liones, and in Cornwall was I born, and nephew I am unto King Mark. And as for the death of your sons I might not do withal, for an they had been the next kin that I have I might have done none otherwise. And if I had slain them by treason or treachery I had been worthy to have died. All this I consider, said Sir Darras, that all that ye did was by force of knighthood, and that was the cause I would not put you to death. But sith ye be Sir Tristram, the good knight, I pray you heartily to be my good friend and to my sons. Sir, said Sir Tristram, I promise you by the faith of my body, ever while I live I will do you service, for ye have done to us but as a natural knight ought to do. Then Sir Tristram reposed him there till that he was amended of his sickness; and when he was big and strong they took their leave, and every knight took their horses, and so departed and rode together till they came to a cross way. Now fellows, said Sir Tristram, here will we depart in sundry ways. And because Sir Dinadan had the first adventure of him I will begin.

**CHAPTER XLI. How Sir Dinadan rescued a lady from Sir Breuse Saunce Pite, and how Sir Tristram received a shield of Morgan le Fay.** SO as Sir Dinadan rode by a well he found a lady making great dole. What aileth you? said Sir Dinadan. Sir knight, said the lady, I am the wofullest lady of the world, for within these five days here came a knight called Sir Breuse Saunce Pite, and he slew mine own brother, and ever since he hath kept me at his own will, and of all men in the world I hate him most; and therefore I require you of knighthood to avenge me, for he will not tarry, but be here anon. Let him come, said Sir Dinadan, and because of honour of all women I will do my part. With this came Sir Breuse, and when he saw a knight with his lady he was wood wroth. And then he said: Sir knight, keep thee from me. So they

hurled together as thunder, and either smote other passing sore, but Sir Dinadan put him through the shoulder a grievous wound, and or ever Sir Dinadan might turn him Sir Breuse was gone and fled. Then the lady prayed him to bring her to a castle there beside but four mile thence; and so Sir Dinadan brought her there, and she was welcome, for the lord of that castle was her uncle; and so Sir Dinadan rode his way upon his adventure.

Now turn we this tale unto Sir Tristram, that by adventure he came to a castle to ask lodging, wherein was Queen Morgan le Fay; and so when Sir Tristram was let into that castle he had good cheer all that night. And upon the morn when he would have departed the queen said: Wit ye well ye shall not depart lightly, for ye are here as a prisoner. Jesu defend! said Sir Tristram, for I was but late a prisoner. Fair knight, said the queen, ye shall abide with me till that I wit what ye are and from whence ye come. And ever the queen would set Sir Tristram on her own side, and her paramour on the other side. And ever Queen Morgan would behold Sir Tristram, and thereat the knight was jealous, and was in will suddenly to have run upon Sir Tristram with a sword, but he left it for shame. Then the queen said to Sir Tristram: Tell me thy name, and I shall suffer you to depart when ye will. Upon that covenant I tell you my name is Sir Tristram de Liones. Ah, said Morgan le Fay, an I had wist that, thou shouldst not have departed so soon as thou shalt. But sithen I have made a promise I will hold it, with that thou wilt promise me to bear upon thee a shield that I shall deliver thee, unto the castle of the Hard Rock, where King Arthur had cried a great tournament, and there I pray you that ye will be, and to do for me as much deeds of arms as ye may do. For at the Castle of Maidens, Sir Tristram, ye did marvellous deeds of arms as ever I heard knight do. Madam, said Sir Tristram, let me see the shield that I shall bear. Then the shield was brought forth, and the field was goldish, with a king and a queen therein painted, and a knight standing above them, [one foot] upon the king's head, and the other upon the queen's. Madam, said Sir Tristram, this is a fair shield and a mighty; but what signifieth this king and this queen, and the knight standing upon both their heads? I shall tell you, said Morgan le Fay, it signifieth King Arthur and Queen Guenever, and a knight who holdeth them both in bondage and in servage. Who is that knight? said Sir Tristram. That shall ye not wit as at this time, said the queen. But as the French book saith, Queen Morgan loved Sir Launcelot best, and ever she desired him, and he would never love her nor do nothing at her request, and therefore she held many knights together for to have taken him by strength. And because she deemed that Sir Launcelot loved Queen Guenever paramour, and she him again, therefore Queen Morgan le Fay ordained that shield to put Sir Launcelot to a rebuke, to that intent that King Arthur might understand the love between them. Then Sir Tristram took that shield and promised her to bear it at the tournament at the Castle of the Hard Rock. But Sir Tristram knew not that that shield was ordained against Sir Launcelot, but afterward he knew it.

**CHAPTER XLII. How Sir Tristram took with him the shield, and also how he slew the paramour of Morgan le Fay.** SO then Sir Tristram took his leave of the queen, and took the shield with him. Then came the knight that held Queen Morgan le Fay, his name was Sir Hemison, and he made him ready to follow Sir Tristram. Fair friend, said Morgan, ride not after that knight, for ye shall not win no worship of him. Fie on him, coward, said Sir Hemison, for I wist never good knight come out of Cornwall but if it were Sir Tristram de Liones. What an that be he? said she. Nay, nay, said he, he is with La Beale Isoud, and this is but a daffish knight. Alas, my fair friend, ye shall find him the best knight that ever ye met withal, for I know him better than ye do. For your sake, said Sir Hemison, I shall slay him. Ah, fair friend, said the queen, me repenteth that ye will follow that knight, for I fear me sore of your again coming. With this this knight rode his way wood wroth, and he rode after Sir Tristram as fast as he had been chased with knights. When Sir Tristram heard a knight come after him so fast he returned about, and saw a knight coming against him. And when he came nigh to Sir Tristram he cried on high: Sir knight, keep thee from me. Then they rushed together as it had been thunder, and Sir Hemison brised his spear upon Sir Tristram,

but his harness was so good that he might not hurt him. And Sir Tristram smote him harder, and bare him through the body, and he fell over his horse's croup. Then Sir Tristram turned to have done more with his sword, but he saw so much blood go from him that him seemed he was likely to die, and so he departed from him and came to a fair manor to an old knight, and there Sir Tristram lodged.

**CHAPTER XLIII. How Morgan le Fay buried her paramour, and how Sir Tristram praised Sir Launcelot and his kin.** NOW leave to speak of Sir Tristram, and speak we of the knight that was wounded to the death. Then his varlet alighted, and took off his helm, and then he asked his lord whether there were any life in him. There is in me life said the knight, but it is but little; and therefore leap thou up behind me when thou hast holpen me up, and hold me fast that I fall not, and bring me to Queen Morgan le Fay; for deep draughts of death draw to my heart that I may not live, for I would fain speak with her or I died: for else my soul will be in great peril an I die. For[thwith] with great pain his varlet brought him to the castle, and there Sir Hemison fell down dead. When Morgan le Fay saw him dead she made great sorrow out of reason; and then she let despoil him unto his shirt, and so she let him put into a tomb. And about the tomb she let write: Here lieth Sir Hemison, slain by the hands of Sir Tristram de Lioness.

Now turn we unto Sir Tristram, that asked the knight his host if he saw late any knights adventurous. Sir, he said, the last night here lodged with me Ector de Maris and a damosel with him, and that damosel told me that he was one of the best knights of the world. That is not so, said Sir Tristram, for I know four better knights of his own blood, and the first is Sir Launcelot du Lake, call him the best knight, and Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Blamore de Ganis, and Sir Gaheris. Nay, said his host, Sir Gawaine is a better knight than he. That is not so, said Sir Tristram, for I have met with them both, and I felt Sir Gaheris for the better knight, and Sir Lamorak I call him as good as any of them except Sir Launcelot. Why name ye not Sir Tristram? said his host, for I account him as good as any of them. I know not Sir Tristram, said Tristram. Thus they talked and bourded as long as them list, and then went to rest. And on the morn Sir Tristram departed, and took his leave of his host, and rode toward the Roche Dure, and none adventure had Sir Tristram but that; and so he rested not till he came to the castle, where he saw five hundred tents.

**CHAPTER XLIV. How Sir Tristram at a tournament bare the shield that Morgan le Fay delivered to him.** THEN the King of Scots and the King of Ireland held against King Arthur's knights, and there began a great medley. So came in Sir Tristram and did marvellous deeds of arms, for there he smote down many knights. And ever he was afore King Arthur with that shield. And when King Arthur saw that shield he marvelled greatly in what intent it was made; but Queen Guenever deemed as it was, wherefore she was heavy. Then was there a damosel of Queen Morgan in a chamber by King Arthur, and when she heard King Arthur speak of that shield, then she spake openly unto King Arthur. Sir King, wit ye well this shield was ordained for you, to warn you of your shame and dishonour, and that longeth to you and your queen. And then anon that damosel picked her away privily, that no man wist where she was become. Then was King Arthur sad and wroth, and asked from whence came that damosel. There was not one that knew her nor wist where she was become. Then Queen Guenever called to her Sir Ector de Maris, and there she made her complaint to him, and said: I wot well this shield was made by Morgan le Fay in despite of me and of Sir Launcelot, wherefore I dread me sore lest I should be destroyed. And ever the king beheld Sir Tristram, that did so marvellous deeds of arms that he wondered sore what knight he might be, and well he wist it was not Sir Launcelot. And it was told him that Sir Tristram was in Petit Britain with Isoud la Blanche Mains, for he deemed, an he had been in the realm of Logris, Sir Launcelot or some of his fellows that were in the quest of Sir Tristram that they should have found him or that time. So King Arthur had marvel what knight he might be. And ever Sir Arthur's eye was on that shield. All that espied the queen, and that made her sore afeard.

Then ever Sir Tristram smote down knights wonderly to be-

hold, what upon the right hand and upon the left hand, that uneth no knight might withstand him. And the King of Scots and the King of Ireland began to withdraw them. When Arthur espied that, he thought that that knight with the strange shield should not escape him. Then he called unto him Sir Uwayne le Blanche Mains, and bade him arm him and make him ready. So anon King Arthur and Sir Uwayne dressed them before Sir Tristram, and required him to tell them where he had that shield. Sir, he said, I had it of Queen Morgan le Fay, sister unto King Arthur.

So here endeth this history of this book, for it is the first book of Sir Tristram de Lioness and the second book of Sir Tristram followeth.

## BOOK X.

**CHAPTER I. How Sir Tristram jousted, and smote down King Arthur, because he told him not the cause why he bare that shield.** AND if so be ye can describe what ye bear, ye are worthy to bear the arms. As for that, said Sir Tristram, I will answer you; this shield was given me, not desired, of Queen Morgan le Fay; and as for me, I can not describe these arms, for it is no point of my charge, and yet I trust to God to bear them with worship. Truly, said King Arthur, ye ought not to bear none arms but if ye wist what ye bear: but I pray you tell me your name. To what intent? said Sir Tristram. For I would wit, said Arthur. Sir, ye shall not wit as at this time. Then shall ye and I do battle together, said King Arthur. Why, said Sir Tristram, will ye do battle with me but if I tell you my name? and that little needeth you an ye were a man of worship, for ye have seen me this day have had great travail, and therefore ye are a villainous knight to ask battle of me, considering my great travail; howbeit I will not fail you, and have ye no doubt that I fear not you; though you think you have me at a great advantage yet shall I right well endure you. And there withal King Arthur dressed his shield and his spear, and Sir Tristram against him, and they came so eagerly together. And there King Arthur brake his spear all to pieces upon Sir Tristram's shield. But Sir Tristram hit Arthur again, that horse and man fell to the earth. And there was King Arthur wounded on the left side, a great wound and a perilous.

Then when Sir Uwayne saw his lord Arthur lie on the ground sore wounded, he was passing heavy. And then he dressed his shield and his spear, and cried aloud unto Sir Tristram and said: Knight, defend thee. So they came together as thunder, and Sir Uwayne brised his spear all to pieces upon Sir Tristram's shield, and Sir Tristram smote him harder and sorer, with such a might that he bare him clean out of his saddle to the earth. With that Sir Tristram turned about and said: Fair knights, I had no need to joust with you, for I have had enough to do this day. Then arose Arthur and went to Sir Uwayne, and said to Sir Tristram: We have as we have deserved, for through our orgulyté we demanded battle of you, and yet we knew not your name. Nevertheless, by Saint Cross, said Sir Uwayne, he is a strong knight at mine advice as any is now living.

Then Sir Tristram departed, and in every place he asked and demanded after Sir Launcelot, but in no place he could not hear of him whether he were dead or alive; wherefore Sir Tristram made great dole and sorrow. So Sir Tristram rode by a forest, and then was he ware of a fair tower by a marsh on that one side, and on that other side a fair meadow. And there he saw ten knights fighting together. And ever the nearer he came he saw how there was but one knight did battle against nine knights, and that one did so marvellously that Sir Tristram had great wonder that ever one knight might do so great deeds of arms. And then within a little while he had slain half their horses and unhorsed them, and their horses ran in the fields and forest. Then Sir Tristram had so great pity of that one knight that endured so great pain, and ever he thought it should be Sir Palomides, by his shield. And so he rode unto the knights and cried unto them, and bade them cease of their battle, for they did themselves great shame so many knights to fight with one. Then answered the master of those knights, his name was called Breuse Saunce Pité, that was at that time the most mischievous knight living, and said thus: Sir knight, what have ye ado with us to meddle? and therefore, an ye be wise, depart

on your way as ye came, for this knight shall not escape us. That were pity, said Sir Tristram, that so good a knight as he is should be slain so cowardly; and therefore I warn you I will succour him with all my puissance.

**CHAPTER II. How Sir Tristram saved Sir Palomides' life, and how they promised to fight together within a fortnight.**

So Sir Tristram alighted off his horse because they were on foot, that they should not slay his horse, and then dressed his shield, with his sword in his hand, and he smote on the right hand and on the left hand passing sore, that well-nigh at every stroke he struck down a knight. And when they espied his strokes they fled all with Breuse Saunce Pit  unto the tower, and Sir Tristram followed fast after with his sword in his hand, but they escaped into the tower, and shut Sir Tristram without the gate. And when Sir Tristram saw this he returned aback unto Sir Palomides, and found him sitting under a tree sore wounded. Ah, fair knight, said Sir Tristram, well be ye found. Gramercy, said Sir Palomides, of your great goodness, for ye have rescued me of my life, and saved me from my death. What is your name? said Sir Tristram. He said: My name is Sir Palomides. O Jesu, said Sir Tristram, thou hast a fair grace of me this day that I should rescue thee, and thou art the man in the world that I most hate; but now make thee ready, for I will do battle with thee. What is your name? said Sir Palomides. My name is Sir Tristram, your mortal enemy. It may be so, said Sir Palomides; but ye have done over much for me this day that I should fight with you; for inasmuch as ye have saved my life it will be no worship for you to have ado with me, for ye are fresh and I am wounded sore, and therefore, an ye will needs have ado with me, assign me a day and then I shall meet with you without fail. Ye say well, said Sir Tristram, now I assign you to meet me in the meadow by the river of Camelot, where Merlin set the peron. So they were agreed.

Then Sir Tristram asked Sir Palomides why the ten knights did battle with him. For this cause, said Sir Palomides; as I rode upon mine adventures in a forest here beside I espied where lay a dead knight, and a lady weeping beside him. And when I saw her making such dole, I asked her who slew her lord. Sir, she said, the falsest knight of the world now living, and he is the most villain that ever man heard speak of and his name is Sir Breuse Saunce Pit . Then for pity I made the damosel to leap on her palfrey, and I promised her to be her warrant, and to help her to inter her lord. And so, suddenly, as I came riding by this tower, there came out Sir Breuse Saunce Pit , and suddenly he struck me from my horse. And then or I might recover my horse this Sir Breuse slew the damosel. And so I took my horse again, and I was sore ashamed, and so began the medley betwixt us: and this is the cause wherefore we did this battle. Well, said Sir Tristram, now I understand the manner of your battle, but in any wise have remembrance of your promise that ye have made with me to do battle with me this day fortnight. I shall not fail you, said Sir Palomides. Well, said Sir Tristram, as at this time I will not fail you till that ye be out of the danger of your enemies.

So they mounted upon their horses, and rode together unto that forest, and there they found a fair well, with clear water bubbling. Fair sir, said Sir Tristram, to drink of that water have I courage; and then they alighted off their horses. And then were they ware by them where stood a great horse tied to a tree, and ever he neighed. And then were they ware of a fair knight armed, under a tree, lacking no piece of harness, save his helm lay under his head. By the good lord, said Sir Tristram, yonder lieth a well-faring knight; what is best to do? Awake him, said Sir Palomides. So Sir Tristram awaked him with the butt of his spear. And so the knight rose up hastily and put his helm upon his head, and gat a great spear in his hand; and without any more words he hurried unto Sir Tristram, and smote him clean from his saddle to the earth, and hurt him on the left side, that Sir Tristram lay in great peril. Then he walloped farther, and fetched his course, and came hurling upon Sir Palomides, and there he struck him a part through the body, that he fell from his horse to the earth. And then this strange knight left them there, and took his way through the forest. With this Sir Palomides and Sir Tristram were on foot, and gat their horses again, and either asked counsel of other, what was best to do. By

my head, said Sir Tristram, I will follow this strong knight that thus hath shamed us. Well, said Sir Palomides, and I will repose me hereby with a friend of mine. Beware, said Sir Tristram unto Palomides, that ye fail not that day that ye have set with me to do battle, for, as I deem, ye will not hold your day, for I am much bigger than ye. As for that, said Sir Palomides, be it as it may, for I fear you not, for an I be not sick nor prisoner, I will not fail you; but I have cause to have more doubt of you that ye will not meet with me, for ye ride after yonder strong knight. And if ye meet with him it is an hard adventure an ever ye escape his hands. Right so Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides departed, and either took their ways diverse.

**CHAPTER III. How Sir Tristram sought a strong knight that had smitten him down, and many other knights of the Round Table.**

AND so Sir Tristram rode long after this strong knight. And at the last he saw where lay a lady overthwart a dead knight. Fair lady, said Sir Tristram, who hath slain your lord? Sir, she said, here came a knight riding, as my lord and I rested us here, and asked him of whence he was, and my lord said of Arthur's court. Therefore, said the strong knight, I will joust with thee, for I hate all these that be of Arthur's court. And my lord that lieth here dead amounted upon his horse, and the strong knight and my lord encountered together, and there he smote my lord throughout with his spear, and thus he hath brought me in great woe and damage. That me repenteth, said Sir Tristram, of your great anger; an it please you tell me your husband's name. Sir, said she, his name was Galardoun, that would have proved a good knight. So departed Sir Tristram from that dolorous lady, and had much evil lodging. Then on the third day Sir Tristram met with Sir Gawaine and with Sir Bleoberis in a forest at a lodge, and either were sore wounded. Then Sir Tristram asked Sir Gawaine and Sir Bleoberis if they met with such a knight, with such a cognisance, with a covered shield. Fair sir, said these knights, such a knight met with us to our great damage. And first he smote down my fellow, Sir Bleoberis, and sore wounded him because he bade me I should not have ado with him, for why he was overstrong for me. That strong knight took his words at scorn, and said he said it for mockery. And then they rode together, and so he hurt my fellow. And when he had done so I might not for shame but I must joust with him. And at the first course he smote me down and my horse to the earth. And there he had almost slain me, and from us he took his horse and departed, and in an evil time we met with him. Fair knights, said Sir Tristram, so he met with me, and with another knight that hight Palomides, and he smote us both down with one spear, and hurt us right sore. By my faith, said Sir Gawaine, by my counsel ye shall let him pass and seek him no further; for at the next feast of the Round Table, upon pain of my head ye shall find him there. By my faith, said Sir Tristram, I shall never rest till that I find him. And then Sir Gawaine asked him his name. Then he said: My name is Sir Tristram. And so either told other their names, and then departed Sir Tristram and rode his way.

And by fortune in a meadow Sir Tristram met with Sir Kay, the Seneschal, and Sir Dinadan. What tidings with you, said Sir Tristram, with you knights? Not good, said these knights. Why so? said Sir Tristram; I pray you tell me, for I ride to seek a knight. What cognisance beareth he? said Sir Kay. He beareth, said Sir Tristram, a covered shield close with cloth. By my head, said Sir Kay, that is the same knight that met with us, for this night we were lodged within a widow's house, and there was that knight lodged; and when he wist we were of Arthur's court he spoke great villainy by the king, and specially by the Queen Guenever, and then on the morn was waged battle with him for that cause. And at the first recounter, said Sir Kay, he smote me down from my horse and hurt me passing sore; and when my fellow, Sir Dinadan, saw me smitten down and hurt he would not revenge me, but fled from me; and thus he departed. And then Sir Tristram asked them their names, and so either told other their names. And so Sir Tristram departed from Sir Kay, and from Sir Dinadan, and so he passed through a great forest into a plain, till he was ware of a priory, and there he reposed him with a good man six days.

**CHAPTER IV. How Sir Tristram smote down Sir Sagamore le Desirous and Sir Dodinas le Savage.** AND then he sent his man that hight Gouvernail, and commanded him to go to a city thereby to fetch him new harness; for it was long time afore that that Sir Tristram had been refreshed, his harness was brised and broken. And when Gouvernail, his servant, was come with his apparel, he took his leave at the widow, and mounted upon his horse, and rode his way early on the morn. And by sudden adventure Sir Tristram met with Sir Sagamore le Desirous, and with Sir Dodinas le Savage. And these two knights met with Sir Tristram and questioned with him, and asked him if he would joust with them. Fair knights, said Sir Tristram, with a good will I would joust with you, but I have promised at a day set, near hand, to do battle with a strong knight; and therefore I am loath to have ado with you, for an it misfortuned me here to be hurt I should not be able to do my battle which I promised. As for that, said Sagamore, maugre your head, ye shall joust with us or ye pass from us. Well, said Sir Tristram, if ye enforce me thereto I must do what I may. And then they dressed their shields, and came running together with great ire. But through Sir Tristram's great force he struck Sir Sagamore from his horse. Then he hurled his horse farther, and said to Sir Dodinas: Knight, make thee ready; and so through fine force Sir Tristram struck Dodinas from his horse. And when he saw them lie on the earth he took his bridle, and rode forth on his way, and his man Gouvernail with him.

Anon as Sir Tristram was passed, Sir Sagamore and Sir Dodinas gat again their horses, and mounted up lightly and followed after Sir Tristram. And when Sir Tristram saw them come so fast after him he returned with his horse to them, and asked them what they would. It is not long ago sithen I smote you to the earth at your own request and desire: I would have ridden by you, but ye would not suffer me, and now meseemeth ye would do more battle with me. That is truth, said Sir Sagamore and Sir Dodinas, for we will be revenged of the despite ye have done to us. Fair knights, said Sir Tristram, that shall little need you, for all that I did to you ye caused it; wherefore I require you of your knight-hood leave me as at this time, for I am sure an I do battle with you I shall not escape without great hurts, and as I suppose ye shall not escape all lotless. And this is the cause why I am so loath to have ado with you; for I must fight within these three days with a good knight, and as valiant as any is now living, and if I be hurt I shall not be able to do battle with him. What knight is that, said Sir Sagamore, that ye shall fight withal? Sirs, said he, it is a good knight called Sir Palomides. By my head, said Sir Sagamore and Sir Dodinas, ye have cause to dread him, for ye shall find him a passing good knight, and a valiant. And because ye shall have ado with him we will forbear you as at this time, and else ye should not escape us lightly. But, fair knight, said Sir Sagamore, tell us your name. Sir, said he, my name is Sir Tristram de Liones. Ah, said Sagamore and Sir Dodinas, well be ye found, for much worship have we heard of you. And then either took leave of other, and departed on their way.

**CHAPTER V. How Sir Tristram met at the peron with Sir Launcelot, and how they fought together unknown.** THEN departed Sir Tristram and rode straight unto Camelot, to the peron that Merlin had made to-fore, where Sir Lanceor, that was the king's son of Ireland, was slain by the hands of Balin. And in that same place was the fair lady Colombe slain, that was love unto Sir Lanceor; for after he was dead she took his sword and thrust it through her body. And by the craft of Merlin he made to inter this knight, Lanceor, and his lady, Colombe, under one stone. And at that time Merlin prophesied that in that same place should fight two the best knights that ever were in Arthur's days, and the best lovers. So when Sir Tristram came to the tomb where Lanceor and his lady were buried he looked about him after Sir Palomides. Then was he ware of a seemly knight came riding against him all in white, with a covered shield. When he came nigh Sir Tristram he said on high: Ye be welcome, sir knight, and well and truly have ye holden your promise. And then they dressed their shields and spears, and came together with all their might of their horses; and they met so fiercely that both their horses and knights fell to the earth, and as fast as they might avoided their horses, and put their

shields afore them; and they struck together with bright swords, as men that were of might, and either wounded other wonderly sore, that the blood ran out upon the grass. And thus they fought the space of four hours, that never one would speak to other one word, and of their harness they had hewn off many pieces. O Lord Jesu, said Gouvernail, I marvel greatly of the strokes my master hath given to your master. By my head, said Sir Launcelot's servant, your master hath not given so many but your master has received as many or more. O Jesu, said Gouvernail, it is too much for Sir Palomides to suffer or Sir Launcelot, and yet pity it were that either of these good knights should destroy other's blood. So they stood and wept both, and made great dole when they saw the bright swords over-covered with blood of their bodies.

Then at the last spake Sir Launcelot and said: Knight, thou fightest wonderly well as ever I saw knight, therefore, an it please you, tell me your name. Sir, said Sir Tristram, that is me loath to tell any man my name. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, an I were required I was never loath to tell my name. It is well said, said Sir Tristram, then I require you to tell me your name? Fair knight, he said, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. Alas, said Sir Tristram, what have I done! for ye are the man in the world that I love best. Fair knight, said Sir Launcelot, tell me your name? Truly, said he, my name is Sir Tristram de Liones. O Jesu, said Sir Launcelot, what adventure is befallen me! And therewith Sir Launcelot kneeled down and yielded him up his sword. And therewith Sir Tristram kneeled adown, and yielded him up his sword. And so either gave other the degree. And then they both forthwithal went to the stone, and set them down upon it, and took off their helms to cool them, and either kissed other an hundred times. And then anon after they took off their helms and rode to Camelot. And there they met with Sir Gawaine and with Sir Gaheris that had made promise to Arthur never to come again to the court till they had brought Sir Tristram with them.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Launcelot brought Sir Tristram to the court, and of the great joy that the king and other made for the coming of Sir Tristram.** RETURN again, said Sir Launcelot, for your quest is done, for I have met with Sir Tristram: lo, here is his own person! Then was Sir Gawaine glad, and said to Sir Tristram: Ye are welcome, for now have ye eased me greatly of my labour. For what cause, said Sir Gawaine, came ye into this court? Fair sir, said Sir Tristram, I came into this country because of Sir Palomides; for he and I had assigned at this day to have done battle together at the peron, and I marvel I hear not of him. And thus by adventure my lord, Sir Launcelot, and I met together. With this came King Arthur, and when he wist that there was Sir Tristram, then he ran unto him and took him by the hand and said: Sir Tristram, ye are as welcome as any knight that ever came to this court. And when the king had heard how Sir Launcelot and he had foughten, and either had wounded other wonderly sore, then the king made great dole. Then Sir Tristram told the king how he came thither for to have had ado with Sir Palomides. And then he told the king how he had rescued him from the nine knights and Breuse Saunce Pit  ; and how he found a knight lying by a well, and that knight smote down Sir Palomides and me, but his shield was covered with a cloth. So Sir Palomides left me, and I followed after that knight; and in many places I found where he had slain knights, and forjousted many. By my head, said Sir Gawaine, that same knight smote me down and Sir Bleoberis, and hurt us sore both, he with the covered shield. Ah, said Sir Kay, that knight smote me adown and hurt me passing sore, and fain would I have known him, but I might not. Jesu, mercy, said Arthur, what knight was that with the covered shield? I know not, said Sir Tristram; and so said they all. Now, said King Arthur, then wot I, for it is Sir Launcelot. Then they all looked upon Sir Launcelot and said: Ye have beguiled us with your covered shield. It is not the first time, said Arthur, he hath done so. My lord, said Sir Launcelot, truly wit ye well I was the same knight that bare the covered shield; and because I would not be known that I was of your court I said no worship of your house. That is truth, said Sir Gawaine, Sir Kay, and Sir Bleoberis.

Then King Arthur took Sir Tristram by the hand and went to the Table Round. Then came Queen Guenever and many ladies

with her, and all the ladies said at one voice: Welcome, Sir Tristram! Welcome, said the damosels. Welcome, said knights. Welcome, said Arthur, for one of the best knights, and the gentlest of the world, and the man of most worship; for of all manner of hunting thou bearest the prize, and of all measures of blowing thou art the beginning, and of all the terms of hunting and hawking ye are the beginner, of all instruments of music ye are the best; therefore, gentle knight, said Arthur, ye are welcome to this court. And also, I pray you, said Arthur, grant me a boon. It shall be at your commandment, said Tristram. Well, said Arthur, I will desire of you that ye will abide in my court. Sir, said Sir Tristram, thereto is me loath, for I have ado in many countries. Not so, said Arthur, ye have promised it me, ye may not say nay. Sir, said Sir Tristram, I will as ye will. Then went Arthur unto the sieges about the Round Table, and looked in every siege the which were void that lacked knights. And then the king saw in the siege of Marhaus letters that said: This is the siege of the noble knight, Sir Tristram. And then Arthur made Sir Tristram Knight of the Table Round, with great nobley and great feast as might be thought. For Sir Marhaus was slain afore by the hands of Sir Tristram in an island; and that was well known at that time in the court of Arthur, for this Marhaus was a worthy knight. And for evil deeds that he did unto the country of Cornwall Sir Tristram and he fought. And they fought so long, tracing and traversing, till they fell bleeding to the earth; for they were so sore wounded that they might not stand for bleeding. And Sir Tristram by fortune recovered, and Sir Marhaus died through the stroke on the head. So leave we of Sir Tristram and speak we of King Mark.

**CHAPTER VII. How for the despite of Sir Tristram King Mark came with two knights into England, and how he slew one of the knights.** THEN King Mark had great despite of the renown of Sir Tristram, and then he chased him out of Cornwall: yet was he nephew unto King Mark, but he had great suspicion unto Sir Tristram because of his queen, La Beale Isoud; for him seemed that there was too much love between them both. So when Sir Tristram departed out of Cornwall into England King Mark heard of the great prowess that Sir Tristram did there, the which grieved him sore. So he sent on his part men to espy what deeds he did. And the queen sent privily on her part spies to know what deeds he had done, for great love was between them twain. So when the messengers were come home they told the truth as they had heard, that he passed all other knights but if it were Sir Launcelot. Then King Mark was right heavy of these tidings, and as glad was La Beale Isoud. Then in great despite he took with him two good knights and two squires, and disguised himself, and took his way into England, to the intent for to slay Sir Tristram. And one of these two knights hight Bersules, and the other knight was called Amant. So as they rode King Mark asked a knight that he met, where he should find King Arthur. He said: At Camelot. Also he asked that knight after Sir Tristram, whether he heard of him in the court of King Arthur. Wit you well, said that knight, ye shall find Sir Tristram there for a man of as great worship as is now living; for through his prowess he won the tournament of the Castle of Maidens that standeth by the Hard Rock. And sithen he hath won with his own hands thirty knights that were men of great honour. And the last battle that ever he did he fought with Sir Launcelot; and that was a marvellous battle. And not by force Sir Launcelot brought Sir Tristram to the court, and of him King Arthur made passing great joy, and so made him Knight of the Table Round; and his seat was where the good knight's, Sir Marhaus, seat was. Then was King Mark passing sorry when he heard of the honour of Sir Tristram; and so they departed.

Then said King Mark unto his two knights: Now will I tell you my counsel: ye are the men that I trust most to alive, and I will that ye wit my coming hither is to this intent, for to destroy Sir Tristram by wiles or by treason; and it shall be hard if ever he escape our hands. Alas, said Sir Bersules, what mean you? for ye be set in such a way ye are disposed shamefully; for Sir Tristram is the knight of most worship that we know living, and therefore I warn you plainly I will never consent to do him to the death; and therefore I will yield my service, and forsake you. When King Mark heard him say so, suddenly he drew his sword and said: Ah,

traitor; and smote Sir Bersules on the head, that the sword went to his teeth. When Amant, the knight, saw him do that villainous deed, and his squires, they said it was foul done, and mischievously: Wherefore we will do thee no more service, and wit ye well, we will appeach thee of treason afore Arthur. Then was King Mark wonderly wroth and would have slain Amant; but he and the two squires held them together, and set nought by his malice. When King Mark saw he might not be revenged on them, he said thus unto the knight, Amant: Wit thou well, an thou appeach me of treason I shall thereof defend me afore King Arthur; but I require thee that thou tell not my name, that I am King Mark, whatsoever come of me. As for that, said Sir Amant, I will not discover your name; and so they departed, and Amant and his fellows took the body of Bersules and buried it.

**CHAPTER VIII. How King Mark came to a fountain where he found Sir Lamorak complaining for the love of King Lot's wife.** THEN King Mark rode till he came to a fountain, and there he rested him, and stood in a doubt whether he would ride to Arthur's court or none, or return again to his country. And as he thus rested him by that fountain there came by him a knight well armed on horseback; and he alighted, and tied his horse until a tree, and set him down by the brink of the fountain; and there he made great languor and dole, and made the dolefullest complaint of love that ever man heard; and all this while was he not ware of King Mark. And this was a great part of his complaint: he cried and wept, saying: O fair Queen of Orkney, King Lot's wife, and mother of Sir Gawaine, and to Sir Gaheris, and mother to many other, for thy love I am in great pains. Then King Mark arose and went near him and said: Fair knight, ye have made a piteous complaint. Truly, said the knight, it is an hundred part more ruefuller than my heart can utter. I require you, said King Mark, tell me your name. Sir, said he, as for my name I will not hide it from no knight that beareth a shield, and my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis. But when Sir Lamorak heard King Mark speak, then wist he well by his speech that he was a Cornish knight. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, I understand by your tongue ye be of Cornwall, wherein there dwelleth the shamefullest king that is now living, for he is a great enemy to all good knights; and that proveth well, for he hath chased out of that country Sir Tristram, that is the worshipfullest knight that now is living, and all knights speak of him worship; and for jealousy of his queen he hath chased him out of his country. It is pity, said Sir Lamorak, that ever any such false knight-coward as King Mark is, should be matched with such a fair lady and good as La Beale Isoud is, for all the world of him speaketh shame, and of her worship that any queen may have. I have not ado in this matter, said King Mark, neither nought will I speak thereof. Well said, said Sir Lamorak. Sir, can ye tell me any tidings? I can tell you, said Sir Lamorak, that there shall be a great tournament in haste beside Camelot, at the Castle of Jagent; and the King with the Hundred Knights and the King of Ireland, as I suppose, make that tournament.

Then there came a knight that was called Sir Dinadan, and saluted them both. And when he wist that King Mark was a knight of Cornwall he reproved him for the love of King Mark a thousand fold more than did Sir Lamorak. Then he proffered to joust with King Mark. And he was full loath thereto, but Sir Dinadan edged him so, that he jousteth with Sir Lamorak. And Sir Lamorak smote King Mark so sore that he bare him on his spear end over his horse's tail. And then King Mark arose again, and followed after Sir Lamorak. But Sir Dinadan would not joust with Sir Lamorak, but he told King Mark that Sir Lamorak was Sir Kay, the Seneschal. That is not so, said King Mark, for he is much bigger than Sir Kay; and so he followed and overtook him, and bade him abide. What will you do? said Sir Lamorak. Sir, he said, I will fight with a sword, for ye have shamed me with a spear; and therewith they dashed together with swords, and Sir Lamorak suffered him and forbore him. And King Mark was passing hasty, and smote thick strokes. Sir Lamorak saw he would not stint, and waxed somewhat wroth, and doubled his strokes, for he was one of the noblest knights of the world; and he beat him so on the helm that his head hung nigh on the saddle bow. When Sir Lamorak saw him fare so, he said: Sir knight, what cheer? meseemeth you have

nigh your fill of fighting, it were pity to do you any more harm, for ye are but a mean knight, therefore I give you leave to go where ye list. Gramercy, said King Mark, for ye and I be not matches.

Then Sir Dinadan mocked King Mark and said: Ye are not able to match a good knight. As for that, said King Mark, at the first time I jousteth with this knight ye refused him. Think ye that it is a shame to me? said Sir Dinadan: nay, sir, it is ever worship to a knight to refuse that thing that he may not attain, there fore your worship had been much more to have refused him as I did; for I warn you plainly he is able to beat such five as ye and I be; for ye knights of Cornwall are no men of worship as other knights are. And because ye are no men of worship ye hate all men of worship, for never was bred in your country such a knight as is Sir Tristram.

**CHAPTER IX. How King Mark, Sir Lamorak, and Sir Dinadan came to a castle, and how King Mark was known there.** THEN they rode forth all together, King Mark, Sir Lamorak, and Sir Dinadan, till that they came to a bridge, and at the end thereof stood a fair tower. Then saw they a knight on horseback well armed, brandishing a spear, crying and proffering himself to joust. Now, said Sir Dinadan unto King Mark, yonder are two brethren, that one hight Alein, and the other hight Trian, that will joust with any that passeth this passage. Now proffer yourself, said Dinadan to King Mark, for ever ye be laid to the earth. Then King Mark was ashamed, and therewith he feutred his spear, and hurtled to Sir Trian, and either brake their spears all to pieces, and passed through anon. Then Sir Trian sent King Mark another spear to joust more; but in no wise he would not joust no more. Then they came to the castle all three knights, and prayed the lord of the castle of harbour. Ye are right welcome, said the knights of the castle, for the love of the lord of this castle, the which hight Sir Tor le Fise Aries. And then they came into a fair court well repaired, and they had passing good cheer, till the lieutenant of this castle, that hight Berluse, espied King Mark of Cornwall. Then said Berluse: Sir knight, I know you better than you ween, for ye are King Mark that slew my father afore mine own eyes; and me had ye slain had I not escaped into a wood; but wit ye well, for the love of my lord of this castle I will neither hurt you nor harm you, nor none of your fellowship. But wit ye well, when ye are past this lodging I shall hurt you an I may, for ye slew my father traitorly. But first for the love of my lord, Sir Tor, and for the love of Sir Lamorak, the honourable knight that here is lodged, ye shall have none ill lodging; for it is pity that ever ye should be in the company of good knights; for ye are the most villainous knight or king that is now known alive, for ye are a destroyer of good knights, and all that ye do is but treason.

**CHAPTER X. How Sir Berluse met with King Mark, and how Sir Dinadan took his part.** THEN was King Mark sore ashamed, and said but little again. But when Sir Lamorak and Sir Dinadan wist that he was King Mark they were sorry of his fellowship. So after supper they went to lodging. So on the morn they arose early, and King Mark and Sir Dinadan rode together; and three mile from their lodging there met with them three knights, and Sir Berluse was one, and that other his two cousins. Sir Berluse saw King Mark, and then he cried on high: Traitor, keep thee from me for wit thou well that I am Berluse. Sir knight, said Sir Dinadan, I counsel you to leave off at this time, for he is riding to King Arthur; and because I have promised to conduct him to my lord King Arthur needs must I take a part with him; howbeit I love not his condition, and fain I would be from him. Well, Dinadan, said Sir Berluse, me repenteth that ye will take part with him, but now do your best. And then he hurtled to King Mark, and smote him sore upon the shield, that he bare him clean out of his saddle to the earth. That saw Sir Dinadan, and he feutred his spear, and ran to one of Berluse's fellows, and smote him down off his saddle. Then Dinadan turned his horse, and smote the third knight in the same wise to the earth, for Sir Dinadan was a good knight on horseback; and there began a great battle, for Berluse and his fellows held them together strongly on foot. And so through the great force of Sir Dinadan King Mark had Berluse to the earth, and his two fellows fled; and had not been Sir Dinadan King Mark would have slain him. And so Sir Dinadan rescued him of his

life, for King Mark was but a murderer. And then they took their horses and departed and left Sir Berluse there sore wounded.

Then King Mark and Sir Dinadan rode forth a four leagues English, till that they came to a bridge where hove a knight on horseback, armed and ready to joust. Lo, said Sir Dinadan unto King Mark, yonder hoveth a knight that will joust, for there shall none pass this bridge but he must joust with that knight. It is well, said King Mark, for this jousts falleth with thee. Sir Dinadan knew the knight well that he was a noble knight, and fain he would have jousted, but he had had liefer King Mark had jousted with him, but by no mean King Mark would not joust. Then Sir Dinadan might not refuse him in no manner. And then either dressed their spears and their shields, and smote together, so that through fine force Sir Dinadan was smitten to the earth; and lightly he rose up and gat his horse, and required that knight to do battle with swords. And he answered and said: Fair knight, as at this time I may not have ado with you no more, for the custom of this passage is such. Then was Sir Dinadan passing wroth that he might not be revenged of that knight; and so he departed, and in no wise would that knight tell his name. But ever Sir Dinadan thought he should know him by his shield that it should be Sir Tor.

**CHAPTER XI. How King Mark mocked Sir Dinadan, and how they met with six knights of the Round Table.** So as they rode by the way King Mark then began to mock Sir Dinadan, and said: I weened you knights of the Table Round might not in no wise find their matches. Ye say well, said Sir Dinadan; as for you, on my life I call you none of the best knights; but sith ye have such a despite at me I require you to joust with me to prove my strength. Not so, said King Mark, for I will not have ado with you in no manner; but I require you of one thing, that when ye come to Arthur's court discover not my name, for I am there so hated. It is shame to you, said Sir Dinadan, that ye govern you so shamefully; for I see by you ye are full of cowardice, and ye are a murderer, and that is the greatest shame that a knight may have; for never a knight being a murderer hath worship, nor never shall have; for I saw but late through my force ye would have slain Sir Berluse, a better knight than ye, or ever ye shall be, and more of prowess. Thus they rode forth talking till they came to a fair place, where stood a knight, and prayed them to take their lodging with him. So at the request of that knight they reposed them there, and made them well at ease, and had great cheer. For all errant-knights were welcome to him, and specially all those of Arthur's court. Then Sir Dinadan demanded his host what was the knight's name that kept the bridge. For what cause ask you it? said the host. For it is not long ago, said Sir Dinadan, sithen he gave me a fall. Ah, fair knight, said his host, thereof have ye no marvel, for he is a passing good knight, and his name is Sir Tor, the son of Aries le Vaysher. Ah, said Sir Dinadan, was that Sir Tor? for truly so ever me thought.

Right as they stood thus talking together they saw come riding to them over a plain six knights of the court of King Arthur, well armed at all points. And there by their shields Sir Dinadan knew them well. The first was the good knight Sir Uwaine, the son of King Uriens, the second was the noble knight Sir Brandiles, the third was Ozana le Cure Hardy, the fourth was Uwaine les Aventurous, the fifth was Sir Agravaine, the sixth Sir Mordred, brother to Sir Gawaine. When Sir Dinadan had seen these six knights he thought in himself he would bring King Mark by some wile to joust with one of them. And anon they took their horses and ran after these knights well a three mile English. Then was King Mark ware where they sat all six about a well, and ate and drank such meats as they had, and their horses walking and some tied, and their shields hung in divers places about them. Lo, said Sir Dinadan, yonder are knights-errant that will joust with us. God forbid, said King Mark, for they be six and we but two. As for that, said Sir Dinadan, let us not spare, for I will assay the foremost; and therewith he made him ready. When King Mark saw him do so, as fast as Sir Dinadan rode toward them, King Mark rode froward them with all his menial meiny. So when Sir Dinadan saw King Mark was gone, he set the spear out of the rest, and threw his shield upon his back, and came, riding to the fellowship of the Table Round. And anon Sir Uwaine knew Sir Dinadan,

and welcomed him, and so did all his fellowship.

**CHAPTER XII. How the six knights sent Sir Dagonet to joust with King Mark, and how King Mark refused him.** AND then they asked him of his adventures, and whether he had seen Sir Tristram or Sir Launcelot. So God me help, said Sir Dinadan, I saw none of them sithen I departed from Camelot. What knight is that, said Sir Brandiles, that so suddenly departed from you, and rode over yonder field? Sir, said he, it was a knight of Cornwall, and the most horrible coward that ever bestrode horse. What is his name? said all these knights. I wot not, said Sir Dinadan. So when they had reposed them, and spoken together, they took their horses and rode to a castle where dwelt an old knight that made all knights-errant good cheer. Then in the meanwhile that they were talking came into the castle Sir Griflet le Fise de Dieu, and there was he welcome; and they all asked him whether he had seen Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram. Sirs, he answered, I saw him not sithen he departed from Camelot. So as Sir Dinadan walked and beheld the castle, thereby in a chamber he espied King Mark, and then he rebuked him, and asked him why he departed so. Sir, said he, for I durst not abide because they were so many. But how escaped ye? said King Mark. Sir, said Sir Dinadan, they were better friends than I weened they had been. Who is captain of that fellowship? said the king. Then for to fear him Sir Dinadan said that it was Sir Launcelot. O Jesu, said the king, might I know Sir Launcelot by his shield? Yea, said Dinadan, for he beareth a shield of silver and black bends. All this he said to fear the king, for Sir Launcelot was not in his fellowship. Now I pray you, said King Mark, that ye will ride in my fellowship. That is me loath to do, said Sir Dinadan, because ye forsook my fellowship.

Right so Sir Dinadan went from King Mark, and went to his own fellowship; and so they mounted upon their horses, and rode on their ways, and talked of the Cornish knight, for Dinadan told them that he was in the castle where they were lodged. It is well said, said Sir Griflet, for here have I brought Sir Dagonet, King Arthur's fool, that is the best fellow and the merriest in the world. Will ye do well? said Sir Dinadan: I have told the Cornish knight that here is Sir Launcelot, and the Cornish knight asked me what shield he bare. Truly, I told him that he bare the same shield that Sir Mordred beareth. Will ye do well? said Sir Mordred; I am hurt and may not well bear my shield nor harness, and therefore put my shield and my harness upon Sir Dagonet, and let him set upon the Cornish knight. That shall be done, said Sir Dagonet, by my faith. Then anon was Dagonet armed him in Mordred's harness and his shield, and he was set on a great horse, and a spear in his hand. Now, said Dagonet, shew me the knight, and I trow I shall bear him down. So all these knights rode to a woodside, and abode till King Mark came by the way. Then they put forth Sir Dagonet, and he came on all the while his horse might run, straight upon King Mark. And when he came nigh King Mark, he cried as he were wood, and said: Keep thee, knight of Cornwall, for I will slay thee. Anon, as King Mark beheld his shield, he said to himself: Yonder is Sir Launcelot; alas, now am I destroyed; and therewithal he made his horse to run as fast as it might through thick and thin. And ever Sir Dagonet followed after King Mark, crying and rating him as a wood man, through a great forest. When Sir Uwayne and Sir Brandiles saw Dagonet so chase King Mark, they laughed all as they were wood. And then they took their horses, and rode after to see how Sir Dagonet sped, for they would not for no good that Sir Dagonet were shent, for King Arthur loved him passing well, and made him knight with his own hands. And at every tournament he began to make King Arthur to laugh. Then the knights rode here and there, crying and chasing after King Mark, that all the forest rang of the noise.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Sir Palomides by adventure met King Mark flying, and how he overthrew Dagonet and other knights.** SO King Mark rode by fortune by a well, in the way where stood a knight-errant on horseback, armed at all points, with a great spear in his hand. And when he saw King Mark coming flying he said: Knight, return again for shame and stand with me, and I shall be thy warrant. Ah, fair knight, said King Mark, let me pass, for yonder cometh after me the best knight of the world, with the black bended shield. Fie, for shame, said the knight, he

is none of the worthy knights, and if he were Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram I should not doubt to meet the better of them both. When King Mark heard him say that word, he turned his horse and abode by him. And then that strong knight bare a spear to Dagonet, and smote him so sore that he bare him over his horse's tail, and nigh he had broken his neck. And anon after him came Sir Brandiles, and when he saw Dagonet have that fall he was passing wroth, and cried: Keep thee, knight, and so they hurtled together wonder sore. But the knight smote Sir Brandiles so sore that he went to the earth, horse and man. Sir Uwayne came after and saw all this. Jesu, said he, yonder is a strong knight. And then they feuted their spears, and this knight came so eagerly that he smote down Sir Uwayne. Then came Ozana with the hardy heart, and he was smitten down. Now, said Sir Griflet, by my counsel let us send to yonder errant-knight, and wit whether he be of Arthur's court, for as I deem it is Sir Lamorak de Galis. So they sent unto him, and prayed the strange knight to tell his name, and whether he were of Arthur's court or not. As for my name they shall not wit, but tell them I am a knight-errant as they are, and let them wit that I am no knight of King Arthur's court; and so the squire rode again unto them and told them his answer of him. By my head, said Sir Agravaire, he is one of the strongest knights that ever I saw, for he hath overthrown three noble knights, and needs we must encounter with him for shame. So Sir Agravaire feuted his spear, and that other was ready, and smote him down over his horse to the earth. And in the same wise he smote Sir Uwayne les Avoutres and also Sir Griflet. Then had he served them all but Sir Dinadan, for he was behind, and Sir Mordred was unarmed, and Dagonet had his harness.

So when this was done, this strong knight rode on his way a soft pace, and King Mark rode after him, praising him mickle; but he would answer no words, but sighed wonderly sore, hanging down his head, taking no heed to his words. Thus they rode well a three mile English, and then this knight called to him a varlet, and bade him ride until yonder fair manor, and recommend me to the lady of that castle and place, and pray her to send me refreshing of good meats and drinks. And if she ask thee what I am, tell her that I am the knight that followeth the gatisant beast: that is in English to say the questing beast; for that beast wheresomever he yede he quested in the belly with such a noise as it had been a thirty couple of hounds. Then the varlet went his way and came to the manor, and saluted the lady, and told her from whence he came. And when she understood that he came from the knight that followed the questing beast: O sweet Lord Jesu, she said, when shall I see that noble knight, my dear son Palomides? Alas, will he not abide with me? and therewith she swooned and wept, and made passing great dole. And then also soon as she might she gave the varlet all that he asked. And the varlet returned unto Sir Palomides, for he was a varlet of King Mark. And as soon as he came, he told the knight's name was Sir Palomides. I am well pleased, said King Mark, but hold thee still and say nothing. Then they alighted and set them down and reposed them a while. Anon withal King Mark fell asleep. When Sir Palomides saw him sound asleep he took his horse and rode his way, and said to them: I will not be in the company of a sleeping knight. And so he rode forth a great pace.

**CHAPTER XIV. How King Mark and Sir Dinadan heard Sir Palomides making great sorrow and mourning for La Beale Isoud.** NOW turn we unto Sir Dinadan, that found these seven knights passing heavy. And when he wist how that they sped, as heavy was he. My lord Uwayne, said Dinadan, I dare lay my head it is Sir Lamorak de Galis. I promise you all I shall find him an he may be found in this country. And so Sir Dinadan rode after this knight; and so did King Mark, that sought him through the forest. So as King Mark rode after Sir Palomides he heard the noise of a man that made great dole. Then King Mark rode as nigh that noise as he might and as he durst. Then was he ware of a knight that was descended off his horse, and had put off his helm, and there he made a piteous complaint and a dolorous, of love.

Now leave we that, and talk we of Sir Dinadan, that rode to seek Sir Palomides. And as he came within a forest he met with a knight, a chaser of a deer. Sir, said Sir Dinadan, met ye with a knight with a shield of silver and lions' heads? Yea, fair knight,

said the other, with such a knight met I with but a while ago, and straight yonder way he yede. Gramercy, said Sir Dinadan, for might I find the track of his horse I should not fail to find that knight. Right so as Sir Dinadan rode in the even late he heard a doleful noise as it were of a man. Then Sir Dinadan rode toward that noise; and when he came nigh that noise he alighted off his horse, and went near him on foot. Then was he ware of a knight that stood under a tree, and his horse tied by him, and the helm off his head; and ever that knight made a doleful complaint as ever made knight. And always he made his complaint of La Beale Isoud, the Queen of Cornwall, and said: Ah, fair lady, why love I thee! for thou art fairest of all other, and yet showest thou never love to me, nor bounty. Alas, yet must I love thee. And I may not blame thee, fair lady, for mine eyes be cause of this sorrow. And yet to love thee I am but a fool, for the best knight of the world loveth thee, and ye him again, that is Sir Tristram de Liones. And the falsest king and knight is your husband, and the most coward and full of treason, is your lord, King Mark. Alas, that ever so fair a lady and peerless of all other should be matched with the most villainous knight of the world. All this language heard King Mark, what Sir Palomides said by him; wherefore he was adread when he saw Sir Dinadan, lest he espied him, that he would tell Sir Palomides that he was King Mark; and therefore he withdrew him, and took his horse and rode to his men, where he commanded them to abide. And so he rode as fast as he might unto Camelot; and the same day he found there Amant, the knight, ready that afore Arthur had appealed him of treason; and so, lightly the king commanded them to do battle. And by misadventure King Mark smote Amant through the body. And yet was Amant in the righteous quarrel. And right so he took his horse and departed from the court for dread of Sir Dinadan, that he would tell Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides what he was. Then were there maidens that La Beale Isoud had sent to Sir Tristram, that knew Sir Amant well.

**CHAPTER XV. How King Mark had slain Sir Amant wrongfully to-fore King Arthur, and Sir Launcelot fetched King Mark to King Arthur.** THEN by the license of King Arthur they went to him and spake with him; for while the truncheon of the spear stuck in his body he spake: Ah, fair damosels, said Amant, recommend me unto La Beale Isoud, and tell her that I am slain for the love of her and of Sir Tristram. And there he told the damosels how cowardly King Mark had slain him, and Sir Bersules, his fellow. And for that deed I appealed him of treason, and here am I slain in a righteous quarrel; and all was because Sir Bersules and I would not consent by treason to slay the noble knight, Sir Tristram. Then the two maidens cried aloud that all the court might hear it, and said: O sweet Lord Jesu, that knowest all hid things, why sufferest Thou so false a traitor to vanquish and slay a true knight that fought in a righteous quarrel? Then anon it was sprung to the king, and the queen, and to all the lords, that it was King Mark that had slain Sir Amant, and Sir Bersules afore hand; wherefore they did their battle. Then was King Arthur wroth out of measure, and so were all the other knights. But when Sir Tristram knew all the matter he made great dole and sorrow out of measure, and wept for sorrow for the loss of the noble knights, Sir Bersules and of Sir Amant.

When Sir Launcelot espied Sir Tristram weep he went hastily to King Arthur, and said: Sir, I pray you give me leave to return again to yonder false king and knight. I pray you, said King Arthur, fetch him again, but I would not that ye slew him, for my worship. Then Sir Launcelot armed him in all haste, and mounted upon a great horse, and took a spear in his hand and rode after King Mark. And from thence a three mile English Sir Launcelot over took him, and bade him: Turn recreant king and knight, for whether thou wilt or not thou shalt go with me to King Arthur's court. King Mark returned and looked upon Sir Launcelot, and said: Fair sir, what is your name? Wit thou well, said he, my name is Sir Launcelot, and therefore defend thee. And when King Mark wist that it was Sir Launcelot, and came so fast upon him with a spear, he cried then aloud: I yield me to thee, Sir Launcelot, honourable knight. But Sir Launcelot would not hear him, but came fast upon him. King Mark saw that, and made no defence, but tumbled adown out of his saddle to the earth as a sack, and there he lay still, and cried Sir

Launcelot mercy. Arise, recreant knight and king. I will not fight, said King Mark, but whither that ye will I will go with you. Alas, alas, said Sir Launcelot, that I may not give thee one buffet for the love of Sir Tristram and of La Beale Isoud, and for the two knights that thou hast slain traitorly. And so he mounted upon his horse and brought him to King Arthur; and there King Mark alighted in that same place, and threw his helm from him upon the earth, and his sword, and fell flat to the earth of King Arthur's feet, and put him in his grace and mercy. So God me help, said Arthur, ye are welcome in a manner, and in a manner ye are not welcome. In this manner ye are welcome, that ye come hither maugre thy head, as I suppose. That is truth, said King Mark, and else I had not been here, for my lord, Sir Launcelot, brought me hither through his fine force, and to him am I yolden to as recreant. Well, said Arthur, ye understand ye ought to do me service, homage, and fealty. And never would ye do me none, but ever ye have been against me, and a destroyer of my knights; now, how will ye acquit you? Sir, said King Mark, right as your lordship will require me, unto my power, I will make a large amends. For he was a fair speaker, and false thereunder. Then for great pleasure of Sir Tristram, to make them twain accorded, the king withheld King Mark as at that time, and made a broken love-day between them.

**CHAPTER XVI. How Sir Dinadan told Sir Palomides of the battle between Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram.** NOW turn we again unto Sir Palomides, how Sir Dinadan comforted him in all that he might, from his great sorrow. What knight are ye? said Sir Palomides. Sir, I am a knight-errant as ye be, that hath sought you long by your shield. Here is my shield, said Sir Palomides, wit ye well, an ye will ought, therewith I will defend it. Nay, said Sir Dinadan, I will not have ado with you but in good manner. And if ye will, ye shall find me soon ready. Sir, said Sir Dinadan, whitherward ride you this way? By my head, said Sir Palomides, I wot not, but as fortune leadeth me. Heard ye or saw ye ought of Sir Tristram? So God me help, of Sir Tristram I both heard and saw, and not for then we loved not inwardly well together, yet at my mischief Sir Tristram rescued me from my death; and yet, or he and I departed, by both our assents we assigned a day that we should have met at the stony grave that Merlin set beside Camelot, and there to have done battle together; howbeit I was letted, said Sir Palomides, that I might not hold my day, the which grieveth me sore; but I have a large excuse. For I was prisoner with a lord, and many other more, and that shall Sir Tristram right well understand, that I brake it not of fear of cowardice. And then Sir Palomides told Sir Dinadan the same day that they should have met. So God me help, said Sir Dinadan, that same day met Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram at the same grave of stone. And there was the most mightiest battle that ever was seen in this land betwixt two knights, for they fought more than two hours. And there they both bled so much blood that all men marvelled that ever they might endure it. And so at the last, by both their assents, they were made friends and sworn-brethren for ever, and no man can judge the better knight. And now is Sir Tristram made a knight of the Round Table, and he sitteth in the siege of the noble knight, Sir Marhaus. By my head, said Sir Palomides, Sir Tristram is far bigger than Sir Launcelot, and the hardier knight. Have ye assayed them both? said Sir Dinadan. I have seen Sir Tristram fight, said Sir Palomides, but never Sir Launcelot to my witting. But at the fountain where Sir Launcelot lay asleep, there with one spear he smote down Sir Tristram and me, said Palomides, but at that time they knew not either other. Fair knight, said Sir Dinadan, as for Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram let them be, for the worst of them will not be lightly matched of no knights that I know living. No, said Sir Palomides, God defend, but an I had a quarrel to the better of them both I would with as good a will fight with him as with you. Sir, I require you tell me your name, and in good faith I shall hold you company till that we come to Camelot; and there shall ye have great worship now at this great tournament; for there shall be the Queen Guenever, and La Beale Isoud of Cornwall. Wit you well, sir knight, for the love of La Beale Isoud I will be there, and else not, but I will not have ado in King Arthur's court. Sir, said Dinadan, I shall ride with you and do you service, so you will tell me your name. Sir, ye shall understand my name is Sir Palomides,

brother to Safere, the good and noble knight. And Sir Segwarides and I, we be Saracens born, of father and mother. Sir, said Sir Dinadan, I thank you much for the telling of your name. For I am glad of that I know your name, and I promise you by the faith of my body, ye shall not be hurt by me by my will, but rather be advanced. And thereto will I help you with all my power, I promise you, doubt ye not. And certainly on my life ye shall win great worship in the court of King Arthur, and be right welcome. So then they dressed on their helms and put on their shields, and mounted upon their horses, and took the broad way towards Camelot. And then were they ware of a castle that was fair and rich, and also passing strong as any was within this realm.

**CHAPTER XVII. How Sir Lamorak jousted with divers knights of the castle wherein was Morgan le Fay.** SIR PALOMIDES, said Dinadan, here is a castle that I know well, and therein dwelleth Queen Morgan le Fay, King Arthur's sister; and King Arthur gave her this castle, the which he hath repented him sithen a thousand times, for sithen King Arthur and she have been at debate and strife; but this castle could he never get nor win of her by no manner of engine; and ever as she might she made war on King Arthur. And all dangerous knights she withholdeth with her, for to destroy all these knights that King Arthur loveth. And there shall no knight pass this way but he must joust with one knight, or with two, or with three. And if it hap that King Arthur's knight be beaten, he shall lose his horse and his harness and all that he hath, and hard, if that he escape, but that he shall be prisoner. So God me help, said Palomides, this is a shameful custom, and a villainous usance for a queen to use, and namely to make such war upon her own lord, that is called the Flower of Chivalry that is christian or heathen; and with all my heart I would destroy that shameful custom. And I will that all the world wit she shall have no service of me. And if she send out any knights, as I suppose she will, for to joust, they shall have both their hands full. And I shall not fail you, said Sir Dinadan, unto my puissance, upon my life.

So as they stood on horseback afore the castle, there came a knight with a red shield, and two squires after him; and he came straight unto Sir Palomides, the good knight, and said to him: Fair and gentle knight-errant, I require thee for the love thou owest unto knighthood, that ye will not have ado here with these men of this castle; for this was Sir Lamorak that thus said. For I came hither to seek this deed, and it is my request; and therefore I beseech you, knight, let me deal, and if I be beaten revenge me. In the name of God, said Palomides, let see how ye will speed, and we shall behold you. Then anon came forth a knight of the castle, and proffered to joust with the Knight with the Red Shield. Anon they encountered together, and he with the red shield smote him so hard that he bare him over to the earth. Therewith anon came another knight of the castle, and he was smitten so sore that he avoided his saddle. And forthwithal came the third knight, and the Knight with the Red Shield smote him to the earth. Then came Sir Palomides, and besought him that he might help him to joust. Fair knight, said he unto him, suffer me as at this time to have my will, for an they were twenty knights I shall not doubt them. And ever there were upon the walls of the castle many lords and ladies that cried and said: Well have ye jousted, Knight with the Red Shield. But as soon as the knight had smitten them down, his squire took their horses, and avoided their saddles and bridles of the horses, and turned them into the forest, and made the knights to be kept to the end of the jousts. Right so came out of the castle the fourth knight, and freshly proffered to joust with the Knight with the Red Shield: and he was ready, and he smote him so hard that horse and man fell to the earth, and the knight's back brake with the fall, and his neck also. O Jesu, said Sir Palomides, that yonder is a passing good knight, and the best joustier that ever I saw. By my head, said Sir Dinadan, he is as good as ever was Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram, what knight soever he be.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How Sir Palomides would have jousted for Sir Lamorak with the knights of the castle.** THEN forthwithal came a knight out of the castle, with a shield bended with black and with white. And anon the Knight with the Red Shield and he encountered so hard that he smote the knight of the castle

through the bended shield and through the body, and brake the horse's back. Fair knight, said Sir Palomides, ye have overmuch on hand, therefore I pray you let me joust, for ye had need to be reposed. Why sir, said the knight, seem ye that I am weak and feeble? and sir, methinketh ye proffer me wrong, and to me shame, when I do well enough. I tell you now as I told you erst; for an they were twenty knights I shall beat them, and if I be beaten or slain then may ye revenge me. And if ye think that I be weary, and ye have an appetite to joust with me, I shall find you jousting enough. Sir, said Palomides, I said it not because I would joust with you, but meseemeth that ye have overmuch on hand. And therefore, an ye were gentle, said the Knight with the Red Shield, ye should not proffer me shame; therefore I require you to joust with me, and ye shall find that I am not weary. Sith ye require me, said Sir Palomides, take keep to yourself. Then they two knights came together as fast as their horses might run, and the knight smote Sir Palomides sore on the shield that the spear went into his side a great wound, and a perilous. And therewithal Sir Palomides avoided his saddle. And that knight turned unto Sir Dinadan; and when he saw him coming he cried aloud, and said: Sir, I will not have ado with you; but for that he let it not, but came straight upon him. So Sir Dinadan for shame put forth his spear and all to-shivered it upon the knight. But he smote Sir Dinadan again so hard that he smote him clean from his saddle; but their horses he would not suffer his squires to meddle with, and because they were knights-errant.

Then he dressed him again to the castle, and jousted with seven knights more, and there was none of them might withstand him, but he bare him to the earth. And of these twelve knights he slew in plain jousts four. And the eight knights he made them to swear on the cross of a sword that they should never use the evil customs of the castle. And when he had made them to swear that oath he let them pass. And ever stood the lords and the ladies on the castle walls crying and saying: Knight with the Red Shield, ye have marvellously well done as ever we saw knight do. And therewith came a knight out of the castle unarmed, and said: Knight with the Red Shield, overmuch damage hast thou done to us this day, therefore return whither thou wilt, for here are no more will have ado with thee; for we repent sore that ever thou camest here, for by thee is fordone the old custom of this castle. And with that word he turned again into the castle, and shut the gates. Then the Knight with the Red Shield turned and called his squires, and so passed forth on his way, and rode a great pace.

And when he was past Sir Palomides went to Sir Dinadan, and said: I had never such a shame of one knight that ever I met; and therefore I cast me to ride after him, and to be revenged with my sword, for a-horseback I deem I shall get no worship of him. Sir Palomides, said Dinadan, ye shall not meddle with him by my counsel, for ye shall get no worship of him; and for this cause, ye have seen him this day have had overmuch to do, and overmuch travailed. By almighty Jesu, said Palomides, I shall never be at ease till that I have had ado with him. Sir, said Dinadan, I shall give you my beholding. Well, said Palomides, then shall ye see how we shall redress our mights. So they took their horses of their varlets, and rode after the Knight with the Red Shield; and down in a valley beside a fountain they were ware where he was alighted to repose him, and had done off his helm for to drink at the well.

**CHAPTER XIX. How Sir Lamorak jousted with Sir Palomides, and hurt him grievously.** THEN Palomides rode fast till he came nigh him. And then he said: Knight, remember ye of the shame ye did to me right now at the castle, therefore dress thee, for I will have ado with thee. Fair knight, said he to Palomides, of me ye win no worship, for ye have seen this day that I have been travailed sore. As for that, said Palomides, I will not let, for wit ye well I will be revenged. Well, said the knight, I may happen to endure you. And therewithal he mounted upon his horse, and took a great spear in his hand ready for to joust. Nay, said Palomides, I will not joust, for I am sure at jousting I get no prize. Fair knight, said that knight, it would beseem a knight to joust and to fight on horseback. Ye shall see what I will do, said Palomides. And therewith he alighted down upon foot, and dressed his shield afore him

and pulled out his sword. Then the Knight with the Red Shield descended down from his horse, and dressed his shield afore him, and so he drew out his sword. And then they came together a soft pace, and wonderly they lashed together passing thick the mountenance of an hour or ever they breathed. Then they traced and traversed, and waxed wonderly wroth, and either behight other death; they hewed so fast with their swords that they cut in down half their swords and mails, that the bare flesh in some place stood above their harness. And when Sir Palomides beheld his fellow's sword over-hylled with his blood it grieved him sore: some while they foined, some while they struck as wild men. But at the last Sir Palomides waxed faint, because of his first wound that he had at the castle with a spear, for that wound grieved him wonderly sore. Fair knight, said Palomides, meseemeth we have assayed either other passing sore, and if it may please thee, I require thee of thy knighthood tell me thy name. Sir, said the knight to Palomides, that is me loath to do, for thou hast done me wrong and no knighthood to proffer me battle, considering my great travail, but an thou wilt tell me thy name I will tell thee mine. Sir, said he, wit thou well my name is Palomides. Ah, sir, ye shall understand my name is Sir Lamorak de Galis, son and heir unto the good knight and king, King Pellinore, and Sir Tor, the good knight, is my half brother. When Sir Palomides heard him say so he kneeled down and asked mercy, For outrageously have I done to you this day; considering the great deeds of arms I have seen you do, shamefully and unknighly I have required you to do battle. Ah, Sir Palomides, said Sir Lamorak, overmuch have ye done and said to me. And therewith he embraced him with his both hands, and said: Palomides, the worthy knight, in all this land is no better than ye, nor more of prowess, and me repenteth sore that we should fight together. So it doth not me, said Sir Palomides, and yet am I sorer wounded than ye be; but as for that I shall soon thereof be whole. But certainly I would not for the fairest castle in this land, but if thou and I had met, for I shall love you the days of my life afore all other knights except my brother, Sir Safere. I say the same, said Sir Lamorak, except my brother, Sir Tor. Then came Sir Dinadan, and he made great joy of Sir Lamorak. Then their squires dressed both their shields and their harness, and stopped their wounds. And thereby at a priory they rested them all night.

**CHAPTER XX. How it was told Sir Launcelot that Dagonet chased King Mark, and how a knight overthrew him and six knights.** Now turn we again. When Sir Ganis and Sir Brandiles with his fellows came to the court of King Arthur they told the king, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Tristram, how Sir Dagonet, the fool, chased King Mark through the forest, and how the strong knight smote them down all seven with one spear. There was great laughing and japing at King Mark and at Sir Dagonet. But all these knights could not tell what knight it was that rescued King Mark. Then they asked King Mark if that he knew him, and he answered and said: He named himself the Knight that followed the Questing Beast, and on that name he sent one of my varlets to a place where was his mother; and when she heard from whence he came she made passing great dole, and discovered to my varlet his name, and said: Oh, my dear son, Sir Palomides, why wilt thou not see me? And therefore, sir, said King Mark, it is to understand his name is Sir Palomides, a noble knight. Then were all these seven knights glad that they knew his name.

Now turn we again, for on the morn they took their horses, both Sir Lamorak, Palomides, and Dinadan, with their squires and varlets, till they saw a fair castle that stood on a mountain well closed, and thither they rode, and there they found a knight that hight Galahalt, that was lord of that castle, and there they had great cheer and were well eased. Sir Dinadan, said Sir Lamorak, what will ye do? Oh sir, said Dinadan, I will to-morrow to the court of King Arthur. By my head, said Sir Palomides, I will not ride these three days, for I am sore hurt, and much have I bled, and therefore I will repose me here. Truly, said Sir Lamorak, and I will abide here with you; and when ye ride, then will I ride, unless that ye tarry over long; then will I take my horse. Therefore I pray you, Sir Dinadan, abide and ride with us. Faithfully, said Dinadan, I will not abide, for I have such a talent to see Sir Tristram that I may not abide long from him. Ah, Dinadan, said Sir Palomides,

now do I understand that ye love my mortal enemy, and therefore how should I trust you. Well, said Dinadan, I love my lord Sir Tristram, above all other, and him will I serve and do honour. So shall I, said Sir Lamorak, in all that may lie in my power.

So on the morn Sir Dinadan rode unto the court of King Arthur; and by the way as he rode he saw where stood an errant knight, and made him ready for to joust. Not so, said Dinadan, for I have no will to joust. With me shall ye joust, said the knight, or that ye pass this way. Whether ask ye jousts, by love or by hate? The knight answered: Wit ye well I ask it for love, and not for hate. It may well be so, said Sir Dinadan, but ye proffer me hard love when ye will joust with me with a sharp spear. But, fair knight, said Sir Dinadan, sith ye will joust with me, meet with me in the court of King Arthur, and there shall I joust with you. Well, said the knight, sith ye will not joust with me, I pray you tell me your name. Sir knight, said he, my name is Sir Dinadan. Ah, said the knight, full well know I you for a good knight and a gentle, and wit you well I love you heartily. Then shall there be no jousts, said Dinadan, betwixt us. So they departed. And the same day he came to Camelot, where lay King Arthur. And there he saluted the king and the queen, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Tristram; and all the court was glad of Sir Dinadan, for he was gentle, wise, and courteous, and a good knight. And in especial, the valiant knight Sir Tristram loved Sir Dinadan passing well above all other knights save Sir Launcelot.

Then the king asked Sir Dinadan what adventures he had seen. Sir, said Dinadan, I have seen many adventures, and of some King Mark knoweth, but not all. Then the king hearkened Sir Dinadan, how he told that Sir Palomides and he were afore the castle of Morgan le Fay, and how Sir Lamorak took the jousts afore them, and how he forjousted twelve knights, and of them four he slew, and how after he smote down Sir Palomides and me both. t I may not believe that, said the king, for Sir Palomides is a passing good knight. That is very truth, said Sir Dinadan, but yet I saw him better proved, hand for hand. And then he told the king all that battle, and how Sir Palomides was more weaker, and more hurt, and more lost of his blood. And without doubt, said Sir Dinadan, had the battle longer lasted, Palomides had been slain. O Jesu, said King Arthur, this is to me a great marvel. Sir, said Tristram, marvel ye nothing thereof, for at mine advice there is not a valianter knight in the world living, for I know his might. And now I will say you, I was never so weary of knight but if it were Sir Launcelot. And there is no knight in the world except Sir Launcelot that did so well as Sir Lamorak. So God me help, said the king, I would that knight, Sir Lamorak, came to this Court. Sir, said Dinadan, he will be here in short space, and Sir Palomides both, but I fear that Palomides may not yet travel.

**CHAPTER XXI. How King Arthur let do cry a jousts, and how Sir Lamorak came in, and overthrew Sir Gawaine and many other.** THEN within three days after the king let make a jousting at a priory. And there made them ready many knights of the Round Table, for Sir Gawaine and his brethren made them ready to joust; but Tristram, Launcelot, nor Dinadan, would not joust, but suffered Sir Gawaine, for the love of King Arthur, with his brethren, to win the gree if they might. Then on the morn they appalled them to joust, Sir Gawaine and his four brethren, and did there great deeds of arms. And Sir Ector de Maris did marvelously well, but Sir Gawaine passed all that fellowship; wherefore King Arthur and all the knights gave Sir Gawaine the honour at the beginning.

Right so King Arthur was ware of a knight and two squires, the which came out of a forest side, with a shield covered with leather, and then he came slyly and hurtled here and there, and anon with one spear he had smitten down two knights of the Round Table. Then with his hurtling he lost the covering of his shield, then was the king and all other ware that he bare a red shield. O Jesu, said King Arthur, see where rideth a stout knight, he with the red shield. And there was noise and crying Beware the Knight with the Red Shield. So within a little while he had overthrown three brethren of Sir Gawaine's. So God me help, said King Arthur, meseemeth yonder is the best jouter that ever I saw. With that he saw him encounter with Sir Gawaine, and he smote

him down with so great force that he made his horse to avoid his saddle. How now, said the king, Sir Gawaine hath a fall; well were me an I knew what knight he were with the red shield. I know him well, said Dinadan, but as at this time ye shall not know his name. By my head, said Sir Tristram, he joustet better than Sir Palomides, and if ye list to know his name, wit ye well his name is Sir Lamorak de Galis.

As they stood thus talking, Sir Gawaine and he encountered together again, and there he smote Sir Gawaine from his horse, and bruised him sore. And in the sight of King Arthur he smote down twenty knights, beside Sir Gawaine and his brethren. And so clearly was the prize given him as a knight peerless. Then slyly and marvelously Sir Lamorak withdrew him from all the fellowship into the forest side. All this espied King Arthur, for his eye went never from him. Then the king, Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, and Sir Dinadan, took their hackneys, and rode straight after the good knight, Sir Lamorak de Galis, and there found him. And thus said the king: Ah, fair knight, well be ye found. When he saw the king he put off his helm and saluted him, and when he saw Sir Tristram he alighted down off his horse and ran to him to take him by the thighs, but Sir Tristram would not suffer him, but he alighted or that he came, and either took other in arms, and made great joy of other. The king was glad, and also was all the fellowship of the Round Table, except Sir Gawaine and his brethren. And when they wist that he was Sir Lamorak, they had great despite at him, and were wonderly wroth with him that he had put him to dishonour that day.

Then Gawaine called privily in council all his brethren, and to them said thus: Fair brethren, here may ye see, whom that we hate King Arthur loveth, and whom that we love he hateth. And wit ye well, my fair brethren, that this Sir Lamorak will never love us, because we slew his father, King Pellinore, for we deemed that he slew our father, King of Orkney. And for the despite of Pellinore, Sir Lamorak did us a shame to our mother, therefore I will be revenged. Sir, said Sir Gawaine's brethren, let see how ye will or may be revenged, and ye shall find us ready. Well, said Gawaine, hold you still and we shall espy our time.

**CHAPTER XXII. How King Arthur made King Mark to be accorded with Sir Tristram, and how they departed toward Cornwall.** NOW pass we our matter, and leave we Sir Gawaine, and speak of King Arthur, that on a day said unto King Mark: Sir, I pray you give me a gift that I shall ask you. Sir, said King Mark, I will give you whatsoever ye desire an it be in my power. Sir, gramercy, said Arthur. This I will ask you, that ye will be good lord unto Sir Tristram, for he is a man of great honour; and that ye will take him with you into Cornwall, and let him see his friends, and there cherish him for my sake. Sir, said King Mark, I promise you by the faith of my body, and by the faith that I owe to God and to you, I shall worship him for your sake in all that I can or may. Sir, said Arthur, and I will forgive you all the evil will that ever I ought you, an so be that you swear that upon a book before me. With a good will, said King Mark; and so he there sware upon a book afore him and all his knights, and therewith King Mark and Sir Tristram took either other by the hands hard knit together. But for all this King Mark thought falsely, as it proved after, for he put Sir Tristram in prison, and cowardly would have slain him.

Then soon after King Mark took his leave to ride into Cornwall, and Sir Tristram made him ready to ride with him, whereof the most part of the Round Table were wroth and heavy, and in especial Sir Launcelot, and Sir Lamorak, and Sir Dinadan, were wroth out of measure. For well they wist King Mark would slay or destroy Sir Tristram. Alas, said Dinadan, that my lord, Sir Tristram, shall depart. And Sir Tristram took such sorrow that he was amazed like a fool. Alas, said Sir Launcelot unto King Arthur, what have ye done, for ye shall lose the most man of worship that ever came into your court. It was his own desire, said Arthur, and therefore I might not do withal, for I have done all that I can and made them at accord. Accord, said Sir Launcelot, fie upon that accord, for ye shall hear that he shall slay Sir Tristram, or put him in a prison, for he is the most coward and the villainest king and knight that is now living.

And therewith Sir Launcelot departed, and came to King Mark,

and said to him thus: Sir king, wit thou well the good knight Sir Tristram shall go with thee. Beware, I rede thee, of treason, for an thou mischief that knight by any manner of falsehood or treason, by the faith I owe to God and to the order of knighthood, I shall slay thee with mine own hands. Sir Launcelot, said the king, overmuch have ye said to me, and I have sworn and said over largely afore King Arthur in hearing of all his knights, that I shall not slay nor betray him. It were to me overmuch shame to break my promise. Ye say well, said Sir Launcelot, but ye are called so false and full of treason that no man may believe you. Forsooth it is known well wherefore ye came into this country, and for none other cause but for to slay Sir Tristram. So with great dole King Mark and Sir Tristram rode together, for it was by Sir Tristram's will and his means to go with King Mark, and all was for the intent to see La Beale Isoud, for without the sight of her Sir Tristram might not endure.

**CHAPTER XXIII. How Sir Percivale was made knight of King Arthur, and how a dumb maid spake, and brought him to the Round Table.** NOW turn we again unto Sir Lamorak, and speak we of his brethren, Sir Tor, which was King Pellinore's first son and begotten of Aryes, wife of the cowherd, for he was a bastard; and Sir Aglovale was his first son begotten in wedlock; Sir Lamorak, Dornar, Percivale, these were his sons too in wedlock. So when King Mark and Sir Tristram were departed from the court there was made great dole and sorrow for the departing of Sir Tristram. Then the king and his knights made no manner of joys eight days after. And at the eight days' end there came to the court a knight with a young squire with him. And when this knight was unarmed, he went to the king and required him to make the young squire a knight. Of what lineage is he come? said King Arthur. Sir, said the knight, he is the son of King Pellinore, that did you some time good service, and he is a brother unto Sir Lamorak de Galis, the good knight. Well, said the king, for what cause desire ye that of me that I should make him knight? Wit you well, my lord the king, that this young squire is brother to me as well as to Sir Lamorak, and my name is Aglavale. Sir Aglavale, said Arthur, for the love of Sir Lamorak, and for his father's love, he shall be made knight to-morrow. Now tell me, said Arthur, what is his name? Sir, said the knight, his name is Percivale de Galis. So on the morn the king made him knight in Camelot. But the king and all the knights thought it would be long or that he proved a good knight.

Then at the dinner, when the king was set at the table, and every knight after he was of prowess, the king commanded him to be set among mean knights; and so was Sir Percivale set as the king commanded. Then was there a maiden in the queen's court that was come of high blood, and she was dumb and never spake word. Right so she came straight into the hall, and went unto Sir Percivale, and took him by the hand and said aloud, that the king and all the knights might hear it: Arise, Sir Percivale, the noble knight and God's knight, and go with me; and so he did. And there she brought him to the right side of the Siege Perilous, and said, Fair knight, take here thy siege, for that siege appertaineth to thee and to none other. Right so she departed and asked a priest. And as she was confessed and houselled then she died. Then the king and all the court made great joy of Sir Percivale.

**CHAPTER XXIV. How Sir Lamorak visited King Lot's wife, and how Sir Gaheris slew her which was his own mother.** NOW turn we unto Sir Lamorak, that much was there praised. Then, by the mean of Sir Gawaine and his brethren, they sent for their mother there besides, fast by a castle beside Camelot; and all was to that intent to slay Sir Lamorak. The Queen of Orkney was there but a while, but Sir Lamorak wist of their being, and was full fain; and for to make an end of this matter, he sent unto her, and there betwixt them was a night assigned that Sir Lamorak should come to her. Thereof was ware Sir Gaheris, and there he rode afore the same night, and waited upon Sir Lamorak, and then he saw where he came all armed. And where Sir Lamorak alighted he tied his horse to a privy postern, and so he went into a parlour and unarmed him; and then he went unto the queen's bed, and she made of him passing great joy, and he of her again, for either loved other passing sore. So when the knight, Sir Gaheris, saw his time, he came to their bedside all armed, with his sword naked,

and suddenly gat his mother by the hair and struck off her head.

When Sir Lamorak saw the blood dash upon him all hot, the which he loved passing well, wit you well he was sore abashed and dismayed of that dolorous knight. And therewithal, Sir Lamorak leapt out of the bed in his shirt as a knight dismayed, saying thus: Ah, Sir Gaheris, knight of the Table Round, foul and evil have ye done, and to you great shame. Alas, why have ye slain your mother that bare you? with more right ye should have slain me. The offence hast thou done, said Gaheris, notwithstanding a man is born to offer his service; but yet shouldst thou beware with whom thou meddlest, for thou hast put me and my brethren to a shame, and thy father slew our father; and thou to lie by our mother is too much shame for us to suffer. And as for thy father, King Pellinore my brother Sir Gawaine and I slew him. Ye did him the more wrong, said Sir Lamorak, for my father slew not your father; it was Balin le Savage: and as yet my father's death is not revenged. Leave those words, said Sir Gaheris, for an thou speak feloniously I will slay thee. But because thou art naked I am ashamed to slay thee. But wit thou well, in what place I may get thee I shall slay thee; and now my mother is quit of thee; and withdraw thee and take thine armour, that thou were gone. Sir Lamorak saw there was none other bote, but fast armed him, and took his horse and rode his way making great sorrow. But for the shame and dolour he would not ride to King Arthur's court, but rode another way.

But when it was known that Gaheris had slain his mother the king was passing wroth, and commanded him to go out of his court. Wit ye well Sir Gawaine was wroth that Gaheris had slain his mother and let Sir Lamorak escape. And for this matter was the king passing wroth, and so was Sir Launcelot, and many other knights. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, here is a great mischief befallen by felony, and by forecast treason, that your sister is thus shamefully slain. And I dare say that it was wrought by treason, and I dare say ye shall lose that good knight, Sir Lamorak the which is great pity. I wot well and am sure, an Sir Tristram wist it, he would never more come within your court, the which should grieve you much more and all your knights. God defend, said the noble King Arthur, that I should lose Sir Lamorak or Sir Tristram, for then twain of my chief knights of the Table Round were gone. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, I am sure ye shall lose Sir Lamorak, for Sir Gawaine and his brethren will slay him by one mean or other; for they among them have concluded and sworn to slay him an ever they may see their time. That shall I let, said Arthur.

**CHAPTER XXV. How Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred met with a knight fleeing, and how they both were overthrown, and of Sir Dinadan.** NOW leave we of Sir Lamorak, and speak of Sir Gawaine's brethren, and specially of Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred. As they rode on their adventures they met with a knight fleeing, sore wounded; and they asked him what tidings. Fair knights, said he, here cometh a knight after me that will slay me. With that came Sir Dinadan riding to them by adventure, but he would promise them no help. But Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred promised him to rescue him. Therewithal came that knight straight unto them, and anon he proffered to joust. That saw Sir Mordred and rode to him, but he struck Mordred over his horse's tail. That saw Sir Agravaine, and straight he rode toward that knight, and right so as he served Mordred so he served Agravaine, and said to them: Sirs, wit ye well both that I am Breuse Saunce Pit , that hath done this to you. And yet he rode over Agravaine five or six times. When Dinadan saw this, he must needs joust with him for shame. And so Dinadan and he encountered together, that with pure strength Sir Dinadan smote him over his horse's tail. Then he took his horse and fled, for he was on foot one of the valiantest knights in Arthur's days, and a great destroyer of all good knights.

Then rode Sir Dinadan unto Sir Mordred and unto Sir Agravaine. Sir knight, said they all, well have ye done, and well have ye revenged us, wherefore we pray you tell us your name. Fair sirs, ye ought to know my name, the which is called Sir Dinadan. When they understood that it was Dinadan they were more wroth than they were before, for they hated him out of measure because of Sir Lamorak. For Dinadan had such a custom that he loved all

good knights that were valiant, and he hated all those that were destroyers of good knights. And there were none that hated Dinadan but those that ever were called murderers. Then spake the hurt knight that Breuse Saunce Pit  had chased, his name was Dalan, and said: If thou be Dinadan thou slewest my father. It may well be so, said Dinadan, but then it was in my defence and at his request. By my head, said Dalan, thou shalt die therefore, and therewith he dressed his spear and his shield. And to make the shorter tale, Sir Dinadan smote him down off his horse, that his neck was nigh broken. And in the same wise he smote Sir Mordred and Sir Agravaine. And after, in the quest of the Sangreal, cowardly and feloniously they slew Dinadan, the which was great damage, for he was a great boulder and a passing good knight.

And so Sir Dinadan rode to a castle that hight Beale-Valet. And there he found Sir Palomides that was not yet whole of the wound that Sir Lamorak gave him. And there Dinadan told Palomides all the tidings that he heard and saw of Sir Tristram, and how he was gone with King Mark, and with him he hath all his will and desire. Therewith Sir Palomides waxed wroth, for he loved La Beale Isoud. And then he wist well that Sir Tristram enjoyed her.

**CHAPTER XXVI. How King Arthur, the Queen, and Launcelot received letters out of Cornwall, and of the answer again.** NOW leave we Sir Palomides and Sir Dinadan in the Castle of Beale-Valet, and turn we again unto King Arthur. There came a knight out of Cornwall, his name was Fergus, a fellow of the Round Table. And there he told the king and Sir Launcelot good tidings of Sir Tristram, and there were brought goodly letters, and how he left him in the castle of Tintagil. Then came the damosel that brought goodly letters unto King Arthur and unto Sir Launcelot, and there she had passing good cheer of the king, and of the Queen Guenever, and of Sir Launcelot. Then they wrote goodly letters again. But Sir Launcelot bade ever Sir Tristram beware of King Mark, for ever he called him in his letters King Fox, as who saith, he fareth all with wiles and treason. Whereof Sir Tristram in his heart thanked Sir Launcelot. Then the damosel went unto La Beale Isoud, and bare her letters from the king and from Sir Launcelot, whereof she was in passing great joy. Fair damosel, said La Beale Isoud, how fareth my Lord Arthur, and the Queen Guenever, and the noble knight, Sir Launcelot? She answered, and to make short tale: Much the better that ye and Sir Tristram be in joy. God reward them, said La Beale Isoud, for Sir Tristram suffereth great pain for me, and I for him.

So the damosel departed, and brought letters to King Mark. And when he had read them, and understood them, he was wroth with Sir Tristram, for he deemed that he had sent the damosel unto King Arthur. For Arthur and Launcelot in a manner threatened King Mark. And as King Mark read these letters he deemed treason by Sir Tristram. Damosel, said King Mark, will ye ride again and bear letters from me unto King Arthur? Sir, she said, I will be at your commandment to ride when ye will. Ye say well, said the king; come again, said the king, to-morn, and fetch your letters. Then she departed and told them how she should ride again with letters unto Arthur. Then we pray you, said La Beale Isoud and Sir Tristram, that when ye have received your letters, that ye would come by us that we may see the privy of your letters. All that I may do, madam, ye wot well I must do for Sir Tristram, for I have been long his own maiden.

So on the morn the damosel went to King Mark to have had his letters and to depart. I am not avised, said King Mark, as at this time to send my letters. Then privily and secretly he sent letters unto King Arthur, and unto Queen Guenever, and unto Sir Launcelot. So the varlet departed, and found the king and the queen in Wales, at Carlion. And as the king and the queen were at mass the varlet came with the letters. And when mass was done the king and the queen opened the letters privily by themselves. And the beginning of the king's letters spake wonderly short unto King Arthur, and bade him entermete with himself and with his wife, and of his knights; for he was able enough to rule and keep his wife.

**CHAPTER XXVII. How Sir Launcelot was wroth with the letter that he received from King Mark, and of Dinadan which made a lay of King Mark.** WHEN King Arthur under-

stood the letter, he mused of many things, and thought on his sister's words, Queen Morgan le Fay, that she had said betwixt Queen Guenever and Sir Launcelot. And in this thought he studied a great while. Then he bethought him again how his sister was his own enemy, and that she hated the queen and Sir Launcelot, and so he put all that out of his thought. Then King Arthur read the letter again, and the latter clause said that King Mark took Sir Tristram for his mortal enemy; wherefore he put Arthur out of doubt he would be revenged of Sir Tristram. Then was King Arthur wroth with King Mark. And when Queen Guenever read her letter and understood it, she was wroth out of measure, for the letter spake shame by her and by Sir Launcelot. And so privily she sent the letter unto Sir Launcelot. And when he wist the intent of the letter he was so wroth that he laid him down on his bed to sleep, whereof Sir Dinadan was ware, for it was his manner to be privy with all good knights. And as Sir Launcelot slept he stole the letter out of his hand, and read it word by word. And then he made great sorrow for anger. And so Sir Launcelot awaked, and went to a window, and read the letter again, the which made him angry.

Sir, said Dinadan, wherefore be ye angry? discover your heart to me: forsooth ye wot well I owe you good will, howbeit I am a poor knight and a servitor unto you and to all good knights. For though I be not of worship myself I love all those that be of worship. It is truth, said Sir Launcelot, ye are a trusty knight, and for great trust I will shew you my counsel. And when Dinadan understood all, he said: This is my counsel: set you right nought by these threats, for King Mark is so villainous, that by fair speech shall never man get of him. But ye shall see what I shall do; I will make a lay for him, and when it is made I shall make an harper to sing it afore him. So anon he went and made it, and taught it an harper that hight Eliot. And when he could it, he taught it to many harpers. And so by the will of Sir Launcelot, and of Arthur, the harpers went straight into Wales, and into Cornwall, to sing the lay that Sir Dinadan made by King Mark, the which was the worst lay that ever harper sang with harp or with any other instruments.

**CHAPTER XXVIII. How Sir Tristram was hurt, and of a war made to King Mark; and of Sir Tristram how he promised to rescue him.** NOW turn we again unto Sir Tristram and to King Mark. As Sir Tristram was at jousts and at tournament it fortuneed he was sore hurt both with a spear and with a sword, but yet he won always the degree. And for to repose him he went to a good knight that dwelled in Cornwall, in a castle, whose name was Sir Dinas le Seneschal. Then by misfortune there came out of Sessoins a great number of men of arms, and an hideous host, and they entered nigh the Castle of Tintagil; and their captain's name was Elias, a good man of arms. When King Mark understood his enemies were entered into his land he made great dole and sorrow, for in no wise by his will King Mark would not send for Sir Tristram, for he hated him deadly.

So when his council was come they devised and cast many perils of the strength of their enemies. And then they concluded all at once, and said thus unto King Mark: Sir, wit ye well ye must send for Sir Tristram, the good knight, or else they will never be overcome. For by Sir Tristram they must be foughten withal, or else we row against the stream. Well, said King Mark, I will do by your counsel; but yet he was full loath thereto, but need constrained him to send for him. Then was he sent for in all haste that might be, that he should come to King Mark. And when he understood that King Mark had sent for him, he mounted upon a soft ambler and rode to King Mark. And when he was come the king said thus: Fair nephew Sir Tristram, this is all. Here be come our enemies of Sessoins, that are here nigh hand, and without tarrying they must be met with shortly, or else they will destroy this country. Sir, said Sir Tristram, wit ye well all my power is at your commandment. And wit ye well, sir, these eight days I may bear none arms, for my wounds be not yet whole. And by that day I shall do what I may. Ye say well, said King Mark; then go ye again and repose you and make you fresh, and I shall go and meet the Sessoins with all my power.

So the king departed unto Tintagil, and Sir Tristram went to

repose him. And the king made a great host and departed them in three; the first part led Sir Dinas the Seneschal, and Sir Andred led the second part, and Sir Argius led the third part; and he was of the blood of King Mark. And the Sessoins had three great battles, and many good men of arms. And so King Mark by the advice of his knights issued out of the Castle of Tintagil upon his enemies. And Dinas, the good knight, rode out afore, and slew two knights with his own hands, and then began the battles. And there was marvellous breaking of spears and smiting of swords, and slew down many good knights. And ever was Sir Dinas the Seneschal the best of King Mark's party. And thus the battle endured long with great mortality. But at the last King Mark and Sir Dinas, were they never so loath, they withdrew them to the Castle of Tintagil with great slaughter of people; and the Sessoins followed on fast, that ten of them were put within the gates and four slain with the portcullis.

Then King Mark sent for Sir Tristram by a varlet, that told him all the mortality. Then he sent the varlet again, and bade him: Tell King Mark that I will come as soon as I am whole, for erst I may do him no good. Then King Mark had his answer. Therewith came Elias and bade the king yield up the castle: For ye may not hold it no while. Sir Elias, said the king, so will I yield up the castle if I be not soon rescued. Anon King Mark sent again for rescue to Sir Tristram. By then Sir Tristram was whole, and he had gotten him ten good knights of Arthur's; and with them he rode unto Tintagil. And when he saw the great host of Sessoins he marvelled wonder greatly. And then Sir Tristram rode by the woods and by the ditches as secretly as he might, till he came nigh the gates. And there dressed a knight to him when he saw that Sir Tristram would enter; and Sir Tristram smote him down dead, and so he served three more. And everych of these ten knights slew a man of arms. So Sir Tristram entered into the Castle of Tintagil. And when King Mark wist that Sir Tristram was come he was glad of his coming, and so was all the fellowship, and of him they made great joy.

**CHAPTER XXIX. How Sir Tristram overcame the battle, and how Elias desired a man to fight body for body.** SO on the morn Elias the captain came, and bade King Mark: Come out and do battle; for now the good knight Sir Tristram is entered it will be shame to thee, said Elias, for to keep thy walls. When King Mark understood this he was wroth and said no word, but went unto Sir Tristram and asked him his counsel. Sir, said Sir Tristram, will ye that I give him his answer? I will well, said King Mark. Then Sir Tristram said thus to the messenger: Bear thy lord word from the king and me, that we will do battle with him to-morn in the plain field. What is your name? said the messenger. Wit thou well my name is Sir Tristram de Lions. Therewithal the messenger departed and told his lord Elias all that he had heard. Sir, said Sir Tristram unto King Mark, I pray you give me leave to have the rule of the battle. I pray you take the rule, said King Mark. Then Sir Tristram let devise the battle in what manner that it should be. He let depart his host in six parties, and ordained Sir Dinas the Seneschal to have the foreward, and other knights to rule the remnant. And the same night Sir Tristram burnt all the Sessoins' ships unto the cold water. Anon, as Elias wist that, he said it was of Sir Tristram's doing: For he casteth that we shall never escape, mother son of us. Therefore, fair fellows, fight freely to-morrow, and miscomfort you nought; for any knight, though he be the best knight in the world, he may not have ado with us all.

Then they ordained their battle in four parties, wonderly well apparelled and garnished with men of arms. Thus they within issued, and they without set freely upon them; and there Sir Dinas did great deeds of arms. Not for then Sir Dinas and his fellowship were put to the worse. With that came Sir Tristram and slew two knights with one spear; then he slew on the right hand and on the left hand, that men marvelled that ever he might do such deeds of arms. And then he might see sometime the battle was driven a bow-draught from the castle, and sometime it was at the gates of the castle. Then came Elias the captain rushing here and there, and hit King Mark so sore upon the helm that he made him to avoid the saddle. And then Sir Dinas gat King Mark again to horseback. Therewithal came in Sir Tristram like a lion, and there he met with

Elias, and he smote him so sore upon the helm that he avoided his saddle. And thus they fought till it was night, and for great slaughter and for wounded people everych party drew to their rest.

And when King Mark was come within the Castle of Tintagil he lacked of his knights an hundred, and they without lacked two hundred; and they searched the wounded men on both parties. And then they went to council; and wit you well either party were loath to fight more, so that either might escape with their worship. When Elias the captain understood the death of his men he made great dole; and when he wist that they were loath to go to battle again he was wroth out of measure. Then Elias sent word unto King Mark, in great despite, whether he would find a knight that would fight for him body for body. And if that he might slay King Mark's knight, he to have the truage of Cornwall yearly. And if that his knight slay mine, I fully release my claim forever. Then the messenger departed unto King Mark, and told him how that his lord Elias had sent him word to find a knight to do battle with him body for body. When King Mark understood the messenger, he bade him abide and he should have his answer. Then called he all the baronage together to wit what was the best counsel. They said all at once: To fight in a field we have no lust, for had not been Sir Tristram's prowess it had been likely that we never should have escaped; and therefore, sir, as we deem, it were well done to find a knight that would do battle with him, for he knightly proffereth.

**CHAPTER XXI. How Sir Elias and Sir Tristram fought together for the truage, and how Sir Tristram slew Elias in the field.** NOT for then when all this was said, they could find no knight that would do battle with him. Sir king, said they all, here is no knight that dare fight with Elias. Alas, said King Mark, then am I utterly ashamed and utterly destroyed, unless that my nephew Sir Tristram will take the battle upon him. Wit you well, they said all, he had yesterday overmuch on hand, and he is weary for travail, and sore wounded. Where is he? said King Mark. Sir, said they, he is in his bed to repose him. Alas, said King Mark, but I have the succour of my nephew Sir Tristram, I am utterly destroyed for ever.

Therewith one went to Sir Tristram where he lay, and told him what King Mark had said. And therewith Sir Tristram arose lightly, and put on him a long gown, and came afore the king and all the lords. And when he saw them all so dismayed he asked the king and the lords what tidings were with them. Never worse, said the king. And therewith he told him all, how he had word of Elias to find a knight to fight for the truage of Cornwall, and none can I find. And as for you, said the king and all the lords, we may ask no more of you for shame; for through your hardiness yesterday ye saved all our lives. Sir, said Sir Tristram, now I understand ye would have my succour, reason would that I should do all that lieth in my power to do, saving my worship and my life, howbeit I am sore bruised and hurt. And sithen Sir Elias proffereth so largely, I shall fight with him, or else I will be slain in the field, or else I will deliver Cornwall from the old truage. And therefore lightly call his messenger and he shall be answered, for as yet my wounds be green, and they will be sorer a seven night after than they be now; and therefore he shall have his answer that I will do battle to-morn with him.

Then was the messenger departed brought before King Mark. Hark, my fellow, said Sir Tristram, go fast unto thy lord, and bid him make true assurance on his part for the truage, as the king here shall make on his part; and then tell thy lord, Sir Elias, that I, Sir Tristram, King Arthur's knight, and knight of the Table Round, will as to-morn meet with thy lord on horseback, to do battle as long as my horse may endure, and after that to do battle with him on foot to the utterance. The messenger beheld Sir Tristram from the top to the toe; and therewithal he departed and came to his lord, and told him how he was answered of Sir Tristram. And therewithal was made hostage on both parties, and made it as sure as it might be, that whether party had the victory, so to end. And then were both hosts assembled on both parts of the field, without the Castle of Tintagil, and there was none but Sir Tristram and Sir Elias armed.

So when the appointment was made, they departed in-sunder, and they came together with all the might that their horses might run. And either knight smote other so hard that both horses and knights went to the earth. Not for then they both lightly arose and dressed their shields on their shoulders, with naked swords in their hands, and they dashed together that it seemed a flaming fire about them. Thus they traced, and traversed, and hewed on helms and hauberks, and cut away many cantels of their shields, and either wounded other passing sore, so that the hot blood fell freshly upon the earth. And by then they had foughten the mountenance of an hour Sir Tristram waxed faint and for-bled, and gave sore aback. That saw Sir Elias, and followed fiercely upon him, and wounded him in many places. And ever Sir Tristram traced and traversed, and went froward him here and there, and covered him with his shield as he might all weakly, that all men said he was overcome; for Sir Elias had given him twenty strokes against one.

Then was there laughing of the Sessoins' party, and great dole on King Mark's party. Alas, said the king, we are ashamed and destroyed all for ever: for as the book saith, Sir Tristram was never so matched, but if it were Sir Launcelot. Thus as they stood and beheld both parties, that one party laughing and the other party weeping, Sir Tristram remembered him of his lady, La Beale Isoud, that looked upon him, and how he was likely never to come in her presence. Then he pulled up his shield that erst hung full low. And then he dressed up his shield unto Elias, and gave him many sad strokes, twenty against one, and all to-brake his shield and his hauberk, that the hot blood ran down to the earth. Then began King Mark to laugh, and all Cornish men, and that other party to weep. And ever Sir Tristram said to Sir Elias: Yield thee.

Then when Sir Tristram saw him so staggering on the ground, he said: Sir Elias, I am right sorry for thee, for thou art a passing good knight as ever I met withal, except Sir Launcelot. Therewithal Sir Elias fell to the earth, and there died. What shall I do, said Sir Tristram unto King Mark, for this battle is at an end? Then they of Elias' party departed, and King Mark took of them many prisoners, to redress the harms and the scathes that he had of them; and the remnant he sent into their country to borrow out their fellows. Then was Sir Tristram searched and well healed. Yet for all this King Mark would fain have slain Sir Tristram. But for all that ever Sir Tristram saw or heard by King Mark, yet would he never beware of his treason, but ever he would be thereas La Beale Isoud was.

**CHAPTER XXXI. How at a great feast that King Mark made an harper came and sang the lay that Dinadan had made.** NOW will we pass of this matter, and speak we of the harpers that Sir Launcelot and Sir Dinadan had sent into Cornwall. And at the great feast that King Mark made for joy that the Sessoins were put out of his country, then came Eliot the harper with the lay that Dinadan had made and secretly brought it unto Sir Tristram, and told him the lay that Dinadan had made by King Mark. And when Sir Tristram heard it, he said: O Lord Jesu, that Dinadan can make wonderly well and ill, thereas it shall be. Sir, said Eliot, dare I sing this song afore King Mark? Yea, on my peril, said Sir Tristram, for I shall be thy warrant. Then at the meat came in Eliot the harper, and because he was a curious harper men heard him sing the same lay that Dinadan had made, the which spake the most villainy by King Mark of his treason that ever man heard.

When the harper had sung his song to the end King Mark was wonderly wroth, and said: Thou harper, how durst thou be so bold on thy head to sing this song afore me. Sir, said Eliot, wit you well I am a minstrel, and I must do as I am commanded of these lords that I bear the arms of. And sir, wit ye well that Sir Dinadan, a knight of the Table Round, made this song, and made me to sing it afore you. Thou sayest well, said King Mark, and because thou art a minstrel thou shalt go quit, but I charge thee hie thee fast out of my sight. So the harper departed and went to Sir Tristram, and told him how he had sped. Then Sir Tristram let make letters as goodly as he could to Launcelot and to Sir Dinadan. And so he let conduct the harper out of the country. But to say that King Mark was wonderly wroth, he was, for he deemed that the lay that was sung afore him was made by Sir Tristram's counsel, wherefore he thought to slay him and all his well-willers in that country.

### CHAPTER XXXII. How King Mark slew by treason his brother Boudwin, for good service that he had done to him.

NOW turn we to another matter that fell between King Mark and his brother, that was called the good Prince Boudwin, that all the people of the country loved passing well. So it befell on a time that the miscreant Saracens landed in the country of Cornwall soon after these Sessoins were gone. And then the good Prince Boudwin, at the landing, he raised the country privily and hastily. And or it were day he let put wildfire in three of his own ships, and suddenly he pulled up the sail, and with the wind he made those ships to be driven among the navy of the Saracens. And to make short tale, those three ships set on fire all the ships, that none were saved. And at point of the day the good Prince Boudwin with all his fellowship set on the miscreants with shouts and cries, and slew to the number of forty thousand, and left none alive.

When King Mark wist this he was wonderly wroth that his brother should win such worship. And because this prince was better beloved than he in all that country, and that also Boudwin loved well Sir Tristram, therefore he thought to slay him. And thus, hastily, as a man out of his wit, he sent for Prince Boudwin and Anglides his wife, and bade them bring their young son with them, that he might see him. All this he did to the intent to slay the child as well as his father, for he was the falsest traitor that ever was born. Alas, for his goodness and for his good deeds this gentle Prince Boudwin was slain. So when he came with his wife Anglides, the king made them fair semblant till they had dined. And when they had dined King Mark sent for his brother and said thus: Brother, how sped you when the miscreants arrived by you? meseemeth it had been your part to have sent me word, that I might have been at that journey, for it had been reason that I had had the honour and not you. Sir, said the Prince Boudwin, it was so that an I had tarried till that I had sent for you those miscreants had destroyed my country. Thou liest, false traitor, said King Mark, for thou art ever about for to win worship from me, and put me to dishonour, and thou cherishest that I hate. And therewith he struck him to the heart with a dagger, that he never after spake word. Then the Lady Anglides made great dole, and swooned, for she saw her lord slain afore her face. Then was there no more to do but Prince Boudwin was despoiled and brought to burial. But Anglides privily gat her husband's doublet and his shirt, and that she kept secretly.

Then was there much sorrow and crying, and great dole made Sir Tristram, Sir Dinas, Sir Fergus, and so did all knights that were there; for that prince was passingly well beloved. So La Beale Isoud sent unto Anglides, the Prince Boudwin's wife, and bade her avoid lightly or else her young son, Alisander le Orphelin, should be slain. When she heard this, she took her horse and her child; and rode with such poor men as durst ride with her.

**CHAPTER XXXIII. How Anglides, Boudwin's wife, escaped with her young son, Alisander le Orphelin, and came to the Castle of Arundel.** NOTWITHSTANDING, when King Mark had done this deed, yet he thought to do more vengeance; and with his sword in his hand, he sought from chamber to chamber, to seek Anglides and her young son. And when she was missed he called a good knight that hight Sadok, and charged him by pain of death to fetch Anglides again and her young son. So Sir Sadok departed and rode after Anglides. And within ten mile he overtook her, and bade her turn again and ride with him to King Mark. Alas, fair knight, she said, what shall ye win by my son's death or by mine? I have had overmuch harm and too great a loss. Madam, said Sadok, of your loss is dole and pity; but madam, said Sadok, would ye depart out of this country with your son, and keep him till he be of age, that he may revenge his father's death, then would I suffer you to depart from me, so you promise me to revenge the death of Prince Boudwin. Ah, gentle knight, Jesu thank thee, and if ever my son, Alisander le Orphelin, live to be a knight, he shall have his father's doublet and his shirt with the bloody marks, and I shall give him such a charge that he shall remember it while he liveth. And therewithal Sadok departed from her, and either be took other to God. And when Sadok came to King Mark he told him faithfully that he had drowned young Alisander her son; and thereof King Mark was full glad.

Now turn we unto Anglides, that rode both night and day by adventure out of Cornwall, and little and in few places she rested; but ever she drew southward to the seaside, till by fortune she came to a castle that is called Magouns, and now it is called Arundel, in Sussex. And the Constable of the castle welcomed her, and said she was welcome to her own castle; and there was Anglides 2t worshipfully received, for the Constable's wife was nigh her cousin, and the Constable's name was Bellangere; and that same Constable told Anglides that the same castle was hers by right inheritance. Thus Anglides endured years and winters, till Alisander was big and strong; there was none so wight in all that country, neither there was none that might do no manner of mastery afore him.

**CHAPTER XXXIV. How Anglides gave the bloody doublet to Alisander, her son, the same day that he was made knight, and the charge withal.** THEN upon a day Bellangere the Constable came to Anglides and said: Madam, it were time my lord Alisander were made knight, for he is a passing strong young man. Sir, said she, I would he were made knight; but then must I give him the most charge that ever sinful mother gave to her child. Do as ye list, said Bellangere, and I shall give him warning that he shall be made knight. Now it will be well done that he may be made knight at our Lady Day in Lent. Be it so, said Anglides, and I pray you make ready therefore. So came the Constable to Alisander, and told him that he should at our Lady Day in Lent be made knight. I thank God, said Alisander; these are the best tidings that ever came to me. Then the Constable ordained twenty of the greatest gentlemen's sons, and the best born men of the country, that should be made knights that same day that Alisander was made knight. So on the same day that Alisander and his twenty fellows were made knights, at the offering of the mass there came Anglides unto her son and said thus: O fair sweet son, I charge thee upon my blessing, and of the high order of chivalry that thou takest here this day, that thou understand what I shall say and charge thee withal. Therewithal she pulled out a bloody doublet and a bloody shirt, that were be-bled with old blood. When Alisander saw this he stert aback and waxed pale, and said: Fair mother, what may this mean? I shall tell thee, fair son: this was thine own father's doublet and shirt, that he wore upon him that same day that he was slain. And there she told him why and wherefore, and how for his goodness King Mark slew him with his dagger afore mine own eyen. And therefore this shall be your charge that I shall give thee.

**CHAPTER XXXV. How it was told to King Mark of Sir Alisander, and how he would have slain Sir Sadok for saving his life.** NOW I require thee, and charge thee upon my blessing, and upon the high order of knighthood, that thou be revenged upon King Mark for the death of thy father. And therewithal she swooned. Then Alisander leapt to his mother, and took her up in his arms, and said: Fair mother, ye have given me a great charge, and here I promise you I shall be avenged upon King Mark when that I may; and that I promise to God and to you. So this feast was ended, and the Constable, by the advice of Anglides, let purvey that Alisander was well horsed and harnessed. Then he jousted with his twenty fellows that were made knights with him, but for to make a short tale, he overthrew all those twenty, that none might withstand him a buffet.

Then one of those knights departed unto King Mark, and told him all, how Alisander was made knight, and all the charge that his mother gave him, as ye have heard afore time. Alas, false treason, said King Mark, I weened that young traitor had been dead. Alas, whom may I trust? And therewithal King Mark took a sword in his hand; and sought Sir Sadok from chamber to chamber to slay him. When Sir Sadok saw King Mark come with his sword in his hand he said thus: Beware, King Mark, and come not nigh me; for wit thou well that I saved Alisander his life, of which I never repent me, for thou falsely and cowardly slew his father Boudwin, traitorly for his good deeds; wherefore I pray Almighty Jesu send Alisander might and strength to be revenged upon thee. And now beware King Mark of young Alisander, for he is made a knight. Alas, said King Mark, that ever I should hear a traitor say so afore me. And therewith four knights of King Mark's drew

their swords to slay Sir Sadok, but anon Sir Sadok slew them all in King Mark's presence. And then Sir Sadok passed forth into his chamber, and took his horse and his harness, and rode on his way a good pace. For there was neither Sir Tristram, neither Sir Dinas, nor Sir Fergus, that would Sir Sadok any evil will. Then was King Mark wroth, and thought to destroy Sir Alisander and Sir Sadok that had saved him; for King Mark dreaded and hated Alisander most of any man living.

When Sir Tristram understood that Alisander was made knight, anon forthwithal he sent him a letter, praying him and charging him that he would draw him to the court of King Arthur, and that he put him in the rule and in the hands of Sir Launcelot. So this letter was sent to Alisander from his cousin, Sir Tristram. And at that time he thought to do after his commandment. Then King Mark called a knight that brought him the tidings from Alisander, and bade him abide still in that country. Sir, said that knight, so must I do, for in my own country I dare not come. No force, said King Mark, I shall give thee here double as much lands as ever thou hadst of thine own. But within short space Sir Sadok met with that false knight, and slew him. Then was King Mark wroth out of measure. Then he sent unto Queen Morgan le Fay, and to the Queen of North-galis, praying them in his letters that they two sorceresses would set all the country in fire with ladies that were enchantresses, and by such that were dangerous knights, as Malgrin, Breuse Saunce Pit , that by no mean Alisander le Orphelin should escape, but either he should be taken or slain. This ordinance made King Mark for to destroy Alisander.

**CHAPTER XXXVI. How Sir Alisander won the prize at a tournament, and of Morgan le Fay: and how he fought with Sir Malgrin, and slew him.** NOW turn we again unto Sir Alisander, that at his departing his mother took with him his father's bloody shirt. So that he bare with him always till his death day, in tokening to think of his father's death. So was Alisander purposed to ride to London, by the counsel of Sir Tristram, to Sir Launcelot. And by fortune he went by the seaside, and rode wrong. And there he won at a tournament the gree that King Carados made. And there he smote down King Carados and twenty of his knights, and also Sir Safere, a good knight that was Sir Palomides' brother, the good knight. All this saw a damosel, and saw the best knight joust that ever she saw. And ever as he smote down knights he made them to swear to wear none harness in a twelvemonth and a day. This is well said, said Morgan le Fay, this is the knight that I would fain see. And so she took her palfrey, and rode a great while, and then she rested her in her pavilion. So there came four knights, two were armed, and two were unarmed, and they told Morgan le Fay their names: the first was Elias de Gomeret, the second was Cari de Gomeret, those were armed; that other twain were of Camiliard, cousins unto Queen Guenever, and that one hight Guy, and that other hight Garaunt, those were unarmed. There these four knights told Morgan le Fay how a young knight had smitten them down before a castle For the maiden of that castle said that he was but late made knight, and young. But as we suppose, but if it were Sir Tristram, or Sir Launcelot, or Sir Lamorak, the good knight, there is none that might sit him a buffet with a spear. Well, said Morgan le Fay, I shall meet that knight or it be long time, an he dwell in that country.

So turn we to the damosel of the castle, that when Alisander le Orphelin had forjousted the four knights, she called him to her, and said thus: Sir knight, wilt thou for my sake joust and fight with a knight, for my sake, of this country, that is and hath been long time an evil neighbour to me? His name is Malgrin, and he will not suffer me to be married in no manner wise for all that I can do, or any knight for my sake. Damosel, said Alisander, an he come whiles I am here I will fight with him, and my poor body for your sake I will jeopard. And therewithal she sent for him, for he was at her commandment. And when either had a sight of other, they made them ready for to joust, and they came together eagerly, and Malgrin brised his spear upon Alisander, and Alisander smote him again so hard that he bare him quite from his saddle to the earth. But this Malgrin arose lightly, and dressed his shield and drew his sword, and bade him alight, saying: Though thou have the better of me on horseback, thou shalt find that I shall endure like a knight

on foot. It is well said, said Alisander; and so lightly he avoided his horse and betook him to his varlet. And then they rushed together like two boars, and laid on their helms and shields long time, by the space of three hours, that never man could say which was the better knight.

And in the meanwhile came Morgan le Fay to the damosel of the castle, and they beheld the battle. But this Malgrin was an old roted knight, and he was called one of the dangerous knights of the world to do battle on foot, but on horseback there were many better. And ever this Malgrin awaited to slay Alisander, and so wounded him wonderly sore, that it was marvel that ever he might stand, for he had bled so much blood; for Alisander fought wildy, and not wittily. And that other was a felonious knight, and awaited him, and smote him sore. And sometime they rushed together with their shields, like two boars or rams, and fell grovelling both to the earth. Now knight, said Malgrin, hold thy hand a while, and tell me what thou art. I will not, said Alisander, but if me list: but tell me thy name, and why thou keepest this country, or else thou shalt die of my hands. Wit thou well, said Malgrin, that for this maiden's love, of this castle, I have slain ten good knights by mishap; and by outrage and orgulit  of myself I have slain ten other knights. So God me help, said Alisander, this is the foulest confession that ever I heard knight make, nor never heard I speak of other men of such a shameful confession; wherefore it were great pity and great shame unto me that I should let thee live any longer; therefore keep thee as well as ever thou mayest, for as I am true knight, either thou shalt slay me or else I shall slay thee, I promise thee faithfully.

Then they lashed together fiercely, and at the last Alisander smote Malgrin to the earth. And then he raced off his helm, and smote off his head lightly. And when he had done and ended this battle, anon he called to him his varlet, the which brought him his horse. And then he, weening to be strong enough, would have mounted. And so she laid Sir Alisander in an horse litter, and led him into the castle, for he had no foot nor might to stand upon the earth; for he had sixteen great wounds, and in especial one of them was like to be his death.

**CHAPTER XXXVII. How Queen Morgan le Fay had Alisander in her castle, and how she healed his wounds.** THEN Queen Morgan le Fay searched his wounds, and gave such an ointment unto him that he should have died. And on the morn when she came to him he complained him sore; and then she put other ointments upon him, and then he was out of his pain. Then came the damosel of the castle, and said unto Morgan le Fay: I pray you help me that this knight might wed me, for he hath won me with his hands. Ye shall see, said Morgan le Fay, what I shall say. Then Morgan le Fay went unto Alisander, and bade in anywise that he should refuse this lady, an she desire to wed you, for she is not for you. So the damosel came and desired of him marriage. Damosel, said Orphelin, I thank you, but as yet I cast me not to marry in this country. Sir, she said, sithen ye will not marry me, I pray you inasmuch as ye have won me, that ye will give me to a knight of this country that hath been my friend, and loved me many years. With all my heart, said Alisander, I will assent thereto. Then was the knight sent for, his name was Gerine le Grose. And anon he made them handfast, and wedded them.

Then came Queen Morgan le Fay to Alisander, and bade him arise, and put him in an horse litter, and gave him such a drink that in three days and three nights he waked never, but slept; and so she brought him to her own castle that at that time was called La Beale Regard. Then Morgan le Fay came to Alisander, and asked him if he would fain be whole. Who would be sick, said Alisander, an he might be whole? Well, said Morgan le Fay, then shall ye promise me by your knighthood that this day twelvemonth and a day ye shall not pass the compass of this castle, and without doubt ye shall lightly be whole. I assent, said Sir Alisander. And there he made her a promise: then was he soon whole. And when Alisander was whole, then he repented him of his oath, for he might not be revenged upon King Mark. Right so there came a damosel that was cousin to the Earl of Pase, and she was cousin to Morgan le Fay. And by right that castle of La Beale Regard should have been hers by true inheritance. So this damosel entered into

this castle where lay Alisander, and there she found him upon his bed, passing heavy and all sad.

**CHAPTER XXXVIII. How Alisander was delivered from Queen Morgan le Fay by the means of a damosel.** SIR knight, said the damosel, an ye would be merry I could tell you good tidings. Well were me, said Alisander, an I might hear of good tidings, for now I stand as a prisoner by my promise. Sir, she said, wit you well that ye be a prisoner, and worse than ye ween; for my lady, my cousin Queen Morgan le Fay, keepeth you here for none other intent but for to do her pleasure with you when it liketh her. O Jesu defend me, said Alisander, from such pleasure; for I had liefer cut away my hangers than I would do her such pleasure. As Jesu help me, said the damosel, an ye would love me and be ruled by me, I shall make your deliverance with your worship. Tell me, said Alisander, by what means, and ye shall have my love. Fair knight, said she, this castle of right ought to be mine, and I have an uncle the which is a mighty earl, he is Earl of Pase, and of all folks he hateth most Morgan le Fay; and I shall send unto him and pray him for my sake to destroy this castle for the evil customs that be used therein; and then will he come and set wild-fire on every part of the castle, and I shall get you out at a privy postern, and there shall ye have your horse and your harness. Ye say well, damosel, said Alisander. And then she said: Ye may keep the room of this castle this twelvemonth and a day, then break ye not your oath. Truly, fair damosel, said Alisander, ye say sooth. And then he kissed her, and did to her pleasance as it pleased them both at times and leisures.

So anon she sent unto her uncle and bade him come and destroy that castle, for as the book saith, he would have destroyed that castle afore time had not that damosel been. When the earl understood her letters he sent her word again that on such a day he would come and destroy that castle. So when that day came she showed Alisander a postern wherethrough he should flee into a garden, and there he should find his armour and his horse. When the day came that was set, thither came the Earl of Pase with four hundred knights, and set on fire all the parts of the castle, that or they ceased they left not a stone standing. And all this while that the fire was in the castle he abode in the garden. And when the fire was done he let make a cry that he would keep that piece of earth theas the castle of La Beale Regard was a twelvemonth and a day, from all manner knights that would come.

So it happened there was a duke that hight Ansirus, and he was of the kin of Sir Launcelot. And this knight was a great pilgrim, for every third year he would be at Jerusalem. And because he used all his life to go in pilgrimage men called him Duke Ansirus the Pilgrim. And this duke had a daughter that hight Alice, that was a passing fair woman, and because of her father she was called Alice la Beale Pilgrim. And anon as she heard of this cry she went unto Arthur's court, and said openly in hearing of many knights, that what knight may overcome that knight that keepeth that piece of earth shall have me and all my lands.

When the knights of the Round Table heard her say thus many were glad, for she was passing fair and of great rents. Right so she let cry in castles and towns as fast on her side as Alisander did on his side. Then she dressed her pavilion straight by the piece of the earth that Alisander kept. So she was not so soon there but there came a knight of Arthur's court that hight Sagamore le Desirous, and he proffered to joust with Alisander; and they encountered, and Sagamore le Desirous brised his spear upon Sir Alisander, but Sir Alisander smote him so hard that he avoided his saddle. And when La Beale Alice saw him joust so well, she thought him a passing goodly knight on horseback. And then she leapt out of her pavilion, and took Sir Alisander by the bridle, and thus she said: Fair knight, I require thee of thy knighthood show me thy visage. I dare well, said Alisander, show my visage. And then he put off his helm; and she saw his visage, she said: O sweet Jesu, thee I must love, and never other. Then show me your visage, said he.

**CHAPTER XXXIX. How Alisander met with Alice la Beale Pilgrim, and how he jousts with two knights; and after of him and of Sir Mordred.** Then she unwimpled her visage. And when he saw her he said: Here have I found my love and my lady.

Truly, fair lady, said he, I promise you to be your knight, and none other that beareth the life. Now, gentle knight, said she, tell me your name. My name is, said he, Alisander le Orphelin. Now, damosel, tell me your name, said he. My name is, said she, Alice la Beale Pilgrim. And when we be more at our heart's ease, both ye and I shall tell other of what blood we be come. So there was great love betwixt them. And as they thus talked there came a knight that hight Harsouse le Berbuse, and asked part of Sir Alisander's spears. Then Sir Alisander encountered with him, and at the first Sir Alisander smote him over his horse's croup. And then there came another knight that hight Sir Hewgon, and Sir Alisander smote him down as he did that other. Then Sir Hewgon proffered to do battle on foot. Sir Alisander overcame him with three strokes, and there would have slain him had he not yielded him. So then Alisander made both those knights to swear to wear none armour in a twelvemonth and a day.

Then Sir Alisander alighted down, and went to rest him and repose him. Then the damosel that helped Sir Alisander out of the castle, in her play told Alice all together how he was prisoner in the castle of La Beale Regard, and there she told her how she got him out of prison. Sir, said Alice la Beale Pilgrim, meseemeth ye are much beholding to this maiden. That is truth, said Sir Alisander. And there Alice told him of what blood she was come. Sir, wit ye well, she said, that I am of the blood of King Ban, that was father unto Sir Launcelot. Y-wis, fair lady, said Alisander, my mother told me that my father was brother unto a king, and I nigh cousin unto Sir Tristram.

Then this while came there three knights, that one hight Vains, and the other hight Harvis de les Marches, and the third hight Perin de la Montaine. And with one spear Sir Alisander smote them down all three, and gave them such falls that they had no list to fight upon foot. So he made them to swear to wear none arms in a twelvemonth. So when they were departed Sir Alisander beheld his lady Alice on horseback as he stood in her pavilion. And then was he so enamoured upon her that he wist not whether he were on horseback or on foot.

Right so came the false knight Sir Mordred, and saw Sir Alisander was assotted upon his lady; and therewithal he took his horse by the bridle, and led him here and there, and had cast to have led him out of that place to have shamed him. When the damosel that helped him out of that castle saw how shamefully he was led, anon she let arm her, and set a shield upon her shoulder; and therewith she mounted upon his horse, and gat a naked sword in her hand, and she thrust unto Alisander with all her might, and she gave him such a buffet that he thought the fire flew out of his eyes. And when Alisander felt that stroke he looked about him, and drew his sword. And when she saw that, she fled, and so did Mordred into the forest, and the damosel fled into the pavilion. So when Alisander understood himself how the false knight would have shamed him had not the damosel been then was he wroth with himself that Sir Mordred was so escaped his hands. But then Sir Alisander and Alice had good game at the damosel, how sadly she hit him upon the helm.

Then Sir Alisander jousts thus day by day, and on foot he did many battles with many knights of King Arthur's court, and with many knights strangers. Therefore to tell all the battles that he did it were overmuch to rehearse, for every day within that twelvemonth he had ado with one knight or with other, and some day he had ado with three or with four; and there was never knight that put him to the worse. And at the twelvemonth's end he departed with his lady, Alice la Beale Pilgrim. And the damosel would never go from him, and so they went into their country of Benoye, and lived there in great joy.

**CHAPTER XL. How Sir Galahalt did do cry a jousts in Surluse, and Queen Guenever's knights should joust against all that would come.** BUT as the book saith, King Mark would never stint till he had slain him by treason. And by Alice he gat a child that hight Bellengerus le Beuse. And by good fortune he came to the court of King Arthur, and proved a passing good knight; and he revenged his father's death, for the false King Mark slew both Sir Tristram and Alisander falsely and feloniously. And it happened so that Alisander had never grace nor fortune to come

to King Arthur's court. For an he had come to Sir Launcelot, all knights said that knew him, he was one of the strongest knights that was in Arthur's days, and great dole was made for him. So let we of him pass, and turn we to another tale.

So it befell that Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, was lord of the country of Surluse, whereof came many good knights. And this noble prince was a passing good man of arms, and ever he held a noble fellowship together. And then he came to Arthur's court and told him his intent, how this was his will, how he would let cry a jousts in the country of Surluse, the which country was within the lands of King Arthur, and there he asked leave to let cry a jousts. I will give you leave, said King Arthur; but wit thou well, said King Arthur, I may not be there. Sir, said Queen Guenever, please it you to give me leave to be at that jousts. With right good will, said Arthur; for Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, shall have you in governance. Sir, said Galahalt, I will as ye will. Sir, then the queen, I will take with me [Sir Launcelot] and such knights as please me best. Do as ye list, said King Arthur. So anon she commanded Sir Launcelot to make him ready with such knights as he thought best.

So in every good town and castle of this land was made a cry, that in the country of Surluse Sir Galahalt should make a joust that should last eight days, and how the haut prince, with the help of Queen Guenever's knights, should joust against all manner of men that would come. When this cry was known, kings and princes, dukes and earls, barons and noble knights, made them ready to be at that jousts. And at the day of jousting there came in Sir Dinadan disguised, and did many great deeds of arms.

#### **CHAPTER XLI. How Sir Launcelot fought in the tournament, and how Sir Palomides did arms there for a damosel.**

THEN at the request of Queen Guenever and of King Bagdemagus Sir Launcelot came into the range, but he was disguised, and that was the cause that few folk knew him; and there met with him Sir Ector de Maris, his own brother, and either brake their spears upon other to their hands. And then either gat another spear. And then Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Ector de Maris, his own brother. That saw Sir Bleoberis, and he smote Sir Launcelot such a buffet upon the helm that he wist not well where he was. Then Sir Launcelot was wrothy and smote Sir Bleoberis so sore upon the helm that his head bowed down backward. And he smote eft another buffet, that he avoided his saddle; and so he rode by, and thrust forth to the thickest. When the King of Northgalis saw Sir Ector and Bleoberis lie on the ground then was he wroth, for they came on his party against them of Surluse. So the King of Northgalis ran to Sir Launcelot, and brake a spear upon him all to pieces. Therewith Sir Launcelot overtook the King of Northgalis, and smote him such a buffet on the helm with his sword that he made him to avoid his horse; and anon the king was horsed again. So both the King Bagdemagus' and the King of Northgalis' party hurled to other; and then began a strong medley, but they of Northgalis were far bigger.

When Sir Launcelot saw his party go to the worst he thrang into the thickest press with a sword in his hand; and there he smote down on the right hand and on the left hand, and pulled down knights and raced off their helms, that all men had wonder that ever one knight might do such deeds of arms. When Sir Meliagaunce, that was son unto King Bagdemagus, saw how Sir Launcelot fared he marvelled greatly. And when he understood that it was he, he wist well that he was disguised for his sake. Then Sir Meliagaunce prayed a knight to slay Sir Launcelot's horse, either with sword or with spear. At that time King Bagdemagus met with a knight that hight Sauseise, a good knight, to whom he said: Now fair Sauseise, encounter with my son Meliagaunce and give him large payment, for I would he were well beaten of thy hands, that he might depart out of this field. And then Sir Sauseise encountered with Sir Meliagaunce, and either smote other down. And then they fought on foot, and there Sauseise had won Sir Meliagaunce, had there not come rescues. So then the haut prince blew to lodging, and every knight unarmed him and went to the great feast.

Then in the meanwhile there came a damosel to the haut prince, and complained that there was a knight that hight Gonerias that

withheld her all her lands. Then the knight was there present, and cast his glove to her or to any that would fight in her name. So the damosel took up the glove all heavily for default of a champion. Then there came a varlet to her and said: Damosel, will ye do after me? Full fain, said the damosel. Then go you unto such a knight that lieth here beside in an hermitage, and that followeth the Questing Beast, and pray him to take the battle upon him, and anon I wot well he will grant you.

So anon she took her palfrey, and within a while she found that knight, that was Sir Palomides. And when she required him he armed him and rode with her, and made her to go to the haut prince, and to ask leave for her knight to do battle. I will well, said the haut prince. Then the knights were ready in the field to joust on horseback; and either gat a spear in their hands, and met so fiercely together that their spears all to-shivered. Then they flang out swords, and Sir Palomides smote Sir Gonerias down to the earth. And then he raced off his helm and smote off his head. Then they went to supper, and the damosel loved Palomides as paramour, but the book saith she was of his kin. So then Palomides disguised himself in this manner, in his shield he bare the Questing Beast, and in all his trappings. And when he was thus ready, he sent to the haut prince to give him leave to joust with other knights, but he was adoubted of Sir Launcelot. The haut prince sent him word again that he should be welcome, and that Sir Launcelot should not joust with him. Then Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, let cry what knight somever he were that smote down Sir Palomides should have his damosel to himself.

#### **CHAPTER XLII. How Sir Galahalt and Palomides fought together, and of Sir Dinadan and Sir Galahalt.**

HERE beginneth the second day. Anon as Sir Palomides came into the field, Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, was at the range end, and met with Sir Palomides, and he with him, with great spears. And then they came so hard together that their spears all to-shivered, but Sir Galahalt smote him so hard that he bare him backward over his horse, but yet he lost not his stirrups. Then they drew their swords and lashed together many sad strokes, that many worshipful knights left their business to behold them. But at the last Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, smote a stroke of might unto Palomides, sore upon the helm; but the helm was so hard that the sword might not bite, but slipped and smote off the head of the horse of Sir Palomides. When the haut prince wist and saw the good knight fall unto the earth he was ashamed of that stroke. And therewith he alighted down off his own horse, and prayed the good knight, Palomides, to take that horse of his gift, and to forgive him that deed. Sir, said Palomides, I thank you of your great goodness, for ever of a man of worship a knight shall never have disworship; and so he mounted upon that horse, and the haut prince had another anon. Now, said the haut prince, I release to you that maiden, for ye have won her. Ah, said Palomides, the damosel and I be at your commandment.

So they departed, and Sir Galahalt did great deeds of arms. And right so came Dinadan and encountered with Sir Galahalt, and either came to other so fast with their spears that their spears brake to their hands. But Dinadan had weened the haut prince had been more weary than he was. And then he smote many sad strokes at the haut prince; but when Dinadan saw he might not get him to the earth he said: My lord, I pray you leave me, and take another. The haut prince knew not Dinadan, and left goodly for his fair words. And so they departed; but soon there came another and told the haut prince that it was Dinadan. Forsooth, said the prince, therefore am I heavy that he is so escaped from me, for with his mocks and japes now shall I never have done with him. And then Galahalt rode fast after him, and bade him: Abide, Dinadan, for King Arthur's sake. Nay, said Dinadan, so God me help, we meet no more together this day. Then in that wrath the haut prince met with Meliagaunce, and he smote him in the throat that an he had fallen his neck had broken; and with the same spear he smote down another knight. Then came in they of Northgalis and many strangers, and were like to have put them of Surluse to the worse, for Sir Galahalt, the haut prince, had ever much in hand. So there came the good knight, Semound the Valiant, with forty knights, and he beat them all aback. Then the Queen Guenever

and Sir Launcelot let blow to lodging, and every knight unarmed him, and dressed him to the feast.

**CHAPTER XLIII. How Sir Archade appealed Sir Palomides of treason, and how Sir Palomides slew him.** WHEN Palomides was unarmed he asked lodging for himself and the damosel. Anon the haut prince commanded them to lodging. And he was not so soon in his lodging but there came a knight that hight Archade, he was brother unto Gonerries that Palomides slew afore in the damosel's quarrel. And this knight, Archade, called Sir Palomides traitor, and appealed him for the death of his brother. By the leave of the haut prince, said Palomides, I shall answer thee. When Sir Galahalt understood their quarrel he bade them go to dinner: And as soon as ye have dined look that either knight be ready in the field. So when they had dined they were armed both, and took their horses, and the queen, and the prince, and Sir Launcelot, were set to behold them; and so they let run their horses, and there Sir Palomides bare Archade on his spear over his horse's tail. And then Palomides alighted and drew his sword, but Sir Archade might not arise; and there Sir Palomides raced off his helm, and smote off his head. Then the haut prince and Queen Guenever went unto supper. Then King Bagdemagus sent away his son Meliagaunce because Sir Launcelot should not meet with him, for he hated Sir Launcelot, and that knew he not.

**CHAPTER XLIV. Of the third day, and how Sir Palomides jousted with Sir Lamorak, and other things.** NOW beginneth the third day of jousting; and at that day King Bagdemagus made him ready; and there came against him King Marsil, that had in gift an island of Sir Galahalt the haut prince; and this island had the name Pomitain. Then it befell that King Bagdemagus and King Marsil of Pomitain met together with spears, and King Marsil had such a buffet that he fell over his horse's croup. Then came there in a knight of King Marsil to revenge his lord, and King Bagdemagus smote him down, horse and man, to the earth. So there came an earl that hight Arrouse, and Sir Breuse, and an hundred knights with them of Pomitain, and the King of Northgalis was with them; and all these were against them of Surluse. And then there began great battle, and many knights were cast under horses' feet. And ever King Bagdemagus did best, for he first began, and ever he held on. Gaheris, Gawaine's brother, smote ever at the face of King Bagdemagus; and at the last King Bagdemagus hurtled down Gaheris, horse and man.

Then by adventure Sir Palomides, the good knight, met with Sir Blamore de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis' brother. And either smote other with great spears, that both their horses and knights fell to the earth. But Sir Blamore had such a fall that he had almost broken his neck, for the blood brast out at nose, mouth, and his ears, but at the last he recovered well by good surgeons. Then there came in the Duke Chaleins of Clarence; and in his governance there came a knight that hight Elis la Noire; and there encountered with him King Bagdemagus, and he smote Elis that he made him to avoid his saddle. So the Duke Chaleins of Clarence did there great deeds of arms, and of so late as he came in the third day there was no man did so well except King Bagdemagus and Sir Palomides, that the prize was given that day to King Bagdemagus. And then they blew unto lodging, and unarmed them, and went to the feast. Right so came Dinadan, and mocked and japed with King Bagdemagus that all knights laughed at him, for he was a fine japer, and well loving all good knights.

So anon as they had dined there came a varlet bearing four spears on his back; and he came to Palomides, and said thus: Here is a knight by hath sent you the choice of four spears, and requireth you for your lady's sake to take that one half of these spears, and joust with him in the field. Tell him, said Palomides, I will not fail him. When Sir Galahalt wist of this, he bade Palomides make him ready. So the Queen Guenever, the haut prince, and Sir Launcelot, they were set upon scaffolds to give the judgment of these two knights. Then Sir Palomides and the strange knight ran so eagerly together that their spears brake to their hands. Anon withal either of them took a great spear in his hand and all toshivered them in pieces. And then either took a greater spear, and then the knight smote down Sir Palomides, horse and man, to the earth. And as he would have passed over him the strange knight's

horse stumbled and fell down upon Palomides. Then they drew their swords and lashed together wonderly sore a great while.

Then the haut prince and Sir Launcelot said they saw never two knights fight better than they did; but ever the strange knight doubled his strokes, and put Palomides aback; therewithal the haut prince cried: Ho: and then they went to lodging. And when they were unarmed they knew it was the noble knight Sir Lamorak. When Sir Launcelot knew that it was Sir Lamorak he made much of him, for above all earthly men he loved him best except Sir Tristram. Then Queen Guenever commended him, and so did all other good knights make much of him, except Sir Gawaine's brethren. Then Queen Guenever said unto Sir Launcelot: Sir, I require you that an ye joust any more, that ye joust with none of the blood of my lord Arthur. So he promised he would not as at that time.

**CHAPTER XLV. Of the fourth day, and of many great feats of arms.** HERE beginneth the fourth day. Then came into the field the King with the Hundred Knights, and all they of Northgalis, and the Duke Chaleins of Clarence, and King Marsil of Pomitain, and there came Safere, Palomides' brother, and there he told him tidings of his mother. And his name was called the Earl, and so he appealed him afore King Arthur: For he made war upon our father and mother, and there I slew him in plain battle. So they went into the field, and the damosel with them; and there came to encounter again them Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, and Sir Ector de Maris. Sir Palomides encountered with Sir Bleoberis, and either smote other down. And in the same wise did Sir Safere and Sir Ector, and the two couples did battle on foot. Then came in Sir Lamorak, and he encountered with the King with the Hundred Knights, and smote him quite over his horse's tail. And in the same wise he served the King of Northgalis, and also he smote down King Marsil. And so ever he stint he smote down with his spear and with his sword thirty knights. When Duke Chaleins saw Lamorak do so great prowess he would not meddle with him for shame; and then he charged all his knights in pain of death that none of you touch him; for it were shame to all good knights an that knight were shamed.

Then the two kings gathered them together, and all they set upon Sir Lamorak; and he failed them not, but rushed here and there, smiting on the right hand and on the left, and raced off many helms, so that the haut prince and Queen Guenever said they saw never knight do such deeds of arms on horseback. Alas, said Launcelot to King Bagdemagus, I will arm me and help Sir Lamorak. And I will ride with you, said King Bagdemagus. And when they two were horsed they came to Sir Lamorak that stood among thirty knights; and well was him that might reach him a buffet, and ever he smote again mightily. Then came there into the press Sir Launcelot, and he threw down Sir Mador de la Porte. And with the truncheon of that spear he threw down many knights. And King Bagdemagus smote on the left hand and on the right hand marvellously well. And then the three kings fled aback. Therewithal then Sir Galahalt let blow to lodging, and all the heralds gave Sir Lamorak the prize. And all this while fought Palomides, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Safere, Sir Ector on foot; never were there four knights ever matched. And then they were departed, and had unto their lodging, and unarmed them, and so they went to the great feast.

But when Sir Lamorak was come into the court Queen Guenever took him in her arms and said: Sir, well have ye done this day. Then came the haut prince, and he made of him great joy, and so did Dinadan, for he wept for joy; but the joy that Sir Launcelot made of Sir Lamorak there might no man tell. Then they went unto rest, and on the morn the haut prince let blow unto the field.

**CHAPTER XLVI. Of the Fifth day, and how Sir Lamorak behaved him.** HERE beginneth the fifth day. So it befell that Sir Palomides came in the morn tide, and proffered to joust thereas King Arthur was in a castle there besides Surluse; and there encountered with him a worshipful duke, and there Sir Palomides smote him over his horse's croup. And this duke was uncle unto King Arthur. Then Sir Elise's son rode unto Palomides, and Palomides served Elise in the same wise. When Sir Uwayne saw this he was wroth. Then he took his horse and encountered with Sir Palomides, and Palomides smote him so hard that he went to the earth,

horse and man. And for to make a short tale, he smote down three brethren of Sir Gawaine, that is for to say Mordred, Gaheris, and Agravaine. O Jesu, said Arthur, this is a great despite of a Saracen that he shall smite down my blood. And therewithal King Arthur was wood wroth, and thought to have made him ready to joust.

That espied Sir Lamorak, that Arthur and his blood were discomfit; and anon he was ready, and asked Palomides if he would any more joust. Why should I not? said Palomides. Then they hurtled together, and brake their spears, and all to-shivered them, that all the castle rang of their dints. Then either gat a greater spear in his hand, and they came so fiercely together; but Sir Palomides' spear all to-brast and Sir Lamorak's did hold. Therewithal Sir Palomides lost his stirrups and lay upright on his horse's back. And then Sir Palomides returned again and took his damosel, and Sir Safere returned his way.

So, when he was departed, King Arthur came to Sir Lamorak and thanked him of his goodness, and prayed him to tell him his name. Sir, said Lamorak, wit thou well, I owe you my service, but as at this time I will not abide here, for I see of mine enemies many about me. Alas, said Arthur, now wot I well it is Sir Lamorak de Galis. O Lamorak, abide with me, and by my crown I shall never fail thee: and not so hardy in Gawaine's head, nor none of his brethren, to do thee any wrong. Sir, said Sir Lamorak, wrong have they done me, and to you both. That is truth, said the king, for they slew their own mother and my sister, the which me sore grieveth: it had been much fairer and better that ye had wedded her, for ye are a king's son as well as they. O Jesu, said the noble knight Sir Lamorak unto Arthur, her death shall I never forget. I promise you, and make mine avow unto God, I shall revenge her death as soon as I see time convenient. And if it were not at the reverence of your highness I should now have been revenged upon Sir Gawaine and his brethren. Truly, said Arthur, I will make you at accord. Sir, said Lamorak, as at this time I may not abide with you, for I must to the jousts, where is Sir Launcelot, and the haut prince Sir Galahalt.

Then there was a damosel that was daughter to King Bandes. And there was a Saracen knight that hight Corsabrin, and he loved the damosel, and in no wise he would suffer her to be married; for ever this Corsabrin noised her, and named her that she was out of her mind; and thus he let her that she might not be married.

**CHAPTER XLVII. How Sir Palomides fought with Corsabrin for a lady, and how Palomides slew Corsabrin.** SO by fortune this damosel heard tell that Palomides did much for damosels' sake; so she sent to him a pensel, and prayed him to fight with Sir Corsabrin for her love, and he should have her and her lands of her father's that should fall to her. Then the damosel sent unto Corsabrin, and bade him go unto Sir Palomides that was a paynim as well as he, and she gave him warning that she had sent him her pensel, and if he might overcome Palomides she would wed him. When Corsabrin wist of her deeds then was he wood wroth and angry, and rode unto Surluse where the haut prince was, and there he found Sir Palomides ready, the which had the pensel. So there they waged battle either with other afore Galahalt. Well, said the haut prince, this day must noble knights joust, and at-after dinner we shall see how ye can speed.

Then they blew to jousts; and in came Dinadan, and met with Sir Gerin, a good knight, and he threw him down over his horse's croup; and Sir Dinadan overthrew four knights more; and there he did great deeds of arms, for he was a good knight, but he was a scoffer and a japer, and the merriest knight among fellowship that was that time living. And he had such a custom that he loved every good knight, and every good knight loved him again. So then when the haut prince saw Dinadan do so well, he sent unto Sir Launcelot and bade him strike down Sir Dinadan: And when that ye have done so bring him afore me and the noble Queen Guenever. Then Sir Launcelot did as he was required. Then Sir Lamorak and he smote down many knights, and raced off helms, and drove all the knights afore them. And so Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Dinadan, and made his men to unarm him, and so brought him to the queen and the haut prince, and they laughed at Dinadan so sore that they might not stand. Well, said Sir Dinadan, yet have I no shame, for the old shrew, Sir Launcelot, smote me down. So

they went to dinner, [and] all the court had good sport at Dinadan.

Then when the dinner was done they blew to the field to behold Sir Palomides and Corsabrin. Sir Palomides pight his pensel in midst of the field; and then they hurtled together with their spears as it were thunder, and either smote other to the earth. And then they pulled out their swords, and dressed their shields, and lashed together mightily as mighty knights, that well-nigh there was no piece of harness would hold them, for this Corsabrin was a passing felonious knight. Corsabrin, said Palomides, wilt thou release me yonder damosel and the pensel? Then was Corsabrin wroth out of measure, and gave Palomides such a buffet that he kneeled on his knee. Then Palomides arose lightly, and smote him upon the helm that he fell down right to the earth. And therewith he raced off his helm and said: Corsabrin, yield thee or else thou shalt die of my hands. Fie on thee, said Corsabrin, do thy worst. Then he smote off his head. And therewithal came a stink of his body when the soul departed, that there might nobody abide the savour. So was the corpse had away and buried in a wood, because he was a paynim. Then they blew unto lodging, and Palomides was unarmed.

Then he went unto Queen Guenever, to the haut prince, and to Sir Launcelot. Sir, said the haut prince, here have ye seen this day a great miracle by Corsabrin, what savour there was when the soul departed from the body. Therefore, sir, we will require you to take the baptism upon you, and I promise you all knights will set the more by you, and say more worship by you. Sir, said Palomides, I will that ye all know that into this land I came to be christened, and in my heart I am christened and christened will I be. But I have made such an avow that I may not be christened till I have done seven true battles for Jesu's sake, and then will I be christened; and I trust God will take mine intent, for I mean truly. Then Sir Palomides prayed Queen Guenever and the haut prince to sup with him. And so they did, both Sir Launcelot and Sir Lamorak, and many other good knights. So on the morn they heard their mass, and blew the field, and then knights made them ready.

**CHAPTER XLVIII. Of the sixth day, and what then was done.** HERE beginneth the sixth day. Then came therein Sir Gaheris, and there encountered with him Sir Ossaise of Surluse, and Sir Gaheris smote him over his horse's croup. And then either party encountered with other, and there were many spears broken, and many knights cast under feet. So there came in Sir Dornard and Sir Aglovale, that were brethren unto Sir Lamorak, and they met with other two knights, and either smote other so hard that all four knights and horses fell to the earth. When Sir Lamorak saw his two brethren down he was wroth out of measure, and then he gat a great spear in his hand, and therewithal he smote down four good knights, and then his spear brake. Then he pulled out his sword, and smote about him on the right hand and on the left hand, and raced off helms and pulled down knights, that all men marvelled of such deeds of arms as he did, for he fared so that many knights fled. Then he horsed his brethren again, and said: Brethren, ye ought to be ashamed to fall so off your horses! what is a knight but when he is on horseback? I set not by a knight when he is on foot, for all battles on foot are but pillars' battles. For there should no knight fight on foot but if it were for treason, or else he were driven thereto by force; therefore, brethren, sit fast on your horses, or else fight never more afore me.

With that came in the Duke Chaleins of Clarence, and there encountered with him the Earl Ulbawes of Surluse, and either of them smote other down. Then the knights of both parties horsed their lords again, for Sir Ector and Bleoberis were on foot, waiting on the Duke Chaleins. And the King with the Hundred Knights was with the Earl of Ulbawes. With that came Gaheris and lashed to the King with the Hundred Knights, and he to him again. Then came the Duke Chaleins and departed them.

Then they blew to lodging, and the knights unarmed them and drew them to their dinner; and at the midst of their dinner in came Dinadan and began to rail. Then he beheld the haut prince, that seemed wroth with some fault that he saw; for he had a custom he loved no fish, and because he was served with fish, the which he hated, therefore he was not merry. When Sir Dinadan had espied the haut prince, he espied where was a fish with a great head, and

that he gat betwixt two dishes, and served the haut prince with that fish. And then he said thus: Sir Galahalt, well may I liken you to a wolf, for he will never eat fish, but flesh; then the haut prince laughed at his words. Well, well, said Dinadan to Launcelot, what devil do ye in this country, for here may no mean knights win no worship for thee. Sir Dinadan, said Launcelot, I ensure thee I shall no more meet with thee nor with thy great spear, for I may not sit in my saddle when that spear hitteth me. And if I be happy I shall beware of that boistous body that thou bearest. Well, said Launcelot, make good watch ever: God forbid that ever we meet but if it be at a dish of meat. Then laughed the queen and the haut prince, that they might not sit at their table; thus they made great joy till on the morn, and then they heard mass, and blew to field. And Queen Guenever and all the estates were set, and judges armed clean with their shields to keep the right.

**CHAPTER XLIX. Of the seventh battle, and how Sir Launcelot, being disguised like a maid, smote down Sir Dinadan.** NOW beginneth the seventh battle. There came in the Duke Cambines, and there encountered with him Sir Aristance, that was counted a good knight, and they met so hard that either bare other down, horse and man. Then came there the Earl of Lambaile and helped the duke again to horse. Then came there Sir Ossaise of Surluse, and he smote the Earl Lambaile down from his horse. Then began they to do great deeds of arms, and many spears were broken, and many knights were cast to the earth. Then the King of Northgalis and the Earl Ulbawes smote together that all the judges thought it was like mortal death. This meanwhile Queen Guenever, and the haut prince, and Sir Launcelot, made there Sir Dinadan make him ready to joust. I would, said Dinadan, ride into the field, but then one of you twain will meet with me. Per dieu, said the haut prince, ye may see how we sit here as judges with our shields, and always mayest thou behold whether we sit here or not.

So Sir Dinadan departed and took his horse, and met with many knights, and did passing well. And as he was departed, Sir Launcelot disguised himself, and put upon his armour a maiden's garment freshly attired. Then Sir Launcelot made Sir Galihodin to lead him through the range, and all men had wonder what damosel it was. And so as Sir Dinadan came into the range, Sir Launcelot, that was in the damosel's array, gat Galihodin's spear, and ran unto Sir Dinadan. And always Sir Dinadan looked up thereas Sir Launcelot was, and then he saw one sit in the stead of Sir Launcelot, armed. But when Dinadan saw a manner of a damosel he dread perils that it was Sir Launcelot disguised, but Sir Launcelot came on him so fast that he smote him over his horse's croup; and then with great scorns they gat Sir Dinadan into the forest there beside, and there they spoiled him unto his shirt, and put upon him a woman's garment, and so brought him into the field: and so they blew unto lodging. And every knight went and unarmed them. Then was Sir Dinadan brought in among them all. And when Queen Guenever saw Sir Dinadan brought so among them all, then she laughed that she fell down, and so did all that there were. Well, said Dinadan to Launcelot, thou art so false that I can never beware of thee. Then by all the assent they gave Sir Launcelot the prize, the next was Sir Lamorak de Galis, the third was Sir Palomides, the fourth was King Bagdemagus; so these four knights had the prize, and there was great joy, and great nobles in all the court.

And on the morn Queen Guenever and Sir Launcelot departed unto King Arthur, but in no wise Sir Lamorak would not go with them. I shall undertake, said Sir Launcelot, that an ye will go with us King Arthur shall charge Sir Gawaine and his brethren never to do you hurt. As for that, said Sir Lamorak, I will not trust Sir Gawaine nor none of his brethren; and wit ye well, Sir Launcelot, an it were not for my lord King Arthur's sake, I should match Sir Gawaine and his brethren well enough. But to say that I should trust them, that shall I never, and therefore I pray you recommend me unto my lord Arthur, and unto all my lords of the Round Table. And in what place that ever I come I shall do you service to my power: and sir, it is but late that I revenged that, when my lord Arthur's kin were put to the worse by Sir Palomides. Then Sir Lamorak departed from Sir Launcelot, and either wept at their

departing.

**CHAPTER L. How by treason Sir Tristram was brought to a tournament for to have been slain, and how he was put in prison.** NOW turn we from this matter, and speak we of Sir Tristram, of whom this book is principally of, and leave we the king and the queen, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Lamorak, and here beginneth the treason of King Mark, that he ordained against Sir Tristram. There was cried by the coasts of Cornwall a great tournament and jousts, and all was done by Sir Galahalt the haut prince and King Bagdemagus, to the intent to slay Launcelot, or else utterly destroy him and shame him, because Sir Launcelot had always the higher degree, therefore this prince and this king made this jousts against Sir Launcelot. And thus their counsel was discovered unto King Mark, whereof he was full glad.

Then King Mark bethought him that he would have Sir Tristram unto that tournament disguised that no man should know him, to that intent that the haut prince should ween that Sir Tristram were Sir Launcelot. So at these jousts came in Sir Tristram. And at that time Sir Launcelot was not there, but when they saw a knight disguised do such deeds of arms, they weened it had been Sir Launcelot. And in especial King Mark said it was Sir Launcelot plainly. Then they set upon him, both King Bagdemagus, and the haut prince, and their knights, that it was wonder that ever Sir Tristram might endure that pain. Notwithstanding for all the pain that he had, Sir Tristram won the degree at that tournament, and there he hurt many knights and bruised them, and they hurt him and bruised him wonderly sore. So when the jousts were all done they knew well that it was Sir Tristram de Liones; and all that were on King Mark's party were glad that Sir Tristram was hurt, and the remnant were sorry of his hurt; for Sir Tristram was not so behaved as was Sir Launcelot within the realm of England.

Then came King Mark unto Sir Tristram and said: Fair nephew, I am sorry of your hurts. Gramercy my lord, said Sir Tristram. Then King Mark made Sir Tristram to be put in an horse bier in great sign of love, and said: Fair cousin, I shall be your leech myself. And so he rode forth with Sir Tristram, and brought him to a castle by daylight. And then King Mark made Sir Tristram to eat. And then after he gave him a drink, the which as soon as he had drunk he fell asleep. And when it was night he made him to be carried to another castle, and there he put him in a strong prison, and there he ordained a man and a woman to give him his meat and drink. So there he was a great while.

Then was Sir Tristram missed, and no creature wist where he was become. When La Beale Isoud heard how he was missed, privily she went unto Sir Sadok, and prayed him to espy where was Sir Tristram. Then when Sadok wist how Sir Tristram was missed, and anon espied that he was put in prison by King Mark and the traitors of Magouns, then Sadok and two of his cousins laid them in an ambushment, fast by the Castle of Tintagil, in arms. And as by fortune, there came riding King Mark and four of his nephews, and a certain of the traitors of Magouns. When Sir Sadok espied them he brake out of the bushment, and set there upon them. And when King Mark espied Sir Sadok he fled as fast as he might, and there Sir Sadok slew all the four nephews unto King Mark. But these traitors of Magouns slew one of Sadok's cousins with a great wound in the neck, but Sadok smote the other to the death. Then Sir Sadok rode upon his way unto a castle that was called Liones, and there he espied of the treason and felony of King Mark. So they of that castle rode with Sir Sadok till that they came to a castle that hight Arbray, and there in the town they found Sir Dinas the Seneschal, that was a good knight. But when Sir Sadok had told Sir Dinas of all the treason of King Mark he defied such a king, and said he would give up his lands that he held of him. And when he said these words all manner knights said as Sir Dinas said. Then by his advice and of Sir Sadok's, he let stuff all the towns and castles within the country of Liones, and assembled all the people that they might make.

**CHAPTER LI. How King Mark let do counterfeit letters from the Pope, and how Sir Percivale delivered Sir Tristram out of prison.** NOW turn we unto King Mark, that when he was escaped from Sir Sadok he rode unto the Castle of Tintagil, and there he made great cry and noise, and cried unto harness all that

might bear arms. Then they sought and found where were dead four cousins of King Mark's, and the traitor of Magouns. Then the king let inter them in a chapel. Then the king let cry in all the country that held of him, to go unto arms, for he understood to the war he must needs. When King Mark heard and understood how Sir Sadok and Sir Dinas were arisen in the country of Liones he remembered of wiles and treason. Lo thus he did: he let make and counterfeit letters from the Pope, and did make a strange clerk to bear them unto King Mark; the which letters specified that King Mark should make him ready, upon pain of cursing, with his host to come to the Pope, to help to go to Jerusalem, for to make war upon the Saracens.

When this clerk was come by the mean of the king, anon withal King Mark sent these letters unto Sir Tristram and bade him say thus: that an he would go war upon the miscreants, he should be had out of prison, and to have all his power. When Sir Tristram understood this letter, then he said thus to the clerk: Ah, King Mark, ever hast thou been a traitor, and ever will be; but, Clerk, said Sir Tristram, say thou thus unto King Mark: Since the Apostle Pope hath sent for him, bid him go thither himself; for tell him, traitor king as he is, I will not go at his commandment, get I out of prison as I may, for I see I am well rewarded for my true service. Then the clerk returned unto King Mark, and told him of the answer of Sir Tristram. Well, said King Mark, yet shall he be beguiled. So he went into his chamber, and counterfeit letters; and the letters specified that the Pope desired Sir Tristram to come himself, to make war upon the miscreants. When the clerk was come again to Sir Tristram and took him these letters, then Sir Tristram beheld these letters, and anon espied they were of King Mark's counterfeiting. Ah, said Sir Tristram, false hast thou been ever, King Mark, and so wilt thou end. Then the clerk departed from Sir Tristram and came to King Mark again.

By then there were come four wounded knights within the Castle of Tintagil, and one of them his neck was nigh broken in twain. Another had his arm stricken away, the third was borne through with a spear, the fourth had his teeth stricken in twain. And when they came afore King Mark they cried and said: King, why fleest thou not, for all this country is arisen clearly against thee? Then was King Mark wroth out of measure.

And in the meanwhile there came into the country Sir Percivale de Galis to seek Sir Tristram. And when he heard that Sir Tristram was in prison, Sir Percivale made clearly the deliverance of Sir Tristram by his knightly means. And when he was so delivered he made great joy of Sir Percivale, and so each one of other. Sir Tristram said unto Sir Percivale: An ye will abide in these marches I will ride with you. Nay, said Percivale, in this country I may not tarry, for I must needs into Wales. So Sir Percivale departed from Sir Tristram, and rode straight unto King Mark, and told him how he had delivered Sir Tristram; and also he told the king that he had done himself great shame for to put Sir Tristram in prison, for he is now the knight of most renown in this world living. And wit thou well the noblest knights of the world love Sir Tristram, and if he will make war upon you ye may not abide it. That is truth, said King Mark, but I may not love Sir Tristram because he loveth my queen and my wife, La Beale Isoud. Ah, fie for shame, said Sir Percivale, say ye never so more. Are ye not uncle unto Sir Tristram, and he your nephew? Ye should never think that so noble a knight as Sir Tristram is, that he would do himself so great a villainy to hold his uncle's wife; howbeit, said Sir Percivale, he may love your queen sinless, because she is called one of the fairest ladies of the world.

Then Sir Percivale departed from King Mark. So when he was departed King Mark bethought him of more treason: notwithstanding King Mark granted Sir Percivale never by no manner of means to hurt Sir Tristram. So anon King Mark sent unto Sir Dinas the Seneschal that he should put down all the people that he had raised, for he sent him an oath that he would go himself unto the Pope of Rome to war upon the miscreants; and this is a fairer war than thus to arise the people against your king. When Sir Dinas understood that King Mark would go upon the miscreants, then Sir Dinas in all the haste put down all the people; and when the people were departed every man to his home, then King Mark espied where was Sir Tristram with La Beale Isoud; and there by

treason King Mark let take him and put him in prison, contrary to his promise that he made unto Sir Percivale.

When Queen Isoud understood that Sir Tristram was in prison she made as great sorrow as ever made lady or gentlewoman. Then Sir Tristram sent a letter unto La Beale Isoud, and prayed her to be his good lady; and if it pleased her to make a vessel ready for her and him, he would go with her unto the realm of Logris, that is this land. When La Beale Isoud understood Sir Tristram's letters and his intent, she sent him another, and bade him be of good comfort, for she would do make the vessel ready, and all thing to purpose.

Then La Beale Isoud sent unto Sir Dinas, and to Sadok, and prayed them in anywise to take King Mark, and put him in prison, unto the time that she and Sir Tristram were departed unto the realm of Logris. When Sir Dinas the Seneschal understood the treason of King Mark he promised her again, and sent her word that King Mark should be put in prison. And as they devised it so it was done. And then Sir Tristram was delivered out of prison; and anon in all the haste Queen Isoud and Sir Tristram went and took their counsel with that they would have with them when they departed.

**CHAPTER LII. How Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud came unto England, and how Sir Launcelot brought them to Joyous Gard.** THEN La Beale Isoud and Sir Tristram took their vessel, and came by water into this land. And so they were not in this land four days but there came a cry of a jousts and tournament that King Arthur let make. When Sir Tristram heard tell of that tournament he disguised himself, and La Beale Isoud, and rode unto that tournament. And when he came there he saw many knights joust and tourney; and so Sir Tristram dressed him to the range, and to make short conclusion, he overthrew fourteen knights of the Round Table. When Sir Launcelot saw these knights thus overthrown, Sir Launcelot dressed him to Sir Tristram. That saw La Beale Isoud how Sir Launcelot was come into the field. Then La Beale Isoud sent unto Sir Launcelot a ring, and bade him wit that it was Sir Tristram de Liones. When Sir Launcelot under stood that there was Sir Tristram he was full glad, and would not joust. Then Sir Launcelot espied whither Sir Tristram yede, and after him he rode; and then either made of other great joy. And so Sir Launcelot brought Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud unto Joyous Gard, that was his own castle, that he had won with his own hands. And there Sir Launcelot put them in to wield for their own. And wit ye well that castle was garnished and furnished for a king and a queen royal there to have sojourned. And Sir Launcelot charged all his people to honour them and love them as they would do himself.

So Sir Launcelot departed unto King Arthur; and then he told Queen Guenever how he that jousted so well at the last tournament was Sir Tristram. And there he told her how he had with him La Beale Isoud maugre King Mark, and so Queen Guenever told all this unto King Arthur. When King Arthur wist that Sir Tristram was escaped and come from King Mark, and had brought La Beale Isoud with him, then was he passing glad. So because of Sir Tristram King Arthur let make a cry, that on May Day should be a jousts before the castle of Lonazep; and that castle was fast by Joyous Gard. And thus Arthur devised, that all the knights of this land, and of Cornwall, and of North Wales, should joust against all these countries, Ireland, Scotland, and the remnant of Wales, and the country of Gore, and Surluse, and of Listinoise, and they of Northumberland, and all they that held lands of Arthur on this half the sea. When this cry was made many knights were glad and many were unglad. Sir, said Launcelot unto Arthur, by this cry that ye have made ye will put us that be about you in great jeopardy, for there be many knights that have great envy to us; therefore when we shall meet at the day of jousts there will be hard shift among us. As for that, said Arthur, I care not; there shall we prove who shall be best of his hands. So when Sir Launcelot understood wherefore King Arthur made this jousting, then he made such purveyance that La Beale Isoud should behold the jousts in a secret place that was honest for her estate.

Now turn we unto Sir Tristram and to La Beale Isoud, how they made great joy daily together with all manner of mirths that they

could devise; and every day Sir Tristram would go ride a-hunting, for Sir Tristram was that time called the best chaser of the world, and the noblest blower of an horn of all manner of measures; for as books report, of Sir Tristram came all the good terms of ventry and hunting, and all the sizes and measures of blowing of an horn; and of him we had first all the terms of hawking, and which were beasts of chase and beasts of ventry, and which were vermins, and all the blasts that long to all manner of games. First to the uncoupling, to the seeking, to the rechate, to the flight, to the death, and to strake, and many other blasts and terms, that all manner of gentlemen have cause to the world's end to praise Sir Tristram, and to pray for his soul.

**CHAPTER LIII. How by the counsel of La Beale Isoud Sir Tristram rode armed, and how he met with Sir Palomides.**

SO on a day La Beale Isoud said unto Sir Tristram: I marvel me much, said she, that ye remember not yourself, how ye be here in a strange country, and here be many perilous knights; and well ye wot that King Mark is full of treason; and that ye will ride thus to chase and to hunt unarmed ye might be destroyed. My fair lady and my love, I cry you mercy, I will no more do so. So then Sir Tristram rode daily a-hunting armed, and his men bearing his shield and his spear. So on a day a little afore the month of May, Sir Tristram chased an hart passing eagerly, and so the hart passed by a fair well. And then Sir Tristram alighted and put off his helm to drink of that bubbly water. Right so he heard and saw the Questing Beast come to the well. When Sir Tristram saw that beast he put on his helm, for he deemed he should hear of Sir Palomides, for that beast was his quest. Right so Sir Tristram saw where came a knight armed, upon a noble courser, and he saluted him, and they spake of many things; and this knight's name was Breuse Saunce Pit . And right so withal there came unto them the noble knight Sir Palomides, and either saluted other, and spake fair to other.

Fair knights, said Sir Palomides, I can tell you tidings. What is that? said those knights. Sirs, wit ye well that King Mark is put in prison by his own knights, and all was for love of Sir Tristram; for King Mark had put Sir Tristram twice in prison, and once Sir Percivale delivered the noble knight Sir Tristram out of prison. And at the last time Queen La Beale Isoud delivered him, and went clearly away with him into this realm; and all this while King Mark, the false traitor, is in prison. Is this truth? said Palomides; then shall we hastily hear of Sir Tristram. And as for to say that I love La Beale Isoud paramours, I dare make good that I do, and that she hath my service above all other ladies, and shall have the term of my life.

And right so as they stood talking they saw afore them where came a knight all armed, on a great horse, and one of his men bare his shield, and the other his spear. And anon as that knight espied them he gat his shield and his spear and dressed him to joust. Fair fellows, said Sir Tristram, yonder is a knight will joust with us, let see which of us shall encounter with him, for I see well he is of the court of King Arthur. It shall not be long or he be met withal, said Sir Palomides, for I found never no knight in my quest of this glasting beast, but an he would joust I never refused him. As well may I, said Breuse Saunce Pit , follow that beast as ye. Then shall ye do battle with me, said Palomides.

So Sir Palomides dressed him unto that other knight, Sir Bleoberis, that was a full noble knight, nigh kin unto Sir Launcelot. And so they met so hard that Sir Palomides fell to the earth, horse and all. Then Sir Bleoberis cried aloud and said thus: Make thee ready thou false traitor knight, Breuse Saunce Pit , for wit thou certainly I will have ado with thee to the utterance for the noble knights and ladies that thou hast falsely betrayed. When this false knight and traitor, Breuse Saunce Pit , heard him say so, he took his horse by the bridle and fled his way as fast as ever his horse might run, for sore he was of him afeard. When Sir Bleoberis saw him flee he followed fast after, through thick and through thin. And by fortune as Sir Breuse fled, he saw even afore him three knights of the Table Round, of the which the one hight Sir Ector de Maris, the other hight Sir Percivale de Galis, the third hight Sir Harry le Fise Lake, a good knight and an hardy. And as for Sir Percivale, he was called that time of his time one of the best knights of the world, and the best assured. When Breuse saw

these knights he rode straight unto them, and cried unto them and prayed them of rescues. What need have ye? said Sir Ector. Ah, fair knights, said Sir Breuse, here followeth me the most traitor knight, and most coward, and most of villainy; his name is Breuse Saunce Pit , and if he may get me he will slay me without mercy and pity. Abide with us, said Sir Percivale, and we shall warrant you.

Then were they ware of Sir Bleoberis that came riding all that he might. Then Sir Ector put himself forth to joust afore them all. When Sir Bleoberis saw that they were four knights and he but himself, he stood in a doubt whether he would turn or hold his way. Then he said to himself: I am a knight of the Table Round, and rather than I should shame mine oath and my blood I will hold my way whatsoever fall thereof. And then Sir Ector dressed his spear, and smote either other passing sore, but Sir Ector fell to the earth. That saw Sir Percivale, and he dressed his horse toward him all that he might drive, but Sir Percivale had such a stroke that horse and man fell to the earth. When Sir Harry saw that they were both to the earth then he said to himself: Never was Breuse of such prowess. So Sir Harry dressed his horse, and they met together so strongly that both the horses and knights fell to the earth, but Sir Bleoberis' horse began to recover again. That saw Breuse and he came hurtling, and smote him over and over, and would have slain him as he lay on the ground. Then Sir Harry le Fise Lake arose lightly, and took the bridle of Sir Breuse's horse, and said: Fie for shame! strike never a knight when he is at the earth, for this knight may be called no shameful knight of his deeds, for yet as men may see thereas he lieth on the ground he hath done worshipfully, and put to the worse passing good knights. Therefore will I not let, said Sir Breuse. Thou shalt not choose, said Sir Harry, as at this time. Then when Sir Breuse saw that he might not choose nor have his will he spake fair. Then Sir Harry let him go. And then anon he made his horse to run over Sir Bleoberis, and rashed him to the earth like if he would have slain him. When Sir Harry saw him do so villainously he cried: Traitor knight, leave off for shame. And as Sir Harry would have taken his horse to fight with Sir Breuse, then Sir Breuse ran upon him as he was half upon his horse, and smote him down, horse and man, to the earth, and had near slain Sir Harry, the good knight. That saw Sir Percivale, and then he cried: Traitor knight what dost thou? And when Sir Percivale was upon his horse Sir Breuse took his horse and fled all that ever he might, and Sir Percivale and Sir Harry followed after him fast, but ever the longer they chased the farther were they behind.

Then they turned again and came to Sir Ector de Maris and to Sir Bleoberis. Ah, fair knights, said Bleoberis, why have ye succoured that false knight and traitor? Why said Sir Harry, what knight is he? for well I wot it is a false knight, said Sir Harry, and a coward and a felonious knight. Sir, said Bleoberis, he is the most coward knight, and a devourer of ladies and a destroyer of good knights and especially of Arthur's. What is your name? said Sir Ector. My name is Sir Bleoberis de Ganis. Alas, fair cousin, said Ector, forgive it me, for I am Sir Ector de Maris. Then Sir Percivale and Sir Harry made great joy that they met with Bleoberis, but all they were heavy that Sir Breuse was escaped them, whereof they made great dole.

**CHAPTER LIV. Of Sir Palomides, and how he met with Sir Bleoberis and with Sir Ector, and of Sir Pervivale.** RIGHT so as they stood thus there came Sir Palomides, and when he saw the shield of Bleoberis lie on the earth, then said Palomides: He that oweth that shield let him dress him to me, for he smote me down here fast by at a fountain, and therefore I will fight for him on foot. I am ready, said Bleoberis, here to answer thee, for wit thou well, sir knight, it was I, and my name is Bleoberis de Ganis. Well art thou met, said Palomides, and wit thou well my name is Palomides the Saracen; and either of them hated other to the death. Sir Palomides, said Ector, wit thou well there is neither thou nor none knight that beareth the life that slayeth any of our blood but he shall die for it; therefore an thou list to fight go seek Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram, and there shall ye find your match. With them have I met, said Palomides, but I had never no worship of them. Was there never no manner of knight, said Sir Ector, but

they that ever matched with you? Yes, said Palomides, there was the third, a good knight as any of them, and of his age he was the best that ever I found; for an he might have lived till he had been an hardier man there liveth no knight now such, and his name was Sir Lamorak de Galis. And as he had joustet at a tournament there he overthrew me and thirty knights more, and there he won the degree. And at his departing there met him Sir Gawaine and his brethren, and with great pain they slew him feloniously, unto all good knights' great damage. Anon as Sir Percivale heard that his brother was dead, Sir Lamorak, he fell over his horse's mane swooning, and there he made the greatest dole that ever made knight. And when Sir Percivale arose he said: Alas, my good and noble brother Sir Lamorak, now shall we never meet, and I trow in all the wide world a man may not find such a knight as he was of his age; and it is too much to suffer the death of our father King Pellinore, and now the death of our good brother Sir Lamorak.

Then in the meanwhile there came a varlet from the court of King Arthur, and told them of the great tournament that should be at Lonazep, and how these lands, Cornwall and Northgalis, should be against all them that would come.

**CHAPTER LV. How Sir Tristram met with Sir Dinadan, and of their devices, and what he said to Sir Gawaine's brethren.**

NOW turn we unto Sir Tristram, that as he rode a-hunting he met with Sir Dinadan, that was come into that country to seek Sir Tristram. Then Sir Dinadan told Sir Tristram his name, but Sir Tristram would not tell him his name, wherefore Sir Dinadan was wroth. For such a foolish knight as ye are, said Sir Dinadan, I saw but late this day lying by a well, and he fared as he slept; and there he lay like a fool grinning, and would not speak, and his shield lay by him, and his horse stood by him; and well I wot he was a lover. Ah, fair sir, said Sir Tristram are ye not a lover? Mary, fie on that craft! said Sir Dinadan. That is evil said, said Sir Tristram, for a knight may never be of prowess but if he be a lover. It is well said, said Sir Dinadan; now tell me your name, sith ye be a lover, or else I shall do battle with you. As for that, said Sir Tristram, it is no reason to fight with me but I tell you my name; and as for that my name shall ye not wit as at this time. Fie for shame, said Dinadan, art thou a knight and durst not tell thy name to me? therefore I will fight with thee. As for that, said Sir Tristram, I will be advised, for I will not do battle but if me list. And if I do battle, said Sir Tristram, ye are not able to withstand me. Fie on thee, coward, said Sir Dinadan.

And thus as they hoveled still, they saw a knight come riding against them. Lo, said Sir Tristram, see where cometh a knight riding, will joust with you. Anon, as Sir Dinadan beheld him he said: That is the same doted knight that I saw lie by the well, neither sleeping nor waking. Well, said Sir Tristram, I know that knight well with the covered shield of azure, he is the king's son of Northumberland, his name is Epinegris; and he is as great a lover as I know, and he loveth the king's daughter of Wales, a full fair lady. And now I suppose, said Sir Tristram, an ye require him he will joust with you, and then shall ye prove whether a lover be a better knight, or ye that will not love no lady. Well, said Dinadan, now shalt thou see what I shall do. Therewithal Sir Dinadan spake on high and said: Sir knight, make thee ready to joust with me, for it is the custom of errant knights one to joust with other. Sir, said Epinegris, is that the rule of you errant knights for to make a knight to joust, will he or nill? As for that, said Dinadan, make thee ready, for here is for me. And therewithal they spurred their horses and met together so hard that Epinegris smote down Sir Dinadan. Then Sir Tristram rode to Sir Dinadan and said: How now, meseemeth the lover hath well sped. Fie on thee, coward, said Sir Dinadan, and if thou be a good knight revenge me. Nay, said Sir Tristram, I will not joust as at this time, but take your horse and let us go hence. God defend me, said Sir Dinadan, from thy fellowship, for I never sped well since I met with thee: and so they departed. Well, said Sir Tristram, peradventure I could tell you tidings of Sir Tristram. God defend me, said Dinadan, from thy fellowship, for Sir Tristram were mickle the worse an he were in thy company; and then they departed. Sir, said Sir Tristram, yet it may happen I shall meet with you in other places.

So rode Sir Tristram unto Joyous Gard, and there he heard in

that town great noise and cry. What is this noise? said Sir Tristram. Sir, said they, here is a knight of this castle that hath been long among us, and right now he is slain with two knights, and for none other cause but that our knight said that Sir Launcelot were a better knight than Sir Gawaine. That was a simple cause, said Sir Tristram, for to slay a good knight for to say well by his master. That is little remedy to us, said the men of the town. For an Sir Launcelot had been here soon we should have been revenged upon the false knights.

When Sir Tristram heard them say so he sent for his shield and for his spear, and lightly within a while he had overtaken them, and bade them turn and amend that they had misdones. What amends wouldst thou have? said the one knight. And therewith they took their course, and either met other so hard that Sir Tristram smote down that knight over his horse's tail. Then the other knight dressed him to Sir Tristram, and in the same wise he served the other knight. And then they gat off their horses as well as they might, and dressed their shields and swords to do their battle to the utterance. Knights, said Sir Tristram, ye shall tell me of whence ye are, and what be your names, for such men ye might be ye should hard escape my hands; and ye might be such men of such a country that for all your evil deeds ye should pass quit. Wit thou well, sir knight, said they, we fear not to tell thee our names, for my name is Sir Agravaire, and my name is Gaheris, brethren unto the good knight Sir Gawaine, and we be nephews unto King Arthur. Well, said Sir Tristram, for King Arthur's sake I shall let you pass as at this time. But it is shame, said Sir Tristram, that Sir Gawaine and ye be come of so great a blood that ye four brethren are so named as ye be, for ye be called the greatest destroyers and murderers of good knights that be now in this realm; for it is but as I heard say that Sir Gawaine and ye slew among you a better knight than ever ye were, that was the noble knight Sir Lamorak de Galis. An it had pleased God, said Sir Tristram, I would I had been by Sir Lamorak at his death. Then shouldst thou have gone the same way, said Sir Gaheris. Fair knight, said Sir Tristram, there must have been many more knights than ye are. And therewithal Sir Tristram departed from them toward Joyous Gard. And when he was departed they took their horses, and the one said to the other: We will overtake him and be revenged upon him in the despite of Sir Lamorak.

**CHAPTER LVI. How Sir Tristram smote down Sir Agravaire and Sir Gaheris, and how Sir Dinadan was sent for by La Beale Isoud.**

SO when they had overtaken Sir Tristram, Sir Agravaire bade him: Turn, traitor knight. That is evil said, said Sir Tristram; and therewith he pulled out his sword, and smote Sir Agravaire such a buffet upon the helm that he tumbled down off his horse in a swoon, and he had a grievous wound. And then he turned to Gaheris, and Sir Tristram smote his sword and his helm together with such a might that Gaheris fell out of his saddle: and so Sir Tristram rode unto Joyous Gard, and there he alighted and unarmed him. So Sir Tristram told La Beale Isoud of all his adventure, as ye have heard to-fore. And when she heard him tell of Sir Dinadan: Sir, said she, is not that he that made the song by King Mark? That same is he, said Sir Tristram, for he is the best boulder and japer, and a noble knight of his hands, and the best fellow that I know, and all good knights love his fellowship. Alas, sir, said she, why brought ye not him with you? Have ye no care, said Sir Tristram, for he rideth to seek me in this country; and therefore he will not away till he have met with me. And there Sir Tristram told La Beale Isoud how Sir Dinadan held against all lovers. Right so there came in a varlet and told Sir Tristram how there was come an errant knight into the town, with such colours upon his shield. That is Sir Dinadan, said Sir Tristram; wit ye what ye shall do, said Sir Tristram: send ye for him, my Lady Isoud, and I will not be seen, and ye shall hear the merriest knight that ever ye spake withal, and the maddest talker; and I pray you heartily that ye make him good cheer.

Then anon La Beale Isoud sent into the town, and prayed Sir Dinadan that he would come into the castle and repose him there with a lady. With a good will, said Sir Dinadan; and so he mounted upon his horse and rode into the castle; and there he alighted, and was unarmed, and brought into the castle. Anon La Beale

Isoud came unto him, and either saluted other; then she asked him of whence that he was. Madam, said Dinadan, I am of the court of King Arthur, and knight of the Table Round, and my name is Sir Dinadan. What do ye in this country? said La Beale Isoud. Madam, said he, I seek Sir Tristram the good knight, for it was told me that he was in this country. It may well be, said La Beale Isoud, but I am not ware of him. Madam, said Dinadan, I marvel of Sir Tristram and mo other lovers, what aileth them to be so mad and so sotted upon women. Why, said La Beale Isoud, are ye a knight and be no lover? it is shame to you: wherefore ye may not be called a good knight [but] if ye make a quarrel for a lady. God defend me, said Dinadan, for the joy of love is too short, and the sorrow thereof, and what cometh thereof, dureth over long. Ah, said La Beale Isoud, say ye not so, for here fast by was the good knight Sir Bleoberis, that fought with three knights at once for a damosel's sake, and he won her afore the King of Northumberland. It was so, said Sir Dinadan, for I know him well for a good knight and a noble, and come of noble blood; for all be noble knights of whom he is come of, that is Sir Launcelot du Lake.

Now I pray you, said La Beale Isoud, tell me will you fight for my love with three knights that do me great wrong? and inasmuch as ye be a knight of King Arthur's I require you to do battle for me. Then Sir Dinadan said: I shall say you ye be as fair a lady as ever I saw any, and much fairer than is my lady Queen Guenever, but wit ye well at one word, I will not fight for you with three knights, Jesu defend me. Then Isoud laughed, and had good game at him. So he had all the cheer that she might make him, and there he lay all that night. And on the morn early Sir Tristram armed him, and La Beale Isoud gave him a good helm; and then he promised her that he would meet with Sir Dinadan, and they two would ride together into Lonazep, where the tournament should be: And there shall I make ready for you where ye shall see the tournament. Then departed Sir Tristram with two squires that bare his shield and his spears that were great and long.

**CHAPTER LVII. How Sir Dinadan met with Sir Tristram, and with jousting with Sir Palomides, Sir Dinadan knew him.** THEN after that Sir Dinadan departed, and rode his way a great pace until he had overtaken Sir Tristram. And when Sir Dinadan had overtaken him he knew him anon, and he hated the fellowship of him above all other knights. Ah, said Sir Dinadan, art thou that coward knight that I met with yesterday? keep thee, for thou shalt joust with me maugre thy head. Well, said Sir Tristram, and I am loath to joust. And so they let their horses run, and Sir Tristram missed of him a-purpose, and Sir Dinadan brake a spear upon Sir Tristram, and therewith Sir Dinadan dressed him to draw out his sword. Not so, said Sir Tristram, why are ye so wroth? I will not fight. Fie on thee, coward, said Dinadan, thou shamest all knights. As for that, said Sir Tristram, I care not, for I will wait upon you and be under your protection; for because ye are so good a knight ye may save me. The devil deliver me of thee, said Sir Dinadan, for thou art as goodly a man of arms and of thy person as ever I saw, and the most coward that ever I saw. What wilt thou do with those great spears that thou carriest with thee? I shall give them, said Sir Tristram, to some good knight when I come to the tournament; and if I see you do best, I shall give them to you.

So thus as they rode talking they saw where came an errant knight afore them, that dressed him to joust. Lo, said Sir Tristram, yonder is one will joust; now dress thee to him. Ah, shame betide thee, said Sir Dinadan. Nay, not so, said Tristram, for that knight beseemeth a shrew. Then shall I, said Sir Dinadan. And so they dressed their shields and their spears, and they met together so hard that the other knight smote down Sir Dinadan from his horse. Lo, said Sir Tristram, it had been better ye had left. Fie on thee, coward, said Sir Dinadan. Then Sir Dinadan started up and gat his sword in his hand, and proffered to do battle on foot. Whether in love or in wrath? said the other knight. Let us do battle in love, said Sir Dinadan. What is your name, said that knight, I pray you tell me. Wit ye well my name is Sir Dinadan. Ah, Dinadan, said that knight, and my name is Gareth, the youngest brother unto Sir Gawaine. Then either made of other great cheer, for this

Gareth was the best knight of all the brethren, and he proved a good knight. Then they took their horses, and there they spake of Sir Tristram, how such a coward he was; and every word Sir Tristram heard and laughed them to scorn.

Then were they ware where came a knight afore them well horsed and well armed, and he made him ready to joust. Fair knights, said Sir Tristram, look betwixt you who shall joust with yonder knight, for I warn you I will not have ado with him. Then shall I, said Sir Gareth. And so they encountered together, and there that knight smote down Sir Gareth over his horse's croup. How now, said Sir Tristram unto Sir Dinadan, dress thee now and revenge the good knight Gareth. That shall I not, said Sir Dinadan, for he hath stricken down a much bigger knight than I am. Ah, said Sir Tristram, now Sir Dinadan, I see and feel well your heart faileth you, therefore now shall ye see what I shall do. And then Sir Tristram hurtled unto that knight, and smote him quite from his horse. And when Sir Dinadan saw that, he marvelled greatly; and then he deemed that it was Sir Tristram.

Then this knight that was on foot pulled out his sword to do battle. What is your name? said Sir Tristram. Wit ye well, said that knight, my name is Sir Palomides. What knight hate ye most? said Sir Tristram. Sir knight, said he, I hate Sir Tristram to the death, for an I may meet with him the one of us shall die. Ye say well, said Sir Tristram, and wit ye well that I am Sir Tristram de Liones, and now do your worst. When Sir Palomides heard him say so he was astoned. And then he said thus: I pray you, Sir Tristram, forgive me all mine evil will, and if I live I shall do you service above all other knights that be living; and whereas I have owed you evil will me sore repenteth. I wot not what aileth me, for meseemeth that ye are a good knight, and none other knight that named himself a good knight should not hate you; therefore I require you, Sir Tristram, take no displeasure at mine unkind words. Sir Palomides, said Sir Tristram, ye say well, and well I wot ye are a good knight, for I have seen ye proved; and many great enterprises have ye taken upon you, and well achieved them; therefore, said Sir Tristram, an ye have any evil will to me, now may ye right it, for I am ready at your hand. Not so, my lord Sir Tristram, I will do you knightly service in all thing as ye will command. And right so I will take you, said Sir Tristram. And so they rode forth on their ways talking of many things. O my lord Sir Tristram, said Dinadan, foul have ye mocked me, for God knoweth I came into this country for your sake, and by the advice of my lord Sir Launcelot; and yet would not Sir Launcelot tell me the certainty of you, where I should find you. Truly, said Sir Tristram, Sir Launcelot wist well where I was, for I abode within his own castle.

**CHAPTER LVIII. How they approached the Castle Lonazep, and of other devices of the death of Sir Lamorak.** THUS they rode until they were ware of the Castle Lonazep. And then were they ware of four hundred tents and pavilions, and marvellous great ordinance. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, yonder I see the greatest ordinance that ever I saw. Sir, said Palomides, meseemeth that there was as great an ordinance at the Castle of Maidens upon the rock, where ye won the prize, for I saw myself where ye forjousted thirty knights. Sir, said Dinadan, and in Surluse, at that tournament that Galahalt of the Long Isles made, the which there dured seven days, was as great a gathering as is here, for there were many nations. Who was the best? said Sir Tristram. Sir, it was Sir Launcelot du Lake and the noble knight, Sir Lamorak de Galis, and Sir Launcelot won the degree. I doubt not, said Sir Tristram, but he won the degree, so he had not been overmatched with many knights; and of the death of Sir Lamorak, said Sir Tristram, it was over great pity, for I dare say he was the cleanest mightied man and the best winded of his age that was alive; for I knew him that he was the biggest knight that ever I met withal, but if it were Sir Launcelot. Alas, said Sir Tristram, full woe is me for his death. And if they were not the cousins of my lord Arthur that slew him, they should die for it, and all those that were consenting to his death. And for such things, said Sir Tristram, I fear to draw unto the court of my lord Arthur; I will that ye wit it, said Sir Tristram unto Gareth.

Sir, I blame you not, said Gareth, for well I understand the vengeance of my brethren Sir Gawaine, Agravaine, Gaheris, and

Mordred. But as for me, said Sir Gareth, I meddle not of their matters, therefore there is none of them that loveth me. And for I understand they be murderers of good knights I left their company; and God would I had been by, said Gareth, when the noble knight, Sir Lamorak, was slain. Now as Jesu be my help, said Sir Tristram, it is well said of you, for I had liefer than all the gold betwixt this and Rome I had been there. Y-wis, said Palomides, and so would I had been there, and yet had I never the degree at no jousts nor tournament thereas he was, but he put me to the worse, or on foot or on horseback; and that day that he was slain he did the most deeds of arms that ever I saw knight do in all my life days. And when him was given the degree by my lord Arthur, Sir Gawaine and his three brethren, Agravaine, Gaheris, and Sir Mordred, set upon Sir Lamorak in a privy place, and there they slew his horse. And so they fought with him on foot more than three hours, both before him and behind him; and Sir Mordred gave him his death wound behind him at his back, and all to-hew him: for one of his squires told me that saw it. Fie upon treason, said Sir Tristram, for it killeth my heart to hear this tale. So it doth mine, said Gareth; brethren as they be mine I shall never love them, nor draw in their fellowship for that deed.

Now speak we of other deeds, said Palomides, and let him be, for his life ye may not get again. That is the more pity, said Dinadan, for Sir Gawaine and his brethren, except you Sir Gareth, hate all the good knights of the Round Table for the most part; for well I wot an they might privily, they hate my lord Sir Launcelot and all his kin, and great privy despite they have at him; and that is my lord Sir Launcelot well ware of, and that causeth him to have the good knights of his kin about him.

**CHAPTER LIX. How they came to Humber bank, and how they found a ship there, wherein lay the body of King Hermance.** SIR, said Palomides, let us leave of this matter, and let us see how we shall do at this tournament. By mine advice, said Palomides, let us four hold together against all that will come. Not by my counsel, said Sir Tristram, for I see by their pavilions there will be four hundred knights, and doubt ye not, said Sir Tristram, but there will be many good knights; and be a man never so valiant nor so big, yet he may be overmatched. And so have I seen knights done many times; and when they weened best to have won worship they lost it, for manhood is not worth but if it be medled with wisdom. And as for me, said Sir Tristram, it may happen I shall keep mine own head as well as another.

So thus they rode until that they came to Humber bank, where they heard a cry and a doleful noise. Then were they ware in the wind where came a rich vessel hilled over with red silk, and the vessel landed fast by them. Therewith Sir Tristram alighted and his knights. And so Sir Tristram went afore and entered into that vessel. And when he came within he saw a fair bed richly covered, and thereupon lay a dead seemly knight, all armed save the head, was all be-bledd with deadly wounds upon him, the which seemed to be a passing good knight. How may this be, said Sir Tristram, that this knight is thus slain? Then Sir Tristram was ware of a letter in the dead knight's hand. Master mariners, said Sir Tristram, what meaneth that letter? Sir, said they, in that letter ye shall hear and know how he was slain, and for what cause, and what was his name. But sir, said the mariners, wit ye well that no man shall take that letter and read it but if he be a good knight, and that he will faithfully promise to revenge his death, else shall there be no knight see that letter open. Wit ye well, said Sir Tristram, that some of us may revenge his death as well as other, and if it be so as ye mariners say his death shall be revenged. And therewith Sir Tristram took the letter out of the knight's hand, and it said thus: Hermance, king and lord of the Red City, I send unto all knights errant, recommending unto you noble knights of Arthur's court. I beseech them all among them to find one knight that will fight for my sake with two brethren that I brought up of nought, and feloniously and traitorly they have slain me; wherefore I beseech one good knight to revenge my death. And he that revengeth my death I will that he have my Red City and all my castles.

Sir, said the mariners, wit ye well this king and knight that here lieth was a full worshipful man and of full great prowess, and full well he loved all manner knights errants. So God me help, said

Sir Tristram, here is a piteous case, and full fain would I take this enterprise upon me; but I have made such a promise that needs I must be at this great tournament, or else I am shamed. For well I wot for my sake in especial my lord Arthur let make this jousts and tournament in this country; and well I wot that many worshipful people will be there at that tournament for to see me; therefore I fear me to take this enterprise upon me that I shall not come again by time to this jousts. Sir, said Palomides, I pray you give me this enterprise, and ye shall see me achieve it worshipfully, other else I shall die in this quarrel. Well, said Sir Tristram, and this enterprise I give you, with this, that ye be with me at this tournament that shall be as this day seven night. Sir, said Palomides, I promise you that I shall be with you by that day if I be unslain or unmaimed.

**CHAPTER LX. How Sir Tristram with his fellowship came and were with an host which after fought with Sir Tristram; and other matters.** THEN departed Sir Tristram, Gareth, and Sir Dinadan, and left Sir Palomides in the vessel; and so Sir Tristram beheld the mariners how they sailed overlong Humber. And when Sir Palomides was out of their sight they took their horses and beheld about them. And then were they ware of a knight that came riding against them unarmed, and nothing about him but a sword. And when this knight came nigh them he saluted them, and they him again. Fair knights, said that knight, I pray you inasmuch as ye be knights errant, that ye will come and see my castle, and take such as ye find there; I pray you heartily. And so they rode with him until his castle, and there they were brought into the hall, that was well apparelled; and so they were there unarmed, and set at a board; and when this knight saw Sir Tristram, anon he knew him. And then this knight waxed pale and wroth at Sir Tristram. When Sir Tristram saw his host make such cheer he marvelled and said: Sir, mine host, what cheer make you? Wit thou well, said he, I fare the worse for thee, for I know thee, Sir Tristram de Lioness, thou slewest my brother; and therefore I give thee summons I will slay thee an ever I may get thee at large. Sir knight, said Sir Tristram, I am never advised that ever I slew any brother of yours; and if ye say that I did I will make amends unto my power. I will none amends, said the knight, but keep thee from me.

So when he had dined Sir Tristram asked his arms, and departed. And so they rode on their ways, and within a while Sir Dinadan saw where came a knight well armed and well horsed, without shield. Sir Tristram, said Sir Dinadan, take keep to yourself, for I dare undertake yonder cometh your host that will have ado with you. Let him come, said Sir Tristram, I shall abide him as well as I may. Anon the knight, when he came nigh Sir Tristram, he cried and bade him abide and keep him. So they hurtled together, but Sir Tristram smote the other knight so sore that he bare him over his horse's croup. That knight arose lightly and took his horse again, and so rode fiercely to Sir Tristram, and smote him twice hard upon the helm. Sir knight, said Sir Tristram, I pray you leave off and smite me no more, for I would be loath to deal with you an I might choose, for I have your meat and your drink within my body. For all that he would not leave; and then Sir Tristram gave him such a buffet upon the helm that he fell up-so-down from his horse, that the blood brast out at the ventails of his helm, and so he lay still likely to be dead. Then Sir Tristram said: Me repenteth of this buffet that I smote so sore, for as I suppose he is dead. And so they left him and rode on their ways.

So they had not ridden but a while, but they saw riding against them two full likely knights, well armed and well horsed, and goodly servants about them. The one was Berrant le Apres, and he was called the King with the Hundred Knights; and the other was Sir Segwarides, which were renowned two noble knights. So as they came either by other the king looked upon Sir Dinadan, that at that time he had Sir Tristram's helm upon his shoulder, the which helm the king had seen to-fore with the Queen of Northgalis, and that queen the king loved as paramour; and that helm the Queen of Northgalis had given to La Beale Isoud, and the queen La Beale Isoud gave it to Sir Tristram. Sir knight, said Berrant, where had ye that helm? What would ye? said Sir Dinadan. For I will have ado with thee, said the king, for the love of her that owed that helm, and therefore keep you. So they departed and came together with all their mights of their horses, and there

the King with the Hundred Knights smote Sir Dinadan, horse and all, to the earth; and then he commanded his servant: Go and take thou his helm off, and keep it. So the varlet went to unbuckle his helm. What helm, what wilt thou do? said Sir Tristram, leave that helm. To what intent, said the king, will ye, sir knight, meddle with that helm? Wit you well, said Sir Tristram, that helm shall not depart from me or it be dearer bought. Then make you ready, said Sir Berrant unto Sir Tristram. So they hurtled together, and there Sir Tristram smote him down over his horse's tail; and then the king arose lightly, and gat his horse lightly again. And then he struck fiercely at Sir Tristram many great strokes. And then Sir Tristram gave Sir Berrant such a buffet upon the helm that he fell down over his horse sore stoned. Lo, said Dinadan, that helm is unhappy to us twain, for I had a fall for it, and now, sir king, have ye another fall.

Then Segwarides asked: Who shall joust with me? I pray thee, said Sir Gareth unto Dinadan, let me have this jousts. Sir, said Dinadan, I pray you take it as for me. That is no reason, said Tristram, for this jousts should be yours. At a word, said Dinadan, I will not thereof. Then Gareth dressed him to Sir Segwarides, and there Sir Segwarides smote Gareth and his horse to the earth. Now, said Sir Tristram to Dinadan, joust with yonder knight. I will not thereof, said Dinadan. Then will I, said Sir Tristram. And then Sir Tristram ran to him, and gave him a fall; and so they left them on foot, and Sir Tristram rode unto Joyous Gard, and there Sir Gareth would not of his courtesy have gone into this castle, but Sir Tristram would not suffer him to depart. And so they alighted and unarmed them, and had great cheer. But when Dinadan came afore La Beale Isoud he cursed the time that ever he bare Sir Tristram's helm, and there he told her how Sir Tristram had mocked him. Then was there laughing and japing at Sir Dinadan, that they wist not what to do with him.

**CHAPTER LXI. How Palomides went for to fight with two brethren for the death of King Hermance.** NOW will we leave them merry within Joyous Gard, and speak we of Sir Palomides. Then Sir Palomides sailed evenlong Humber to the coasts of the sea, where was a fair castle. And at that time it was early in the morning, afore day. Then the mariners went unto Sir Palomides that slept fast. Sir knight, said the mariners, ye must arise, for here is a castle there ye must go into. I assent me, said Sir Palomides; and therewithal he arrived. And then he blew his horn that the mariners had given him. And when they within the castle heard that horn they put forth many knights; and there they stood upon the walls, and said with one voice: Welcome be ye to this castle. And then it waxed clear day, and Sir Palomides entered into the castle. And within a while he was served with many divers meats. Then Sir Palomides heard about him much weeping and great dole. What may this mean? said Sir Palomides; I love not to hear such a sorrow, and fain I would know what it meaneth. Then there came afore him one whose name was Sir Ebel, that said thus: Wit ye well, sir knight, this dole and sorrow is here made every day, and for this cause: we had a king that hight Hermance, and he was King of the Red City, and this king that was lord was a noble knight, large and liberal of his expense; and in the world he loved nothing so much as he did errant knights of King Arthur's court, and all jousting, hunting, and all manner of knightly games; for so kind a king and knight had never the rule of poor people as he was; and because of his goodness and gentle ness we bemoan him, and ever shall. And all kings and estates may beware by our lord, for he was destroyed in his own default; for had he cherished them of his blood he had yet lived with great riches and rest: but all estates may beware by our king. But alas, said Ebel, that we shall give all other warning by his death.

Tell me, said Palomides, and in what manner was your lord slain, and by whom. Sir, said Sir Ebel, our king brought up of children two men that now are perilous knights; and these two knights our king had so in charity, that he loved no man nor trusted no man of his blood, nor none other that was about him. And by these two knights our king was governed, and so they ruled him peaceably and his lands, and never would they suffer none of his blood to have no rule with our king. And also he was so free and so gentle, and they so false and deceivable, that

they ruled him peaceably; and that espied the lords of our king's blood, and departed from him unto their own livelihood. Then when these two traitors understood that they had driven all the lords of his blood from him, they were not pleased with that rule, but then they thought to have more, as ever it is an old saw: Give a churl rule and thereby he will not be sufficed; for whosoever he be that is ruled by a villain born, and the lord of the soil to be a gentleman born, the same villain shall destroy all the gentlemen about him: therefore all estates and lords, beware whom ye take about you. And if ye be a knight of King Arthur's court remember this tale, for this is the end and conclusion. My lord and king rode unto the forest hereby by the advice of these traitors, and there he chased at the red deer, armed at all pieces full like a good knight; and so for labour he waxed dry, and then he alighted, and drank at a well. And when he was alighted, by the assent of these two traitors, that one that hight Helius he suddenly smote our king through the body with a spear, and so they left him there. And when they were departed, then by fortune I came to the well, and found my lord and king wounded to the death. And when I heard his complaint, I let bring him to the water side, and in that same ship I put him alive; and when my lord King Hermance was in that vessel, he required me for the true faith I owed unto him for to write a letter in this manner.

**CHAPTER LXII. The copy of the letter written for to revenge the king's death, and how Sir Palomides fought for to have the battle.** RECOMMENDING unto King Arthur and to all his knights errant, beseeching them all that insomuch as I, King Hermance, King of the Red City, thus am slain by felony and treason, through two knights of mine own, and of mine own bringing up and of mine own making, that some worshipful knight will revenge my death, insomuch I have been ever to my power well willing unto Arthur's court. And who that will adventure his life with these two traitors for my sake in one battle, I, King Hermance, King of the Red City, freely give him all my lands and rents that ever I wielded in my life. This letter, said Ebel, I wrote by my lord's commandment, and then he received his Creator; and when he was dead, he commanded me or ever he were cold to put that letter fast in his hand. And then he commanded me to put forth that same vessel down Humber, and I should give these mariners in commandment never to stint until that they came unto Logris, where all the noble knights shall assemble at this time. And there shall some good knight have pity on me to revenge my death, for there was never king nor lord falslier nor traitorlier slain than I am here to my death. Thus was the complaint of our King Hermance. Now, said Sir Ebel, ye know all how our lord was betrayed, we require you for God's sake have pity upon his death, and worshipfully revenge his death, and then may ye wield all these lands. For we all wit well that an ye may slay these two traitors, the Red City and all those that be therein will take you for their lord.

Truly, said Sir Palomides, I grieveth my heart for to hear you tell this doleful tale; and to say the truth I saw the same letter that ye speak of, and one of the best knights on the earth read that letter to me, and by his commandment I came hither to revenge your king's death; and therefore have done, and let me wit where I shall find those traitors, for I shall never be at ease in my heart till I be in hands with them. Sir, said Sir Ebel, then take your ship again, and that ship must bring you unto the Delectable Isle, fast by the Red City, and we in this castle shall pray for you, and abide your again-coming. For this same castle, an ye speed well, must needs be yours; for our King Hermance let make this castle for the love of the two traitors, and so we kept it with strong hand, and therefore full sore are we threatened. Wot ye what ye shall do, said Sir Palomides; whosoever come of me, look ye keep well this castle. For an it misfortune me so to be slain in this quest I am sure there will come one of the best knights of the world for to revenge my death, and that is Sir Tristram de Lioness, or else Sir Launcelot du Lake.

Then Sir Palomides departed from that castle. And as he came nigh the city, there came out of a ship a goodly knight armed against him, with his shield on his shoulder, and his hand upon his sword. And anon as he came nigh Sir Palomides he said: Sir knight, what seek ye here? leave this quest for it is mine, and mine

it was or ever it was yours, and therefore I will have it. Sir knight, said Palomides, it may well be that this quest was yours or it was mine, but when the letter was taken out of the dead king's hand, at that time by likelihood there was no knight had undertaken to revenge the death of the king. And so at that time I promised to revenge his death, and so I shall or else I am ashamed. Ye say well, said the knight, but wit ye well then will I fight with you, and who be the better knight of us both, let him take the battle upon hand. I assent me, said Sir Palomides. And then they dressed their shields, and pulled out their swords, and lashed together many sad strokes as men of might; and this fighting was more than an hour, but at the last Sir Palomides waxed big and better winded, so that then he smote that knight such a stroke that he made him to kneel upon his knees. Then that knight spake on high and said: Gentle knight, hold thy hand. Sir Palomides was goodly and withdrew his hand. Then this knight said: Wit ye well, knight, that thou art better worthy to have this battle than I, and require thee of knighthood tell me thy name. Sir, my name is Palomides, a knight of King Arthur's, and of the Table Round, that hither I came to revenge the death of this dead king.

**CHAPTER LXIII. Of the preparation of Sir Palomides and the two brethren that should fight with him.** WELL be ye found, said the knight to Palomides, for of all knights that be alive, except three, I had liefest have you. The first is Sir Launcelot du Lake, and Sir Tristram de Liones, the third is my nigh cousin, Sir Lamorak de Galis. And I am brother unto King Hermance that is dead, and my name is Sir Herminde. Ye say well, said Sir Palomides, and ye shall see how I shall speed; and if I be there slain go ye to my lord Sir Launcelot, or else to my lord Sir Tristram, and pray them to revenge my death, for as for Sir Lamorak him shall ye never see in this world. Alas, said Sir Herminde, how may that be? He is slain, said Sir Palomides, by Sir Gawaine and his brethren. So God me help, said Herminde, there was not one for one that slew him. That is truth, said Sir Palomides, for they were four dangerous knights that slew him, as Sir Gawaine, Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Mordred, but Sir Gareth, the fifth brother was away, the best knight of them all. And so Sir Palomides told Herminde all the manner, and how they slew Sir Lamorak all only by treason.

So Sir Palomides took his ship, and arrived up at the Delectable Isle. And in the meanwhile Sir Herminde that was the king's brother, he arrived up at the Red City, and there he told them how there was come a knight of King Arthur's to avenge King Hermance's death: And his name is Sir Palomides, the good knight, that for the most part he followeth the beast Glatissant. Then all the city made great joy, for mickle had they heard of Sir Palomides, and of his noble prowess. So let they ordain a messenger, and sent unto the two brethren, and bade them to make them ready, for there was a knight come that would fight with them both. So the messenger went unto them where they were at a castle there beside; and there he told them how there was a knight come of King Arthur's court to fight with them both at once. He is welcome, said they; but tell us, we pray you, if it be Sir Launcelot or any of his blood? He is none of that blood, said the messenger. Then we care the less, said the two brethren, for with none of the blood of Sir Launcelot we keep not to have ado withal. Wit ye well, said the messenger, that his name is Sir Palomides, that yet is unchristened, a noble knight. Well, said they, an he be now unchristened he shall never be christened. So they appointed to be at the city within two days.

And when Sir Palomides was come to the city they made passing great joy of him, and then they beheld him, and saw that he was well made, cleanly and bigly, and unmaimed of his limbs, and neither too young nor too old. And so all the people praised him; and though he was not christened yet he believed in the best manner, and was full faithful and true of his promise, and well conditioned; and because he made his avow that he would never be christened unto the time that he had achieved the beast Glatissant, the which was a full wonderful beast, and a great signification; for Merlin prophesied much of that beast. And also Sir Palomides avowed never to take full christendom unto the time that he had done seven battles within the lists.

So within the third day there came to the city these two

brethren, the one hight Helius, the other hight Helake, the which were men of great prowess; howbeit that they were false and full of treason, and but poor men born, yet were they noble knights of their hands. And with them they brought forty knights, to that intent that they should be big enough for the Red City. Thus came the two brethren with great bobaunce and pride, for they had put the Red City in fear and damage. Then they were brought to the lists, and Sir Palomides came into the place and said thus: Be ye the two brethren, Helius and Helake, that slew your king and lord, Sir Hermance, by felony and treason, for whom that I am come hither to revenge his death? Wit thou well, said Sir Helius and Sir Helake, that we are the same knights that slew King Hermance; and wit thou well, Sir Palomides Saracen, that we shall handle thee so or thou depart that thou shalt wish that thou wert christened. It may well be, said Sir Palomides, for yet I would not die or I were christened; and yet so am I not afraid of you both, but I trust to God that I shall die a better christian man than any of you both; and doubt ye not, said Sir Palomides, either ye or I shall be left dead in this place.

**CHAPTER LXIV. Of the battle between Sir Palomides and the two brethren, and how the two brethren were slain.**

THEN they departed, and the two brethren came against Sir Palomides, and he against them, as fast as their horses might run. And by fortune Sir Palomides smote Helake through his shield and through the breast more than a fathom. All this while Sir Helius held up his spear, and for pride and orgulité he would not smite Sir Palomides with his spear; but when he saw his brother lie on the earth, and saw he might not help himself, then he said unto Sir Palomides: Help thyself. And therewith he came hurtling unto Sir Palomides with his spear, and smote him quite from his saddle. Then Sir Helius rode over Sir Palomides twice or thrice. And therewith Sir Palomides was ashamed, and gat the horse of Sir Helius by the bridle, and therewithal the horse areared, and Sir Palomides halp after, and so they fell both to the earth; but anon Sir Helius stert up lightly, and there he smote Sir Palomides a great stroke upon the helm, that he kneeled upon his own knee. Then they lashed together many sad strokes, and traced and traversed now backward, now sideling, hurtling together like two boars, and that same time they fell both grovelling to the earth.

Thus they fought still without any reposing two hours, and never breathed; and then Sir Palomides waxed faint and weary, and Sir Helius waxed passing strong, and doubled his strokes, and drove Sir Palomides overthwart and endlong all the field, that they of the city when they saw Sir Palomides in this case they wept and cried, and made great dole, and the other party made as great joy. Alas, said the men of the city, that this noble knight should thus be slain for our king's sake. And as they were thus weeping and crying, Sir Palomides that had suffered an hundred strokes, that it was wonder that he stood on his feet, at the last Sir Palomides beheld as he might the common people, how they wept for him; and then he said to himself: Ah, fie for shame, Sir Palomides, why hankest thou thy head so low; and therewith he bare up his shield, and looked Sir Helius in the visage, and he smote him a great stroke upon the helm, and after that another and another. And then he smote Sir Helius with such a might that he fell to the earth grovelling; and then he raced off his helm from his head, and there he smote him such a buffet that he departed his head from the body. And then were the people of the city the joyfullest people that might be. So they brought him to his lodging with great solemnity, and there all the people became his men. And then Sir Palomides prayed them all to take keep unto all the lordship of King Hermance: For, fair sirs, wit ye well I may not as at this time abide with you, for I must in all haste be with my lord King Arthur at the Castle of Lonazep, the which I have promised. Then was the people full heavy at his departing, for all that city professed Sir Palomides the third part of their goods so that he would abide with them; but in no wise as at that time he would not abide.

And so Sir Palomides departed, and so he came unto the castle whereas Sir Ebel was lieutenant. And when they in the castle wist how Sir Palomides had sped, there was a joyful meiny; and so Sir Palomides departed, and came to the castle of Lonazep. And when he wist that Sir Tristram was not there he took his way

over Humber, and came unto Joyous Gard, whereas Sir Tristram was and La Beale Isoud. Sir Tristram had commanded that what knight errant came within the Joyous Gard, as in the town, that they should warn Sir Tristram. So there came a man of the town, and told Sir Tristram how there was a knight in the town, a passing goodly man. What manner of man is he, said Sir Tristram, and what sign beareth he? So the man told Sir Tristram all the tokens of him. That is Palomides, said Dinadan. It may well be, said Sir Tristram. Go ye to him, said Sir Tristram unto Dinadan. So Dinadan went unto Sir Palomides, and there either made other great joy, and so they lay together that night. And on the morn early came Sir Tristram and Sir Gareth, and took them in their beds, and so they arose and brake their fast.

**CHAPTER LXV. How Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides met Breuse Saunce Pité, and how Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud went unto Lonazep.** AND then Sir Tristram desired Sir Palomides to ride into the fields and woods. So they were accorded to repose them in the forest. And when they had played them a great while they rode unto a fair well; and anon they were ware of an armed knight that came riding against them, and there either saluted other. Then this armed knight spake to Sir Tristram, and asked what were these knights that were lodged in Joyous Gard. I wot not what they are, said Sir Tristram. What knights be ye? said that knight, for meseemeth ye be no knights errant, because ye ride unarmed. Whether we be knights or not we list not to tell thee our name. Wilt thou not tell me thy name? said that knight; then keep thee, for thou shalt die of my hands. And therewith he got his spear in his hands, and would have run Sir Tristram through. That saw Sir Palomides, and smote his horse traverse in midst of the side, that man and horse fell to the earth. And therewith Sir Palomides alighted and pulled out his sword to have slain him. Let be, said Sir Tristram, slay him not, the knight is but a fool, it were shame to slay him. But take away his spear, said Sir Tristram, and let him take his horse and go where that he will.

So when this knight arose he groaned sore of the fall, and so he took his horse, and when he was up he turned then his horse, and required Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides to tell him what knights they were. Now wit ye well, said Sir Tristram, that my name is Sir Tristram de Lioness, and this knight's name is Sir Palomides. When he wist what they were he took his horse with the spurs, because they should not ask him his name, and so rode fast away through thick and thin. Then came there by them a knight with a bended shield of azure, whose name was Epinogris, and he came toward them a great wallop. Whither are ye riding? said Sir Tristram. My fair lords, said Epinogris, I follow the falsest knight that beareth the life; wherefore I require you tell me whether ye saw him, for he beareth a shield with a case of red over it. So God me help, said Tristram, such a knight departed from us not a quarter of an hour agone; we pray you tell us his name. Alas, said Epinogris, why let ye him escape from you? and he is so great a foe unto all errant knights: his name is Breuse Saunce Pité. Ah, fie for shame, said Sir Palomides, alas that ever he escaped mine hands, for he is the man in the world that I hate most. Then every knight made great sorrow to other; and so Epinogris departed and followed the chase after him.

Then Sir Tristram and his three fellows rode unto Joyous Gard; and there Sir Tristram talked unto Sir Palomides of his battle, how he sped at the Red City, and as ye have heard afore so was it ended. Truly, said Sir Tristram, I am glad ye have well sped, for ye have done worshipfully. Well, said Sir Tristram, we must forward to-morn. And then he devised how it should be; and Sir Tristram devised to send his two pavilions to set them fast by the well of Lonazep, and therein shall be the queen La Beale Isoud. It is well said, said Sir Dinadan, but when Sir Palomides heard of that his heart was ravished out of measure: notwithstanding he said but little. So when they came to Joyous Gard Sir Palomides would not have gone into the castle, but as Sir Tristram took him by the finger, and led him into the castle. And when Sir Palomides saw La Beale Isoud he was ravished so that he might unnethe speak. So they went unto meat, but Palomides might not eat, and there was all the cheer that might be had. And on the morn they were

apparelled to ride toward Lonazep.

So Sir Tristram had three squires, and La Beale Isoud had three gentlewomen, and both the queen and they were richly apparelled; and other people had they none with them, but varlets to bear their shields and their spears. And thus they rode forth. So as they rode they saw afore them a rout of knights; it was the knight Galihodin with twenty knights with him. Fair fellows, said Galihodin, yonder come four knights, and a rich and a well fair lady: I am in will to take that lady from them. That is not of the best counsel, said one of Galihodin's men, but send ye to them and wit what they will say; and so it was done. There came a squire unto Sir Tristram, and asked them whether they would joust or else to lose their lady. Not so, said Sir Tristram, tell your lord I bid him come as many as we be, and win her and take her. Sir, said Palomides, an it please you let me have this deed, and I shall undertake them all four. I will that ye have it, said Sir Tristram, at your pleasure. Now go and tell your lord Galihodin, that this same knight will encounter with him and his fellows.

**CHAPTER LXVI. How Sir Palomides jousted with Sir Galihodin, and after with Sir Gawaine, and smote them down.** THEN this squire departed and told Galihodin; and then he dressed his shield, and put forth a spear, and Sir Palomides another; and there Sir Palomides smote Galihodin so hard that he smote both horse and man to the earth. And there he had an horrible fall. And then came there another knight, and in the same wise he served him; and so he served the third and the fourth, that he smote them over their horses' croups, and always Sir Palomides' spear was whole. Then came six knights more of Galihodin's men, and would have been avenged upon Sir Palomides. Let be, said Sir Galihodin, not so hardy, none of you all meddle with this knight, for he is a man of great bounté and honour, and if he would ye were not able to meddle with him. And right so they held them still. And ever Sir Palomides was ready to joust; and when he saw they would no more he rode unto Sir Tristram. Right well have ye done, said Sir Tristram, and worshipfully have ye done as a good knight should. This Galihodin was nigh cousin unto Galahalt, the haut prince; and this Galihodin was a king within the country of Surluse.

So as Sir Tristram, Sir Palomides, and La Beale Isoud rode together they saw afore them four knights, and every man had his spear in his hand: the first was Sir Gawaine, the second Sir Uwaine, the third Sir Sagamore le Desirous, and the fourth was Dodinas le Savage. When Sir Palomides beheld them, that the four knights were ready to joust, he prayed Sir Tristram to give him leave to have ado with them all so long as he might hold him on horseback. And if that I be smitten down I pray you revenge me. Well, said Sir Tristram, I will as ye will, and ye are not so fain to have worship but I would as fain increase your worship. And therewithal Sir Gawaine put forth his spear, and Sir Palomides another; and so they came so eagerly together that Sir Palomides smote Sir Gawaine to the earth, horse and all; and in the same wise he served Uwaine, Sir Dodinas, and Sagamore. All these four knights Sir Palomides smote down with divers spears. And then Sir Tristram departed toward Lonazep.

And when they were departed then came thither Galihodin with his ten knights unto Sir Gawaine, and there he told him all how he had sped. I marvel, said Sir Gawaine, what knights they be, that are so arrayed in green. And that knight upon the white horse smote me down, said Galihodin, and my three fellows. And so he did to me, said Gawaine; and well I wot, said Sir Gawaine, that either he upon the white horse is Sir Tristram or else Sir Palomides, and that gay beseen lady is Queen Isoud. Thus they talked of one thing and of other.

And in the meanwhile Sir Tristram passed on till that he came to the well where his two pavilions were set; and there they alighted, and there they saw many pavilions and great array. Then Sir Tristram left there Sir Palomides and Sir Gareth with La Beale Isoud, and Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan rode to Lonazep to hear-ken tidings; and Sir Tristram rode upon Sir Palomides' white horse. And when he came into the castle Sir Dinadan heard a great horn blow, and to the horn drew many knights. Then Sir Tristram asked a knight: What meaneth the blast of that horn?

Sir, said that knight, it is all those that shall hold against King Arthur at this tournament. The first is the King of Ireland, and the King of Surluse, the King of Listinoise, the King of Northumberland, and the King of the best part of Wales, with many other countries. And these draw them to a council, to understand what governance they shall be of; but the King of Ireland, whose name was Marhalt, and father to the good knight Sir Marhaus that Sir Tristram slew, had all the speech that Sir Tristram might hear it. He said: Lords and fellows, let us look to ourself, for wit ye well King Arthur is sure of many good knights, or else he would not with so few knights have ado with us; therefore by my counsel let every king have a standard and a cognisance by himself, that every knight draw to their natural lord, and then may every king and captain help his knights if they have need. When Sir Tristram had heard all their counsel he rode unto King Arthur for to hear of his counsel.

**CHAPTER LXVII. How Sir Tristram and his fellowship came into the tournament of Lonazep; and of divers jousts and matters.** BUT Sir Tristram was not so soon come into the place, but Sir Gawaine and Sir Galihodin went to King Arthur, and told him: That same green knight in the green harness with the white horse smote us two down, and six of our fellows this same day. Well, said Arthur. And then he called Sir Tristram and asked him what was his name. Sir, said Sir Tristram, ye shall hold me excused as at this time, for ye shall not wit my name. And there Sir Tristram returned and rode his way. I have marvel, said Arthur, that yonder knight will not tell me his name, but go thou, Griflet le Fise de Dieu, and pray him to speak with me betwixt us. Then Sir Griflet rode after him and overtook him, and said him that King Arthur prayed him for to speak with him secretly apart. Upon this covenant, said Sir Tristram, I will speak with him; that I will turn again so that ye will ensure me not to desire to hear my name. I shall undertake, said Sir Griflet, that he will not greatly desire it of you. So they rode together until they came to King Arthur. Fair sir, said King Arthur, what is the cause ye will not tell me your name? Sir, said Sir Tristram, without a cause I will not hide my name. Upon what party will ye hold? said King Arthur. Truly, my lord, said Sir Tristram, I wot not yet on what party I will be on, until I come to the field, and there as my heart giveth me, there will I hold; but to-morrow ye shall see and prove on what party I shall come. And therewithal he returned and went to his pavilions.

And upon the morn they armed them all in green, and came into the field; and there young knights began to joust, and did many worshipful deeds. Then spake Gareth unto Sir Tristram, and prayed him to give him leave to break his spear, for him thought shame to bear his spear whole again. When Sir Tristram heard him say so he laughed, and said: I pray you do your best. Then Sir Gareth gat a spear and proffered to joust. That saw a knight that was nephew unto the King of the Hundred Knights; his name was Selises, and a good man of arms. So this knight Selises then dressed him unto Sir Gareth, and they two met together so hard that either smote other down, his horse and all, to the earth, so they were both bruised and hurt; and there they lay till the King with the Hundred Knights halp Selises up, and Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides halp up Gareth again. And so they rode with Sir Gareth unto their pavilions, and then they pulled off his helm.

And when La Beale Isoud saw Sir Gareth bruised in the face she asked him what ailed him. Madam, said Sir Gareth, I had a great buffet, and as I suppose I gave another, but none of my fellows, God thank them, would not rescue me. Forsooth, said Palomides, it longed not to none of us as this day to joust, for there have not this day jousted no proved knights, and needly ye would joust. And when the other party saw ye proffered yourself to joust they sent one to you, a passing good knight of his age, for I know him well, his name is Selises; and worshipfully ye met with him, and neither of you are dishonoured, and therefore refresh yourself that ye may be ready and whole to joust to-morrow. As for that, said Gareth, I shall not fail you an I may bestride mine horse.

**CHAPTER LXVIII. How Sir Tristram and his fellowship jousted, and of the noble feats that they did in that tournament.** NOW upon what party, said Tristram, is it best we be

withal as to-morn? Sir, said Palomides, ye shall have mine advice to be against King Arthur as to-morn, for on his party will be Sir Launcelot and many good knights of his blood with him. And the more men of worship that they be, the more worship we shall win. That is full knightly spoken, said Sir Tristram; and right so as ye counsel me, so will we do. In the name of God, said they all. So that night they were lodged with the best. And on the morn when it was day they were arrayed all in green trappings, shields and spears, and La Beale Isoud in the same colour, and her three damosels. And right so these four knights came into the field end-long and through. And so they led La Beale Isoud thither as she should stand and behold all the jousts in a bay window; but always she was wimpled that no man might see her visage. And then these three knights rode straight unto the party of the King of Scots.

When King Arthur had seen them do all this he asked Sir Launcelot what were these knights and that queen. Sir, said Launcelot, I cannot say you in certain, but if Sir Tristram be in this country, or Sir Palomides, wit ye well it be they in certain, and La Beale Isoud. Then Arthur called to him Sir Kay and said: Go lightly and wit how many knights there be here lacking of the Table Round, for by the sieges thou mayst know. So went Sir Kay and saw by the writings in the sieges that there lacked ten knights. And these be their names that be not here. Sir Tristram, Sir Palomides, Sir Percivale, Sir Gaheris, Sir Epinogris, Sir Mordred, Sir Dinadan, Sir La Cote Male Taile, and Sir Pelleas the noble knight. Well, said Arthur, some of these I dare undertake are here this day against us.

Then came therein two brethren, cousins unto Sir Gawaine, the one hight Sir Edward, that other hight Sir Sadok, the which were two good knights; and they asked of King Arthur that they might have the first jousts, for they were of Orkney. I am pleased, said King Arthur. Then Sir Edward encountered with the King of Scots, in whose party was Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides; and Sir Edward smote the King of Scots quite from his horse, and Sir Sadok smote down the King of North Wales, and gave him a wonder great fall, that there was a great cry on King Arthur's party, and that made Sir Palomides passing wroth. And so Sir Palomides dressed his shield and his spear, and with all his might he met with Sir Edward of Orkney, that he smote him so hard that his horse might not stand on his feet, and so they hurtled to the earth; and then with the same spear Sir Palomides smote down Sir Sadok over his horse's croup. O Jesu, said Arthur, what knight is that arrayed all in green? he jousteth mightily. Wit you well, said Sir Gawaine, he is a good knight, and yet shall ye see him joust better or he depart. And yet shall ye see, said Sir Gawaine, another bigger knight, in the same colour, than he is; for that same knight, said Sir Gawaine, that smote down right now my four cousins, he smote me down within these two days, and seven fellows more.

This meanwhile as they stood thus talking there came into the place Sir Tristram upon a black horse, and or ever he stint he smote down with one spear four good knights of Orkney that were of the kin of Sir Gawaine; and Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan everych of them smote down a good knight. Jesu, said Arthur, yonder knight upon the black horse doth mightily and marvellously well. Abide you, said Sir Gawaine; that knight with the black horse began not yet. Then Sir Tristram made to horse again the two kings that Edward and Sadok had unhorsed at the beginning. And then Sir Tristram drew his sword and rode into the thickest of the press against them of Orkney; and there he smote down knights, and rashed off helms, and pulled away their shields, and hurtled down many knights: he fared so that Sir Arthur and all knights had great marvel when they saw one knight do so great deeds of arms. And Sir Palomides failed not upon the other side, but did so marvellously well that all men had wonder. For there King Arthur likened Sir Tristram that was on the black horse like to a wood lion, and likened Sir Palomides upon the white horse unto a wood leopard, and Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan unto eager wolves. But the custom was such among them that none of the kings would help other, but all the fellowship of every standard to help other as they might; but ever Sir Tristram did so much deeds of arms that they of Orkney waxed weary of him, and so withdrew them unto Lonazep.

**CHAPTER LXIX. How Sir Tristram was unhorsed and smitten down by Sir Launcelot, and after that Sir Tristram smote down King Arthur.** THEN was the cry of heralds and all manner of common people: The Green Knight hath done marvellously, and beaten all them of Orkney. And there the heralds numbered that Sir Tristram that sat upon the black horse had smitten down with spears and swords thirty knights; and Sir Palomides had smitten down twenty knights, and the most part of these fifty knights were of the house of King Arthur, and proved knights. So God me help, said Arthur unto Sir Launcelot, this is a great shame to us to see four knights beat so many knights of mine; and therefore make you ready, for we will have ado with them. Sir, said Launcelot, wit ye well that there are two passing good knights, and great worship were it not to us now to have ado with them, for they have this day sore travailed. As for that, said Arthur, I will be avenged; and therefore take with you Sir Bleoberis and Sir Ector, and I will be the fourth, said Arthur. Sir, said Launcelot, ye shall find me ready, and my brother Sir Ector, and my cousin Sir Bleoberis. And so when they were ready and on horseback: Now choose, said Sir Arthur unto Sir Launcelot, with whom that ye will encounter withal. Sir, said Launcelot, I will meet with the green knight upon the black horse, that was Sir Tristram; and my cousin Sir Bleoberis shall match the green knight upon the white horse, that was Sir Palomides; and my brother Sir Ector shall match with the green knight upon the white horse, that was Sir Gareth. Then must I, said Sir Arthur, have ado with the green knight upon the grised horse, and that was Sir Dinadan. Now every man take heed to his fellow, said Sir Launcelot. And so they trotted on together, and there encountered Sir Launcelot against Sir Tristram. So Sir Launcelot smote Sir Tristram so sore upon the shield that he bare horse and man to the earth; but Sir Launcelot weened that it had been Sir Palomides, and so he passed forth. And then Sir Bleoberis encountered with Sir Palomides, and he smote him so hard upon the shield that Sir Palomides and his white horse rustled to the earth. Then Sir Ector de Maris smote Sir Gareth so hard that down he fell off his horse. And the noble King Arthur encountered with Sir Dinadan, and he smote him quite from his saddle. And then the noise turned awhile how the green knights were slain down.

When the King of Northgalis saw that Sir Tristram had a fall, then he remembered him how great deeds of arms Sir Tristram had done. Then he made ready many knights, for the custom and cry was such, that what knight were smitten down, and might not be horsed again by his fellows, outhur by his own strength, that as that day he should be prisoner unto the party that had smitten him down. So came in the King of Northgalis, and he rode straight unto Sir Tristram; and when he came nigh him he alighted down suddenly and betook Sir Tristram his horse, and said thus: Noble knight, I know thee not of what country that thou art, but for the noble deeds that thou hast done this day take there my horse, and let me do as well I may; for, as Jesu me help, thou art better worthy to have mine horse than I myself. Gramercy, said Sir Tristram, and if I may I shall quite you: look that ye go not far from us, and as I suppose, I shall win you another horse. And therewith Sir Tristram mounted upon his horse, and there he met with King Arthur, and he gave him such a buffet upon the helm with his sword that King Arthur had no power to keep his saddle. And then Sir Tristram gave the King of Northgalis King Arthur's horse: then was there great press about King Arthur for to horse him again; but Sir Palomides would not suffer King Arthur to be horsed again, but ever Sir Palomides smote on the right hand and on the left hand mightily as a noble knight. And this meanwhile Sir Tristram rode through the thickest of the press, and smote down knights on the right hand and on the left hand, and raced off helms, and so passed forth unto his pavilions, and left Sir Palomides on foot; and Sir Tristram changed his horse and disguised himself all in red, horse and harness.

**CHAPTER LXX. How Sir Tristram changed his harness and it was all red, and how he demeaned him, and how Sir Palomides slew Launcelot's horse.** AND when the queen La Beale Isoud saw that Sir Tristram was unhorsed, and she wist not where he was, then she wept greatly. But Sir Tristram, when he was ready, came dashing lightly into the field, and then La Beale Isoud

espied him. And so he did great deeds of arms; with one spear, that was great, Sir Tristram smote down five knights or ever he stint. Then Sir Launcelot espied him readily, that it was Sir Tristram, and then he repented him that he had smitten him down; and so Sir Launcelot went out of the press to repose him and lightly he came again. And now when Sir Tristram came into the press, through his great force he put Sir Palomides upon his horse, and Sir Gareth, and Sir Dinadan, and then they began to do marvelously; but Sir Palomides nor none of his two fellows knew not who had holpen them on horseback again. But ever Sir Tristram was nigh them and succoured them, and they [knew] not him, because he was changed into red armour: and all this while Sir Launcelot was away.

So when La Beale Isoud knew Sir Tristram again upon his horse-back she was passing glad, and then she laughed and made good cheer. And as it happened, Sir Palomides looked up toward her where she lay in the window, and he espied how she laughed; and therewith he took such a rejoicing that he smote down, what with his spear and with his sword, all that ever he met; for through the sight of her he was so enamoured in her love that he seemed at that time, that an both Sir Tristram and Sir Launcelot had been both against him they should have won no worship of him; and in his heart, as the book saith, Sir Palomides wished that with his worship he might have ado with Sir Tristram before all men, because of La Beale Isoud. Then Sir Palomides began to double his strength, and he did so marvellously that all men had wonder of him, and ever he cast up his eye unto La Beale Isoud. And when he saw her make such cheer he fared like a lion, that there might no man withstand him; and then Sir Tristram beheld him, how that Sir Palomides bestirred him; and then he said unto Sir Dinadan: So God me help, Sir Palomides is a passing good knight and a well enduring, but such deeds saw I him never do, nor never heard I tell that ever he did so much in one day. It is his day, said Dinadan; and he would say no more unto Sir Tristram; but to himself he said: An if ye knew for whose love he doth all those deeds of arms, soon would Sir Tristram abate his courage. Alas, said Sir Tristram, that Sir Palomides is not christened. So said King Arthur, and so said all those that beheld him. Then all people gave him the prize, as for the best knight that day, that he passed Sir Launcelot outhur Sir Tristram. Well, said Dinadan to himself, all this worship that Sir Palomides hath here this day he may thank the Queen Isoud, for had she been away this day Sir Palomides had not gotten the prize this day.

Right so came into the field Sir Launcelot du Lake, and saw and heard the noise and cry and the great worship that Sir Palomides had. He dressed him against Sir Palomides, with a great mighty spear and a long, and thought to smite him down. And when Sir Palomides saw Sir Launcelot come upon him so fast, he ran upon Sir Launcelot as fast with his sword as he might; and as Sir Launcelot should have stricken him he smote his spear aside, and smote it a-two with his sword. And Sir Palomides rushed unto Sir Launcelot, and thought to have put him to a shame; and with his sword he smote his horse's neck that Sir Launcelot rode upon, and then Sir Launcelot fell to the earth. Then was the cry huge and great: See how Sir Palomides the Saracen hath smitten down Sir Launcelot's horse. Right then were there many knights wroth with Sir Palomides because he had done that deed; therefore many knights held there against that it was unknighdly done in a tournament to kill an horse wilfully, but that it had been done in plain battle, life for life.

**CHAPTER LXXI. How Sir Launcelot said to Sir Palomides, and how the prize of that day was given unto Sir Palomides.**

WHEN Sir Ector de Maris saw Sir Launcelot's brother have such a despite, and so set on foot, then he gat a spear eagerly, and ran against Sir Palomides, and he smote him so hard that he bare him quite from his horse. That saw Sir Tristram, that was in red harness, and he smote down Sir Ector de Maris quite from his horse. Then Sir Launcelot dressed his shield upon his shoulder, and with his sword naked in his hand, and so came straight upon Sir Palomides fiercely and said: Wit thou well thou hast done me this day the greatest despite that ever any worshipful knight did to me in tournament or in jousts, and therefore I will be avenged upon

thee, therefore take keep to yourself. Ah, mercy, noble knight, said Palomides, and forgive me mine unkindly deeds, for I have no power nor might to withstand you, and I have done so much this day that well I wot I did never so much, nor never shall in my life-days; and therefore, most noble knight, I require thee spare me as at this day, and I promise you I shall ever be your knight while I live: an ye put me from my worship now, ye put me from the greatest worship that ever I had or ever shall have in my life-days. Well, said Sir Launcelot, I see, for to say thee sooth, ye have done marvellously well this day; and I understand a part for whose love ye do it, and well I wot that love is a great mistress. And if my lady were here as she nis not, wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, ye should not bear away the worship. But beware your love be not discovered, for an Sir Tristram may know it ye will repent it; and sithen my quarrel is not here, ye shall have this day the worship as for me; considering the great travail and pain that ye have had this day, it were no worship for me to put you from it. And therewithal Sir Launcelot suffered Sir Palomides to depart.

Then Sir Launcelot by great force and might gat his own horse maugre twenty knights. So when Sir Launcelot was horsed he did many marvels, and so did Sir Tristram, and Sir Palomides in like wise. Then Sir Launcelot smote down with a spear Sir Dinadan, and the King of Scotland, and the King of Wales, and the King of Northumberland, and the King of Listinoise. So then Sir Launcelot and his fellows smote down well a forty knights. Then came the King of Ireland and the King of the Straight Marches to rescue Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides. There began a great medley, and many knights were smitten down on both parties; and always Sir Launcelot spared Sir Tristram, and he spared him. And Sir Palomides would not meddle with Sir Launcelot, and so there was hurtling here and there. And then King Arthur sent out many knights of the Table Round; and Sir Palomides was ever in the foremost front, and Sir Tristram did so strongly well that the king and all other had marvel. And then the king let blow to lodging; and because Sir Palomides began first, and never he went nor rode out of the field to repose, but ever he was doing marvellously well either on foot or on horseback, and longest during, King Arthur and all the kings gave Sir Palomides the honour and the gree as for that day.

Then Sir Tristram commanded Sir Dinadan to fetch the queen La Beale Isoud, and bring her to his two pavilions that stood by the well. And so Dinadan did as he was commanded. But when Sir Palomides understood and wist that Sir Tristram was in the red armour, and on a red horse, wit ye well that he was glad, and so was Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan, for they all weened that Sir Tristram had been taken prisoner. And then every knight drew to his inn. And then King Arthur and every knight spake of those knights; but above all men they gave Sir Palomides the prize, and all knights that knew Sir Palomides had wonder of his deeds. Sir, said Sir Launcelot unto Arthur, as for Sir Palomides an he be the green knight I dare say as for this day he is best worthy to have the degree, for he reposed him never, nor never changed his weeds, and he began first and longest held on. And yet, well I wot, said Sir Launcelot, that there was a better knight than he, and that shall be proved or we depart, upon pain of my life. Thus they talked on either party; and so Sir Dinadan railed with Sir Tristram and said: What the devil is upon thee this day? for Sir Palomides' strength feebleth never this day, but ever he doubled his strength.

**CHAPTER LXXII. How Sir Dinadan provoked Sir Tristram to do well.** AND thou, Sir Tristram, farest all this day as though thou hadst been asleep, and therefore I call thee coward. Well, Dinadan, said Sir Tristram, I was never called coward or now of no earthly knight in my life; and wit thou well, sir, I call myself never the more coward though Sir Launcelot gave me a fall, for I outcept him of all knights. And doubt ye not Sir Dinadan, an Sir Launcelot have a quarrel good, he is too over good for any knight that now is living; and yet of his sufferance, largess, bounty, and courtesy, I call him knight peerless: and so Sir Tristram was in manner wroth with Sir Dinadan. But all this language Sir Dinadan said because he would anger Sir Tristram, for to cause him to awake his spirits and to be wroth; for well knew Sir Dinadan that an Sir Tristram were thoroughly wroth Sir Palomides should

not get the prize upon the morn. And for this intent Sir Dinadan said all this railing and language against Sir Tristram. Truly, said Sir Palomides, as for Sir Launcelot, of his noble knighthood, courtesy, and prowess, and gentleness, I know not his peer; for this day, said Sir Palomides, I did full uncourtously unto Sir Launcelot, and full unknighly, and full knighly and courteously he did to me again; for an he had been as ungente to me as I was to him, this day I had won no worship. And therefore, said Palomides, I shall be Sir Launcelot's knight while my life lasteth. This talking was in the houses of kings. But all kings, lords, and knights, said, of clear knighthood, and of pure strength, of bounty, of courtesy, Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram bare the prize above all knights that ever were in Arthur's days. And there were never knights in Arthur's days did half so many deeds as they did; as the book saith, no ten knights did not half the deeds that they did, and there was never knight in their days that required Sir Launcelot or Sir Tristram of any quest, so it were not to their shame, but they performed their desire.

**CHAPTER LXXIII. How King Arthur and Sir Lancelot came to see La Beale Isoud, and how Palomides smote down King Arthur.** SO on the morn Sir Launcelot departed, and Sir Tristram was ready, and La Beale Isoud with Sir Palomides and Sir Gareth. And so they rode all in green full freshly beseen unto the forest. And Sir Tristram left Sir Dinadan sleeping in his bed. And so as they rode it happed the king and Launcelot stood in a window, and saw Sir Tristram ride and Isoud. Sir, said Launcelot, yonder rideth the fairest lady of the world except your queen, Dame Guenever. Who is that? said Sir Arthur. Sir, said he, it is Queen Isoud that, out-taken my lady your queen, she is makeless. Take your horse, said Arthur, and array you at all rights as I will do, and I promise you, said the king, I will see her. Then anon they were armed and horsed, and either took a spear and rode unto the forest. Sir, said Launcelot, it is not good that ye go too nigh them, for wit ye well there are two as good knights as now are living, and therefore, sir, I pray you be not too hasty. For peradventure there will be some knights be displeased an we come suddenly upon them. As for that, said Arthur, I will see her, for I take no force whom I grieve. Sir, said Launcelot, ye put yourself in great jeopardy. As for that, said the king, we will take the adventure. Right so anon the king rode even to her, and saluted her, and said: God you save. Sir, said she, ye are welcome. Then the king beheld her, and liked her wonderly well.

With that came Sir Palomides unto Arthur, and said: Uncourteous knight, what seekest thou here? thou art uncourteous to come upon a lady thus suddenly, therefore withdraw thee. Sir Arthur took none heed of Sir Palomides' words, but ever he looked still upon Queen Isoud. Then was Sir Palomides wroth, and therewith he took a spear, and came hurtling upon King Arthur, and smote him down with a spear. When Sir Launcelot saw that despite of Sir Palomides, he said to himself: I am loath to have ado with yonder knight, and not for his own sake but for Sir Tristram. And one thing I am sure of, if I smite down Sir Palomides I must have ado with Sir Tristram, and that were overmuch for me to match them both, for they are two noble knights; notwithstanding, whether I live or I die, needs must I revenge my lord, and so will I, whatsoever befall of me. And therewith Sir Launcelot cried to Sir Palomides: Keep thee from me. And then Sir Launcelot and Sir Palomides rushed together with two spears strongly, but Sir Launcelot smote Sir Palomides so hard that he went quite out of his saddle, and had a great fall. When Sir Tristram saw Sir Palomides have that fall, he said to Sir Launcelot: Sir knight, keep thee, for I must joust with thee. As for to joust with me, said Sir Launcelot, I will not fail you, for no dread I have of you; but I am loath to have ado with you an I might choose, for I will that ye wit that I must revenge my special lord that was unhorsed unwarily and unknighly. And therefore, though I revenged that fall, take ye no displeasure therein, for he is to me such a friend that I may not see him shamed.

Anon Sir Tristram understood by his person and by his knightly words that it was Sir Launcelot du Lake, and verily Sir Tristram deemed that it was King Arthur, he that Sir Palomides had smitten down. And then Sir Tristram put his spear from him, and put Sir

Palomides again on horseback, and Sir Launcelot put King Arthur on horseback and so departed. So God me help, said Sir Tristram unto Palomides, ye did not worshipfully when ye smote down that knight so suddenly as ye did. And wit ye well ye did yourself great shame, for the knights came hither of their gentleness to see a fair lady; and that is every good knight's part, to behold a fair lady; and ye had not ado to play such masteries afore my lady. Wit thou well it will turn to anger, for he that ye smote down was King Arthur, and that other was the good knight Sir Launcelot. But I shall not forget the words of Sir Launcelot when that he called him a man of great worship, thereby I wist that it was King Arthur. And as for Sir Launcelot, an there had been five hundred knights in the meadow, he would not have refused them, and yet he said he would refuse me. By that again I wist that it was Sir Launcelot, for ever he forboreth me in every place, and showeth me great kindness; and of all knights, I out-take none, say what men will say, he beareth the flower of all chivalry, say it him whosomever will. An he be well angered, and that him list to do his utterance without any favour, I know him not alive but Sir Launcelot is over hard for him, be it on horseback or on foot. I may never believe, said Palomides, that King Arthur will ride so privily as a poor errant knight. Ah, said Sir Tristram, ye know not my lord Arthur, for all knights may learn to be a knight of him. And therefore ye may be sorry, said Sir Tristram, of your unkindly deeds to so noble a king. And a thing that is done may not be undone, said Palomides. Then Sir Tristram sent Queen Isoud unto her lodging in the priory, there to behold all the tournament.

**CHAPTER LXXIV. How the second day Palomides forsook Sir Tristram, and went to the contrary part against him.** THEN there was a cry unto all knights, that when they heard an horn blow they should make jousts as they did the first day. And like as the brethren Sir Edward and Sir Sadok began the jousts the first day, Sir Uwayne the king's son Urien and Sir Lucanere de Buttelere began the jousts the second day. And at the first encounter Sir Uwayne smote down the King's son of Scots; and Sir Lucanere ran against the King of Wales, and they brake their spears all to pieces; and they were so fierce both, that they hurtled together that both fell to the earth. Then they of Orkney horsed again Sir Lucanere. And then came in Sir Tristram de Liones; and then Sir Tristram smote down Sir Uwayne and Sir Lucanere; and Sir Palomides smote down other two knights and Sir Gareth smote down other two knights. Then said Sir Arthur unto Sir Launcelot: See yonder three knights do passingly well, and namely the first that jousted. Sir, said Launcelot, that knight began not yet but ye shall see him this day do marvellously. And then came into the place the duke's son of Orkney, and then they began to do many deeds of arms.

When Sir Tristram saw them so begin, he said to Palomides: How feel ye yourself? may ye do this day as ye did yesterday? Nay, said Palomides, I feel myself so weary, and so sore bruised of the deeds of yesterday, that I may not endure as I did yesterday. That me repenteth, said Sir Tristram, for I shall lack you this day. Sir Palomides said: Trust not to me, for I may not do as I did. All these words said Palomides for to beguile Sir Tristram. Sir, said Sir Tristram unto Sir Gareth, then must I trust upon you; wherefore I pray you be not far from me to rescue me. An need be, said Sir Gareth, I shall not fail you in all that I may do. Then Sir Palomides rode by himself; and then in despite of Sir Tristram he put himself in the thickest press among them of Orkney, and there he did so marvellously deeds of arms that all men had wonder of him, for there might none stand him a stroke.

When Sir Tristram saw Sir Palomides do such deeds, he marvelled and said to himself: He is weary of my company. So Sir Tristram beheld him a great while and did but little else, for the noise and cry was so huge and great that Sir Tristram marvelled from whence came the strength that Sir Palomides had there in the field. Sir, said Sir Gareth unto Sir Tristram, remember ye not of the words that Sir Dinadan said to you yesterday, when he called you a coward; forsooth, sir, he said it for none ill, for ye are the man in the world that he most loveth, and all that he said was for your worship. And therefore, said Sir Gareth to Sir Tristram, let me know this day what ye be; and wonder ye not so upon Sir Palomides,

for he enforceth himself to win all the worship and honour from you. I may well believe it, said Sir Tristram. And sithen I understand his evil will and his envy, ye shall see, if that I enforce myself, that the noise shall be left that now is upon him.

Then Sir Tristram rode into the thickest of the press, and then he did so marvellously well, and did so great deeds of arms, that all men said that Sir Tristram did double so much deeds of arms as Sir Palomides had done aforehand. And then the noise went plain from Sir Palomides, and all the people cried upon Sir Tristram. O Jesu, said the people, see how Sir Tristram smiteth down with his spear so many knights. And see, said they all, how many knights he smiteth down with his sword, and of how many knights he rashed off their helms and their shields; and so he beat them all of Orkney afore him. How now, said Sir Launcelot unto King Arthur, I told you that this day there would a knight play his pageant. Yonder rideth a knight ye may see he doth knightly, for he hath strength and wind. So God me help, said Arthur to Launcelot, ye say sooth, for I saw never a better knight, for he passeth far Sir Palomides. Sir, wit ye well, said Launcelot, it must be so of right, for it is himself, that noble knight Sir Tristram. I may right well believe it, said Arthur.

But when Sir Palomides heard the noise and the cry was turned from him, he rode out on a part and beheld Sir Tristram. And when Sir Palomides saw Sir Tristram do so marvellously well he wept passingly sore for despite, for he wist well he should no worship win that day; for well knew Sir Palomides, when Sir Tristram would put forth his strength and his manhood, he should get but little worship that day.

**CHAPTER LXXV. How Sir Tristram departed of the field, and awaked Sir Dinadan, and changed his array into black.** THEN came King Arthur, and the King of Northgalis, and Sir Launcelot du Lake; and Sir Bleoberis, Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Ector de Maris, these three knights came into the field with Sir Launcelot. And then Sir Launcelot with the three knights of his kin did so great deeds of arms that all the noise began upon Sir Launcelot. And so they beat the King of Wales and the King of Scots far aback, and made them to avoid the field; but Sir Tristram and Sir Gareth abode still in the field and endured all that ever there came, that all men had wonder that any knight might endure so many strokes. But ever Sir Launcelot, and his three kinsmen by the commandment of Sir Launcelot, forbore Sir Tristram. Then said Sir Arthur: Is that Sir Palomides that endureth so well? Nay, said Sir Launcelot, wit ye well it is the good knight Sir Tristram, for yonder ye may see Sir Palomides beholdeth and hoveth, and doth little or nought. And sir, ye shall understand that Sir Tristram weeneth this day to beat us all out of the field. And as for me, said Sir Launcelot, I shall not beat him, beat him whoso will. Sir, said Launcelot unto Arthur, ye may see how Sir Palomides hoveth yonder, as though he were in a dream; wit ye well he is full heavy that Tristram doth such deeds of arms. Then is he but a fool, said Arthur, for never was Sir Palomides, nor never shall be, of such prowess as Sir Tristram. And if he have any envy at Sir Tristram, and cometh in with him upon his side he is a false knight.

As the king and Sir Launcelot thus spake, Sir Tristram rode privily out of the press, that none espied him but La Beale Isoud and Sir Palomides, for they two would not let off their eyes upon Sir Tristram. And when Sir Tristram came to his pavilions he found Sir Dinadan in his bed asleep. Awake, said Tristram, ye ought to be ashamed so to sleep when knights have ado in the field. Then Sir Dinadan arose lightly and said: What will ye that I shall do? Make you ready, said Sir Tristram, to ride with me into the field. So when Sir Dinadan was armed he looked upon Sir Tristram's helm and on his shield, and when he saw so many strokes upon his helm and upon his shield he said: In good time was I thus asleep, for had I been with you I must needs for shame there have followed you; more for shame than any prowess that is in me; that I see well now by those strokes that I should have been truly beaten as I was yesterday. Leave your japes, said Sir Tristram, and come off, that [we] were in the field again. What, said Sir Dinadan, is your heart up? yesterday ye fared as though ye had dreamed. So then Sir Tristram was arrayed in black har-

ness. O Jesu, said Dinadan, what aileth you this day? meseemeth ye be wilder than ye were yesterday. Then smiled Sir Tristram and said to Dinadan: Await well upon me; if ye see me overmatched look that ye be ever behind me, and I shall make you ready way by God's grace. So Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadan took their horses. All this espied Sir Palomides, both their going and their coming, and so did La Beale Isoud, for she knew Sir Tristram above all other.

**CHAPTER LXXVI. How Sir Palomides changed his shield and his armour for to hurt Sir Tristram, and how Sir Launcelot did to Sir Tristram.** THEN when Sir Palomides saw that Sir Tristram was disguised, then he thought to do him a shame. So Sir Palomides rode to a knight that was sore wounded, that sat under a fair well from the field. Sir knight, said Sir Palomides, I pray you to lend me your armour and your shield, for mine is over-well known in this field, and that hath done me great damage; and ye shall have mine armour and my shield that is as sure as yours. I will well, said the knight, that ye have mine armour and my shield, if they may do you any avail. So Sir Palomides armed him hastily in that knight's armour and his shield that shone as any crystal or silver, and so he came riding into the field. And then there was neither Sir Tristram nor none of King Arthur's party that knew Sir Palomides. And right so as Sir Palomides was come into the field Sir Tristram smote down three knights, even in the sight of Sir Palomides. And then Sir Palomides rode against Sir Tristram, and either met other with great spears, that they brast to their hands. And then they dashed together with swords eagerly. Then Sir Tristram had marvel what knight he was that did battle so knightly with him. Then was Sir Tristram wroth, for he felt him passing strong, so that he deemed he might not have ado with the remnant of the knights, because of the strength of Sir Palomides. So they lashed together and gave many sad strokes together, and many knights marvelled what knight he might be that so encountered with the black knight, Sir Tristram. Full well knew La Beale Isoud that there was Sir Palomides that fought with Sir Tristram, for she espied all in her window where that she stood, as Sir Palomides changed his harness with the wounded knight. And then she began to weep so heartily for the despite of Sir Palomides that there she swooned.

Then came in Sir Launcelot with the knights of Orkney. And when the other party had espied Sir Launcelot, they cried: Return, return, here cometh Sir Launcelot du Lake. So there came knights and said: Sir Launcelot, ye must needs fight with yonder knight in the black harness, that was Sir Tristram, for he hath almost overcome that good knight that fighteth with him with the silver shield, that was Sir Palomides. Then Sir Launcelot rode betwixt Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides, and Sir Launcelot said to Palomides: Sir knight, let me have the battle, for ye have need to be reposed. Sir Palomides knew Sir Launcelot well, and so did Sir Tristram, but because Sir Launcelot was far hardier knight than himself therefore he was glad, and suffered Sir Launcelot to fight with Sir Tristram. For well wist he that Sir Launcelot knew not Sir Tristram, and there he hoped that Sir Launcelot should beat or shame Sir Tristram, whereof Sir Palomides was full fain. And so Sir Launcelot gave Sir Tristram many sad strokes, but Sir Launcelot knew not Sir Tristram, but Sir Tristram knew well Sir Launcelot. And thus they fought long together, that La Beale Isoud was well-nigh out of her mind for sorrow.

Then Sir Dinadan told Sir Gareth how that knight in the black harness was Sir Tristram: And this is Launcelot that fighteth with him, that must needs have the better of him, for Sir Tristram hath had too much travail this day. Then let us smite him down, said Sir Gareth. So it is better that we do, said Sir Dinadan, than Sir Tristram be shamed, for yonder hoveth the strong knight with the silver shield to fall upon Sir Tristram if need be. Then forthwith Gareth rushed upon Sir Launcelot, and gave him a great stroke upon his helm so hard that he was astonished. And then came Sir Dinadan with a spear, and he smote Sir Launcelot such a buffet that horse and all fell to the earth. O Jesu, said Sir Tristram to Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan, fie for shame, why did ye smite down so good a knight as he is, and namely when I had ado with him? now ye do yourself great shame, and him no disworship; for I held him reasonable hot, though ye had not holpen me.

Then came Sir Palomides that was disguised, and smote down Sir Dinadan from his horse. Then Sir Launcelot, because Sir Dinadan had smitten him aforehand, then Sir Launcelot assailed Sir Dinadan passing sore, and Sir Dinadan defended him mightily. But well understood Sir Tristram that Sir Dinadan might not endure Sir Launcelot, wherefore Sir Tristram was sorry. Then came Sir Palomides fresh upon Sir Tristram. And when Sir Tristram saw him come, he thought to deliver him at once, because that he would help Sir Dinadan, because he stood in great peril with Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Tristram hurtled unto Sir Palomides and gave him a great buffet, and then Sir Tristram gat Sir Palomides and pulled him down underneath him. And so fell Sir Tristram with him; and Sir Tristram leapt up lightly and left Sir Palomides, and went betwixt Sir Launcelot and Dinadan, and then they began to do battle together.

Right so Sir Dinadan gat Sir Tristram's horse, and said on high that Sir Launcelot might hear it: My lord Sir Tristram, take your horse. And when Sir Launcelot heard him name Sir Tristram: O Jesu, said Launcelot, what have I done? I am dishonoured. Ah, my lord Sir Tristram, said Launcelot, why were ye disguised? ye have put yourself in great peril this day; but I pray you noble knight to pardon me, for an I had known you we had not done this battle. Sir, said Sir Tristram, this is not the first kindness ye showed me. So they were both horsed again.

Then all the people on the one side gave Sir Launcelot the honour and the degree, and on the other side all the people gave to the noble knight Sir Tristram the honour and the degree; but Launcelot said nay thereto: For I am not worthy to have this honour, for I will report me unto all knights that Sir Tristram hath been longer in the field than I, and he hath smitten down many more knights this day than I have done. And therefore I will give Sir Tristram my voice and my name, and so I pray all my lords and fellows so to do. Then there was the whole voice of dukes and earls, barons and knights, that Sir Tristram this day is proved the best knight.

**CHAPTER LXXVII. How Sir Tristram departed with La Beale Isoud, and how Palomides followed and excused him.** THEN they blew unto lodging, and Queen Isoud was led unto her pavilions. But wit you well she was wroth out of measure with Sir Palomides, for she saw all his treason from the beginning to the ending. And all this while neither Sir Tristram, neither Sir Gareth nor Dinadan, knew not of the treason of Sir Palomides; but afterward ye shall hear that there befell the greatest debate betwixt Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides that might be.

So when the tournament was done, Sir Tristram, Gareth, and Dinadan, rode with La Beale Isoud to these pavilions. And ever Sir Palomides rode with them in their company disguised as he was. But when Sir Tristram had espied him that he was the same knight with the shield of silver that held him so hot that day: Sir knight, said Sir Tristram, wit ye well here is none that hath need of your fellowship, and therefore I pray you depart from us. Sir Palomides answered again as though he had not known Sir Tristram: Wit you well, sir knight, from this fellowship will I never depart, for one of the best knights of the world commanded me to be in this company, and till he discharge me of my service I will not be discharged. By that Sir Tristram knew that it was Sir Palomides. Ah, Sir Palomides, said the noble knight Sir Tristram, are ye such a knight? Ye have been named wrong, for ye have long been called a gentle knight, and as this day ye have showed me great ungentleness, for ye had almost brought me unto my death. But, as for you, I suppose I should have done well enough, but Sir Launcelot with you was overmuch; for I know no knight living but Sir Launcelot is over good for him, an he will do his uttermost. Alas, said Sir Palomides, are ye my lord Sir Tristram? Yea, sir, and that ye know well enough. By my knighthood, said Palomides, until now I knew you not; I weened that ye had been the King of Ireland, for well I wot ye bare his arms. His arms I bare, said Sir Tristram, and that will I stand by, for I won them once in a field of a full noble knight, his name was Sir Marhaus; and with great pain I won that knight, for there was none other recover, but Sir Marhaus died through false leeches; and yet was he never yolden to me. Sir, said Palomides, I weened ye had been

turned upon Sir Launcelot's party, and that caused me to turn. Ye say well, said Sir Tristram, and so I take you, and I forgive you.

So then they rode into their pavilions; and when they were alighted they unarmed them and washed their faces and hands, and so yode unto meat, and were set at their table. But when Isoud saw Sir Palomides she changed then her colours, and for wrath she might not speak. Anon Sir Tristram espied her countenance and said: Madam, for what cause make ye us such cheer? we have been sore travailed this day. Mine own lord, said La Beale Isoud, for God's sake be ye not displeased with me, for I may none otherwise do; for I saw this day how ye were betrayed and nigh brought to your death. Truly, sir, I saw every deal, how and in what wise, and therefore, sir, how should I suffer in your presence such a felon and traitor as Sir Palomides; for I saw him with mine eyes, how he beheld you when ye went out of the field. For ever he hove still upon his horse till he saw you come in againward. And then forthwithal I saw him ride to the hurt knight, and changed harness with him, and then straight I saw him how he rode into the field. And anon as he had found you he encountered with you, and thus wilfully Sir Palomides did battle with you; and as for him, sir, I was not greatly afraid, but I dread sore Launcelot, that knew you not. Madam, said Palomides, ye may say whatso ye will, I may not contrary you, but by my knighthood I knew not Sir Tristram. Sir Palomides, said Sir Tristram, I will take your excuse, but well I wot ye spared me but little, but all is pardoned on my part. Then La Beale Isoud held down her head and said no more at that time.

**CHAPTER LXXVIII. How King Arthur and Sir Launcelot came unto their pavilions as they sat at supper, and of Sir Palomides.** AND therewithal two knights armed came unto the pavilion, and there they alighted both, and came in armed at all pieces. Fair knights, said Sir Tristram, ye are to blame to come thus armed at all pieces upon me while we are at our meat; if ye would anything when we were in the field there might ye have eased your hearts. Not so, said the one of those knights, we come not for that intent, but wit ye well Sir Tristram, we be come hither as your friends. And I am come here, said the one, for to see you, and this knight is come for to see La Beale Isoud. Then said Sir Tristram: I require you do off your helms that I may see you. That will we do at your desire, said the knights. And when their helms were off, Sir Tristram thought that he should know them.

Then said Sir Dinadan privily unto Sir Tristram: Sir, that is Sir Launcelot du Lake that spake unto you first, and the other is my lord King Arthur. Then, said Sir Tristram unto La Beale Isoud, Madam arise, for here is my lord, King Arthur. Then the king and the queen kissed, and Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram braced either other in arms, and then there was joy without measure; and at the request of La Beale Isoud, King Arthur and Launcelot were unarmed, and then there was merry talking. Madam, said Sir Arthur, it is many a day sithen that I have desired to see you, for ye have been praised so far; and now I dare say ye are the fairest that ever I saw, and Sir Tristram is as fair and as good a knight as any that I know; therefore me beseemeth ye are well beset together. Sir, God thank you, said the noble knight, Sir Tristram, and Isoud; of your great goodness and largess ye are peerless. Thus they talked of many things and of all the whole jousts. But for what cause, said King Arthur, were ye, Sir Tristram, against us? Ye are a knight of the Table Round; of right ye should have been with us. Sir, said Sir Tristram, here is Dinadan, and Sir Gareth your own nephew, caused me to be against you. My lord Arthur, said Gareth, I may well bear the blame, but it were Sir Tristram's own deeds. That may I repent, said Dinadan, for this unhappy Sir Tristram brought us to this tournament, and many great buffets he caused us to have. Then the king and Launcelot laughed that they might not sit.

What knight was that, said Arthur, that held you so short, this with the shield of silver? Sir, said Sir Tristram, here he sitteth at this board. What, said Arthur, was it Sir Palomides? Wit ye well it was he, said La Beale Isoud. So God me help, said Arthur, that was unknighly done of you of so good a knight, for I have heard many people call you a courteous knight. Sir, said Palomides, I knew not Sir Tristram, for he was so disguised. So God me help, said

Launcelot, it may well be, for I knew not Sir Tristram; but I marvel why ye turned on our party. That was done for the same cause, said Launcelot. As for that, said Sir Tristram, I have pardoned him, and I would be right loath to leave his fellowship, for I love right well his company: so they left off and talked of other things.

And in the evening King Arthur and Sir Launcelot departed unto their lodging; but wit ye well Sir Palomides had envy heartily, for all that night he had never rest in his bed, but wailed and wept out of measure. So on the morn Sir Tristram, Gareth, and Dinadan arose early, and then they went unto Sir Palomides' chamber, and there they found him fast asleep, for he had all night watched, and it was seen upon his cheeks that he had wept full sore. Say nothing, said Sir Tristram, for I am sure he hath taken anger and sorrow for the rebuke that I gave to him, and La Beale Isoud.

**CHAPTER LXXIX. How Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides did the next day, and how King Arthur was unhorsed.** THEN Sir Tristram let call Sir Palomides, and bade him make him ready, for it was time to go to the field. When they were ready they were armed, and clothed all in red, both Isoud and all they; and so they led her passing freshly through the field, into the priory where was her lodging. And then they heard three blasts blow, and every king and knight dressed him unto the field. And the first that was ready to joust was Sir Palomides and Sir Kainus le Strange, a knight of the Table Round. And so they two encountered together, but Sir Palomides smote Sir Kainus so hard that he smote him quite over his horse's croup. And forthwithal Sir Palomides smote down another knight, and brake then his spear, and pulled out his sword and did wonderly well. And then the noise began greatly upon Sir Palomides. Lo, said King Arthur, yonder Palomides beginneth to play his pageant. So God me help, said Arthur, he is a passing good knight. And right as they stood talking thus, in came Sir Tristram as thunder, and he encountered with Sir Kay the Seneschal, and there he smote him down quite from his horse; and with that same spear Sir Tristram smote down three knights more, and then he pulled out his sword and did marvellously. Then the noise and cry changed from Sir Palomides and turned to Sir Tristram, and all the people cried: O Tristram, O Tristram. And then was Sir Palomides clean forgotten.

How now, said Launcelot unto Arthur, yonder rideth a knight that playeth his pageants. So God me help, said Arthur to Launcelot, ye shall see this day that yonder two knights shall here do this day wonders. Sir, said Launcelot, the one knight waiteth upon the other, and enforceth himself through envy to pass the noble knight Sir Tristram, and he knoweth not of the privy envy the which Sir Palomides hath to him; for all that the noble Sir Tristram doth is through clean knighthood. And then Sir Gareth and Dinadan did wonderly great deeds of arms, as two noble knights, so that King Arthur spake of them great honour and worship; and the kings and knights of Sir Tristram's side did passingly well, and held them truly together. Then Sir Arthur and Sir Launcelot took their horses and dressed them, and gat into the thickest of the press. And there Sir Tristram unknowing smote down King Arthur, and then Sir Launcelot would have rescued him, but there were so many upon Sir Launcelot that they pulled him down from his horse. And then the King of Ireland and the King of Scots with their knights did their pain to take King Arthur and Sir Launcelot prisoner. When Sir Launcelot heard them say so, he fared as it had been an hungry lion, for he fared so that no knight durst nigh him.

Then came Sir Ector de Maris, and he bare a spear against Sir Palomides, and brast it upon him all to shivers. And then Sir Ector came again and gave Sir Palomides such a dash with a sword that he stooped down upon his saddle bow. And forthwithal Sir Ector pulled down Sir Palomides under his feet; and then Sir Ector de Maris gat Sir Launcelot du Lake an horse, and brought it to him, and bade him mount upon him; but Sir Palomides leapt afore and gat the horse by the bridle, and leapt into the saddle. So God me help, said Launcelot, ye are better worthy to have that horse than I. Then Sir Ector brought Sir Launcelot another horse. Gramercy, said Launcelot unto his brother. And so when he was horsed again, with one spear he smote down four knights. And then Sir Launcelot brought to King Arthur one of the best

of the four horses. Then Sir Launcelot with King Arthur and a few of his knights of Sir Launcelot's kin did marvellous deeds; for that time, as the book recordeth, Sir Launcelot smote down and pulled down thirty knights. Notwithstanding the other party held them so fast together that King Arthur and his knights were overmatched. And when Sir Tristram saw that, what labour King Arthur and his knights, and in especial the noble deeds that Sir Launcelot did with his own hands, he marvelled greatly.

**CHAPTER LXXX. How Sir Tristram turned to King Arthur's side, and how Palomides would not.** THEN Sir Tristram called unto him Sir Palomides, Sir Gareth, and Sir Dinadan, and said thus to them: My fair fellows, wit ye well that I will turn unto King Arthur's party, for I saw never so few men do so well, and it will be shame unto us knights that be of the Round Table to see our lord King Arthur, and that noble knight Sir Launcelot, to be dishonoured. It will be well done, said Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan. Do your best, said Palomides, for I will not change my party that I came in withal. That is for my sake, said Sir Tristram; God speed you in your journey. And so departed Sir Palomides from them. Then Sir Tristram, Gareth, and Dinadan, turned with Sir Launcelot. And then Sir Launcelot smote down the King of Ireland quite from his horse; and so Sir Launcelot smote down the King of Scots, and the King of Wales; and then Sir Arthur ran unto Sir Palomides and smote him quite from his horse; and then Sir Tristram bare down all that he met. Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan did there as noble knights; then all the parties began to flee. Alas, said Palomides, that ever I should see this day, for now have I lost all the worship that I won; and then Sir Palomides went his way wailing, and so withdrew him till he came to a well, and there he put his horse from him, and did off his armour, and wailed and wept like as he had been a wood man. Then many knights gave the prize to Sir Tristram, and there were many that gave the prize unto Sir Launcelot. Fair lords, said Sir Tristram, I thank you of the honour ye would give me, but I pray you heartily that ye would give your voice to Sir Launcelot, for by my faith said Sir Tristram, I will give Sir Launcelot my voice. But Sir Launcelot would not have it, and so the prize was given betwixt them both.

Then every man rode to his lodging, and Sir Bleoberis and Sir Ector rode with Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud unto their pavilions. Then as Sir Palomides was at the well wailing and weeping, there came by him flying the kings of Wales and of Scotland, and they saw Sir Palomides in that arage. Alas, said they, that so noble a man as ye be should be in this array. And then those kings gat Sir Palomides' horse again, and made him to arm him and mount upon his horse, and so he rode with them, making great dole. So when Sir Palomides came nigh the pavilions whereas Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud was in, then Sir Palomides prayed the two kings to abide him there the while that he spake with Sir Tristram. And when he came to the port of the pavilions, Sir Palomides said on high: Where art thou, Sir Tristram de Liones? Sir, said Dinadan, that is Palomides. What, Sir Palomides, will ye not come in here among us? Fie on thee traitor, said Palomides, for wit you well an it were daylight as it is night I should slay thee, mine own hands. And if ever I may get thee, said Palomides, thou shalt die for this day's deed. Sir Palomides, said Sir Tristram, ye wite me with wrong, for had ye done as I did ye had won worship. But sithen ye give me so large warning I shall be well ware of you. Fie on thee, traitor, said Palomides, and therewith departed.

Then on the morn Sir Tristram, Bleoberis, and Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Gareth, Sir Dinadan, what by water and what by land, they brought La Beale Isoud unto Joyous Gard, and there reposed them a seven night, and made all the mirths and disports that they could devise. And King Arthur and his knights drew unto Camelot, and Sir Palomides rode with the two kings; and ever he made the greatest dole that any man could think, for he was not all only so dolorous for the departing from La Beale Isoud, but he was a part as sorrowful to depart from the fellowship of Sir Tristram; for Sir Tristram was so kind and so gentle that when Sir Palomides remembered him thereof he might never be merry.

**CHAPTER LXXXI. How Sir Bleoberis and Sir Ector reported to Queen Guenever of the beauty of La Beale Isoud.** SO at the seven nights' end Sir Bleoberis and Sir Ector departed from

Sir Tristram and from the queen; and these two good knights had great gifts; and Sir Gareth and Sir Dinadan abode with Sir Tristram. And when Sir Bleoberis and Sir Ector were come there as the Queen Guenever was lodged, in a castle by the seaside, and through the grace of God the queen was recovered of her malady, then she asked the two knights from whence they came. They said that they came from Sir Tristram and from La Beale Isoud. How doth Sir Tristram, said the queen, and La Beale Isoud? Truly, said those two knights, he doth as a noble knight should do; and as for the Queen Isoud, she is peerless of all ladies; for to speak of her beauty, bounté, and mirth, and of her goodness, we saw never her match as far as we have ridden and gone. O mercy Jesu, said Queen Guenever, so saith all the people that have seen her and spoken with her. God would that I had part of her conditions; and it is misfortune me of my sickness while that tournament endured. And as I suppose I shall never see in all my life such an assembly of knights and ladies as ye have done.

Then the knights told her how Palomides won the degree at the first day with great noblesse; and the second day Sir Tristram won the degree; and the third day Sir Launcelot won the degree. Well, said Queen Guenever, who did best all these three days? So God me help, said these knights, Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram had least dishonour. And wit ye well Sir Palomides did passing well and mightily; but he turned against the party that he came in withal, and that caused him to lose a great part of his worship, for it seemed that Sir Palomides is passing envious. Then shall he never win worship, said Queen Guenever, for an it happeth an envious man once to win worship he shall be dishonoured twice therefore; and for this cause all men of worship hate an envious man, and will shew him no favour, and he that is courteous, and kind, and gentle, hath favour in every place.

**CHAPTER LXXXII. How Epinogris complained by a well, and how Sir Palomides came and found him, and of their both sorrowing.** NOW leave we of this matter and speak we of Sir Palomides, that rode and lodged him with the two kings, whereof the kings were heavy. Then the King of Ireland sent a man of his to Sir Palomides, and gave him a great courser, and the King of Scotland gave him great gifts; and fain they would have had Sir Palomides to have abiden with them, but in no wise he would abide; and so he departed, and rode as adventures would guide him, till it was nigh noon. And then in a forest by a well Sir Palomides saw where lay a fair wounded knight and his horse bounden by him; and that knight made the greatest dole that ever he heard man make, for ever he wept, and therewith he sighed as though he would die. Then Sir Palomides rode near him and saluted him mildly and said: Fair knight, why wail ye so? let me lie down and wail with you, for doubt not I am much more heavier than ye are; for I dare say, said Palomides, that my sorrow is an hundred fold more than yours is, and therefore let us complain either to other. First, said the wounded knight, I require you tell me your name, for an thou be none of the noble knights of the Round Table thou shalt never know my name, whatsoever come of me. Fair knight, said Palomides, such as I am, be it better or be it worse, wit thou well that my name is Sir Palomides, son and heir unto King Astlabor, and Sir Safere and Sir Segwarides are my two brethren; and wit thou well as for myself I was never christened, but my two brethren are truly christened. O noble knight, said that knight, well is me that I have met with you; and wit ye well my name is Epinogris, the king's son of Northumberland. Now sit down, said Epinogris, and let us either complain to other.

Then Sir Palomides began his complaint. Now shall I tell you, said Palomides, what woe I endure. I love the fairest queen and lady that ever bare life, and wit ye well her name is La Beale Isoud, King Mark's wife of Cornwall. That is great folly, said Epinogris, for to love Queen Isoud, for one of the best knights of the world loveth her, that is Sir Tristram de Liones. That is truth, said Palomides, for no man knoweth that matter better than I do, for I have been in Sir Tristram's fellowship this month, and with La Beale Isoud together; and alas, said Palomides, unhappy man that I am, now have I lost the fellowship of Sir Tristram for ever, and the love of La Beale Isoud for ever, and I am never like to see her more, and Sir Tristram and I be either to other mortal enemies. Well, said

Epinogris, sith that ye loved La Beale Isoud, loved she you ever again by anything that ye could think or wit, or else did ye rejoice her ever in any pleasure? Nay, by my knighthood, said Palomides, I never espied that ever she loved me more than all the world, nor never had I pleasure with her, but the last day she gave me the greatest rebuke that ever I had, the which shall never go from my heart. And yet I well deserved that rebuke, for I did not knightly, and therefore I have lost the love of her and of Sir Tristram for ever; and I have many times enforced myself to do many deeds for La Beale Isoud's sake, and she was the causer of my worship-winning. Alas, said Sir Palomides, now have I lost all the worship that ever I won, for never shall me befall such prowess as I had in the fellowship of Sir Tristram.

**CHAPTER LXXXIII. How Sir Palomides brought Sir Epinogris his lady; and how Sir Palomides and Sir Safere were assailed.** NAY, nay, said Epinogris, your sorrow is but japes to my sorrow; for I rejoiced my lady and won her with my hands, and lost her again: alas that day! Thus first I won her, said Epinogris; my lady was an earl's daughter, and as the earl and two knights came from the tournament of Lonazep, for her sake I set upon this earl and on his two knights, my lady there being present; and so by fortune there I slew the earl and one of the knights, and the other knight fled, and so that night I had my lady. And on the morn as she and I reposed us at this well-side there came there to me an errant knight, his name was Sir Helior le Preuse, an hardy knight, and this Sir Helior challenged me to fight for my lady. And then we went to battle first upon horse and after on foot, but at the last Sir Helior wounded me so that he left me for dead, and so he took my lady with him; and thus my sorrow is more than yours, for I have rejoiced and ye rejoiced never. That is truth, said Palomides, but sith I can never recover myself I shall promise you if I can meet with Sir Helior I shall get you your lady again, or else he shall beat me.

Then Sir Palomides made Sir Epinogris to take his horse, and so they rode to an hermitage, and there Sir Epinogris rested him. And in the meanwhile Sir Palomides walked privily out to rest him under the leaves, and there beside he saw a knight come riding with a shield that he had seen Sir Ector de Maris bear beforehand; and there came after him a ten knights, and so these ten knights hoved under the leaves for heat. And anon after there came a knight with a green shield and therein a white lion, leading a lady upon a palfrey. Then this knight with the green shield that seemed to be master of the ten knights, he rode fiercely after Sir Helior, for it was he that hurt Sir Epinogris. And when he came nigh Sir Helior he bade him defend his lady. I will defend her, said Helior, unto my power. And so they ran together so mightily that either of these knights smote other down, horse and all, to the earth; and then they won up lightly and drew their swords and their shields, and lashed together mightily more than an hour. All this Sir Palomides saw and beheld, but ever at the last the knight with Sir Ector's shield was bigger, and at the last this knight smote Sir Helior down, and then that knight unlaced his helm to have stricken off his head. And then he cried mercy, and prayed him to save his life, and bade him take his lady. Then Sir Palomides dressed him up, because he wist well that that same lady was Epinogris' lady, and he promised him to help him.

Then Sir Palomides went straight to that lady, and took her by the hand, and asked her whether she knew a knight that hight Epinogris. Alas, she said, that ever he knew me or I him, for I have for his sake lost my worship, and also his life grieveth me most of all. Not so, lady, said Palomides, come on with me, for here is Epinogris in this hermitage. Ah! well is me, said the lady, an he be alive. Whither wilt thou with that lady? said the knight with Sir Ector's shield. I will do with her what me list, said Palomides. Wit you well, said that knight, thou speakest over large, though thou seemest me to have at advantage, because thou sawest me do battle but late. Thou weenest, sir knight, to have that lady away from me so lightly? nay, think it never not; an thou were as good a knight as is Sir Launcelot, or as is Sir Tristram, or Sir Palomides, but thou shalt win her dearer than ever did I. And so they went unto battle upon foot, and there they gave many sad strokes, and either wounded other passing sore, and thus they fought still more

than an hour.

Then Sir Palomides had marvel what knight he might be that was so strong and so well breathed during, and thus said Palomides: Knight, I require thee tell me thy name. Wit thou well, said that knight, I dare tell thee my name, so that thou wilt tell me thy name. I will, said Palomides. Truly, said that knight, my name is Safere, son of King Astlabor, and Sir Palomides and Sir Segwarides are my brethren. Now, and wit thou well, my name is Sir Palomides. Then Sir Safere kneeled down upon his knees, and prayed him of mercy; and then they unlaced their helms and either kissed other weeping. And in the meanwhile Sir Epinogris arose out of his bed, and heard them by the strokes, and so he armed him to help Sir Palomides if need were.

**CHAPTER LXXXIV. How Sir Palomides and Sir Safere conducted Sir Epinogris to his castle, and of other adventures.** THEN Sir Palomides took the lady by the hand and brought her to Sir Epinogris, and there was great joy betwixt them, for either swooned for joy. When they were met: Fair knight and lady, said Sir Safere, it were pity to depart you; Jesu send you joy either of other. Gramercy, gentle knight, said Epinogris; and much more thanks be to my lord Sir Palomides, that thus hath through his prowess made me to get my lady. Then Sir Epinogris required Sir Palomides and Sir Safere, his brother, to ride with them unto his castle, for the safeguard of his person. Sir, said Palomides, we will be ready to conduct you because that ye are sore wounded; and so was Epinogris and his lady horsed, and his lady behind him upon a soft ambler. And then they rode unto his castle, where they had great cheer and joy, as great as ever Sir Palomides and Sir Safere had in their life-days.

So on the morn Sir Safere and Sir Palomides departed, day until after noon. And at the last they heard a great weeping and a great noise down in a manor. Sir, said then Sir Safere, let us wit what noise this is. I will well, said Sir Palomides. And so they rode forth till that they came to a fair gate of a manor, and there sat an old man saying his prayers and beads. Then Sir Palomides and Sir Safere alighted and left their horses, and went within the gates, and there they saw full many goodly men weeping. Fair sirs, said Palomides, wherefore weep ye and make this sorrow? Anon one of the knights of the castle beheld Sir Palomides and knew him, and then went to his fellows and said: Fair fellows, wit ye well all, we have in this castle the same knight that slew our lord at Lonazep, for I know him well; it is Sir Palomides. Then they went unto harness, all that might bear harness, some on horseback and some on foot, to the number of three score. And when they were ready they came freshly upon Sir Palomides and upon Sir Safere with a great noise, and said thus: Keep thee, Sir Palomides, for thou art known, and by right thou must be dead, for thou hast slain our lord; and therefore wit ye well we will slay thee, therefore defend thee.

Then Sir Palomides and Sir Safere, the one set his back to the other, and gave many great strokes, and took many great strokes; and thus they fought with a twenty knights and forty gentlemen and yeomen nigh two hours. But at the last though they were loath, Sir Palomides and Sir Safere were taken and yolden, and put in a strong prison; and within three days twelve knights passed upon them, and they found Sir Palomides guilty, and Sir Safere not guilty, of their lord's death. And when Sir Safere should be delivered there was great dole betwixt Sir Palomides and him, and many piteous complaints that Sir Safere made at his departing, there is no maker can rehearse the tenth part. Fair brother, said Palomides, let be thy dolour and thy sorrow. And if I be ordained to die a shameful death, welcome be it; but an I had wist of this death that I am deemed unto, I should never have been yolden. So Sir Safere departed from his brother with the greatest dolour and sorrow that ever made knight.

And on the morn they of the castle ordained twelve knights to ride with Sir Palomides unto the father of the same knight that Sir Palomides slew; and so they bound his legs under an old steed's belly. And then they rode with Sir Palomides unto a castle by the seaside, that hight Pelownes, and there Sir Palomides should have justice. Thus was their ordinance; and so they rode with Sir Palomides fast by the castle of Joyous Gard. And as they passed by

that castle there came riding out of that castle by them one that knew Sir Palomides. And when that knight saw Sir Palomides bounden upon a crooked courser, the knight asked Sir Palomides for what cause he was led so. Ah, my fair fellow and knight, said Palomides, I ride toward my death for the slaying of a knight at a tournament of Lonazep; and if I had not departed from my lord Sir Tristram, as I ought not to have done, now might I have been sure to have had my life saved; but I pray you, sir knight, recommend me unto my lord, Sir Tristram, and unto my lady, Queen Isoud, and say to them if ever I trespassed to them I ask them forgiveness. And also I beseech you recommend me unto my lord, King Arthur, and to all the fellowship of the Round Table, unto my power. Then that knight wept for pity of Sir Palomides; and therewithal he rode unto Joyous Gard as fast as his horse might run, and lightly that knight descended down off his horse and went unto Sir Tristram, and there he told him all as ye have heard, and ever the knight wept as he had been mad.

**CHAPTER LXXXV. How Sir Tristram made him ready to rescue Sir Palomides, but Sir Launcelot rescued him or he came.** WHEN Sir Tristram heard how Sir Palomides went to his death, he was heavy to hear that, and said: Howbeit that I am wroth with Sir Palomides, yet will not I suffer him to die so shameful a death, for he is a full noble knight. And then anon Sir Tristram was armed and took his horse and two squires with him, and rode a great pace toward the castle of Pelownes where Sir Palomides was judged to death. And these twelve knights that led Sir Palomides passed by a well whereas Sir Launcelot was, which was alighted there, and had tied his horse to a tree, and taken off his helm to drink of that well; and when he saw these knights, Sir Launcelot put on his helm and suffered them to pass by him. And then was he ware of Sir Palomides bounden, and led shamefully to his death. O Jesu, said Launcelot, what misadventure is befallen him that he is thus led toward his death? Forsooth, said Launcelot, it were shame to me to suffer this noble knight so to die an I might help him, therefore I will help him whatsoever come of it, or else I shall die for Sir Palomides' sake. And then Sir Launcelot mounted upon his horse, and gat his spear in his hand, and rode after the twelve knights that led Sir Palomides. Fair knights, said Sir Launcelot, whither lead ye that knight? it beseemeth him full ill to ride bounden. Then these twelve knights suddenly turned their horses and said to Sir Launcelot: Sir knight, we counsel thee not to meddle with this knight, for he hath deserved death, and unto death he is judged. That me repenteth, said Launcelot, that I may not borrow him with fairness, for he is over good a knight to die such a shameful death. And therefore, fair knights, said Sir Launcelot, keep you as well as ye can, for I will rescue that knight or die for it.

Then they began to dress their spears, and Sir Launcelot smote the foremost down, horse and man, and so he served three more with one spear; and then that spear brast, and therewithal Sir Launcelot drew his sword, and then he smote on the right hand and on the left hand. Then within a while he left none of those twelve knights, but he had laid them to the earth, and the most part of them were sore wounded. And then Sir Launcelot took the best horse that he found, and loosed Sir Palomides and set him upon that horse; and so they returned again unto Joyous Gard, and then was Sir Palomides ware of Sir Tristram how he came riding. And when Sir Launcelot saw him he knew him well, but Sir Tristram knew him not because Sir Launcelot had on his shoulder a golden shield. So Sir Launcelot made him ready to joust with Sir Tristram, that Sir Tristram should not ween that he were Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Palomides cried aloud to Sir Tristram: O my lord, I require you joust not with this knight, for this good knight hath saved me from my death. When Sir Tristram heard him say so he came a soft trotting pace toward them. And then Sir Palomides said: My lord, Sir Tristram, much am I beholding unto you of your great goodness, that would proffer your noble body to rescue me undeserved, for I have greatly offended you. Notwithstanding, said Sir Palomides, here met we with this noble knight that worshipfully and manly rescued me from twelve knights, and smote them down all and wounded them sore.

**CHAPTER LXXXVI. How Sir Tristram and Launcelot, with Palomides, came to joyous Gard; and of Palomides and Sir Tristram.** FAIR knight, said Sir Tristram unto Sir Launcelot, of whence be ye? I am a knight errant, said Sir Launcelot, that rideth to seek many adventures. What is your name? said Sir Tristram. Sir, at this time I will not tell you. Then Sir Launcelot said unto Sir Tristram and to Palomides: Now either of you are met together I will depart from you. Not so, said Sir Tristram; I pray you of knighthood to ride with me unto my castle. Wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, I may not ride with you, for I have many deeds to do in other places, that at this time I may not abide with you. Ah, mercy Jesu, said Sir Tristram, I require you as ye be a true knight to the order of knighthood, play you with me this night. Then Sir Tristram had a grant of Sir Launcelot: howbeit though he had not desired him he would have ridden with them, other soon have come after them; for Sir Launcelot came for none other cause into that country but for to see Sir Tristram. And when they were come within Joyous Gard they alighted, and their horses were led into a stable; and then they unarmed them. And when Sir Launcelot was unhelmed, Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides knew him. Then Sir Tristram took Sir Launcelot in arms, and so did La Beale Isoud; and Palomides kneeled down upon his knees and thanked Sir Launcelot. When Sir Launcelot saw Sir Palomides kneel he lightly took him up and said thus: Wit thou well, Sir Palomides, I and any knight in this land, of worship ought of very right succour and rescue so noble a knight as ye are proved and renowned, throughout all this realm endlong and overthwart. And then was there joy among them, and the oftener that Sir Palomides saw La Beale Isoud the heavier he waxed day by day.

Then Sir Launcelot within three or four days departed, and with him rode Sir Ector de Maris; and Dinadan and Sir Palomides were there left with Sir Tristram a two months and more. But ever Sir Palomides faded and mourned, that all men had marvel wherefore he faded so away. So upon a day, in the dawning, Sir Palomides went into the forest by himself alone; and there he found a well, and then he looked into the well, and in the water he saw his own visage, how he was disturbed and defaded, nothing like that he was. What may this mean? said Sir Palomides, and thus he said to himself: Ah, Palomides, Palomides, why art thou defaded, thou that was wont to be called one of the fairest knights of the world? I will no more lead this life, for I love that I may never get nor recover. And therewithal he laid him down by the well. And then he began to make a rhyme of La Beale Isoud and him.

And in the meanwhile Sir Tristram was that same day ridden into the forest to chase the hart of greese; but Sir Tristram would not ride a-hunting never more unarmed, because of Sir Breuse Saunce Pit . And so as Sir Tristram rode into that forest up and down, he heard one sing marvellously loud, and that was Sir Palomides that lay by the well. And then Sir Tristram rode softly thither, for he deemed there was some knight errant that was at the well. And when Sir Tristram came nigh him he descended down from his horse and tied his horse fast till a tree, and then he came near him on foot; and anon he was ware where lay Sir Palomides by the well and sang loud and merrily; and ever the complaints were of that noble queen, La Beale Isoud, the which was marvellously and wonderfully well said, and full dolefully and piteously made. And all the whole song the noble knight, Sir Tristram, heard from the beginning to the ending, the which grieved and troubled him sore.

But then at the last, when Sir Tristram had heard all Sir Palomides' complaints, he was wroth out of measure, and thought for to slay him whereas he lay. Then Sir Tristram remembered himself that Sir Palomides was unarmed, and of the noble name that Sir Palomides had, and the noble name that himself had, and then he made a restraint of his anger; and so he went unto Sir Palomides a soft pace and said: Sir Palomides, I have heard your complaint, and of thy treason that thou hast owed me so long, and wit thou well therefore thou shalt die; and if it were not for shame of knighthood thou shouldst not escape my hands, for now I know well thou hast awaited me with treason. Tell me, said Sir Tristram, how thou wilt acquit thee? Sir, said Palomides, thus I will acquit me: as for Queen La Beale Isoud, ye shall wit well that I love her above all other ladies in this world; and well I wot it shall befall me as

for her love as befell to the noble knight Sir Kehydus, that died for the love of La Beale Isoud. And now, Sir Tristram, I will that ye wit that I have loved La Beale Isoud many a day, and she hath been the causer of my worship, and else I had been the most simplest knight in the world. For by her, and because of her, I have won the worship that I have; for when I remembered me of La Beale Isoud I won the worship wheresoever I came for the most part; and yet had I never reward nor bounté of her the days of my life, and yet have I been her knight guerdonless. And therefore, Sir Tristram, as for any death I dread not, for I had as lief die as to live. And if I were armed as thou art, I should lightly do battle with thee. Well have ye uttered your treason, said Tristram. I have done to you no treason, said Palomides, for love is free for all men, and though I have loved your lady, she is my lady as well as yours; howbeit I have wrong if any wrong be, for ye rejoice her, and have your desire of her, and so had I never nor never am like to have, and yet shall I love her to the uttermost days of my life as well as ye.

**CHAPTER LXXXVII. How there was a day set between Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides for to fight, and how Sir Tristram was hurt.** THEN said Sir Tristram: I will fight with you to the uttermost. I grant, said Palomides, for in a better quarrel keep I never to fight, for an I die of your hands, of a better knight's hands may I not be slain. And sithen I understand that I shall never rejoice La Beale Isoud, I have as good will to die as to live. Then set ye a day, said Sir Tristram, that we shall do battle. This day fifteen days, said Palomides, will I meet with you hereby, in the meadow under Joyous Gard. Fie for shame, said Sir Tristram, will ye set so long day? let us fight to-morn. Not so, said Palomides, for I am meagre, and have been long sick for the love of La Beale Isoud, and therefore I will repose me till I have my strength again. So then Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides promised faith fully to meet at the well that day fifteen days. I am remembered, said Sir Tristram to Palomides, that ye brake me once a promise when that I rescued you from Breuse Saunce Pité and nine knights; and then ye promised me to meet me at the peron and the grave beside Camelot, whereas at that time ye failed of your promise. Wit you well, said Palomides unto Sir Tristram, I was at that day in prison, so that I might not hold my promise. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, an ye had holden your promise this work had not been here now at this time.

Right so departed Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides. And so Sir Palomides took his horse and his harness, and he rode unto King Arthur's court; and there Sir Palomides gat him four knights and four sergeants-of-arms, and so he returned againward unto Joyous Gard. And in the meanwhile Sir Tristram chased and hunted at all manner of venery; and about three days afore the battle should be, as Sir Tristram chased an hart, there was an archer shot at the hart, and by misfortune he smote Sir Tristram in the thick of the thigh, and the arrow slew Sir Tristram's horse and hurt him. When Sir Tristram was so hurt he was passing heavy, and wit ye well he bled sore; and then he took another horse, and rode unto Joyous Gard with great heaviness, more for the promise that he had made with Sir Palomides, as to do battle with him within three days after, than for any hurt of his thigh. Wherefore there was neither man nor woman that could cheer him with anything that they could make to him, neither Queen La Beale Isoud; for ever he deemed that Sir Palomides had smitten him so that he should not be able to do battle with him at the day set.

**CHAPTER LXXXVIII. How Sir Palomides kept his day to have foughten, but Sir Tristram might not come; and other things.** BUT in no wise there was no knight about Sir Tristram that would believe that ever Sir Palomides would hurt Sir Tristram, neither by his own hands nor by none other consenting. Then when the fifteenth day was come, Sir Palomides came to the well with four knights with him of Arthur's court, and three sergeants-of-arms. And for this intent Sir Palomides brought the knights with him and the sergeants-of-arms, for they should bear record of the battle betwixt Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides. And the one sergeant brought in his helm, the other his spear, the third his sword. So thus Palomides came into the field, and there he abode nigh two hours; and then he sent a squire unto Sir Tristram, and desired him to come into the field to hold his promise.

When the squire was come to Joyous Gard, anon as Sir Tristram heard of his coming he let command that the squire should come to his presence whereas he lay in his bed. My lord Sir Tristram, said Palomides' squire, wit you well my lord, Palomides, abideth you in the field, and he would wit whether ye would do battle or not. Ah, my fair brother, said Sir Tristram, wit thou well that I am right heavy for these tidings; therefore tell Sir Palomides an I were well at ease I would not lie here, nor he should have no need to send for me an I might either ride or go; and for thou shalt say that I am no liar—Sir Tristram showed him his thigh that the wound was six inches deep. And now thou hast seen my hurt, tell thy lord that this is no feigned matter, and tell him that I had liefer than all the gold of King Arthur that I were whole; and tell Palomides as soon as I am whole I shall seek him endlong and overthwart, and that I promise you as I am true knight; and if ever I may meet with him, he shall have battle of me his fill. And with this the squire departed; and when Palomides wist that Tristram was hurt he was glad and said: Now I am sure I shall have no shame, for I wot well I should have had hard handling of him, and by likely I must needs have had the worse, for he is the hardest knight in battle that now is living except Sir Launcelot.

And then departed Sir Palomides whereas fortune led him, and within a month Sir Tristram was whole of his hurt. And then he took his horse, and rode from country to country, and all strange adventures he achieved wheresoever he rode; and always he enquired for Sir Palomides, but of all that quarter of summer Sir Tristram could never meet with Sir Palomides. But thus as Sir Tristram sought and enquired after Sir Palomides Sir Tristram achieved many great battles, wherethrough all the noise fell to Sir Tristram, and it ceased of Sir Launcelot; and therefore Sir Launcelot's brethren and his kinsmen would have slain Sir Tristram because of his fame. But when Sir Launcelot wist how his kinsmen were set, he said to them openly: Wit you well, that an the envy of you all be so hardy to wait upon my lord, Sir Tristram, with any hurt, shame, or villainy, as I am true knight I shall slay the best of you with mine own hands Alas, fie for shame, should ye for his noble deeds await upon him to slay him. Jesu defend, said Launcelot, that ever any noble knight as Sir Tristram is should be destroyed with treason. Of this noise and fame sprang into Cornwall, and among them of Liones, whereof they were passing glad, and made great joy. And then they of Liones sent letters unto Sir Tristram of recommendation, and many great gifts to maintain Sir Tristram's estate; and ever, between, Sir Tristram resorted unto Joyous Gard whereas La Beale Isoud was, that loved him as her life.

## BOOK XI.

**CHAPTER I. How Sir Launcelot rode on his adventure, and how he help a dolorous lady from her pain, and how that he fought with a dragon.** NOW leave we Sir Tristram de Liones, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lake, and of Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot's son, how he was gotten, and in what manner, as the book of French reheareth. Afore the time that Sir Galahad was gotten or born, there came in an hermit unto King Arthur upon Whitsunday, as the knights sat at the Table Round. And when the hermit saw the Siege Perilous, he asked the king and all the knights why that siege was void. Sir Arthur and all the knights answered: There shall never none sit in that siege but one, but if he be destroyed. Then said the hermit: Wot ye what is he? Nay, said Arthur and all the knights, we wot not who is he that shall sit therein. Then wot I, said the hermit, for he that shall sit there is unborn and ungotten, and this same year he shall be gotten that shall sit there in that Siege Perilous, and he shall win the Sangreal. When this hermit had made this mention he departed from the court of King Arthur.

And then after this feast Sir Launcelot rode on his adventure, till on a time by adventure he passed over the pont of Corbin; and there he saw the fairest tower that ever he saw, and thereunder was a fair town full of people; and all the people, men and women, cried at once: Welcome, Sir Launcelot du Lake, the flower of all knighthood, for by thee all we shall be holpen out of danger. What mean ye, said Sir Launcelot, that ye cry so upon me? Ah, fair knight, said they all, here is within this tower a dolorous lady

that hath been there in pains many winters and days, for ever she boileth in scalding water; and but late, said all the people, Sir Gawaine was here and he might not help her, and so he left her in pain. So may I, said Sir Launcelot, leave her in pain as well as Sir Gawaine did. Nay, said the people, we know well that it is Sir Launcelot that shall deliver her. Well, said Launcelot, then shew me what I shall do.

Then they brought Sir Launcelot into the tower; and when he came to the chamber thereas this lady was, the doors of iron unlocked and unbolted. And so Sir Launcelot went into the chamber that was as hot as any stew. And there Sir Launcelot took the fairest lady by the hand that ever he saw, and she was naked as a needle; and by enchantment Queen Morgan le Fay and the Queen of Northgalis had put her there in that pains, because she was called the fairest lady of that country; and there she had been five years, and never might she be delivered out of her great pains unto the time the best knight of the world had taken her by the hand. Then the people brought her clothes. And when she was arrayed, Sir Launcelot thought she was the fairest lady of the world, but if it were Queen Guenever.

Then this lady said to Sir Launcelot: Sir, if it please you will ye go with me hereby into a chapel that we may give loving and thanking unto God? Madam, said Sir Launcelot, come on with me, I will go with you. So when they came there and gave thankings to God all the people, both learned and lewd, gave thankings unto God and him, and said: Sir knight, since ye have delivered this lady, ye shall deliver us from a serpent there is here in a tomb. Then Sir Launcelot took his shield and said: Bring me thither, and what I may do unto the pleasure of God and you I will do. So when Sir Launcelot came thither he saw written upon the tomb letters of gold that said thus: Here shall come a leopard of king's blood, and he shall slay this serpent, and this leopard shall engender a lion in this foreign country, the which lion shall pass all other knights. So then Sir Launcelot lift up the tomb, and there came out an horrible and a fiendly dragon, spitting fire out of his mouth. Then Sir Launcelot drew his sword and fought with the dragon long, and at the last with great pain Sir Launcelot slew that dragon. Therewithal came King Pelles, the good and noble knight, and saluted Sir Launcelot, and he him again. Fair knight, said the king, what is your name? I require you of your knighthood tell me!

**CHAPTER II. How Sir Launcelot came to Pelles, and of the Sangreal, and of Elaine, King Pelles' daughter.** SIR, said Launcelot, wit you well my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake. And my name is, said the king, Pelles, king of the foreign country, and cousin nigh unto Joseph of Armathie. And then either of them made much of other, and so they went into the castle to take their repast. And anon there came in a dove at a window, and in her mouth there seemed a little censer of gold. And herewithal there was such a savour as all the spicery of the world had been there. And forthwithal there was upon the table all manner of meats and drinks that they could think upon. So came in a damosel passing fair and young, and she bare a vessel of gold betwixt her hands; and thereto the king kneeled devoutly, and said his prayers, and so did all that were there. O Jesu, said Sir Launcelot, what may this mean? This is, said the king, the richest thing that any man hath living. And when this thing goeth about, the Round Table shall be broken; and wit thou well, said the king, this is the holy Sangreal that ye have here seen. So the king and Sir Launcelot led their life the most part of that day. And fain would King Pelles have found the mean to have had Sir Launcelot to have lain by his daughter, fair Elaine. And for this intent: the king knew well that Sir Launcelot should get a child upon his daughter, the which should be named Sir Galahad the good knight, by whom all the foreign country should be brought out of danger, and by him the Holy Greal should be achieved.

Then came forth a lady that hight Dame Brisen, and she said unto the king: Sir, wit ye well Sir Launcelot loveth no lady in the world but all only Queen Guenever; and therefore work ye by counsel, and I shall make him to lie with your daughter, and he shall not wit but that he lieth with Queen Guenever. O fair lady, Dame Brisen, said the king, hope ye to bring this about? Sir, said she, upon pain of my life let me deal; for this Brisen was one

of the greatest enchantresses that was at that time in the world living. Then anon by Dame Brisen's wit she made one to come to Sir Launcelot that he knew well. And this man brought him a ring from Queen Guenever like as it had come from her, and such one as she was wont for the most part to wear; and when Sir Launcelot saw that token wit ye well he was never so fain. Where is my lady? said Sir Launcelot. In the Castle of Case, said the messenger, but five mile hence. Then Sir Launcelot thought to be there the same might. And then this Brisen by the commandment of King Pelles let send Elaine to this castle with twenty-five knights unto the Castle of Case. Then Sir Launcelot against night rode unto that castle, and there anon he was received worshipfully with such people, to his seeming, as were about Queen Guenever secret.

So when Sir Launcelot was alighted, he asked where the queen was. So Dame Brisen said she was in her bed; and then the people were avoided, and Sir Launcelot was led unto his chamber. And then Dame Brisen brought Sir Launcelot a cup full of wine; and anon as he had drunken that wine he was so assotted and mad that he might make no delay, but withouten any let he went to bed; and he weened that maiden Elaine had been Queen Guenever. Wit you well that Sir Launcelot was glad, and so was that lady Elaine that she had gotten Sir Launcelot in her arms. For well she knew that same night should be gotten upon her Galahad that should prove the best knight of the world; and so they lay together until underne of the morn; and all the windows and holes of that chamber were stopped that no manner of day might be seen. And then Sir Launcelot remembered him, and he arose up and went to the window.

**CHAPTER III. How Sir Launcelot was displeased when he knew that he had lain by Dame Elaine, and how she was delivered of Galahad.** AND anon as he had unshut the window the enchantment was gone; then he knew himself that he had done amiss. Alas, he said, that I have lived so long; now I am shamed. So then he gat his sword in his hand and said: Thou traitress, what art thou that I have lain by all this night? thou shalt die right here of my hands. Then this fair lady Elaine skipped out of her bed all naked, and kneeled down afore Sir Launcelot, and said: Fair courteous knight, come of king's blood, I require you have mercy upon me, and as thou art renowned the most noble knight of the world, slay me not, for I have in my womb him by thee that shall be the most noblest knight of the world. Ah, false traitress, said Sir Launcelot, why hast thou betrayed me? anon tell me what thou art. Sir, she said, I am Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles. Well, said Sir Launcelot, I will forgive you this deed; and therewith he took her up in his arms, and kissed her, for she was as fair a lady, and thereto lusty and young, and as wise, as any was that time living. So God me help, said Sir Launcelot, I may not wite this to you; but her that made this enchantment upon me as between you and me, an I may find her, that same Lady Brisen, she shall lose her head for witchcrafts, for there was never knight deceived so as I am this night. And so Sir Launcelot arrayed him, and armed him, and took his leave mildly at that lady young Elaine, and so he departed. Then she said: My lord Sir Launcelot, I beseech you see me as soon as ye may, for I have obeyed me unto the prophecy that my father told me. And by his commandment to fulfil this prophecy I have given the greatest riches and the fairest flower that ever I had, and that is my maidenhood that I shall never have again; and therefore, gentle knight, owe me your good will.

And so Sir Launcelot arrayed him and was armed, and took his leave mildly at that young lady Elaine; and so he departed, and rode till he came to the Castle of Corbin, where her father was. And as fast as her time came she was delivered of a fair child, and they christened him Galahad; and wit ye well that child was well kept and well nourished, and he was named Galahad because Sir Launcelot was so named at the fountain stone; and after that the Lady of the Lake confirmed him Sir Launcelot du Lake.

Then after this lady was delivered and churched, there came a knight unto her, his name was Sir Bromel la Pleche, the which was a great lord; and he had loved that lady long, and he evermore desired her to wed her; and so by no mean she could put him off, till on a day she said to Sir Bromel: Wit thou well, sir knight, I will

not love you, for my love is set upon the best knight of the world. Who is he? said Sir Bromel. Sir, she said, it is Sir Launcelot du Lake that I love and none other, and therefore woo me no longer. Ye say well, said Sir Bromel, and sithen ye have told me so much, ye shall have but little joy of Sir Launcelot, for I shall slay him wheresoever I meet him. Sir, said the Lady Elaine, do to him no treason. Wit ye well, my lady, said Bromel, and I promise you this twelvemonth I shall keep the pont of Corbin for Sir Launcelot's sake, that he shall neither come nor go unto you, but I shall meet with him.

**CHAPTER IV. How Sir Bors came to Dame Elaine and saw Galahad, and how he was fed with the Sangreal.** THEN as it fell by fortune and adventure, Sir Bors de Ganis, that was nephew unto Sir Launcelot, came over that bridge; and there Sir Bromel and Sir Bors jousted, and Sir Bors smote Sir Bromel such a buffet that he bare him over his horse's croup. And then Sir Bromel, as an hardy knight, pulled out his sword, and dressed his shield to do battle with Sir Bors. And then Sir Bors alighted and avoided his horse, and there they dashed together many sad strokes; and long thus they fought, till at the last Sir Bromel was laid to the earth, and there Sir Bors began to unlace his helm to slay him. Then Sir Bromel cried Sir Bors mercy, and yielded him. Upon this covenant thou shalt have thy life, said Sir Bors, so thou go unto Sir Launcelot upon Whitsunday that next cometh, and yield thee unto him as knight recreant. I will do it, said Sir Bromel, and that he sware upon the cross of the sword. And so he let him depart, and Sir Bors rode unto King Pelles, that was within Corbin.

And when the king and Elaine his daughter wist that Sir Bors was nephew unto Sir Launcelot, they made him great cheer. Then said Dame Elaine: We marvel where Sir Launcelot is, for he came never here but once. Marvel not, said Sir Bors, for this half year he hath been in prison with Queen Morgan le Fay, King Arthur's sister. Alas, said Dame Elaine, that me repenteth. And ever Sir Bors beheld that child in her arms, and ever him seemed it was passing like Sir Launcelot. Truly, said Elaine, wit ye well this child he gat upon me. Then Sir Bors wept for joy, and he prayed to God it might prove as good a knight as his father was. And so came in a white dove, and she bare a little censer of gold in her mouth, and there was all manner of meats and drinks; and a maiden bare that Sangreal, and she said openly: Wit you well, Sir Bors, that this child is Galahad, that shall sit in the Siege Perilous, and achieve the Sangreal, and he shall be much better than ever was Sir Launcelot du Lake, that is his own father. And then they kneeled down and made their devotions, and there was such a savour as all the spicery in the world had been there. And when the dove took her flight, the maiden vanished with the Sangreal as she came.

Sir, said Sir Bors unto King Pelles, this castle may be named the Castle Adventurous, for here be many strange adventures. That is sooth, said the king, for well may this place be called the adventures place, for there come but few knights here that go away with any worship; be he never so strong, here he may be proved; and but late Sir Gawaine, the good knight, gat but little worship here. For I let you wit, said King Pelles, here shall no knight win no worship but if he be of worship himself and of good living, and that loveth God and dreadeth God, and else he getteth no worship here, be he never so hardy. That is wonderful thing, said Sir Bors. What ye mean in this country I wot not, for ye have many strange adventures, and therefore I will lie in this castle this night. Ye shall not do so, said King Pelles, by my counsel, for it is hard an ye escape without a shame. I shall take the adventure that will befall me, said Sir Bors. Then I counsel you, said the king, to be confessed clean. As for that, said Sir Bors, I will be shaven with a good will. So Sir Bors was confessed, and for all women Sir Bors was a virgin, save for one, that was the daughter of King Brangoris, and on her he gat a child that hight Elaine, and save for her Sir Bors was a clean maiden.

And so Sir Bors was led unto bed in a fair large chamber, and many doors were shut about the chamber. When Sir Bors espied all those doors, he avoided all the people, for he might have nobody with him; but in no wise Sir Bors would unarm him, but so he laid him down upon the bed. And right so he saw come in

a light, that he might well see a spear great and long that came straight upon him pointling, and to Sir Bors seemed that the head of the spear brent like a taper. And anon, or Sir Bors wist, the spear head smote him into the shoulder an hand-breadth in deepness, and that wound grieved Sir Bors passing sore. And then he laid him down again for pain; and anon therewithal there came a knight armed with his shield on his shoulder and his sword in his hand, and he bade Sir Bors: Arise, sir knight, and fight with me. I am sore hurt, he said, but yet I shall not fail thee. And then Sir Bors started up and dressed his shield; and then they lashed together mightily a great while; and at the last Sir Bors bare him backward until that he came unto a chamber door, and there that knight yede into that chamber and rested him a great while. And when he had reposed him he came out freshly again, and began new battle with Sir Bors mightily and strongly.

**CHAPTER V. How Sir Bors made Sir Pedivere to yield him, and of marvellous adventures that he had, and how he achieved them.** THEN Sir Bors thought he should no more go into that chamber to rest him, and so Sir Bors dressed him betwixt the knight and that chamber door, and there Sir Bors smote him down, and then that knight yielded him What is your name? said Sir Bors. Sir, said he, my name is Pedivere of the Straight Marches. So Sir Bors made him to swear at Whitsunday next coming to be at the court of King Arthur, and yield him there as a prisoner as an overcome knight by the hands of Sir Bors. So thus departed Sir Pedivere of the Straight Marches. And then Sir Bors laid him down to rest, and then he heard and felt much noise in that chamber; and then Sir Bors espied that there came in, he wist not whether at the doors nor windows, shot of arrows and of quarrels so thick that he marvelled, and many fell upon him and hurt him in the bare places.

And then Sir Bors was ware where came in an hideous lion; so Sir Bors dressed him unto the lion, and anon the lion bereft him his shield, and with his sword Sir Bors smote off the lion's head. Right so Sir Bors forthwithal saw a dragon in the court passing horrible, and there seemed letters of gold written in his forehead; and Sir Bors thought that the letters made a signification of King Arthur. Right so there came an horrible leopard and an old, and there they fought long, and did great battle together. And at the last the dragon spit out of his mouth as it had been an hundred dragons; and lightly all the small dragons slew the old dragon and tare him all to pieces.

Anon withal there came an old man into the hall, and he sat him down in a fair chair, and there seemed to be two adders about his neck; and then the old man had an harp, and there he sang an old song how Joseph of Armathe came into this land. Then when he had sung, the old man bade Sir Bors go from thence. For here shall ye have no more adventures; and full worshipfully have ye done, and better shall ye do hereafter. And then Sir Bors seemed that there came the whitest dove with a little golden censer in her mouth. And anon therewithal the tempest ceased and passed, that afore was marvellous to hear. So was all that court full of good savours. Then Sir Bors saw four children bearing four fair tapers, and an old man in the midst of the children with a censer in his own hand, and a spear in his other hand, and that spear was called the Spear of Vengeance.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Bors departed; and how Sir Launcelot was rebuked of Queen Guenever, and of his excuse.** NOW, said that old man to Sir Bors, go ye to your cousin, Sir Launcelot, and tell him of this adventure the which had been most convenient for him of all earthly knights; but sin is so foul in him he may not achieve such holy deeds, for had not been his sin he had passed all the knights that ever were in his days; and tell thou Sir Launcelot, of all worldly adventures he passeth in manhood and prowess all other, but in this spiritual matters he shall have many his better. And then Sir Bors saw four gentlewomen come by him, purely beseen: and he saw where that they entered into a chamber where was great light as it were a summer light; and the women kneeled down afore an altar of silver with four pillars, and as it had been a bishop kneeled down afore that table of silver. And as Sir Bors looked over his head he saw a sword like silver, naked, hovering over his head, and the clearness thereof smote so in

his eyes that as at that time Sir Bors was blind; and there he heard a voice that said: Go hence, thou Sir Bors, for as yet thou art not worthy for to be in this place. And then he yede backward to his bed till on the morn. And on the morn King Pelles made great joy of Sir Bors; and then he departed and rode to Camelot, and there he found Sir Launcelot du Lake, and told him of the adventures that he had seen with King Pelles at Corbin.

So the noise sprang in Arthur's court that Launcelot had gotten a child upon Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles, wherefore Queen Guenever was wroth, and gave many rebukes to Sir Launcelot, and called him false knight. And then Sir Launcelot told the queen all, and how he was made to lie by her by enchantment in likeness of the queen. So the queen held Sir Launcelot excused. And as the book saith, King Arthur had been in France, and had made war upon the mighty King Claudas, and had won much of his lands. And when the king was come again he let cry a great feast, that all lords and ladies of all England should be there, but if it were such as were rebellious against him.

**CHAPTER VII. How Dame Elaine, Galahad's mother, came in great estate unto Camelot, and how Sir Launcelot behaved him there.** AND when Dame Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles, heard of this feast she went to her father and required him that he would give her leave to ride to that feast. The king answered: I will well ye go thither, but in any wise as ye love me and will have my blessing, that ye be well beseen in the richest wise; and look that ye spare not for no cost; ask and ye shall have all that you needeth. Then by the advice of Dame Brisen, her maiden, all thing was apparelled unto the purpose, that there was never no lady more richlier beseen. So she rode with twenty knights, and ten ladies, and gentlewomen, to the number of an hundred horses. And when she came to Camelot, King Arthur and Queen Guenever said, and all the knights, that Dame Elaine was the fairest and the best beseen lady that ever was seen in that court. And anon as King Arthur wist that she was come he met her and saluted her, and so did the most part of all the knights of the Round Table, both Sir Tristram, Sir Bleoberis, and Sir Gawaine, and many more that I will not rehearse. But when Sir Launcelot saw her he was so ashamed, and that because he drew his sword on the morn when he had lain by her, that he would not salute her nor speak to her; and yet Sir Launcelot thought she was the fairest woman that ever he saw in his life-days.

But when Dame Elaine saw Sir Launcelot that would not speak unto her she was so heavy that she weened her heart would have to-brast; for wit you well, out of measure she loved him. And then Elaine said unto her woman, Dame Brisen: the unkindness of Sir Launcelot slayeth me near. Ah, peace, madam, said Dame Brisen, I will undertake that this night he shall lie with you, an ye would hold you still. That were me liefer, said Dame Elaine, than all the gold that is above the earth. Let me deal, said Dame Brisen. So when Elaine was brought unto Queen Guenever either made other good cheer by countenance, but nothing with hearts. But all men and women spake of the beauty of Dame Elaine, and of her great riches.

Then, at night, the queen commanded that Dame Elaine should sleep in a chamber nigh her chamber, and all under one roof; and so it was done as the queen commanded. Then the queen sent for Sir Launcelot and bade him come to her chamber that night: Or else I am sure, said the queen, that ye will go to your lady's bed, Dame Elaine, by whom ye gat Galahad. Ah, madam, said Sir Launcelot, never say ye so, for that I did was against my will. Then, said the queen, look that ye come to me when I send for you. Madam, said Launcelot, I shall not fail you, but I shall be ready at your commandment. This bargain was soon done and made between them, but Dame Brisen knew it by her crafts, and told it to her lady, Dame Elaine. Alas, said she, how shall I do? Let me deal, said Dame Brisen, for I shall bring him by the hand even to your bed, and he shall ween that I am Queen Guenever's messenger. Now well is me, said Dame Elaine, for all the world I love not so much as I do Sir Launcelot.

**CHAPTER VIII. How Dame Brisen by enchantment brought Sir Launcelot to Dame Elaine's bed, and how Queen Guenever rebuked him.** SO when time came that all folks were abed,

Dame Brisen came to Sir Launcelot's bed's side and said: Sir Launcelot du Lake, sleep you? My lady, Queen Guenever, lieth and awaiteth upon you. O my fair lady, said Sir Launcelot, I am ready to go with you where ye will have me. So Sir Launcelot threw upon him a long gown, and his sword in his hand; and then Dame Brisen took him by the finger and led him to her lady's bed, Dame Elaine; and then she departed and left them in bed together. Wit you well the lady was glad, and so was Sir Launcelot, for he weened that he had had another in his arms.

Now leave we them kissing and clipping, as was kindly thing; and now speak we of Queen Guenever that sent one of her women unto Sir Launcelot's bed; and when she came there she found the bed cold, and he was away; so she came to the queen and told her all. Alas, said the queen, where is that false knight become? Then the queen was nigh out of her wit, and then she writhed and weltered as a mad woman, and might not sleep a four or five hours. Then Sir Launcelot had a condition that he used of custom, he would clatter in his sleep, and speak oft of his lady, Queen Guenever. So as Sir Launcelot had waked as long as it had pleased him, then by course of kind he slept, and Dame Elaine both. And in his sleep he talked and clattered as a jay, of the love that had been betwixt Queen Guenever and him. And so as he talked so loud the queen heard him thereas she lay in her chamber; and when she heard him so clatter she was nigh wood and out of her mind, and for anger and pain wist not what to do. And then she coughed so loud that Sir Launcelot awaked, and he knew her hemming. And then he knew well that he lay not by the queen; and therewith he leapt out of his bed as he had been a wood man, in his shirt, and the queen met him in the floor; and thus she said: False traitor knight that thou art, look thou never abide in my court, and avoid my chamber, and not so hardy, thou false traitor knight that thou art, that ever thou come in my sight. Alas, said Sir Launcelot; and therewith he took such an heartily sorrow at her words that he fell down to the floor in a swoon. And therewithal Queen Guenever departed. And when Sir Launcelot awoke of his swoon, he leapt out at a bay window into a garden, and there with thorns he was all to-scratched in his visage and his body; and so he ran forth he wist not whither, and was wild wood as ever was man; and so he ran two year, and never man might have grace to know him.

**CHAPTER IX. How Dame Elaine was commanded by Queen Guenever to avoid the court, and how Sir Launcelot became mad.** NOW turn we unto Queen Guenever and to the fair Lady Elaine, that when Dame Elaine heard the queen so to rebuke Sir Launcelot, and also she saw how he swooned, and how he leaped out at a bay window, then she said unto Queen Guenever: Madam, ye are greatly to blame for Sir Launcelot, for now have ye lost him, for I saw and heard by his countenance that he is mad for ever. Alas, madam, ye do great sin, and to yourself great dishonour, for ye have a lord of your own, and therefore it is your part to love him; for there is no queen in this world hath such another king as ye have. And, if ye were not, I might have the love of my lord Sir Launcelot; and cause I have to love him for he had my maidenhood, and by him I have borne a fair son, and his name is Galahad, and he shall be in his time the best knight of the world. Dame Elaine, said the queen, when it is daylight I charge you and command you to avoid my court; and for the love ye owe unto Sir Launcelot discover not his counsel, for an ye do, it will be his death. As for that, said Dame Elaine, I dare undertake he is marred for ever, and that have ye made; for ye, nor I, are like to rejoice him; for he made the most piteous groans when he leapt out at yonder bay window that ever I heard man make. Alas, said fair Elaine, and alas, said the Queen Guenever, for now I wot well we have lost him for ever.

So on the morn Dame Elaine took her leave to depart, and she would no longer abide. Then King Arthur brought her on her way with mo than an hundred knights through a forest. And by the way she told Sir Bors de Ganis all how it betid that same night, and how Sir Launcelot leapt out at a window, araged out of his wit. Alas, said Sir Bors, where is my lord, Sir Launcelot, become? Sir, said Elaine, I wot ne'er. Alas, said Sir Bors, betwixt you both ye have destroyed that good knight. As for me, said Dame Elaine, I said never nor did never thing that should in any wise displease

him, but with the rebuke that Queen Guenever gave him I saw him swoon to the earth; and when he awoke he took his sword in his hand, naked save his shirt, and leapt out at a window with the grisliest groan that ever I heard man make. Now farewell, Dame Elaine, said Sir Bors, and hold my lord Arthur with a tale as long as ye can, for I will turn again to Queen Guenever and give her a hete; and I require you, as ever ye will have my service, make good watch and espy if ever ye may see my lord Sir Launcelot. Truly, said fair Elaine, I shall do all that I may do, for as fain would I know and wit where he is become, as you, or any of his kin, or Queen Guenever; and cause great enough have I thereto as well as any other. And wit ye well, said fair Elaine to Sir Bors, I would lose my life for him rather than he should be hurt; but alas, I cast me never for to see him, and the chief causer of this is Dame Guenever. Madam, said Dame Brisen, the which had made the enchantment before betwixt Sir Launcelot and her, I pray you heartily, let Sir Bors depart, and hie him with all his might as fast as he may to seek Sir Launcelot, for I warn you he is clean out of his mind; and yet he shall be well holpen an but by miracle.

Then wept Dame Elaine, and so did Sir Bors de Ganis; and so they departed, and Sir Bors rode straight unto Queen Guenever. And when she saw Sir Bors she wept as she were wood. Fie on your weeping, said Sir Bors de Ganis, for ye weep never but when there is no bote. Alas, said Sir Bors, that ever Sir Launcelot's kin saw you, for now have ye lost the best knight of our blood, and he that was all our leader and our succour; and I dare say and make it good that all kings, christian nor heathen, may not find such a knight, for to speak of his nobleness and courtesy, with his beauty and his gentleness. Alas, said Sir Bors, what shall we do that be of his blood? Alas, said Sir Ector de Maris. Alas, said Lionel.

#### **CHAPTER X. What sorrow Queen Guenever made for Sir Launcelot, and how he was sought by knights of his kin.**

AND when the queen heard them say so she fell to the earth in a dead swoon. And then Sir Bors took her up, and dawed her; and when she was awaked she kneeled afore the three knights, and held up both her hands, and besought them to seek him. And spare not for no goods but that he be found, for I wot he is out of his mind. And Sir Bors, Sir Ector, and Sir Lionel departed from the queen, for they might not abide no longer for sorrow. And then the queen sent them treasure enough for their expenses, and so they took their horses and their armour, and departed. And then they rode from country to country, in forests, and in wilderness, and in wastes; and ever they laid watch both at forests and at all manner of men as they rode, to hearken and spere after him, as he that was a naked man, in his shirt, with a sword in his hand. And thus they rode nigh a quarter of a year, endlong and overthwart, in many places, forests and wilderness, and oft-times were evil lodged for his sake; and yet for all their labour and seeking could they never hear word of him. And wit you well these three knights were passing sorry.

Then at the last Sir Bors and his fellows met with a knight that hight Sir Melion de Tartare. Now fair knight, said Sir Bors, whither be ye away? for they knew either other afore time. Sir, said Melion, I am in the way toward the court of King Arthur. Then we pray you, said Sir Bors, that ye will tell my lord Arthur, and my lady, Queen Guenever, and all the fellowship of the Round Table, that we cannot in no wise hear tell where Sir Launcelot is become. Then Sir Melion departed from them, and said that he would tell the king, and the queen, and all the fellowship-of the Round Table, as they had desired him. So when Sir Melion came to the court of King Arthur he told the king, and the queen, and all the fellowship of the Round Table, what Sir Bors had said of Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Gawaine, Sir Uwaine, Sir Sagamore le Desirous, Sir Aglovale, and Sir Percivale de Galis took upon them by the great desire of King Arthur, and in especial by the queen, to seek throughout all England, Wales, and Scotland, to find Sir Launcelot, and with them rode eighteen knights mo to bear them fellowship; and wit ye well, they lacked no manner of spending; and so were they three and twenty knights.

Now turn we to Sir Launcelot, and speak we of his care and woe, and what pain he there endured; for cold, hunger, and thirst, he had plenty. And thus as these noble knights rode together, they

by one assent departed, and then they rode by two, by three, and by four, and by five, and ever they assigned where they should meet. And so Sir Aglovale and Sir Percivale rode together unto their mother that was a queen in those days. And when she saw her two sons, for joy she wept tenderly. And then she said: Ah, my dear sons, when your father was slain he left me four sons, of the which now be twain slain. And for the death of my noble son, Sir Lamorak, shall my heart never be glad. And then she kneeled down upon her knees to-fore Aglovale and Sir Percivale, and besought them to abide at home with her. Ah, sweet mother, said Sir Percivale, we may not, for we be come of king's blood of both parties, and therefore, mother, it is our kind to haunt arms and noble deeds. Alas, my sweet sons, then she said, for your sakes I shall lose my liking and lust, and then wind and weather I may not endure, what for the death of your father, King Pellinore, that was shamefully slain by the hands of Sir Gawaine, and his brother, Sir Gaheris: and they slew him not manly but by treason. Ah, my dear sons, this is a piteous complaint for me of your father's death, considering also the death of Sir Lamorak, that of knighthood had but few fellows. Now, my dear sons, have this in your mind. Then there was but weeping and sobbing in the court when they should depart, and she fell a-swooning in midst of the court.

#### **CHAPTER XI. How a servant of Sir Aglovale's was slain, and what vengeance Sir Aglovale and Sir Percivale did therefore.**

AND when she was awaked she sent a squire after them with spending enough. And so when the squire had overtaken them, they would not suffer him to ride with them, but sent him home again to comfort their mother, praying her meekly of her blessing. And so this squire was benighted, and by misfortune he happened to come to a castle where dwelled a baron. And so when the squire was come into the castle, the lord asked him from whence he came, and whom he served. My lord, said the squire, I serve a good knight that is called Sir Aglovale: the squire said it to good intent, weening unto him to have been more forborne for Sir Aglovale's sake, than he had said he had served the queen, Aglovale's mother. Well, my fellow, said the lord of that castle, for Sir Aglovale's sake thou shalt have evil lodging, for Sir Aglovale slew my brother, and therefore thou shalt die on part of payment. And then that lord commanded his men to have him away and slay him; and so they did, and so pulled him out of the castle, and there they slew him without mercy.

Right so on the morn came Sir Aglovale and Sir Percivale riding by a churchyard, where men and women were busy, and beheld the dead squire, and they thought to bury him. What is there, said Sir Aglovale, that ye behold so fast? A good man stert forth and said: Fair knight, here lieth a squire slain shamefully this night. How was he slain, fair fellow? said Sir Aglovale. My fair sir, said the man, the lord of this castle lodged this squire this night; and because he said he was servant unto a good knight that is with King Arthur, his name is Sir Aglovale, therefore the lord commanded to slay him, and for this cause is he slain. Gramercy, said Sir Aglovale, and ye shall see his death revenged lightly; for I am that same knight for whom this squire was slain.

Then Sir Aglovale called unto him Sir Percivale, and bade him alight lightly; and so they alighted both, and betook their horses to their men, and so they yede on foot into the castle. And all so soon as they were within the castle gate Sir Aglovale bade the porter: Go thou unto thy lord and tell him that I am Sir Aglovale for whom this squire was slain this night. Anon the porter told this to his lord, whose name was Goodewin. Anon he armed him, and then he came into the court and said: Which of you is Sir Aglovale? Here I am, said Aglovale: for what cause slewest thou this night my mother's squire? I slew him, said Sir Goodewin, because of thee, for thou slewest my brother, Sir Gawdelin. As for thy brother, said Sir Aglovale, I avow it I slew him, for he was a false knight and a betrayer of ladies and of good knights; and for the death of my squire thou shalt die. I defy thee, said Sir Goodewin. Then they lashed together as eagerly as it had been two lions, and Sir Percivale he fought with all the remnant that would fight. And within a while Sir Percivale had slain all that would withstand him; for Sir Percivale dealt so his strokes that were so rude that there durst no man abide him. And within a

while Sir Aglovale had Sir Goodewin at the earth, and there he unlaced his helm, and struck off his head. And then they departed and took their horses; and then they let carry the dead squire unto a priory, and there they interred him.

**CHAPTER XII. How Sir Percivale departed secretly from his brother, and how he loosed a knight bound with a chain, and of other doings.** AND when this was done they rode into many countries, ever inquiring after Sir Launcelot, but never they could hear of him; and at the last they came to a castle that hight Cardican, and there Sir Percivale and Sir Aglovale were lodged together. And privily about midnight Sir Percivale came to Aglovale's squire and said: Arise and make thee ready, for ye and I will ride away secretly. Sir, said the squire, I would full fain ride with you where ye would have me, but an my lord, your brother, take me he will slay me. As for that care thou not, for I shall be thy warrant.

And so Sir Percivale rode till it was after noon, and then he came upon a bridge of stone, and there he found a knight that was bound with a chain fast about the waist unto a pillar of stone. O fair knight, said that bound knight, I require thee loose me of my bonds. What knight are ye, said Sir Percivale, and for what cause are ye so bound? Sir, I shall tell you, said that knight: I am a knight of the Table Round, and my name is Sir Persides; and thus by adventure I came this way, and here I lodged in this castle at the bridge foot, and therein dwelleth an uncourteous lady; and because she proffered me to be her paramour, and I refused her, she set her men upon me suddenly or ever I might come to my weapon; and thus they bound me, and here I wot well I shall die but if some man of worship break my bands. Be ye of good cheer, said Sir Percivale, and because ye are a knight of the Round Table as well as I, I trust to God to break your bands. And therewith Sir Percivale pulled out his sword and struck at the chain with such a might that he cut a-two the chain, and through Sir Persides' hauberk and hurt him a little. O Jesu, said Sir Persides, that was a mighty stroke as ever I felt one, for had not the chain been ye had slain me.

And therewithal Sir Persides saw a knight coming out of a castle all that ever he might fling. Beware, sir, said Sir Persides, yonder cometh a man that will have ado with you. Let him come, said Sir Percivale. And so he met with that knight in midst of the bridge; and Sir Percivale gave him such a buffet that he smote him quite from his horse and over a part of the bridge, that, had not been a little vessel under the bridge, that knight had been drowned. And then Sir Percivale took the knight's horse and made Sir Persides to mount up him; and so they rode unto the castle, and bade the lady deliver Sir Persides' servants, or else he would slay all that ever he found; and so for fear she delivered them all. Then was Sir Percivale ware of a lady that stood in that tower. Ah, madam, said Sir Percivale, what use and custom is that in a lady to destroy good knights but if they will be your paramour? Forsooth this is a shameful custom of a lady, and if I had not a great matter in my hand I should fordo your evil customs.

And so Sir Persides brought Sir Percivale unto his own castle, and there he made him great cheer all that night. And on the morn, when Sir Percivale had heard mass and broken his fast, he bade Sir Persides ride unto King Arthur: And tell the king how that ye met with me; and tell my brother, Sir Aglovale, how I rescued you; and bid him seek not after me, for I am in the quest to seek Sir Launcelot du Lake, and though he seek me he shall not find me; and tell him I will never see him, nor the court, till I have found Sir Launcelot. Also tell Sir Kay the Seneschal, and to Sir Mordred, that I trust to Jesu to be of as great worthiness as either of them, for tell them I shall never forget their mocks and scorns that they did to me that day that I was made knight; and tell them I will never see that court till men speak more worship of me than ever men did of any of them both. And so Sir Persides departed from Sir Percivale, and then he rode unto King Arthur, and told there of Sir Percivale. And when Sir Aglovale heard him speak of his brother Sir Percivale, he said: He departed from me unkindly.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Sir Percivale met with Sir Ector, and how they fought long, and each had almost slain other.** SIR, said Sir Persides, on my life he shall prove a noble knight as any

now is living. And when he saw Sir Kay and Sir Mordred, Sir Persides said thus: My fair lords both, Sir Percivale greeteth you well both, and he sent you word by me that he trusteth to God or ever he come to the court again to be of as great noblesse as ever were ye both, and mo men to speak of his noblesse than ever they did of you. It may well be, said Sir Kay and Sir Mordred, but at that time when he was made knight he was full unlike to prove a good knight. As for that, said King Arthur, he must needs prove a good knight, for his father and his brethren were noble knights.

And now will we turn unto Sir Percivale that rode long; and in a forest he met a knight with a broken shield and a broken helm; and as soon as either saw other readily they made them ready to joust, and so hurtled together with all the might of their horses, and met together so hard, that Sir Percivale was smitten to the earth. And then Sir Percivale arose lightly, and cast his shield on his shoulder and drew his sword, and bade the other knight Alight, and do we battle unto the uttermost. Will ye more? said that knight. And therewith he alighted, and put his horse from him; and then they came together an easy pace, and there they lashed together with noble swords, and sometime they struck and sometime they foined, and either gave other many great wounds. Thus they fought near half a day, and never rested but right little, and there was none of them both that had less wounds than fifteen, and they bled so much that it was marvel they stood on their feet. But this knight that fought with Sir Percivale was a proved knight and a wise-fighting knight, and Sir Percivale was young and strong, not knowing in fighting as the other was.

Then Sir Percivale spoke first, and said: Sir knight, hold thy hand a while still, for we have fought for a simple matter and quarrel overlong, and therefore I require thee tell me thy name, for I was never or this time matched. So God me help, said that knight, and never or this time was there never knight that wounded me so sore as thou hast done, and yet have I fought in many battles; and now shalt thou wit that I am a knight of the Table Round, and my name is Sir Ector de Maris, brother unto the good knight, Sir Launcelot du Lake. Alas, said Sir Percivale, and my name is Sir Percivale de Galis that hath made my quest to seek Sir Launcelot, and now I am siker that I shall never finish my quest, for ye have slain me with your hands. It is not so, said Sir Ector, for I am slain by your hands, and may not live. Therefore I require you, said Sir Ector unto Sir Percivale, ride ye hereby to a priory, and bring me a priest that I may receive my Saviour, for I may not live. And when ye come to the court of King Arthur tell not my brother, Sir Launcelot, how that ye slew me, for then he would be your mortal enemy, but ye may say that I was slain in my quest as I sought him. Alas, said Sir Percivale, ye say that never will be, for I am so faint for bleeding that I may unnethe stand, how should I then take my horse?

**CHAPTER XIV. How by miracle they were both made whole by the coming of the holy vessel of Sangreal.** THEN they made both great dole out of measure. This will not avail, said Sir Percivale. And then he kneeled down and made his prayer devoutly unto Almighty Jesu, for he was one of the best knights of the world that at that time was, in whom the very faith stood most in. Right so there came by the holy vessel of the Sangreal with all manner of sweetness and savour; but they could not readily see who that bare that vessel, but Sir Percivale had a glimmering of the vessel and of the maiden that bare it, for he was a perfect clean maiden; and forthwithal they both were as whole of hide and limb as ever they were in their life-days: then they gave thankings to God with great mildness. O Jesu, said Sir Percivale, what may this mean, that we be thus healed, and right now we were at the point of dying? I wot full well, said Sir Ector, what it is; it is an holy vessel that is borne by a maiden, and therein is part of the holy blood of our Lord Jesu Christ, blessed mote he be. But it may not be seen, said Sir Ector, but if it be by a perfect man. So God me help, said Sir Percivale, I saw a damosel, as me thought, all in white, with a vessel in both her hands, and forthwithal I was whole.

So then they took their horses and their harness, and amended their harness as well as they might that was broken; and so they mounted upon their horses, and rode talking together. And there Sir Ector de Maris told Sir Percivale how he had sought his brother,

Sir Launcelot, long, and never could hear witting of him: In many strange adventures have I been in this quest. And so either told other of their adventures.

## BOOK XII.

**CHAPTER I. How Sir Launcelot in his madness took a sword and fought with a knight, and leapt in a bed.** AND now leave we of a while of Sir Ector and of Sir Percivale, and speak we of Sir Launcelot that suffered and endured many sharp showers, that ever ran wild wood from place to place, and lived by fruit and such as he might get, and drank water two year; and other clothing had he but little but his shirt and his breech. Thus as Sir Launcelot wandered here and there he came in a fair meadow where he found a pavilion; and there by, upon a tree, there hung a white shield, and two swords hung thereby, and two spears leaned there by a tree. And when Sir Launcelot saw the swords, anon he leapt to the one sword, and took it in his hand, and drew it out. And then he lashed at the shield, that all the meadow rang of the dints, that he gave such a noise as ten knights had foughten together.

Then came forth a dwarf, and leapt unto Sir Launcelot, and would have had the sword out of his hand. And then Sir Launcelot took him by the both shoulders and threw him to the ground upon his neck, that he had almost broken his neck; and therewithal the dwarf cried help. Then came forth a likely knight, and well apparelled in scarlet furred with minever. And anon as he saw Sir Launcelot he deemed that he should be out of his wit. And then he said with fair speech: Good man, lay down that sword, for as meseemeth thou hadst more need of sleep and of warm clothes than to wield that sword. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, come not too nigh, for an thou do, wit thou well I will slay thee.

And when the knight of the pavilion saw that, he stert backward within the pavilion. And then the dwarf armed him lightly; and so the knight thought by force and might to take the sword from Sir Launcelot, and so he came stepping out; and when Sir Launcelot saw him come so all armed with his sword in his hand, then Sir Launcelot flew to him with such a might, and hit him upon the helm such a buffet, that the stroke troubled his brains, and therewith the sword brake in three. And the knight fell to the earth as he had been dead, the blood brasting out of his mouth, the nose, and the ears. And then Sir Launcelot ran into the pavilion, and rushed even into the warm bed; and there was a lady in that bed, and she gat her smock, and ran out of the pavilion. And when she saw her lord lie at the ground like to be dead, then she cried and wept as she had been mad. Then with her noise the knight awaked out of his swoon, and looked up weakly with his eyes; and then he asked her, where was that mad man that had given him such a buffet: For such a buffet had I never of man's hand. Sir, said the dwarf, it is not worship to hurt him, for he is a man out of his wit; and doubt ye not he hath been a man of great worship, and for some heartily sorrow that he hath taken, he is fallen mad; and me beseemeth, said the dwarf, he resembleth much unto Sir Launcelot, for him I saw at the great tournament beside Lonzep. Jesu defend, said that knight, that ever that noble knight, Sir Launcelot, should be in such a plight; but whosoever he be, said that knight, harm will I none do him: and this knight's name was Bliant. Then he said unto the dwarf: Go thou fast on horseback, unto my brother Sir Selivant, that is at the Castle Blank, and tell him of mine adventure, and bid him bring with him an horse litter, and then will we bear this knight unto my castle.

**CHAPTER II. How Sir Lancelot was carried in an horse litter, and how Sir Launcelot rescued Sir Bliant, his host.** SO the dwarf rode fast, and he came again and brought Sir Selivant with him, and six men with an horse litter; and so they took up the feather bed with Sir Launcelot, and so carried all away with them unto the Castle Blank, and he never awaked till he was within the castle. And then they bound his hands and his feet, and gave him good meats and good drinks, and brought him again to his strength and his fairness; but in his wit they could not bring him again, nor to know himself. Thus was Sir Launcelot there more than a year and a half, honestly arrayed and fair faren withal.

Then upon a day this lord of that castle, Sir Bliant, took his arms, on horseback, with a spear, to seek adventures. And as

he rode in a forest there met with him two knights adventurous, the one was Breuse Saunce Pit , and his brother, Sir Bertelot; and these two ran both at once upon Sir Bliant, and brake their spears upon his body. And then they drew out swords and made great battle, and fought long together. But at the last Sir Bliant was sore wounded, and felt himself faint; and then he fled on horseback toward his castle. And as they came hurling under the castle whereas Sir Launcelot lay in a window, [he] saw how two knights laid upon Sir Bliant with their swords. And when Sir Launcelot saw that, yet as wood as he was he was sorry for his lord, Sir Bliant. And then Sir Launcelot brake the chains from his legs and off his arms, and in the breaking he hurt his hands sore; and so Sir Launcelot ran out at a postern, and there he met with the two knights that chased Sir Bliant; and there he pulled down Sir Bertelot with his bare hands from his horse, and therewithal he wrothe his sword out of his hand; and so he leapt unto Sir Breuse, and gave him such a buffet upon the head that he tumbled backward over his horse's croup. And when Sir Bertelot saw there his brother have such a fall, he gat a spear in his hand, and would have run Sir Launcelot through: that saw Sir Bliant, and struck off the hand of Sir Bertelot. And then Sir Breuse and Sir Bertelot gat their horses and fled away.

When Sir Selivant came and saw what Sir Launcelot had done for his brother, then he thanked God, and so did his brother, that ever they did him any good. But when Sir Bliant saw that Sir Launcelot was hurt with the breaking of his irons, then was he heavy that ever he bound him. Bind him no more, said Sir Selivant, for he is happy and gracious. Then they made great joy of Sir Launcelot, and they bound him no more; and so he abode there an half year and more. And on the morn early Sir Launcelot was ware where came a great boar with many hounds nigh him. But the boar was so big there might no hounds tear him; and the hunters came after, blowing their horns, both upon horseback and some upon foot; and then Sir Launcelot was ware where one alighted and tied his horse to a tree, and leaned his spear against the tree.

**CHAPTER III. How Sir Launcelot fought against a boar and slew him, and how he was hurt, and brought unto an hermitage.** SO came Sir Launcelot and found the horse bounden till a tree, and a spear leaning against a tree, and a sword tied to the saddle bow; and then Sir Launcelot leapt into the saddle and gat that spear in his hand, and then he rode after the boar; and then Sir Launcelot was ware where the boar set his arse to a tree fast by an hermitage. Then Sir Launcelot ran at the boar with his spear, and therewith the boar turned him nimbly, and rove out the lungs and the heart of the horse, so that Launcelot fell to the earth; and, or ever Sir Launcelot might get from the horse, the boar rove him on the brawn of the thigh up to the hough bone. And then Sir Launcelot was wroth, and up he gat upon his feet, and drew his sword, and he smote off the boar's head at one stroke. And therewithal came out the hermit, and saw him have such a wound. Then the hermit came to Sir Launcelot and bemoaned him, and would have had him home unto his hermitage; but when Sir Launcelot heard him speak, he was so wroth with his wound that he ran upon the hermit to have slain him, and the hermit ran away. And when Sir Launcelot might not overget him, he threw his sword after him, for Sir Launcelot might go no further for bleeding; then the hermit turned again, and asked Sir Launcelot how he was hurt. Fellow, said Sir Launcelot, this boar hath bitten me sore. Then come with me, said the hermit, and I shall heal you. Go thy way, said Sir Launcelot, and deal not with me.

Then the hermit ran his way, and there he met with a good knight with many men. Sir, said the hermit, here is fast by my place the goodliest man that ever I saw, and he is sore wounded with a boar, and yet he hath slain the boar. But well I wot, said the hermit, and he be not holpen, that goodly man shall die of that wound, and that were great pity. Then that knight at the desire of the hermit gat a cart, and in that cart that knight put the boar and Sir Launcelot, for Sir Launcelot was so feeble that they might right easily deal with him; and so Sir Launcelot was brought unto the hermitage, and there the hermit healed him of his wound. But the hermit might not find Sir Launcelot's sustenance, and so he impaired and waxed feeble, both of his body and of his wit: for

the default of his sustenance he waxed more wooder than he was aforehand.

And then upon a day Sir Launcelot ran his way into the forest; and by adventure he came to the city of Corbin, where Dame Elaine was, that bare Galahad, Sir Launcelot's son. And so when he was entered into the town he ran through the town to the castle; and then all the young men of that city ran after Sir Launcelot, and there they threw turves at him, and gave him many sad strokes. And ever as Sir Launcelot might overreach any of them, he threw them so that they would never come in his hands no more; for of some he brake the legs and the arms, and so fled into the castle; and then came out knights and squires and rescued Sir Launcelot. And when they beheld him and looked upon his person, they thought they saw never so goodly a man. And when they saw so many wounds upon him, all they deemed that he had been a man of worship. And then they ordained him clothes to his body, and straw underneath him, and a little house. And then every day they would throw him meat, and set him drink, but there was but few would bring him meat to his hands.

**CHAPTER IV. How Sir Launcelot was known by Dame Elaine, and was borne into a chamber and after healed by the Sangreal.** SO it befell that King Pelles had a nephew, his name was Castor; and so he desired of the king to be made knight, and so at the request of this Castor the king made him knight at the feast of Candlemas. And when Sir Castor was made knight, that same day he gave many gowns. And then Sir Castor sent for the fool—that was Sir Launcelot. And when he was come afore Sir Castor, he gave Sir Launcelot a robe of scarlet and all that longed unto him. And when Sir Launcelot was so arrayed like a knight, he was the seemliest man in all the court, and none so well made. So when he saw his time he went into the garden, and there Sir Launcelot laid him down by a well and slept. And so at-after noon Dame Elaine and her maidens came into the garden to play them; and as they roamed up and down one of Dame Elaine's maidens espied where lay a goodly man by the well sleeping, and anon showed him to Dame Elaine. Peace, said Dame Elaine, and say no word: and then she brought Dame Elaine where he lay. And when that she beheld him, anon she fell in remembrance of him, and knew him verily for Sir Launcelot; and therewithal she fell a-weeping so heartily that she sank even to the earth; and when she had thus wept a great while, then she arose and called her maidens and said she was sick.

And so she yede out of the garden, and she went straight to her father, and there she took him apart by herself; and then she said: O father, now have I need of your help, and but if that ye help me farewell my good days for ever. What is that, daughter? said King Pelles. Sir, she said, thus is it: in your garden I went for to sport, and there, by the well, I found Sir Launcelot du Lake sleeping. I may not believe that, said King Pelles. Sir, she said, truly he is there, and meseemeth he should be distract out of his wit. Then hold you still, said the king, and let me deal. Then the king called to him such as he most trusted, a four persons, and Dame Elaine, his daughter. And when they came to the well and beheld Sir Launcelot, anon Dame Brisen knew him. Sir, said Dame Brisen, we must be wise how we deal with him, for this knight is out of his mind, and if we awake him rudely what he will do we all know not; but ye shall abide, and I shall throw such an enchantment upon him that he shall not awake within the space of an hour; and so she did.

Then within a little while after, the king commanded that all people should avoid, that none should be in that way thereas the king would come. And so when this was done, these four men and these ladies laid hand on Sir Launcelot, and so they bare him into a tower, and so into a chamber where was the holy vessel of the Sangreal, and by force Sir Launcelot was laid by that holy vessel; and there came an holy man and unhilled that vessel, and so by miracle and by virtue of that holy vessel Sir Launcelot was healed and recovered. And when that he was awaked he groaned and sighed, and complained greatly that he was passing sore.

**CHAPTER V. How Sir Launcelot, after that he was whole and had his mind, he was ashamed, and how that Elaine desired a castle for him.** AND when Sir Launcelot saw King Pelles

and Elaine, he waxed ashamed and said thus: O Lord Jesu, how came I here? for God's sake, my lord, let me wit how I came here. Sir, said Dame Elaine, into this country ye came like a madman, clean out of your wit, and here have ye been kept as a fool; and no creature here knew what ye were, until by fortune a maiden of mine brought me unto you whereas ye lay sleeping by a well, and anon as I verily beheld you I knew you. And then I told my father, and so were ye brought afore this holy vessel, and by the virtue of it thus were ye healed. O Jesu, mercy, said Sir Launcelot; if this be sooth, how many there be that know of my woodness! So God me help, said Elaine, no more but my father, and I, and Dame Brisen. Now for Christ's love, said Sir Launcelot, keep it in counsel, and let no man know it in the world, for I am sore ashamed that I have been thus miscarried; for I am banished out of the country of Logris for ever, that is for to say the country of England.

And so Sir Launcelot lay more than a fortnight or ever that he might stir for soreness. And then upon a day he said unto Dame Elaine these words: Lady Elaine, for your sake I have had much travail, care, and anguish, it needeth not to rehearse it, ye know how. Notwithstanding I know well I have done foul to you when that I drew my sword to you, to have slain you, upon the morn when I had lain with you. And all was the cause, that ye and Dame Brisen made me for to lie by you maugre mine head; and as ye say, that night Galahad your son was begotten. That is truth, said Dame Elaine. Now will ye for my love, said Sir Launcelot, go unto your father and get me a place of him wherein I may dwell? for in the court of King Arthur may I never come. Sir, said Dame Elaine, I will live and die with you, and only for your sake; and if my life might not avail you and my death might avail you, wit you well I would die for your sake. And I will go to my father and I am sure there is nothing that I can desire of him but I shall have it. And where ye be, my lord Sir Launcelot, doubt ye not but I will be with you with all the service that I may do. So forthwithal she went to her father and said, Sir, my lord, Sir Launcelot, desireth to be here by you in some castle of yours. Well daughter, said the king, sith it is his desire to abide in these marches he shall be in the Castle of Bliant, and there shall ye be with him, and twenty of the fairest ladies that be in the country, and they shall all be of the great blood, and ye shall have ten knights with you; for, daughter, I will that ye wit we all be honoured by the blood of Sir Launcelot.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Launcelot came into the joyous Isle, and there he named himself Le Chevaler Mal Fet.** THEN went Dame Elaine unto Sir Launcelot, and told him all how her father had devised for him and her. Then came the knight Sir Castor, that was nephew unto King Pelles, unto Sir Launcelot, and asked him what was his name. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, my name is Le Chevaler Mal Fet, that is to say the knight that hath trespassed. Sir, said Sir Castor, it may well be so, but ever meseemeth your name should be Sir Launcelot du Lake, for or now I have seen you. Sir, said Launcelot, ye are not as a gentle knight: I put case my name were Sir Launcelot, and that it list me not to discover my name, what should it grieve you here to keep my counsel, and ye be not hurt thereby? but wit thou well an ever it lie in my power I shall grieve you, and that I promise you truly. Then Sir Castor kneeled down and besought Sir Launcelot of mercy: For I shall never utter what ye be, while that ye be in these parts. Then Sir Launcelot pardoned him.

And then, after this, King Pelles with ten knights, and Dame Elaine, and twenty ladies, rode unto the Castle of Bliant that stood in an island beclosed in iron, with a fair water deep and large. And when they were there Sir Launcelot let call it the Joyous Isle; and there was he called none otherwise but Le Chevaler Mal Fet, the knight that hath trespassed. Then Sir Launcelot let make him a shield all of sable, and a queen crowned in the midst, all of silver, and a knight clean armed kneeling afore her. And every day once, for any mirths that all the ladies might make him, he would once every day look toward the realm of Logris, where King Arthur and Queen Guenever was. And then would he fall upon a weeping as his heart should to-brast.

So it fell that time Sir Launcelot heard of a jousting fast by his castle, within three leagues. Then he called unto him a dwarf,

and he bade him go unto that jousting. And or ever the knights depart, look thou make there a cry, in hearing of all the knights, that there is one knight in the Joyous Isle, that is the Castle of Bliant, and say his name is Le Chevalier Mal Fet, that will joust against knights that will come. And who that putteth that knight to the worse shall have a fair maid and a gerfalcon.

**CHAPTER VII. Of a great tourneying in the Joyous Isle, and how Sir Percivale and Sir Ector came thither, and Sir Percivale fought with him.** SO when this cry was made, unto Joyous Isle drew knights to the number of five hundred; and wit ye well there was never seen in Arthur's days one knight that did so much deeds of arms as Sir Launcelot did three days together; for as the book maketh truly mention, he had the better of all the five hundred knights, and there was not one slain of them. And after that Sir Launcelot made them all a great feast.

And in the meanwhile came Sir Percivale de Galis and Sir Ector de Maris under that castle that was called the Joyous Isle. And as they beheld that gay castle they would have gone to that castle, but they might not for the broad water, and bridge could they find none. Then they saw on the other side a lady with a sperhawk on her hand, and Sir Percivale called unto her, and asked that lady who was in that castle. Fair knights, she said, here within this castle is the fairest lady in this land, and her name is Elaine. Also we have in this castle the fairest knight and the mightiest man that is I dare say living, and he called himself Le Chevalier Mal Fet. How came he into these marches? said Sir Percivale. Truly, said the damosel, he came into this country like a mad man, with dogs and boys chasing him through the city of Corbin, and by the holy vessel of the Sangreal he was brought into his wit again; but he will not do battle with no knight, but by underne or by noon. And if ye list to come into the castle, said the lady, ye must ride unto the further side of the castle and there shall ye find a vessel that will bear you and your horse. Then they departed, and came unto the vessel. And then Sir Percivale alighted, and said to Sir Ector de Maris: Ye shall abide me here until that I wit what manner a knight he is; for it were shame unto us, inasmuch as he is but one knight, an we should both do battle with him. Do ye as ye list, said Sir Ector, and here I shall abide you until that I hear of you.

Then passed Sir Percivale the water, and when he came to the castle gate he bade the porter: Go thou to the good knight within the castle, and tell him here is come an errant knight to joust with him. Sir, said the porter, ride ye within the castle, and there is a common place for jousting, that lords and ladies may behold you. So anon as Sir Launcelot had warning he was soon ready; and there Sir Percivale and Sir Launcelot encountered with such a might, and their spears were so rude, that both the horses and the knights fell to the earth. Then they avoided their horses, and flang out noble swords, and hewed away cantels of their shields, and hurtled together with their shields like two boars, and either wounded other passing sore. At the last Sir Percivale spake first when they had foughten there more than two hours. Fair knight, said Sir Percivale, I require thee tell me thy name, for I met never with such a knight. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, my name is Le Chevalier Mal Fet. Now tell me your name, said Sir Launcelot, I require you, gentle knight. Truly, said Sir Percivale, my name is Sir Percivale de Galis, that was brother unto the good knight, Sir Lamorak de Galis, and King Pellinore was our father, and Sir Aglovalle is my brother. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, what have I done to fight with you that art a knight of the Round Table, that sometime was your fellow?

**CHAPTER VIII. How each of them knew other, and of their great courtesy, and how his brother Sir Ector came unto him, and of their joy.** AND therewithal Sir Launcelot kneeled down upon his knees, and threw away his shield and his sword from him. When Sir Percivale saw him do so he marvelled what he meant. And then thus he said: Sir knight, whatsoever thou be, I require thee upon the high order of knighthood, tell me thy true name. Then he said: So God me help, my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, King Ban's son of Benoy. Alas, said Sir Percivale, what have I done? I was sent by the queen for to seek you, and so I have sought you nigh this two year, and yonder is Sir Ector de Maris, your brother abideth me on the other side of the yonder water.

Now for God's sake, said Sir Percivale, forgive me mine offences that I have here done. It is soon forgiven, said Sir Launcelot.

Then Sir Percivale sent for Sir Ector de Maris, and when Sir Launcelot had a sight of him, he ran unto him and took him in his arms; and then Sir Ector kneeled down, and either wept upon other, that all had pity to behold them. Then came Dame Elaine and she there made them great cheer as might lie in her power; and there she told Sir Ector and Sir Percivale how and in what manner Sir Launcelot came into that country, and how he was healed; and there it was known how long Sir Launcelot was with Sir Bliant and with Sir Selivant, and how he first met with them, and how he departed from them because of a boar; and how the hermit healed Sir Launcelot of his great wound, and how that he came to Corbin.

**CHAPTER IX. How Sir Bors and Sir Lionel came to King Brandegore, and how Sir Bors took his son Helin le Blank, and of Sir Launcelot.** NOW leave we Sir Launcelot in the Joyous Isle with the Lady Dame Elaine, and Sir Percivale and Sir Ector playing with them, and turn we to Sir Bors de Ganis and Sir Lionel, that had sought Sir Launcelot nigh by the space of two year, and never could they hear of him. And as they thus rode, by adventure they came to the house of Brandegore, and there Sir Bors was well known, for he had gotten a child upon the king's daughter fifteen year to-fore, and his name was Helin le Blank. And when Sir Bors saw that child it liked him passing well. And so those knights had good cheer of the King Brandegore. And on the morn Sir Bors came afore King Brandegore and said: Here is my son Helin le Blank, that as it is said he is my son; and sith it is so, I will that ye wit that I will have him with me unto the court of King Arthur. Sir, said the king, ye may well take him with you, but he is over tender of age. As for that, said Sir Bors, I will have him with me, and bring him to the house of most worship of the world. So when Sir Bors should depart there was made great sorrow for the departing of Helin le Blank, and great weeping was there made. But Sir Bors and Sir Lionel departed, and within a while they came to Camelot, where was King Arthur. And when King Arthur understood that Helin le Blank was Sir Bors' son, and nephew unto King Brandegore, then King Arthur let him make knight of the Round Table; and so he proved a good knight and an adventurous.

Now will we turn to our matter of Sir Launcelot. It befell upon a day Sir Ector and Sir Percivale came to Sir Launcelot and asked him what he would do, and whether he would go with them unto King Arthur or not. Nay, said Sir Launcelot, that may not be by no mean, for I was so entreated at the court that I cast me never to come there more. Sir, said Sir Ector, I am your brother, and ye are the man in the world that I love most; and if I understood that it were your disworship, ye may understand I would never counsel you thereto; but King Arthur and all his knights, and in especial Queen Guenever, made such dole and sorrow that it was marvel to hear and see. And ye must remember the great worship and renown that ye be of, how that ye have been more spoken of than any other knight that is now living; for there is none that beareth the name now but ye and Sir Tristram. Therefore brother, said Sir Ector, make you ready to ride to the court with us, and I dare say there was never knight better welcome to the court than ye; and I wot well and can make it good, said Sir Ector, it hath cost my lady, the queen, twenty thousand pound the seeking of you. Well brother, said Sir Launcelot, I will do after your counsel, and ride with you.

So then they took their horses and made them ready, and took their leave at King Pelles and at Dame Elaine. And when Sir Launcelot should depart Dame Elaine made great sorrow. My lord, Sir Launcelot, said Dame Elaine, at this same feast of Pentecost shall your son and mine, Galahad, be made knight, for he is fully now fifteen winter old. Do as ye list, said Sir Launcelot; God give him grace to prove a good knight. As for that, said Dame Elaine, I doubt not he shall prove the best man of his kin except one. Then shall he be a man good enough, said Sir Launcelot.

**CHAPTER X. How Sir Launcelot with Sir Percivale and Sir Ector came to the court, and of the great joy of him.** THEN they departed, and within five days' journey they came to Camelot, that is called in English, Winchester. And when Sir

Launcelot was come among them, the king and all the knights made great joy of him. And there Sir Percivale de Galis and Sir Ector de Maris began and told the whole adventures: that Sir Launcelot had been out of his mind the time of his absence, and how he called himself Le Chevalier Mal Fet, the knight that had trespassed; and in three days Sir Launcelot smote down five hundred knights. And ever as Sir Ector and Sir Percivale told these tales of Sir Launcelot, Queen Guenever wept as she should have died. Then the queen made great cheer. O Jesu, said King Arthur, I marvel for what cause ye, Sir Launcelot, went out of your mind. I and many others deem it was for the love of fair Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles, by whom ye are noised that ye have gotten a child, and his name is Galahad, and men say he shall do marvels. My lord, said Sir Launcelot, if I did any folly I have that I sought. And therewithal the king spake no more. But all Sir Launcelot's kin knew for whom he went out of his mind. And then there were great feasts made and great joy; and many great lords and ladies, when they heard that Sir Launcelot was come to the court again, they made great joy.

**CHAPTER XI. How La Beale Isoud counselled Sir Tristram to go unto the court, to the great feast of Pentecost.** NOW will we leave off this matter, and speak we of Sir Tristram, and of Sir Palomides that was the Saracen unchristened. When Sir Tristram was come home unto Joyous Gard from his adventures, all this while that Sir Launcelot was thus missed, two year and more, Sir Tristram bare the renown through all the realm of Logris, and many strange adventures befell him, and full well and manly and worshipfully he brought them to an end. So when he was come home La Beale Isoud told him of the great feast that should be at Pentecost next following, and there she told him how Sir Launcelot had been missed two year, and all that while he had been out of his mind, and how he was holpen by the holy vessel, the Sangreal. Alas, said Sir Tristram, that caused some debate betwixt him and Queen Guenever. Sir, said Dame Isoud, I know it all, for Queen Guenever sent me a letter in the which she wrote me all how it was, for to require you to seek him. And now, blessed be God, said La Beale Isoud, he is whole and sound and come again to the court.

Thereof am I glad, said Sir Tristram, and now shall ye and I make us ready, for both ye and I will be at the feast. Sir, said Isoud, an it please you I will not be there, for through me ye be marked of many good knights, and that caused you to have much more labour for my sake than needeth you. Then will I not be there, said Sir Tristram, but if ye be there. God defend, said La Beale Isoud, for then shall I be spoken of shame among all queens and ladies of estate; for ye that are called one of the noblest knights of the world, and ye a knight of the Round Table, how may ye be missed at that feast? What shall be said among all knights? See how Sir Tristram hunteth, and hawketh, and covereth within a castle with his lady, and forsaketh your worship. Alas, shall some say, it is pity that ever he was made knight, or that ever he should have the love of a lady. Also what shall queens and ladies say of me? It is pity that I have my life, that I will hold so noble a knight as ye are from his worship. So God me help, said Sir Tristram unto La Beale Isoud, it is passing well said of you and nobly counselled; and now I well understand that ye love me; and like as ye have counselled me I will do a part thereafter. But there shall no man nor child ride with me, but myself. And so will I ride on Tuesday next coming, and no more harness of war but my spear and my sword.

**CHAPTER XII. How Sir Tristram departed unarmed and met with Sir Palomides, and how they smote each other, and how Sir Palomides forbore him.** AND so when the day came Sir Tristram took his leave at La Beale Isoud, and she sent with him four knights, and within half a mile he sent them again: and within a mile after Sir Tristram saw afore him where Sir Palomides had stricken down a knight, and almost wounded him to the death. Then Sir Tristram repented him that he was not armed, and then he hove still. With that Sir Palomides knew Sir Tristram, and cried on high: Sir Tristram, now be we met, for or we depart we will redress our old sores. As for that, said Sir Tristram, there was yet never Christian man might make his boast that ever

I fled from him; and wit ye well, Sir Palomides, thou that art a Saracen shall never make thy boast that Sir Tristram de Liones shall flee from thee. And therewith Sir Tristram made his horse to run, and with all his might he came straight upon Sir Palomides, and brast his spear upon him an hundred pieces. And forthwithal Sir Tristram drew his sword. And then he turned his horse and struck at Palomides six great strokes upon his helm; and then Sir Palomides stood still, and beheld Sir Tristram, and marvelled of his woodness, and of his folly. And then Sir Palomides said to himself: An Sir Tristram were armed, it were hard to cease him of this battle, and if I turn again and slay him I am ashamed wheresomever that I go.

Then Sir Tristram spake and said: Thou coward knight, what castest thou to do; why wilt thou not do battle with me? for have thou no doubt I shall endure all thy malice. Ah, Sir Tristram, said Palomides, full well thou wottest I may not fight with thee for shame, for thou art here naked and I am armed, and if I slay thee, dishonour shall be mine. And well thou wottest, said Sir Palomides to Sir Tristram, I know thy strength and thy hardness to endure against a good knight. That is truth, said Sir Tristram, I understand thy valiantness well. Ye say well, said Sir Palomides; now, I require you, tell me a question that I shall say to you. Tell me what it is, said Sir Tristram, and I shall answer you the truth, as God me help. I put case, said Sir Palomides, that ye were armed at all rights as well as I am, and I naked as ye be, what would you do to me now, by your true knighthood? Ah, said Sir Tristram, now I understand thee well, Sir Palomides, for now must I say mine own judgment, and as God me bless, that I shall say shall not be said for no fear that I have of thee. But this is all: wit Sir Palomides, as at this time thou shouldst depart from me, for I would not have ado with thee. No more will I, said Palomides, and therefore ride forth on thy way. As for that I may choose, said Sir Tristram, either to ride or to abide. But Sir Palomides, said Sir Tristram, I marvel of one thing, that thou that art so good a knight, that thou wilt not be christened, and thy brother, Sir Safere, hath been christened many a day.

**CHAPTER XIII. How that Sir Tristram gat him harness of a knight which was hurt, and how he overthrew Sir Palomides.** AS for that, said Sir Palomides, I may not yet be christened for one avow that I have made many years ago; howbeit in my heart I believe in Jesu Christ and his mild mother Mary; but I have but one battle to do, and when that is done I will be baptised with a good will. By my head, said Tristram, as for one battle thou shalt not seek it no longer. For God defend, said Sir Tristram, that through my default thou shouldst longer live thus a Saracen, for yonder is a knight that ye, Sir Palomides, have hurt and smitten down. Now help me that I were armed in his armour, and I shall soon fulfil thine avows. As ye will, said Palomides, so it shall be.

So they rode both unto that knight that sat upon a bank, and then Sir Tristram saluted him, and he weakly saluted him again. Sir knight, said Sir Tristram, I require you tell me your right name. Sir, he said, my name is Sir Galleron of Galway, and knight of the Table Round. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, I am right heavy of your hurts; but this is all, I must pray you to lend me all your whole armour, for ye see I am unarmed, and I must do battle with this knight. Sir, said the hurt knight, ye shall have it with a good will; but ye must beware, for I warn you that knight is wight. Sir, said Galleron, I pray you tell me your name, and what is that knight's name that hath beaten me. Sir, as for my name it is Sir Tristram de Liones, and as for the knight's name that hath hurt you is Sir Palomides, brother to the good knight Sir Safere, and yet is Sir Palomides unchristened. Alas, said Sir Galleron, that is pity that so good a knight and so noble a man of arms should be unchristened. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, either he shall slay me or I him but that he shall be christened or ever we depart in-sunder. My lord Sir Tristram, said Sir Galleron, your renown and worship is well known through many realms, and God save you this day from shenship and shame.

Then Sir Tristram unarmed Galleron, the which was a noble knight, and had done many deeds of arms, and he was a large knight of flesh and bone. And when he was unarmed he stood upon his feet, for he was bruised in the back with a spear; yet

so as Sir Galleron might, he armed Sir Tristram. And then Sir Tristram mounted upon his own horse, and in his hand he gat Sir Galleron's spear; and therewithal Sir Palomides was ready. And so they came hurtling together, and either smote other in midst of their shields; and therewithal Sir Palomides' spear brake, and Sir Tristram smote down the horse; and Sir Palomides, as soon as he might, avoided his horse, and dressed his shield, and pulled out his sword. That saw Sir Tristram, and therewithal he alighted and tied his horse till a tree.

**CHAPTER XIV. How Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides fought long together, and after accorded, and how Sir Tristram made him to be christened.** AND then they came together as two wild boars, lashing together, tracing and traversing as noble men that oft had been well proved in battle; but ever Sir Palomides dread the might of Sir Tristram, and therefore he suffered him to breathe him. Thus they fought more than two hours, but often Sir Tristram smote such strokes at Sir Palomides that he made him to kneel; and Sir Palomides brake and cut away many pieces of Sir Tristram's shield; and then Sir Palomides wounded Sir Tristram, for he was a well fighting man. Then Sir Tristram was wood wroth out of measure, and rushed upon Sir Palomides with such a might that Sir Palomides fell grovelling to the earth; and therewithal he leapt up lightly upon his feet, and then Sir Tristram wounded Palomides sore through the shoulder. And ever Sir Tristram fought still in like hard, and Sir Palomides failed not, but gave him many sad strokes. And at the last Sir Tristram doubled his strokes, and by fortune Sir Tristram smote Sir Palomides sword out of his hand, and if Sir Palomides had stooped for his sword he had been slain.

Then Palomides stood still and beheld his sword with a sorrowful heart. How now, said Sir Tristram unto Palomides, now have I thee at advantage as thou haddest me this day; but it shall never be said in no court, nor among good knights, that Sir Tristram shall slay any knight that is weaponless; and therefore take thou thy sword, and let us make an end of this battle. As for to do this battle, said Palomides, I dare right well end it, but I have no great lust to fight no more. And for this cause, said Palomides: mine offence to you is not so great but that we may be friends. All that I have offended is and was for the love of La Beale Isoud. And as for her, I dare say she is peerless above all other ladies, and also I proffered her never no dishonour; and by her I have gotten the most part of my worship. And sithen I offended never as to her own person, and as for the offence that I have done, it was against your own person, and for that offence ye have given me this day many sad strokes, and some I have given you again; and now I dare say I felt never man of your might, nor so well breathed, but if it were Sir Launcelot du Lake; wherefore I require you, my lord, forgive me all that I have offended unto you; and this same day have me to the next church, and first let me be clean confessed, and after see you now that I be truly baptised. And then will we all ride together unto the court of Arthur, that we be there at the high feast. Now take your horse, said Sir Tristram, and as ye say so it shall be, and all thine evil will God forgive it you, and I do. And here within this mile is the Suffragan of Carlisle that shall give you the sacrament of baptism.

Then they took their horses and Sir Galleron rode with them. And when they came to the Suffragan Sir Tristram told him their desire. Then the Suffragan let fill a great vessel with water, and when he had hallowed it he then confessed clean Sir Palomides, and Sir Tristram and Sir Galleron were his godfathers. And then soon after they departed, riding toward Camelot, where King Arthur and Queen Guenever was, and for the most part all the knights of the Round Table. And so the king and all the court were glad that Sir Palomides was christened. And at the same feast in came Galahad and sat in the Siege Perilous. And so therewithal departed and dissevered all the knights of the Round Table. And Sir Tristram returned again unto Joyous Gard, and Sir Palomides followed the Questing Beast.

## BOOK XIII.

**CHAPTER I. How at the vigil of the Feast of Pentecost entered into the hall before King Arthur a damosel, and desired Sir Launcelot for to come and dub a knight, and how**

**he went with her.** AT the vigil of Pentecost, when all the fellowship of the Round Table were come unto Camelot and there heard their service, and the tables were set ready to the meat, right so entered into the hall a full fair gentlewoman on horseback, that had ridden full fast, for her horse was all besweated. Then she there alighted, and came before the king and saluted him; and he said: Damosel, God thee bless. Sir, said she, for God's sake say me where Sir Launcelot is. Yonder ye may see him, said the king. Then she went unto Launcelot and said: Sir Launcelot, I salute you on King Pelles' behalf, and I require you come on with me hereby into a forest. Then Sir Launcelot asked her with whom she dwelled. I dwell, said she, with King Pelles. What will ye with me? said Launcelot. Ye shall know, said she, when ye come thither. Well, said he, I will gladly go with you. So Sir Launcelot bade his squire saddle his horse and bring his arms; and in all haste he did his commandment.

Then came the queen unto Launcelot, and said: Will ye leave us at this high feast? Madam, said the gentlewoman, wit ye well he shall be with you to-morn by dinner time. If I wist, said the queen, that he should not be with us here to-morn he should not go with you by my good will. Right so departed Sir Launcelot with the gentlewoman, and rode until that he came into a forest and into a great valley, where they saw an abbey of nuns; and there was a squire ready and opened the gates, and so they entered and descended off their horses; and there came a fair fellowship about Sir Launcelot, and welcomed him, and were passing glad of his coming. And then they led him unto the Abbess's chamber and unarmed him; and right so he was ware upon a bed lying two of his cousins, Sir Bors and Sir Lionel, and then he waked them; and when they saw him they made great joy. Sir, said Sir Bors unto Sir Launcelot, what adventure hath brought you hither, for we weened to-morn to have found you at Camelot? As God me help, said Sir Launcelot, a gentlewoman brought me hither, but I know not the cause.

In the meanwhile that they thus stood talking together, therein came twelve nuns that brought with them Galahad, the which was passing fair and well made, that unneth in the world men might not find his match: and all those ladies wept. Sir, said they all, we bring you here this child the which we have nourished, and we pray you to make him a knight, for of a more worthier man's hand may he not receive the order of knighthood. Sir Launcelot beheld the young squire and saw him seemly and demure as a dove, with all manner of good features, that he weened of his age never to have seen so fair a man of form. Then said Sir Launcelot: Cometh this desire of himself? He and all they said yea. Then shall he, said Sir Launcelot, receive the high order of knighthood as to-morn at the reverence of the high feast. That night Sir Launcelot had passing good cheer; and on the morn at the hour of prime, at Galahad's desire, he made him knight and said: God make him a good man, for of beauty faileth you not as any that liveth.

**CHAPTER II. How the letters were found written in the Siege Perilous and of the marvellous adventure of the sword in a stone.** NOW fair sir, said Sir Launcelot, will ye come with me unto the court of King Arthur? Nay, said he, I will not go with you as at this time. Then he departed from them and took his two cousins with him, and so they came unto Camelot by the hour of underne on Whitsunday. By that time the king and the queen were gone to the minster to hear their service. Then the king and the queen were passing glad of Sir Bors and Sir Lionel, and so was all the fellowship. So when the king and all the knights were come from service, the barons espied in the sieges of the Round Table all about, written with golden letters: Here ought to sit he, and he ought to sit here. And thus they went so long till that they came to the Siege Perilous, where they found letters newly written of gold which said: Four hundred winters and four and fifty accomplished after the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ ought this siege to be fulfilled. Then all they said: This is a marvellous thing and an adventurous. In the name of God, said Sir Launcelot; and then accopted the term of the writing from the birth of our Lord unto that day. It seemeth me said Sir Launcelot, this siege ought to be fulfilled this same day, for this is the feast of Pentecost after the four hundred and four and fifty year; and if it would please all

parties, I would none of these letters were seen this day, till he be come that ought to enchieve this adventure. Then made they to ordain a cloth of silk, for to cover these letters in the Siege Perilous.

Then the king bade haste unto dinner. Sir, said Sir Kay the Steward, if ye go now unto your meat ye shall break your old custom of your court, for ye have not used on this day to sit at your meat or that ye have seen some adventure. Ye say sooth, said the king, but I had so great joy of Sir Launcelot and of his cousins, which be come to the court whole and sound, so that I bethought me not of mine old custom. So, as they stood speaking, in came a squire and said unto the king: Sir, I bring unto you marvellous tidings. What be they? said the king. Sir, there is here beneath at the river a great stone which I saw fleet above the water, and therein I saw sticking a sword. The king said: I will see that marvel. So all the knights went with him, and when they came to the river they found there a stone fleeting, as it were of red marble, and therein stuck a fair rich sword, and in the pommel thereof were precious stones wrought with subtle letters of gold. Then the barons read the letters which said in this wise: Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight of the world.

When the king had seen the letters, he said unto Sir Launcelot: Fair Sir, this sword ought to be yours, for I am sure ye be the best knight of the world. Then Sir Launcelot answered full soberly: Certes, sir, it is not my sword; also, Sir, wit ye well I have no hardness to set my hand to it, for it longed not to hang by my side. Also, who that assayeth to take the sword and faileth of it, he shall receive a wound by that sword that he shall not be whole long after. And I will that ye wit that this same day shall the adventures of the Sangreal, that is called the Holy Vessel, begin.

**CHAPTER III. How Sir Gawaine assayed to draw out the sword, and how an old man brought in Galahad.** NOW, fair nephew, said the king unto Sir Gawaine, assay ye, for my love. Sir, he said, save your good grace I shall not do that. Sir, said the king, assay to take the sword and at my commandment. Sir, said Gawaine, your commandment I will obey. And therewith he took up the sword by the handles, but he might not stir it. I thank you, said the king to Sir Gawaine. My lord Sir Gawaine, said Sir Launcelot, now wit ye well this sword shall touch you so sore that ye shall will ye had never set your hand thereto for the best castle of this realm. Sir, he said, I might not withsay mine uncle's will and commandment. But when the king heard this he repented it much, and said unto Sir Percivale that he should assay, for his love. And he said: Gladly, for to bear Sir Gawaine fellowship. And therewith he set his hand on the sword and drew it strongly, but he might not move it. Then were there none that durst be so hardy to set their hands thereto. Now may ye go to your dinner, said Sir Kay unto the king, for a marvellous adventure have ye seen. So the king and all went unto the court, and every knight knew his own place, and set him therein, and young men that were knights served them.

So when they were served, and all sieges fulfilled save only the Siege Perilous, anon there befell a marvellous adventure, that all the doors and windows of the palace shut by themselves. Not for then the hall was not greatly darked; and therewith they were all abashed both one and other. Then King Arthur spake first and said: By God, fair fellows and lords, we have seen this day marvels, but or night I suppose we shall see greater marvels.

In the meanwhile came in a good old man, and an ancient, clothed all in white, and there was no knight knew from whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, both on foot, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side. And these words he said: Peace be with you, fair lords. Then the old man said unto Arthur: Sir, I bring here a young knight, the which is of king's lineage, and of the kindred of Joseph of Aramathie, whereby the marvels of this court, and of strange realms, shall be fully accomplished.

**CHAPTER IV. How the old man brought Galahad to the Siege Perilous and set him therein, and how all the knights marvelled.** THE king was right glad of his words, and said unto the good man: Sir, ye be right welcome, and the young knight with

you. Then the old man made the young man to unarm him, and he was in a coat of red sendal, and bare a mantle upon his shoulder that was furred with ermine, and put that upon him. And the old knight said unto the young knight: Sir, follow me. And anon he led him unto the Siege Perilous, where beside sat Sir Launcelot; and the good man lift up the cloth, and found there letters that said thus: This is the siege of Galahad, the haut prince. Sir, said the old knight, wit ye well that place is yours. And then he set him down surely in that siege. And then he said to the old man: Sir, ye may now go your way, for well have ye done that ye were commanded to do; and recommend me unto my grandsire, King Pelles, and unto my lord Petchere, and say them on my behalf, I shall come and see them as soon as ever I may. So the good man departed; and there met him twenty noble squires, and so took their horses and went their way.

Then all the knights of the Table Round marvelled greatly of Sir Galahad, that he durst sit there in that Siege Perilous, and was so tender of age; and wist not from whence he came but all only by God; and said: This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be enchieved, for there sat never none but he, but he were mischieved. Then Sir Launcelot beheld his son and had great joy of him. Then Bors told his fellows: Upon pain of my life this young knight shall come unto great worship. This noise was great in all the court, so that it came to the queen. Then she had marvel what knight it might be that durst adventure him to sit in the Siege Perilous. Many said unto the queen he resembled much unto Sir Launcelot. I may well suppose, said the queen, that Sir Launcelot begat him on King Pelles' daughter, by the which he was made to lie by, by enchantment, and his name is Galahad. I would fain see him, said the queen, for he must needs be a noble man, for so is his father that him begat, I report me unto all the Table Round.

So when the meat was done that the king and all were risen, the king yede unto the Siege Perilous and lift up the cloth, and found there the name of Galahad; and then he shewed it unto Sir Gawaine, and said: Fair nephew, now have we among us Sir Galahad, the good knight that shall worship us all; and upon pain of my life he shall enchieve the Sangreal, right as Sir Launcelot had done us to understand. Then came King Arthur unto Galahad and said: Sir, ye be welcome, for ye shall move many good knights to the quest of the Sangreal, and ye shall enchieve that never knights might bring to an end. Then the king took him by the hand, and went down from the palace to shew Galahad the adventures of the stone.

**CHAPTER V. How King Arthur shewed the stone hoving on the water to Galahad, and how he drew out the sword.**

THE queen heard thereof, and came after with many ladies, and shewed them the stone where it hoved on the water. Sir, said the king unto Sir Galahad, here is a great marvel as ever I saw, and right good knights have assayed and failed. Sir, said Galahad, that is no marvel, for this adventure is not theirs but mine; and for the surety of this sword I brought none with me, for here by my side hangeth the scabbard. And anon he laid his hand on the sword, and lightly drew it out of the stone, and put it in the sheath, and said unto the king: Now it goeth better than it did aforehand. Sir, said the king, a shield God shall send you. Now have I that sword that sometime was the good knight's, Balin le Savage, and he was a passing good man of his hands; and with this sword he slew his brother Balan, and that was great pity, for he was a good knight, and either slew other through a dolorous stroke that Balin gave unto my grandfather King Pelles, the which is not yet whole, nor not shall be till I heal him.

Therewith the king and all espied where came riding down the river a lady on a white palfrey toward them. Then she saluted the king and the queen, and asked if that Sir Launcelot was there. And then he answered himself: I am here, fair lady. Then she said all with weeping: How your great doing is changed sith this day in the morn. Damosel, why say you so? said Launcelot. I say you sooth, said the damosel, for ye were this day the best knight of the world, but who should say so now, he should be a liar, for there is now one better than ye, and well it is proved by the adventures of the sword whereto ye durst not set to your hand; and that is the change and leaving of your name. Wherefore I make unto

you a remembrance, that ye shall not ween from henceforth that ye be the best knight of the world. As touching unto that, said Launcelot, I know well I was never the best. Yes, said the damsel, that were ye, and are yet, of any sinful man of the world. And, Sir king, Nacien, the hermit, sendeth thee word, that thee shall befall the greatest worship that ever befell king in Britain; and I say you wherefore, for this day the Sangreal appeared in thy house and fed thee and all thy fellowship of the Round Table. So she departed and went that same way that she came.

**CHAPTER VI. How King Arthur had all the knights together for to joust in the meadow beside Camelot or they departed.** Now, said the king, I am sure at this quest of the Sangreal shall all ye of the Table Round depart, and never shall I see you again whole together; therefore I will see you all whole together in the meadow of Camelot to joust and to tourney, that after your death men may speak of it that such good knights were wholly together such a day. As unto that counsel and at the king's request they accorded all, and took on their harness that longed unto jousting. But all this moving of the king was for this intent, for to see Galahad proved; for the king deemed he should not lightly come again unto the court after his departing. So were they assembled in the meadow, both more and less. Then Sir Galahad, by the prayer of the king and the queen, did upon him a noble jesseraunce, and also he did on his helm, but shield would he take none for no prayer of the king. And then Sir Gawaine and other knights prayed him to take a spear. Right so he did; and the queen was in a tower with all her ladies, for to behold that tournament. Then Sir Galahad dressed him in midst of the meadow, and began to break spears marvellously, that all men had wonder of him; for he there surmounted all other knights, for within a while he had defouled many good knights of the Table Round save twain, that was Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale.

**CHAPTER VII. How the queen desired to see Galahad; and how after, all the knights were replenished with the Holy Sangreal, and how they avowed the enquest of the same.** THEN the king, at the queen's request, made him to alight and to unlace his helm, that the queen might see him in the visage. When she beheld him she said: Soothly I dare well say that Sir Launcelot begat him, for never two men resembled more in likeness, therefore it nis no marvel though he be of great prowess. So a lady that stood by the queen said: Madam, for God's sake ought he of right to be so good a knight? Yea, forsooth, said the queen, for he is of all parties come of the best knights of the world and of the highest lineage; for Sir Launcelot is come but of the eighth degree from our Lord Jesu Christ, and Sir Galahad is of the ninth degree from our Lord Jesu Christ, therefore I dare say they be the greatest gentlemen of the world.

And then the king and all estates went home unto Camelot, and so went to evensong to the great minster, and so after upon that to supper, and every knight sat in his own place as they were toforehand. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to-drive. In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other, by their seeming, fairer than ever they saw afore. Not for then there was no knight might speak one word a great while, and so they looked every man on other as they had been dumb. Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grail covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall fulfilled with good odours, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world. And when the Holy Grail had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became: then had they all breath to speak. And then the king yielded thankings to God, of His good grace that he had sent them. Certes, said the king, we ought to thank our Lord Jesu greatly for that he hath shewed us this day, at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost.

Now, said Sir Gawaine, we have been served this day of what meats and drinks we thought on; but one thing beguiled us, we might not see the Holy Grail, it was so precious covered. Wherefore I will make here avow, that to-morn, without longer abiding,

I shall labour in the quest of the Sangreal, that I shall hold me out a twelvemonth and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here; and if I may not speed I shall return again as he that may not be against the will of our Lord Jesu Christ.

When they of the Table Round heard Sir Gawaine say so, they arose up the most part and made such avows as Sir Gawaine had made. Anon as King Arthur heard this he was greatly displeased, for he wist well they might not again say their avows. Alas, said King Arthur unto Sir Gawaine, ye have nigh slain me with the avow and promise that ye have made; for through you ye have bereft me the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world; for when they depart from hence I am sure they all shall never meet more in this world, for they shall die many in the quest. And so it forthinketh me a little, for I have loved them as well as my life, wherefore it shall grieve me right sore, the departure of this fellowship: for I have had an old custom to have them in my fellowship.

**CHAPTER VIII. How great sorrow was made of the king and the queen and ladies for the departing of the knights, and how they departed.** AND therewith the tears fell in his eyes. And then he said: Gawaine, Gawaine, ye have set me in great sorrow, for I have great doubt that my true fellowship shall never meet here more again. Ah, said Sir Launcelot, comfort yourself; for it shall be unto us a great honour and much more than if we died in any other places, for of death we be siker. Ah, Launcelot, said the king, the great love that I have had unto you all the days of my life maketh me to say such doleful words; for never Christian king had never so many worthy men at his table as I have had this day at the Round Table, and that is my great sorrow.

When the queen, ladies, and gentlewomen, wist these tidings, they had such sorrow and heaviness that there might no tongue tell it, for those knights had held them in honour and chierté. But among all other Queen Guenever made great sorrow. I marvel, said she, my lord would suffer them to depart from him. Thus was all the court troubled for the love of the departure of those knights. And many of those ladies that loved knights would have gone with their lovers; and so had they done, had not an old knight come among them in religious clothing; and then he spake all on high and said: Fair lords, which have sworn in the quest of the Sangreal, thus sendeth you Nacien, the hermit, word, that none in this quest lead lady nor gentlewoman with him, for it is not to do in so high a service as they labour in; for I warn you plain, he that is not clean of his sins he shall not see the mysteries of our Lord Jesu Christ. And for this cause they left these ladies and gentlewomen.

After this the queen came unto Galahad and asked him of whence he was, and of what country. He told her of whence he was. And son unto Launcelot, she said he was. As to that, he said neither yea nor nay. So God me help, said the queen, of your father ye need not to shame you, for he is the goodliest knight, and of the best men of the world come, and of the strain, of all parties, of kings. Wherefore ye ought of right to be, of your deeds, a passing good man; and certainly, she said, ye resemble him much. Then Sir Galahad was a little ashamed and said: Madam, sith ye know in certain, wherefore do ye ask it me? for he that is my father shall be known openly and all betimes. And then they went to rest them. And in the honour of the highness of Galahad he was led into King Arthur's chamber, and there rested in his own bed.

And as soon as it was day the king arose, for he had no rest of all that night for sorrow. Then he went unto Gawaine and to Sir Launcelot that were arisen for to hear mass. And then the king again said: Ah Gawaine, Gawaine, ye have betrayed me; for never shall my court be amended by you, but ye will never be sorry for me as I am for you. And therewith the tears began to run down by his visage. And therewith the king said: Ah, knight Sir Launcelot, I require thee thou counsel me, for I would that this quest were undone, an it might be Sir, said Sir Launcelot, ye saw yesterday so many worthy knights that then were sworn that they may not leave it in no manner of wise. That wot I well, said the king, but it shall so heavy me at their departing that I wot well there shall no

manner of joy remedy me. And then the king and the queen went unto the minster. So anon Launcelot and Gawaine commanded their men to bring their arms. And when they all were armed save their shields and their helms, then they came to their fellowship, which were all ready in the same wise, for to go to the minster to hear their service.

Then after the service was done the king would wit how many had undertaken the quest of the Holy Grail; and to accompt them he prayed them all. Then found they by the tale an hundred and fifty, and all were knights of the Round Table. And then they put on their helms and departed, and recommended them all wholly unto the queen; and there was weeping and great sorrow. Then the queen departed into her chamber and held her, so that no man should perceive her great sorrows. When Sir Launcelot missed the queen he went till her chamber, and when she saw him she cried aloud: O Launcelot, Launcelot, ye have betrayed me and put me to the death, for to leave thus my lord. Ah, madam, I pray you be not displeased, for I shall come again as soon as I may with my worship. Alas, said she, that ever I saw you; but he that suffered upon the cross for all mankind, he be unto you good conduct and safety, and all the whole fellowship.

Right so departed Sir Launcelot, and found his fellowship that abode his coming. And so they mounted upon their horses and rode through the streets of Camelot; and there was weeping of rich and poor, and the king turned away and might not speak for weeping. So within a while they came to a city, and a castle that hight Vagon. There they entered into the castle, and the lord of that castle was an old man that hight Vagon, and he was a good man of his living, and set open the gates, and made them all the cheer that he might. And so on the morn they were all accorded that they should depart everych from other; and on the morn they departed with weeping cheer, and every knight took the way that him liked best.

**CHAPTER IX. How Galahad gat him a shield, and how they sped that presumed to take down the said shield.** NOW rideth Sir Galahad yet without shield, and so he rode four days without any adventure. And at the fourth day after evensong he came to a White Abbey, and there he was received with great reverence, and led unto a chamber, and there was he unarmed; and then was he ware of two knights of the Table Round, one was Sir Bagdemagus, and that other was Sir Uwayne. And when they saw him they went unto Galahad and made of him great solace, and so they went unto supper. Sirs, said Sir Galahad, what adventure brought you hither? Sir, said they, it is told us that within this place is a shield that no man may bear about his neck but he be mischieved outder dead within three days, or maimed for ever. Ah sir, said King Bagdemagus, I shall it bear to-morrow for to assay this adventure. In the name of God, said Sir Galahad. Sir, said Bagdemagus, an I may not enchieve the adventure of this shield ye shall take it upon you, for I am sure ye shall not fail. Sir, said Galahad, I right well agree me thereto, for I have no shield. So on the morn they arose and heard mass. Then Bagdemagus asked where the adventurous shield was. Anon a monk led him behind an altar where the shield hung as white as any snow, but in the midst was a red cross. Sir, said the monk, this shield ought not to be hanged about no knight's neck but he be the worthiest knight of the world; therefore I counsel you knights to be well advised. Well, said Bagdemagus, I wot well that I am not the best knight of the world, but yet I shall assay to bear it, and so bare it out of the minster. And then he said unto Galahad: An it please you abide here still, till ye wit how that I speed. I shall abide you, said Galahad. Then King Bagdemagus took with him a good squire, to bring tidings unto Sir Galahad how he sped.

Then when they had ridden a two mile and came to a fair valley afore an hermitage, then they saw a knight come from that part in white armour, horse and all; and he came as fast as his horse might run, and his spear in his rest, and Bagdemagus dressed his spear against him and brake it upon the white knight. But the other struck him so hard that he brast the mails, and sheef him through the right shoulder, for the shield covered him not as at that time; and so he bare him from his horse. And therewith he alighted and took the white shield from him, saying: Knight, thou

hast done thyself great folly, for this shield ought not to be borne but by him that shall have no peer that liveth. And then he came to Bagdemagus' squire and said: Bear this shield unto the good knight Sir Galahad, that thou left in the abbey, and greet him well by me. Sir, said the squire, what is your name? Take thou no heed of my name, said the knight, for it is not for thee to know nor for none earthly man. Now, fair sir, said the squire, at the reverence of Jesu Christ, tell me for what cause this shield may not be borne but if the bearer thereof be mischieved. Now sith thou hast conjured me so, said the knight, this shield behoveth unto no man but unto Galahad. And the squire went unto Bagdemagus and asked whether he were sore wounded or not. Yea forsooth, said he, I shall escape hard from the death. Then he fetched his horse, and brought him with great pain unto an abbey. Then was he taken down softly and unarmed, and laid in a bed, and there was looked to his wounds. And as the book telleth, he lay there long, and escaped hard with the life.

**CHAPTER X. How Galahad departed with the shield, and how King Evelake had received the shield of Joseph of Aramathie.** SIR GALAHAD, said the squire, that knight that wounded Bagdemagus sendeth you greeting, and bade that ye should bear this shield, wherethrough great adventures should befall. Now blessed be God and fortune, said Galahad. And then he asked his arms, and mounted upon his horse, and hung the white shield about his neck, and commended them unto God. And Sir Uwayne said he would bear him fellowship if it pleased him. Sir, said Galahad, that may ye not, for I must go alone, save this squire shall bear me fellowship: and so departed Uwayne.

Then within a while came Galahad thereas the White Knight abode him by the hermitage, and everych saluted other courteously. Sir, said Galahad, by this shield be many marvels fallen. Sir, said the knight, it befell after the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ thirty-two year, that Joseph of Aramathie, the gentle knight, the which took down our Lord off the holy Cross, at that time he departed from Jerusalem with a great party of his kindred with him. And so he laboured till that they came to a city that hight Saras. And at that same hour that Joseph came to Saras there was a king that hight Evelake, that had great war against the Saracens, and in especial against one Saracen, the which was King Evelake's cousin, a rich king and a mighty, which marched nigh this land, and his name was called Tolleme la Feintes. So on a day these two met to do battle. Then Joseph, the son of Joseph of Aramathie, went to King Evelake and told him he should be discomfit and slain, but if he left his belief of the old law and believed upon the new law. And then there he shewed him the right belief of the Holy Trinity, to the which he agreed unto with all his heart; and there this shield was made for King Evelake, in the name of Him that died upon the Cross. And then through his good belief he had the better of King Tolleme. For when Evelake was in the battle there was a cloth set afore the shield, and when he was in the greatest peril he let put away the cloth, and then his enemies saw a figure of a man on the Cross, wherethrough they all were discomfit. And so it befell that a man of King Evelake's was smitten his hand off, and bare that hand in his other hand; and Joseph called that man unto him and bade him go with good devotion touch the Cross. And as soon as that man had touched the Cross with his hand it was as whole as ever it was to-fore. Then soon after there fell a great marvel, that the cross of the shield at one time vanished away that no man wist where it became. And then King Evelake was baptised, and for the most part all the people of that city. So, soon after Joseph would depart, and King Evelake would go with him, whether he wold or nold. And so by fortune they came into this land, that at that time was called Great Britain; and there they found a great felon paynim, that put Joseph into prison. And so by fortune tidings came unto a worthy man that hight Mondrames, and he assembled all his people for the great renown he had heard of Joseph; and so he came into the land of Great Britain and disherited this felon paynim and consumed him, and therewith delivered Joseph out of prison. And after that all the people were turned to the Christian faith.

**CHAPTER XI. How Joseph made a cross on the white shield with his blood, and how Galahad was by a monk brought to**

**a tomb.** NOT long after that Joseph was laid in his deadly bed. And when King Evelake saw that he made much sorrow, and said: For thy love I have left my country, and sith ye shall depart out of this world, leave me some token of yours that I may think on you. Joseph said: That will I do full gladly; now bring me your shield that I took you when ye went into battle against King Tolleme. Then Joseph bled sore at the nose, so that he might not by no mean be staunched. And there upon that shield he made a cross of his own blood. Now may ye see a remembrance that I love you, for ye shall never see this shield but ye shall think on me, and it shall be always as fresh as it is now. And never shall man bear this shield about his neck but he shall repent it, unto the time that Galahad, the good knight, bear it; and the last of my lineage shall have it about his neck, that shall do many marvellous deeds. Now, said King Evelake, where shall I put this shield, that this worthy knight may have it? Ye shall leave it thereas Nacien, the hermit, shall be put after his death; for thither shall that good knight come the fifteenth day after that he shall receive the order of knighthood: and so that day that they set is this time that he have his shield, and in the same abbey lieth Nacien, the hermit. And then the White Knight vanished away.

Anon as the squire had heard these words, he alighted off his hackney and kneeled down at Galahad's feet, and prayed him that he might go with him till he had made him knight. Yea, I would not refuse you. Then will ye make me a knight? said the squire, and that order, by the grace of God, shall be well set in me. So Sir Galahad granted him, and turned again unto the abbey where they came from; and there men made great joy of Sir Galahad. And anon as he was alighted there was a monk brought him unto a tomb in a churchyard, where there was such a noise that who that heard it should verily nigh be mad or lose his strength: and sir, they said, we deem it is a fiend.

**CHAPTER XII. Of the marvel that Sir Galahad saw and heard in the tomb, and how he made Melias knight.** NOW lead me thither, said Galahad. And so they did, all armed save his helm. Now, said the good man, go to the tomb and lift it up. So he did, and heard a great noise; and piteously he said, that all men might hear it: Sir Galahad, the servant of Jesu Christ, come thou not nigh me, for thou shalt make me go again there where I have been so long. But Galahad was nothing afraid, but lifted up the stone; and there came out so foul a smoke, and after he saw the foulest figure leap thereout that ever he saw in the likeness of a man; and then he blessed him and wist well it was a fiend. Then heard he a voice say Galahad, I see there environ about thee so many angels that my power may not dere thee[sic] Right so Sir Galahad saw a body all armed lie in that tomb, and beside him a sword. Now, fair brother, said Galahad, let us remove this body, for it is not worthy to lie in this churchyard, for he was a false Christian man. And therewith they all departed and went to the abbey. And anon as he was unarmed a good man came and set him down by him and said: Sir, I shall tell you what betokeneth all that ye saw in the tomb; for that covered body betokeneth the duresse of the world, and the great sin that Our Lord found in the world. For there was such wretchedness that the father loved not the son, nor the son loved not the father; and that was one of the causes that Our Lord took flesh and blood of a clean maiden, for our sins were so great at that time that well-nigh all was wickedness. Truly, said Galahad, I believe you right well.

So Sir Galahad rested him there that night; and upon the morn he made the squire knight, and asked him his name, and of what kindred he was come. Sir, said he, men calleth me Melias de Lile, and I am the son of the King of Denmark. Now, fair sir, said Galahad, sith that ye be come of kings and queens, now look that knighthood be well set in you, for ye ought to be a mirror unto all chivalry. Sir, said Sir Melias, ye say sooth. But, sir, sithen ye have made me a knight ye must of right grant me my first desire that is reasonable. Ye say sooth, said Galahad. Melias said: Then that ye will suffer me to ride with you in this quest of the Sangreal, till that some adventure depart us. I grant you, sir.

Then men brought Sir Melias his armour and his spear and his horse, and so Sir Galahad and he rode forth all that week or they found any adventure. And then upon a Monday in the morning,

as they were departed from an abbey, they came to a cross which departed two ways, and in that cross were letters written that said thus: Now, ye knights errant, the which goeth to seek knights adventurous, see here two ways; that one way defendeth thee that thou ne go that way, for he shall not go out of the way again but if he be a good man and a worthy knight; and if thou go on the left hand, thou shalt not lightly there win prowess, for thou shalt in this way be soon assayed. Sir, said Melias to Galahad, if it like you to suffer me to take the way on the left hand, tell me, for there I shall well prove my strength. It were better, said Galahad, ye rode not that way, for I deem I should better escape in that way than ye. Nay, my lord, I pray you let me have that adventure. Take it in God's name, said Galahad.

**CHAPTER XIII. Of the adventure that Melias had, and how Galahad revenged him, and how Melias was carried into an abbey.** AND then rode Melias into an old forest, and therein he rode two days and more. And then he came into a fair meadow, and there was a fair lodge of boughs. And then he espied in that lodge a chair, wherein was a crown of gold, subtly wrought. Also there were cloths covered upon the earth, and many delicious meats set thereon. Sir Melias beheld this adventure, and thought it marvellous, but he had no hunger, but of the crown of gold he took much keep; and therewith he stooped down and took it up, and rode his way with it. And anon he saw a knight came riding after him that said: Knight, set down that crown which is not yours, and therefore defend you. Then Sir Melias blessed him and said: Fair lord of heaven, help and save thy new-made knight. And then they let their horses run as fast as they might, so that the other knight smote Sir Melias through hauberk and through the left side, that he fell to the earth nigh dead. And then he took the crown and went his way; and Sir Melias lay still and had no power to stir.

In the meanwhile by fortune there came Sir Galahad and found him there in peril of death. And then he said: Ah Melias, who hath wounded you? therefore it had been better to have ridden the other way. And when Sir Melias heard him speak: Sir, he said, for God's love let me not die in this forest, but bear me unto the abbey here beside, that I may be confessed and have my rights. It shall be done, said Galahad, but where is he that hath wounded you? With that Sir Galahad heard in the leaves cry on high: Knight, keep thee from me. Ah sir, said Melias, beware, for that is he that hath slain me. Sir Galahad answered: Sir knight, come on your peril. Then either dressed to other, and came together as fast as their horses might run, and Galahad smote him so that his spear went through his shoulder, and smote him down off his horse, and in the falling Galahad's spear brake.

With that came out another knight out of the leaves, and brake a spear upon Galahad or ever he might turn him. Then Galahad drew out his sword and smote off the left arm of him, so that it fell to the earth. And then he fled, and Sir Galahad pursued fast after him. And then he turned again unto Sir Melias, and there he alighted and dressed him softly on his horse to-fore him, for the truncheon of his spear was in his body; and Sir Galahad stert up behind him, and held him in his arms, and so brought him to the abbey, and there unarmed him and brought him to his chamber. And then he asked his Saviour. And when he had received Him he said unto Sir Galahad: Sir, let death come when it pleaseth him. And therewith he drew out the truncheon of the spear out of his body: and then he swooned.

Then came there an old monk which sometime had been a knight, and beheld Sir Melias. And anon he ransacked him; and then he said unto Sir Galahad: I shall heal him of his wound, by the grace of God, within the term of seven weeks. Then was Sir Galahad glad, and unarmed him, and said he would abide there three days. And then he asked Sir Melias how it stood with him. Then he said he was turned unto helping, God be thanked.

**CHAPTER XIV. How Sir Galahad departed, and how he was commanded to go to the Castle of Maidens to destroy the wicked custom.** NOW will I depart, said Galahad, for I have much on hand, for many good knights be full busy about it, and this knight and I were in the same quest of the Sangreal. Sir, said a good man, for his sin he was thus wounded; and I marvel, said

the good man, how ye durst take upon you so rich a thing as the high order of knighthood without clean confession, and that was the cause ye were bitterly wounded. For the way on the right hand betokeneth the highway of our Lord Jesu Christ, and the way of a good true good liver. And the other way betokeneth the way of sinners and of misbelievers. And when the devil saw your pride and presumption, for to take you in the quest of the Sangreal, that made you to be overthrown, for it may not be enchieved but by virtuous living. Also, the writing on the cross was a signification of heavenly deeds, and of knightly deeds in God's works, and no knightly deeds in worldly works. And pride is head of all deadly sins, that caused this knight to depart from Galahad. And where thou tookest the crown of gold thou sinnest in covetise and in theft: all this were no knightly deeds. And this Galahad, the holy knight, the which fought with the two knights, the two knights signify the two deadly sins which were wholly in this knight Melias; and they might not withstand you, for ye are without deadly sin.

Now departed Galahad from thence, and betought them all unto God. Sir Melias said: My lord Galahad, as soon as I may ride I shall seek you. God send you health, said Galahad, and so took his horse and departed, and rode many journeys forward and backward, as adventure would lead him. And at the last it happened him to depart from a place or a castle the which was named Abblasoure; and he had heard no mass, the which he was wont ever to hear or ever he departed out of any castle or place, and kept that for a custom. Then Sir Galahad came unto a mountain where he found an old chapel, and found there nobody, for all, all was desolate; and there he kneeled to-fore the altar, and besought God of wholesome counsel. So as he prayed he heard a voice that said: Go thou now, thou adventurous knight, to the Castle of Maidens, and there do thou away the wicked customs.

**CHAPTER XV. How Sir Galahad fought with the knights of the castle, and destroyed the wicked custom.** WHEN Sir Galahad heard this he thanked God, and took his horse; and he had not ridden but half a mile, he saw in the valley afore him a strong castle with deep ditches, and there ran beside it a fair river that hight Severn; and there he met with a man of great age, and either saluted other, and Galahad asked him the castle's name. Fair sir, said he, it is the Castle of Maidens. That is a cursed castle, said Galahad, and all they that be conversant therein, for all pity is out thereof, and all hardness and mischief is therein. Therefore, I counsel you, sir knight, to turn again. Sir, said Galahad, wit you well I shall not turn again. Then looked Sir Galahad on his arms that nothing failed him, and then he put his shield afore him; and anon there met him seven fair maidens, the which said unto him: Sir knight, ye ride here in a great folly, for ye have the water to pass over. Why should I not pass the water? said Galahad. So rode he away from them and met with a squire that said: Knight, those knights in the castle defy you, and defenden you ye go no further till that they wit what ye would. Fair sir, said Galahad, I come for to destroy the wicked custom of this castle. Sir, an ye will abide by that ye shall have enough to do. Go you now, said Galahad, and haste my needs.

Then the squire entered into the castle. And anon after there came out of the castle seven knights, and all were brethren. And when they saw Galahad they cried: Knight, keep thee, for we assure thee nothing but death. Why, said Galahad, will ye all have ado with me at once? Yea, said they, thereto mayst thou trust. Then Galahad put forth his spear and smote the foremost to the earth, that near he brake his neck. And therewithal the other smote him on his shield great strokes, so that their spears brake. Then Sir Galahad drew out his sword, and set upon them so hard that it was marvel to see it, and so through great force he made them to forsake the field; and Galahad chased them till they entered into the castle, and so passed through the castle at another gate.

And there met Sir Galahad an old man clothed in religious clothing, and said: Sir, have here the keys of this castle. Then Sir Galahad opened the gates, and saw so much people in the streets that he might not number them, and all said: Sir, ye be welcome, for long have we abiden here our deliverance. Then came to him a

gentlewoman and said: These knights be fled, but they will come again this night, and here to begin again their evil custom. What will ye that I shall do? said Galahad. Sir, said the gentlewoman, that ye send after all the knights hither that hold their lands of this castle, and make them to swear for to use the customs that were used heretofore of old time. I will well, said Galahad. And there she brought him an horn of ivory, bounden with gold richly, and said: Sir, blow this horn which will be heard two mile about this castle. When Sir Galahad had blown the horn he set him down upon a bed.

Then came a priest to Galahad, and said: Sir, it is past a seven year ago that these seven brethren came into this castle, and harboured with the lord of this castle that hight the Duke Lianour, and he was lord of all this country. And when they espied the duke's daughter, that was a full fair woman, then by their false covin they made debate betwixt themselves, and the duke of his goodness would have departed them, and there they slew him and his eldest son. And then they took the maiden and the treasure of the castle. And then by great force they held all the knights of this castle against their will under their obeissance, and in great service and truage, robbing and pilling the poor common people of all that they had. So it happened on a day the duke's daughter said: Ye have done unto me great wrong to slay mine own father, and my brother, and thus to hold our lands: not for then, she said, ye shall not hold this castle for many years, for by one knight ye shall be overcome. Thus she prophesied seven years ago. Well, said the seven knights, sithen ye say so, there shall never lady nor knight pass this castle but they shall abide maugre their heads, or die therefore, till that knight be come by whom we shall lose this castle. And therefore is it called the Maidens' Castle, for they have devoured many maidens. Now, said Galahad, is she here for whom this castle was lost? Nay sir, said the priest, she was dead within these three nights after that she was thus enforced; and sithen have they kept her younger sister, which endureth great pains with mo other ladies.

By this were the knights of the country come, and then he made them do homage and fealty to the king's daughter, and set them in great ease of heart. And in the morn there came one to Galahad and told him how that Gawaine, Gareth, and Uwaine, had slain the seven brethren. I suppose well, said Sir Galahad, and took his armour and his horse, and commended them unto God.

**CHAPTER XVI. How Sir Gawaine came to the abbey for to follow Galahad, and how he was shriven to a hermit.** NOW, saith the tale, after Sir Gawaine departed, he rode many journeys, both toward and froward. And at the last he came to the abbey where Sir Galahad had the white shield, and there Sir Gawaine learned the way to sewe after Sir Galahad; and so he rode to the abbey where Melias lay sick, and there Sir Melias told Sir Gawaine of the marvellous adventures that Sir Galahad did. Certes, said Sir Gawaine, I am not happy that I took not the way that he went, for an I may meet with him I will not depart from him lightly, for all marvellous adventures Sir Galahad enchieveth. Sir, said one of the monks, he will not of your fellowship. Why? said Sir Gawaine. Sir, said he, for ye be wicked and sinful, and he is full blessed. Right as they thus stood talking there came in riding Sir Gareth. And then they made joy either of other. And on the morn they heard mass, and so departed. And by the way they met with Sir Uwaine les Avoutres, and there Sir Uwaine told Sir Gawaine how he had met with none adventure sith he departed from the court. Nor we, said Sir Gawaine. And either promised other of the three knights not to depart while they were in that quest, but if fortune caused it.

So they departed and rode by fortune till that they came by the Castle of Maidens; and there the seven brethren espied the three knights, and said: Sithen, we be flemed by one knight from this castle, we shall destroy all the knights of King Arthur's that we may overcome, for the love of Sir Galahad. And therewith the seven knights set upon the three knights, and by fortune Sir Gawaine slew one of the brethren, and each one of his fellows slew another, and so slew the remnant. And then they took the way under the castle, and there they lost the way that Sir Galahad rode, and there everych of them departed from other; and Sir Gawaine

rode till he came to an hermitage, and there he found the good man saying his evensong of Our Lady; and there Sir Gawaine asked harbour for charity, and the good man granted it him gladly.

Then the good man asked him what he was. Sir, he said, I am a knight of King Arthur's that am in the quest of the Sangreal, and my name is Sir Gawaine. Sir, said the good man, I would wit how it standeth betwixt God and you. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, I will with a good will shew you my life if it please you; and there he told the hermit how a monk of an abbey called me wicked knight. He might well say it, said the hermit, for when ye were first made knight ye should have taken you to knightly deeds and virtuous living, and ye have done the contrary, for ye have lived mischievously many winters; and Sir Galahad is a maid and sinned never, and that is the cause he shall enchieve where he goeth that ye nor none such shall not attain, nor none in your fellowship, for ye have used the most untruest life that ever I heard knight live. For certes had ye not been so wicked as ye are, never had the seven brethren been slain by you and your two fellows. For Sir Galahad himself alone beat them all seven the day to-fore, but his living is such he shall slay no man lightly. Also I may say you the Castle of Maidens betokeneth the good souls that were in prison afore the Incarnation of Jesu Christ. And the seven knights betoken the seven deadly sins that reigned that time in the world; and I may liken the good Galahad unto the son of the High Father, that lighted within a maid, and bought all the souls out of thrall, so did Sir Galahad deliver all the maidens out of the woful castle.

Now, Sir Gawaine, said the good man, thou must do penance for thy sin. Sir, what penance shall I do? Such as I will give, said the good man. Nay, said Sir Gawaine, I may do no penance; for we knights adventurous oft suffer great woe and pain. Well, said the good man, and then he held his peace. And on the morn Sir Gawaine departed from the hermit, and betaught him unto God. And by adventure he met with Sir Aglovale and Sir Griflet, two knights of the Table Round. And they two rode four days without finding of any adventure, and at the fifth day they departed. And everych held as fell them by adventure. Here leaveth the tale of Sir Gawaine and his fellows, and speak we of Sir Galahad.

**CHAPTER XVII. How Sir Galahad met with Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale, and smote them down, and departed from them.** So when Sir Galahad was departed from the Castle of Maidens he rode till he came to a waste forest, and there he met with Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale, but they knew him not, for he was new disguised. Right so Sir Launcelot, his father, dressed his spear and brake it upon Sir Galahad, and Galahad smote him so again that he smote down horse and man. And then he drew his sword, and dressed him unto Sir Percivale, and smote him so on the helm, that it rove to the coif of steel; and had not the sword swerved Sir Percivale had been slain, and with the stroke he fell out of his saddle. This jousts was done to-fore the hermitage where a recluse dwelled. And when she saw Sir Galahad ride, she said: God be with thee, best knight of the world. Ah certes, said she, all aloud that Launcelot and Percivale might hear it: An yonder two knights had known thee as well as I do they would not have encountered with thee. Then Sir Galahad heard her say so he was adread to be known: therewith he smote his horse with his spurs and rode a great pace froward them. Then perceived they both that he was Galahad; and up they gat on their horses, and rode fast after him, but in a while he was out of their sight. And then they turned again with heavy cheer. Let us spere some tidings, said Percivale, at yonder recluse. Do as ye list, said Sir Launcelot.

When Sir Percivale came to the recluse she knew him well enough, and Sir Launcelot both. But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him. And at the last he came to a stony cross which departed two ways in waste land; and by the cross was a stone that was of marble, but it was so dark that Sir Launcelot might not wit what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chapel, and there he weened to have found people; and Sir Launcelot tied his horse till a tree, and there he did off his shield and hung it upon a tree, and then went to the chapel door, and found it waste and broken. And within he found a fair altar, full

richly arrayed with cloth of clean silk, and there stood a fair clean candlestick, which bare six great candles, and the candlestick was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light he had great will for to enter into the chapel, but he could find no place where he might enter; then was he passing heavy and dismayed. Then he returned and came to his horse and did off his saddle and bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced his helm, and ungirt his sword, and laid him down to sleep upon his shield to-fore the cross.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How Sir Launcelot, half sleeping and half waking, saw a sick man borne in a litter, and how he was healed with the Sangreal.** AND so he fell asleep; and half waking and sleeping he saw come by him two palfreys all fair and white, the which bare a litter, therein lying a sick knight. And when he was nigh the cross he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for he slept not verily; and he heard him say: O sweet Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me? and when shall the holy vessel come by me, wherethrough I shall be blessed? For I have endured thus long, for little trespass. A full great while complained the knight thus, and always Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlestick with the six tapers come before the cross, and he saw nobody that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessel of the Sangreal, which Launcelot had seen aforetime in King Pescheur's house. And therewith the sick knight set him up, and held up both his hands, and said: Fair sweet Lord, which is here within this holy vessel; take heed unto me that I may be whole of this malady. And therewith on his hands and on his knees he went so nigh that he touched the holy vessel and kissed it, and anon he was whole; and then he said: Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this sickness.

So when the holy vessel had been there a great while it went unto the chapel with the chandelier and the light, so that Launcelot wist not where it was become; for he was overtaken with sin that he had no power to rise again the holy vessel; wherefore after that many men said of him shame, but he took repentance after that. Then the sick knight dressed him up and kissed the cross; anon his squire brought him his arms, and asked his lord how he did. Certes, said he, I thank God right well, through the holy vessel I am healed. But I have marvel of this sleeping knight that had no power to awake when this holy vessel was brought hither. I dare right well say, said the squire, that he dwelleth in some deadly sin whereof he was never confessed. By my faith, said the knight, whatsoever he be he is unhappy, for as I deem he is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the quest of the Sangreal. Sir, said the squire, here I have brought you all your arms save your helm and your sword, and therefore by mine assent now may ye take this knight's helm and his sword: and so he did. And when he was clean armed he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his; and so departed they from the cross.

**CHAPTER XIX. How a voice spake to Sir Launcelot, and how he found his horse and his helm borne away, and after went afoot.** THEN anon Sir Launcelot waked, and set him up, and bethought him what he had seen there, and whether it were dreams or not. Right so heard he a voice that said: Sir Launcelot, more harder than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and barer than is the leaf of the fig tree; therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place. And when Sir Launcelot heard this he was passing heavy and wist not what to do, and so departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was born. For then he deemed never to have had worship more. For those words went to his heart, till that he knew wherefore he was called so. Then Sir Launcelot went to the cross and found his helm, his sword, and his horse taken away. And then he called himself a very wretch, and most unhappy of all knights; and there he said: My sin and my wickedness have brought me unto great dishonour. For when I sought worldly adventures for worldly desires, I ever enchieved them and had the better in every place, and never was I discomfit in no quarrel, were it right or wrong. And now I take upon me the adventures of holy things, and now I see and understand that mine old sin hindereth me and shameth me, so that I had no power to stir nor speak when the

holy blood appeared afore me. So thus he sorrowed till it was day, and heard the fowls sing; then somewhat he was comforted. But when Sir Launcelot missed his horse and his harness then he wist well God was displeased with him.

Then he departed from the cross on foot into a forest; and so by prime he came to an high hill, and found an hermitage and a hermit therein which was going unto mass. And then Launcelot kneeled down and cried on Our Lord mercy for his wicked works. So when mass was done Launcelot called him, and prayed him for charity for to hear his life. With a good will, said the good man. Sir, said he, be ye of King Arthur's court and of the fellowship of the Round Table? Yea forsooth, and my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake that hath been right well said of, and now my good fortune is changed, for I am the most wretch of the world. The hermit beheld him and had marvel how he was so abashed. Sir, said the hermit, ye ought to thank God more than any knight living, for He hath caused you to have more worldly worship than any knight that now liveth. And for your presumption to take upon you in deadly sin for to be in His presence, where His flesh and His blood was, that caused you ye might not see it with worldly eyes; for He will not appear where such sinners be, but if it be unto their great hurt and unto their great shame; and there is no knight living now that ought to give God so great thank as ye, for He hath given you beauty, seemliness, and great strength above all other knights; and therefore ye are the more beholding unto God than any other man, to love Him and dread Him, for your strength and manhood will little avail you an God be against you.

**CHAPTER XX. How Sir Launcelot was shriven, and what sorrow he made and of the good ensamples which were shewed him.** THEN Sir Launcelot wept with heavy cheer, and said: Now I know well ye say me sooth. Sir, said the good man, hide none old sin from me. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, that were me full loath to discover. For this fourteen year I never discovered one thing that I have used, and that may I now wite my shame and my disadvantage. And then he told there that good man all his life. And how he had loved a queen unmeasurably and out of measure long. And all my great deeds of arms that I have done, I did for the most part for the queen's sake, and for her sake would I do battle were it right or wrong, and never did I battle all only for God's sake, but for to win worship and to cause me to be the better beloved and little or nought I thanked God of it. Then Sir Launcelot said: I pray you counsel me. I will counsel you, said the hermit, if ye will ensure me that ye will never come in that queen's fellowship as much as ye may forbear. And then Sir Launcelot promised him he nold, by the faith of his body. Look that your heart and your mouth accord, said the good man, and I shall ensure you ye shall have more worship than ever ye had.

Holy father, said Sir Launcelot, I marvel of the voice that said to me marvellous words, as ye have heard to-forehand. Have ye no marvel, said the good man thereof, for it seemeth well God loveth you; for men may understand a stone is hard of kind, and namely one more than another; and that is to understand by thee, Sir Launcelot, for thou wilt not leave thy sin for no goodness that God hath sent thee; therefore thou art more than any stone, and never wouldst thou be made nesh nor by water nor by fire, and that is the heat of the Holy Ghost may not enter in thee. Now take heed, in all the world men shall not find one knight to whom Our Lord hath given so much of grace as He hath given you, for He hath given you fairness with seemliness, He hath given thee wit, discretion to know good from evil, He hath given thee prowess and hardiness, and given thee to work so largely that thou hast had at all days the better wheresomever thou came; and now Our Lord will suffer thee no longer, but that thou shalt know Him whether thou wilt or nylt. And why the voice called thee bitterer than wood, for where overmuch sin dwelleth, there may be but little sweetness, wherefore thou art likened to an old rotten tree.

Now have I shewed thee why thou art harder than the stone and bitterer than the tree. Now shall I shew thee why thou art more naked and barer than the fig tree. It befell that Our Lord on Palm Sunday preached in Jerusalem, and there He found in the people that all hardness was harboured in them, and there He found in all the town not one that would harbour him. And then He went

without the town, and found in midst of the way a fig tree, the which was right fair and well garnished of leaves, but fruit had it none. Then Our Lord cursed the tree that bare no fruit; that betokeneth the fig tree unto Jerusalem, that had leaves and no fruit. So thou, Sir Launcelot, when the Holy Grail was brought afore thee, He found in thee no fruit, nor good thought nor good will, and defouled with lechery. Certes, said Sir Launcelot, all that you have said is true, and from henceforward I cast me, by the grace of God, never to be so wicked as I have been, but as to follow knighthood and to do feats of arms.

Then the good man enjoined Sir Launcelot such penance as he might do and to sewe knighthood, and so assoiled him, and prayed Sir Launcelot to abide with him all that day. I will well, said Sir Launcelot, for I have neither helm, nor horse, nor sword. As for that, said the good man, I shall help you or to-morn at even of an horse, and all that longed unto you. And then Sir Launcelot repented him greatly.

## BOOK XIV.

**CHAPTER I. How Sir Percivale came to a recluse and asked counsel, and how she told him that she was his aunt.** NOW saith the tale, that when Sir Launcelot was ridden after Sir Galahad, the which had all these adventures above said, Sir Percivale turned again unto the recluse, where he deemed to have tidings of that knight that Launcelot followed. And so he kneeled at her window, and the recluse opened it and asked Sir Percivale what he would. Madam, he said, I am a knight of King Arthur's court, and my name is Sir Percivale de Galis. When the recluse heard his name she had great joy of him, for mickle she had loved him to-fore any other knight, for she ought to do so, for she was his aunt. And then she commanded the gates to be opened, and there he had all the cheer that she might make him, and all that was in her power was at his commandment.

So on the morn Sir Percivale went to the recluse and asked her if she knew that knight with the white shield. Sir, said she, why would ye wit? Truly, madam, said Sir Percivale, I shall never be well at ease till that I know of that knight's fellowship, and that I may fight with him, for I may not leave him so lightly, for I have the shame yet. Ah, Percivale, said she, would ye fight with him? I see well ye have great will to be slain as your father was, through outrageousness. Madam, said Sir Percivale, it seemeth by your words that ye know me. Yea, said she, I well ought to know you, for I am your aunt, although I be in a priory place. For some called me sometime the Queen of the Waste Lands, and I was called the queen of most riches in the world; and it pleased me never my riches so much as doth my poverty. Then Sir Percivale wept for very pity when that he knew it was his aunt. Ah, fair nephew, said she, when heard ye tidings of your mother? Truly, said he, I heard none of her, but I dream of her much in my sleep; and therefore I wot not whether she be dead or alive. Certes, fair nephew, said she, your mother is dead, for after your departing from her she took such a sorrow that anon, after she was confessed, she died. Now, God have mercy on her soul, said Sir Percivale, it sore forthinketh me; but all we must change the life. Now, fair aunt, tell me what is the knight? I deem it be he that bare the red arms on Whitsunday. Wit you well, said she, that this is he, for otherwise ought he not to do, but to go in red arms; and that same knight hath no peer, for he worketh all by miracle, and he shall never be overcome of none earthly man's hand.

**CHAPTER II. How Merlin likened the Round Table to the world, and how the knights that should achieve the Sangreal should be known.** ALSO Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of roundness of the world, for by the Round Table is the world signified by right, for all the world, Christian and heathen, repair unto the Round Table; and when they are chosen to be of the fellowship of the Round Table they think them more blessed and more in worship than if they had gotten half the world; and ye have seen that they have lost their fathers and their mothers, and all their kin, and their wives and their children, for to be of your fellowship. It is well seen by you; for since ye have departed from your mother ye would never see her, ye found such fellowship at the Round Table. When Merlin had ordained the Round Table

he said, by them which should be fellows of the Round Table the truth of the Sangreal should be well known. And men asked him how men might know them that should best do and to enchieve the Sangreal? Then he said there should be three white bulls that should enchieve it, and the two should be maidens, and the third should be chaste. And that one of the three should pass his father as much as the lion passeth the leopard, both of strength and hardness.

They that heard Merlin say so said thus unto Merlin: Sithen there shall be such a knight, thou shouldest ordain by thy crafts a siege, that no man should sit in it but he all only that shall pass all other knights. Then Merlin answered that he would do so. And then he made the Siege Perilous, in the which Galahad sat in at his meat on Whitsunday last past. Now, madam, said Sir Percivale, so much have I heard of you that by my good will I will never have ado with Sir Galahad but by way of kindness; and for God's love, fair aunt, can ye teach me some way where I may find him? for much would I love the fellowship of him. Fair nephew, said she, ye must ride unto a castle the which is called Goothe, where he hath a cousin-germain, and there may ye be lodged this night. And as he teacheth you, seweth after as fast as ye can; and if he can tell you no tidings of him, ride straight unto the Castle of Carbonek, where the maimed king is there lying, for there shall ye hear true tidings of him.

**CHAPTER III. How Sir Percivale came into a monastery, where he found King Evelake, which was an old man.** THEN departed Sir Percivale from his aunt, either making great sorrow. And so he rode till evensong time. And then he heard a clock smite; and then he was ware of an house closed well with walls and deep ditches, and there he knocked at the gate and was let in, and he alighted and was led unto a chamber, and soon he was unarmed. And there he had right good cheer all that night; and on the morn he heard his mass, and in the monastery he found a priest ready at the altar. And on the right side he saw a pew closed with iron, and behind the altar he saw a rich bed and a fair, as of cloth of silk and gold.

Then Sir Percivale espied that therein was a man or a woman, for the visage was covered; then he left off his looking and heard his service. And when it came to the sacring, he that lay within that parcloes dressed him up, and uncovered his head; and then him beseemed a passing old man, and he had a crown of gold upon his head, and his shoulders were naked and unhilled unto his navel. And then Sir Percivale espied his body was full of great wounds, both on the shoulders, arms, and visage. And ever he held up his hands against Our Lord's body, and cried: Fair, sweet Father, Jesu Christ, forget not me. And so he lay down, but always he was in his prayers and orisons; and him seemed to be of the age of three hundred winter. And when the mass was done the priest took Our Lord's body and bare it to the sick king. And when he had used it he did off his crown, and commanded the crown to be set on the altar.

Then Sir Percivale asked one of the brethren what he was. Sir, said the good man, ye have heard much of Joseph of Aramathie, how he was sent by Jesu Christ into this land for to teach and preach the holy Christian faith; and therefore he suffered many persecutions the which the enemies of Christ did unto him, and in the city of Sarra he converted a king whose name was Evelake. And so this king came with Joseph into this land, and ever he was busy to be theas the Sangreal was; and on a time he nighed it so nigh that Our Lord was displeased with him, but ever he followed it more and more, till God struck him almost blind. Then this king cried mercy, and said: Fair Lord, let me never die till the good knight of my blood of the ninth degree be come, that I may see him openly that he shall enchieve the Sangreal, that I may kiss him.

**CHAPTER IV. How Sir Percivale saw many men of arms bearing a dead knight, and how he fought against them.** WHEN the king thus had made his prayers he heard a voice that said: Heard be thy prayers, for thou shalt not die till he have kissed thee. And when that knight shall come the clearness of your eyes shall come again, and thou shalt see openly, and thy wounds shall be healed, and erst shall they never close. And this befell of King

Evelake, and this same king hath lived this three hundred winters this holy life, and men say the knight is in the court that shall heal him. Sir, said the good man, I pray you tell me what knight that ye be, and if ye be of King Arthur's court and of the Table Round. Yea forsooth, said he, and my name is Sir Percivale de Galis. And when the good man understood his name he made great joy of him.

And then Sir Percivale departed and rode till the hour of noon. And he met in a valley about a twenty men of arms, which bare in a bier a knight deadly slain. And when they saw Sir Percivale they asked him of whence he was. And he answered: Of the court of King Arthur. Then they cried all at once: Slay him. Then Sir Percivale smote the first to the earth and his horse upon him. And then seven of the knights smote upon his shield all at once, and the remnant slew his horse so that he fell to the earth. So had they slain him or taken him had not the good knight, Sir Galahad, with the red arms come there by adventure into those parts. And when he saw all those knights upon one knight he cried: Save me that knight's life. And then he dressed him toward the twenty men of arms as fast as his horse might drive, with his spear in the rest, and smote the foremost horse and man to the earth. And when his spear was broken he set his hand to his sword, and smote on the right hand and on the left hand that it was marvel to see, and at every stroke he smote one down or put him to a rebuke, so that they would fight no more but fled to a thick forest, and Sir Galahad followed them.

And when Sir Percivale saw him chase them so, he made great sorrow that his horse was away. And then he wist well it was Sir Galahad. And then he cried aloud: Ah fair knight, abide and suffer me to do thankings unto thee, for much have ye done for me. But ever Sir Galahad rode so fast that at the last he passed out of his sight. And as fast as Sir Percivale might he went after him on foot, crying. And then he met with a yeoman riding upon an hackney, the which led in his hand a great steed blacker than any bear. Ah, fair friend, said Sir Percivale, as ever I may do for you, and to be your true knight in the first place ye will require me, that ye will lend me that black steed, that I might overtake a knight the which rideth afore me. Sir knight, said the yeoman, I pray you hold me excused of that, for that I may not do. For wit ye well, the horse is such a man's horse, that an I lent it you or any man, that he would slay me. Alas, said Sir Percivale, I had never so great sorrow as I have had for losing of yonder knight. Sir, said the yeoman, I am right heavy for you, for a good horse would beseem you well; but I dare not deliver you this horse but if ye would take him from me. That will I not do, said Sir Percivale. And so they departed; and Sir Percivale set him down under a tree, and made sorrow out of measure. And as he was there, there came a knight riding on the horse that the yeoman led, and he was clean armed.

**CHAPTER V. How a yeoman desired him to get again an horse, and how Sir Percivale's hackney was slain, and how he gat an horse.** AND anon the yeoman came pricking after as fast as ever he might, and asked Sir Percivale if he saw any knight riding on his black steed. Yea, sir, forsooth, said he; why, sir, ask ye me that? Ah, sir, that steed he hath benome me with strength; wherefore my lord will slay me in what place he findeth me. Well, said Sir Percivale, what wouldst thou that I did? Thou seest well that I am on foot, but an I had a good horse I should bring him soon again. Sir, said the yeoman, take mine hackney and do the best ye can, and I shall sewe you on foot to wit how that ye shall speed. Then Sir Percivale alighted upon that hackney, and rode as fast as he might, and at the last he saw that knight. And then he cried: Knight, turn again; and he turned and set his spear against Sir Percivale, and he smote the hackney in the midst of the breast that he fell down dead to the earth, and there he had a great fall, and the other rode his way. And then Sir Percivale was wood wroth, and cried: Abide, wicked knight; coward and false-hearted knight, turn again and fight with me on foot. But he answered not, but passed on his way.

When Sir Percivale saw he would not turn he cast away his helm and sword, and said: Now am I a very wretch, cursed and most unhappy above all other knights. So in this sorrow he abode all that day till it was night; and then he was faint, and laid him

down and slept till it was midnight; and then he awaked and saw afore him a woman which said unto him right fiercely: Sir Percivale, what dost thou here? He answered, I do neither good nor great ill. If thou wilt ensure me, said she, that thou wilt fulfil my will when I summon thee, I shall lend thee mine own horse which shall bear thee whither thou wilt. Sir Percivale was glad of her proffer, and ensured her to fulfil all her desire. Then abide me here, and I shall go and fetch you an horse. And so she came soon again and brought an horse with her that was inly black. When Percivale beheld that horse he marvelled that it was so great and so well apparelled; and not for then he was so hardy, and he leapt upon him, and took none heed of himself. And so anon as he was upon him he thrust to him with his spurs, and so he rode by a forest, and the moon shone clear. And within an hour and less he bare him four days' journey thence, until he came to a rough water the which roared, and his horse would have borne him into it.

**CHAPTER VI. Of the great danger that Sir Percivale was in by his horse, and how he saw a serpent and a lion fight.** AND when Sir Percivale came nigh the brim, and saw the water so boistous, he doubted to overpass it. And then he made a sign of the cross in his forehead. When the fiend felt him so charged he shook off Sir Percivale, and he went into the water crying and roaring, making great sorrow, and it seemed unto him that the water brent. Then Sir Percivale perceived it was a fiend, the which would have brought him unto his perdition. Then he commended himself unto God, and prayed Our Lord to keep him from all such temptations; and so he prayed all that night till on the morn that it was day; then he saw that he was in a wild mountain the which was closed with the sea nigh all about, that he might see no land about him which might relieve him, but wild beasts.

And then he went into a valley, and there he saw a young serpent bring a young lion by the neck, and so he came by Sir Percivale. With that came a great lion crying and roaring after the serpent. And as fast as Sir Percivale saw this he marvelled, and hid him thither, but anon the lion had overtaken the serpent and began battle with him. And then Sir Percivale thought to help the lion, for he was the more natural beast of the two; and therewith he drew his sword, and set his shield afore him, and there he gave the serpent such a buffet that he had a deadly wound. When the lion saw that, he made no ressemblant to fight with him, but made him all the cheer that a beast might make a man. Then Percivale perceived that, and cast down his shield which was broken; and then he did off his helm for to gather wind, for he was greatly enchafted with the serpent: and the lion went alway about him fawning as a spaniel. And then he stroked him on the neck and on the shoulders. And then he thanked God of the fellowship of that beast. And about noon the lion took his little whelp and trussed him and bare him there he came from.

Then was Sir Percivale alone. And as the tale telleth, he was one of the men of the world at that time which most believed in Our Lord Jesu Christ, for in those days there were but few folks that believed in God perfectly. For in those days the son spared not the father no more than a stranger. And so Sir Percivale comforted himself in our Lord Jesu, and besought God no temptation should bring him out of God's service, but to endure as his true champion. Thus when Sir Percivale had prayed he saw the lion come toward him, and then he couched down at his feet. And so all that night the lion and he slept together; and when Sir Percivale slept he dreamed a marvellous dream, that there two ladies met with him, and that one sat upon a lion, and that other sat upon a serpent, and that one of them was young, and the other was old; and the youngest him thought said: Sir Percivale, my lord saluteth thee, and sendeth thee word that thou array thee and make thee ready, for to-morn thou must fight with the strongest champion of the world. And if thou be overcome thou shall not be quit for losing of any of thy members, but thou shalt be shamed for ever to the world's end. And then he asked her what was her lord. And she said the greatest lord of all the world: and so she departed suddenly that he wist not where.

**CHAPTER VII. Of the vision that Sir Percivale saw, and how his vision was expounded, and of his lion.** THEN came forth

the other lady that rode upon the serpent, and she said: Sir Percivale, I complain me of you that ye have done unto me, and have not offended unto you. Certes, madam, he said, unto you nor no lady I never offended. Yes, said she, I shall tell you why. I have nourished in this place a great while a serpent, which served me a great while, and yesterday ye slew him as he gat his prey. Say me for what cause ye slew him, for the lion was not yours. Madam, said Sir Percivale, I know well the lion was not mine, but I did it for the lion is of more gentler nature than the serpent, and therefore I slew him; meseemeth I did not amiss against you. Madam, said he, what would ye that I did? I would, said she, for the amends of my beast that ye become my man. And then he answered: That will I not grant you. No, said she, truly ye were never but my servant sin ye received the homage of Our Lord Jesu Christ. Therefore, I ensure you in what place I may find you without keeping I shall take you, as he that sometime was my man. And so she departed from Sir Percivale and left him sleeping, the which was sore travailed of his advison. And on the morn he arose and blessed him, and he was passing feeble.

Then was Sir Percivale ware in the sea, and saw a ship come sailing toward him; and Sir Percivale went unto the ship and found it covered within and without with white samite. And at the board stood an old man clothed in a surplice, in likeness of a priest. Sir, said Sir Percivale, ye be welcome. God keep you, said the good man. Sir, said the old man, of whence be ye? Sir, said Sir Percivale, I am of King Arthur's court, and a knight of the Table Round, the which am in the quest of the Sangreal; and here am I in great duresse, and never like to escape out of this wilderness. Doubt not, said the good man, an ye be so true a knight as the order of chivalry requireth, and of heart as ye ought to be, ye should not doubt that none enemy should slay you. What are ye? said Sir Percivale. Sir, said the old man, I am of a strange country, and hither I come to comfort you.

Sir, said Sir Percivale, what signifieth my dream that I dreamed this night? And there he told him altogether: She which rode upon the lion betokeneth the new law of holy church, that is to understand, faith, good hope, belief, and baptism. For she seemed younger than the other it is great reason, for she was born in the resurrection and the passion of Our Lord Jesu Christ. And for great love she came to thee to warn thee of thy great battle that shall befall thee. With whom, said Sir Percivale, shall I fight? With the most champion of the world, said the old man; for as the lady said, but if thou quit thee well thou shalt not be quit by losing of one member, but thou shalt be shamed to the world's end. And she that rode on the serpent signifieth the old law, and that serpent betokeneth a fiend. And why she blamed thee that thou slewest her servant, it betokeneth nothing; the serpent that thou slewest betokeneth the devil that thou rodest upon to the rock. And when thou madest a sign of the cross, there thou slewest him, and put away his power. And when she asked thee amends and to become her man, and thou saidst thou wouldst not, that was to make thee to believe on her and leave thy baptism. So he commanded Sir Percivale to depart, and so he leapt over the board and the ship, and all went away he wist not whither. Then he went up unto the rock and found the lion which always kept him fellowship, and he stroked him upon the back and had great joy of him.

**CHAPTER VIII. How Sir Percivale saw a ship coming to him-ward, and how the lady of the ship told him of her disheritance.** BY that Sir Percivale had abiden there till mid-day he saw a ship came rowing in the sea, as all the wind of the world had driven it. And so it drove under that rock. And when Sir Percivale saw this he hid him thither, and found the ship covered with silk more blacker than any bear, and therein was a gentlewoman of great beauty, and she was clothed richly that none might be better. And when she saw Sir Percivale she said: Who brought you in this wilderness where ye be never like to pass hence, for ye shall die here for hunger and mischief? Damosel, said Sir Percivale, I serve the best man of the world, and in his service he will not suffer me to die, for who that knocketh shall enter, and who that asketh shall have, and who that seeketh him he hideth him not. But then she said: Sir Percivale, wot ye what I am? Yea, said he. Now who taught you my name? said she. Now, said Sir Percivale,

I know you better than ye ween. And I came out of the waste forest where I found the Red Knight with the white shield, said the damosel. Ah, damosel, said he, with that knight would I meet passing fain. Sir knight, said she, an ye will ensure me by the faith that ye owe unto knighthood that ye shall do my will what time I summon you, and I shall bring you unto that knight. Yea, said he, I shall promise you to fulfil your desire. Well, said she, now shall I tell you. I saw him in the forest chasing two knights unto a water, the which is called Mortaise; and they drove him into the water for dread of death, and the two knights passed over, and the Red Knight passed after, and there his horse was drenched, and he, through great strength, escaped unto the land: thus she told him, and Sir Percivale was passing glad thereof.

Then she asked him if he had ate any meat late. Nay, madam, truly I ate no meat nigh this three days, but late here I spake with a good man that fed me with his good words and holy, and refreshed me greatly. Ah, sir knight, said she, that same man is an enchanter and a multiplier of words. For an ye believe him ye shall plainly be shamed, and die in this rock for pure hunger, and be eaten with wild beasts; and ye be a young man and a goodly knight, and I shall help you an ye will. What are ye, said Sir Percivale, that proffered me thus great kindness? I am, said she, a gentlewoman that am disherited, which was sometime the richest woman of the world. Damosel, said Sir Percivale, who hath disherited you? for I have great pity of you. Sir, said she, I dwelled with the greatest man of the world, and he made me so fair and clear that there was none like me; and of that great beauty I had a little pride more than I ought to have had. Also I said a word that pleased him not. And then he would not suffer me to be any longer in his company, and so drove me from mine heritage, and so disherited me, and he had never pity of me nor of none of my council, nor of my court. And sithen, sir knight, it hath befallen me so, and through me and mine I have benome him many of his men, and made them to become my men. For they ask never nothing of me but I give it them, that and much more. Thus I and all my servants were against him night and day. Therefore I know now no good knight, nor no good man, but I get them on my side an I may. And for that I know that thou art a good knight, I beseech you to help me; and for ye be a fellow of the Round Table, wherefore ye ought not to fail no gentlewoman which is disherited, an she besought you of help.

**CHAPTER IX. How Sir Percivale promised her help, and how he required her of love, and how he was saved from the fiend.** THEN Sir Percivale promised her all the help that he might; and then she thanked him. And at that time the weather was hot. Then she called unto her a gentlewoman and bade her bring forth a pavilion; and so she did, and pight it upon the gravel. Sir, said she, now may ye rest you in this heat of the day. Then he thanked her, and she put off his helm and his shield, and there he slept a great while. And then he awoke and asked her if she had any meat, and she said: Yea, also ye shall have enough. And so there was set enough upon the table, and thereon so much that he had marvel, for there was all manner of meats that he could think on. Also he drank there the strongest wine that ever he drank, him thought, and therewith he was a little chafed more than he ought to be; with that he beheld the gentlewoman, and him thought she was the fairest creature that ever he saw. And then Sir Percivale proffered her love, and prayed her that she would be his. Then she refused him, in a manner, when he required her, for the cause he should be the more ardent on her, and ever he ceased not to pray her of love. And when she saw him well enchafed, then she said: Sir Percivale, wit you well I shall not fulfil your will but if ye swear from henceforth ye shall be my true servant, and to do nothing but that I shall command you. Will ye ensure me this as ye be a true knight? Yea, said he, fair lady, by the faith of my body. Well, said she, now shall ye do with me whatso it please you; and now wit ye well ye are the knight in the world that I have most desire to.

And then two squires were commanded to make a bed in midst of the pavilion. And anon she was unclothed and laid therein. And then Sir Percivale laid him down by her naked; and by adventure and grace he saw his sword lie on the ground naked, in

whose pommel was a red cross and the sign of the crucifix therein, and bethought him on his knighthood and his promise made toforehand unto the good man; then he made a sign of the cross in his forehead, and therewith the pavilion turned up-so-down, and then it changed unto a smoke, and a black cloud, and then he was adread and cried aloud:

**CHAPTER X. How Sir Percivale for penance rove himself through the thigh; and how she was known for the devil.** FAIR sweet Father, Jesu Christ, ne let me not be shamed, the which was nigh lost had not thy good grace been. And then he looked into a ship, and saw her enter therein, which said: Sir Percivale, ye have betrayed me. And so she went with the wind roaring and yelling, that it seemed all the water brent after her. Then Sir Percivale made great sorrow, and drew his sword unto him, saying: Sithen my flesh will be my master I shall punish it; and therewith he rove himself through the thigh that the blood stert about him, and said: O good Lord, take this in recompensation of that I have done against thee, my Lord. So then he clothed him and armed him, and called himself a wretch, saying: How nigh was I lost, and to have lost that I should never have gotten again, that was my virginity, for that may never be recovered after it is once lost. And then he stopped his bleeding wound with a piece of his shirt.

Thus as he made his moan he saw the same ship come from Orient that the good man was in the day afore, and the noble knight was ashamed with himself, and therewith he fell in a swoon. And when he awoke he went unto him weakly, and there he saluted this good man. And then he asked Sir Percivale: How hast thou done sith I departed? Sir, said he, here was a gentlewoman and led me into deadly sin. And there he told him altogether. Knew ye not the maid? said the good man. Sir, said he, nay, but well I wot the fiend sent her hither to shame me. O good knight, said he, thou art a fool, for that gentlewoman was the master fiend of hell, the which hath power above all devils, and that was the old lady that thou sawest in thine advision riding on the serpent. Then he told Sir Percivale how our Lord Jesu Christ beat him out of heaven for his sin, the which was the most brightest angel of heaven, and therefore he lost his heritage. And that was the champion that thou foughtest withal, the which had overcome thee had not the grace of God been. Now beware Sir Percivale, and take this for an ensample. And then the good man vanished away. Then Sir Percivale took his arms, and entered into the ship, and so departed from thence.

## BOOK XV.

**CHAPTER I. How Sir Launcelot came to a chapel, where he found dead, in a white shirt, a man of religion, of an hundred winter old.** WHEN the hermit had kept Sir Launcelot three days, the hermit gat him an horse, an helm, and a sword. And then he departed about the hour of noon. And then he saw a little house. And when he came near he saw a chapel, and there beside he saw an old man that was clothed all in white full richly; and then Sir Launcelot said: God save you. God keep you, said the good man, and make you a good knight. Then Sir Launcelot alighted and entered into the chapel, and there he saw an old man dead, in a white shirt of passing fine cloth.

Sir, said the good man, this man that is dead ought not to be in such clothing as ye see him in, for in that he brake the oath of his order, for he hath been more than an hundred winter a man of a religion. And then the good man and Sir Launcelot went into the chapel; and the good man took a stole about his neck, and a book, and then he conjured on that book; and with that they saw in an hideous figure and horrible, that there was no man so hard-hearted nor so hard but he should have been afeard. Then said the fiend: Thou hast travailed me greatly; now tell me what thou wilt with me. I will, said the good man, that thou tell me how my fellow became dead, and whether he be saved or damned. Then he said with an horrible voice: He is not lost but saved. How may that be? said the good man; it seemed to me that he lived not well, for he brake his order for to wear a shirt where he ought to wear none, and who that trespasseth against our order doth not well. Not so, said the fiend, this man that lieth here dead was come of

a great lineage. And there was a lord that hight the Earl de Vale, that held great war against this man's nephew, the which hight Aguarus. And so this Aguarus saw the earl was bigger than he. Then he went for to take counsel of his uncle, the which lieth here dead as ye may see. And then he asked leave, and went out of his hermitage for to maintain his nephew against the mighty earl; and so it happed that this man that lieth here dead did so much by his wisdom and hardiness that the earl was taken, and three of his lords, by force of this dead man.

**CHAPTER II. Of a dead man, how men would have hewn him, and it would not be, and how Sir Launcelot took the hair of the dead man.** THEN was there peace betwixt the earl and this Aguarus, and great surety that the earl should never war against him. Then this dead man that here lieth came to this hermitage again; and then the earl made two of his nephews for to be avenged upon this man. So they came on a day, and found this dead man at the sacring of his mass, and they abode him till he had said mass. And then they set upon him and drew out swords to have slain him; but there would no sword bite on him more than upon a gad of steel, for the high Lord which he served He him preserved. Then made they a great fire, and did off all his clothes, and the hair off his back. And then this dead man hermit said unto them: Have you to burn me? It shall not lie in your power nor to perish me as much as a thread, an there were any on my body. No? said one of them, it shall be assayed. And then they despoiled him, and put upon him this shirt, and cast him in a fire, and there he lay all that night till it was day in that fire, and was not dead, and so in the morn I came and found him dead; but I found neither thread nor skin tamed, and so took him out of the fire with great fear, and laid him here as ye may see. And now may ye suffer me to go my way, for I have said you the sooth. And then he departed with a great tempest.

Then was the good man and Sir Launcelot more gladder than they were to-fore. And then Sir Launcelot dwelled with that good man that night. Sir, said the good man, be ye not Sir Launcelot du Lake? Yea, sir, said he. What seek ye in this country? Sir, said Sir Launcelot, I go to seek the adventures of the Sangreal. Well, said he, seek it ye may well, but though it were here ye shall have no power to see it no more than a blind man should see a bright sword, and that is long on your sin, and else ye were more abler than any man living. And then Sir Launcelot began to weep. Then said the good man: Were ye confessed sith ye entered into the quest of the Sangreal? Yea, sir, said Sir Launcelot. Then upon the morn when the good man had sung his mass, then they buried the dead man. Then Sir Launcelot said: Father, what shall I do? Now, said the good man, I require you take this hair that was this holy man's and put it next thy skin, and it shall prevail thee greatly. Sir, and I will do it, said Sir Launcelot. Also I charge you that ye eat no flesh as long as ye be in the quest of the Sangreal, nor ye shall drink no wine, and that ye hear mass daily an ye may do it. So he took the hair and put it upon him, and so departed at evensong-time.

And so rode he into a forest, and there he met with a gentlewoman riding upon a white palfrey, and then she asked him: Sir knight, whither ride ye? Certes, damosel, said Launcelot, I wot not whither I ride but as fortune leadeth me. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said she, I wot what adventure ye seek, for ye were afore time nearer than ye be now, and yet shall ye see it more openly than ever ye did, and that shall ye understand in short time. Then Sir Launcelot asked her where he might be harboured that night. Ye shall not find this day nor night, but to-morn ye shall find harbour good, and ease of that ye be in doubt of. And then he commended her unto God. Then he rode till that he came to a Cross, and took that for his host as for that night.

**CHAPTER III. Of an advision that Sir Launcelot had, and how he told it to an hermit, and desired counsel of him.** AND so he put his horse to pasture, and did off his helm and his shield, and made his prayers unto the Cross that he never fall in deadly sin again. And so he laid him down to sleep. And anon as he was asleep it befell him there an advision, that there came a man afore him all by compass of stars, and that man had a crown of gold on his head and that man led in his fellowship seven kings

and two knights. And all these worshipped the Cross, kneeling upon their knees, holding up their hands toward the heaven. And all they said: Fair sweet Father of heaven come and visit us, and yield unto us everych as we have deserved.

Then looked Launcelot up to the heaven, and him seemed the clouds did open, and an old man came down, with a company of angels, and alighted among them, and gave unto everych his blessing, and called them his servants, and good and true knights. And when this old man had said thus he came to one of those knights, and said: I have lost all that I have set in thee, for thou hast ruled thee against me as a warrior, and used wrong wars with vain-glory, more for the pleasure of the world than to please me, therefore thou shalt be confounded without thou yield me my treasure. All this advision saw Sir Launcelot at the Cross.

And on the morn he took his horse and rode till mid-day; and there by adventure he met with the same knight that took his horse, helm, and his sword, when he slept when the Sangreal appeared afore the Cross. When Sir Launcelot saw him he saluted him not fair, but cried on high: Knight, keep thee, for thou hast done to me great unkindness. And then they put afore them their spears, and Sir Launcelot came so fiercely upon him that he smote him and his horse down to the earth, that he had nigh broken his neck. Then Sir Launcelot took the knight's horse that was his own aforehand, and descended from the horse he sat upon, and mounted upon his own horse, and tied the knight's own horse to a tree, that he might find that horse when that he was arisen. Then Sir Launcelot rode till night, and by adventure he met an hermit, and each of them saluted other; and there he rested with that good man all night, and gave his horse such as he might get. Then said the good man unto Launcelot: Of whence be ye? Sir, said he, I am of Arthur's court, and my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake that am in the quest of the Sangreal, and therefore I pray you to counsel me of a vision the which I had at the Cross. And so he told him all.

**CHAPTER IV. How the hermit expounded to Sir Launcelot his advision, and told him that Sir Galahad was his son.** IO, Sir Launcelot, said the good man, there thou mightest understand the high lineage that thou art come of, and thine advision betokeneth. After the passion of Jesu Christ forty year, Joseph of Aramathie preached the victory of King Evelake, that he had in the battles the better of his enemies. And of the seven kings and the two knights: the first of them is called Nappus, an holy man; and the second hight Nacien, in remembrance of his grandsire, and in him dwelled our Lord Jesu Christ; and the third was called Helias le Grose; and the fourth hight Lisais; and the fifth hight Jonas, he departed out of his country and went into Wales, and took there the daughter of Manuel, whereby he had the land of Gaul, and he came to dwell in this country. And of him came King Launcelot thy grandsire, the which there wedded the king's daughter of Ireland, and he was as worthy a man as thou art, and of him came King Ban, thy father, the which was the last of the seven kings. And by thee, Sir Launcelot, it signifieth that the angels said thou were none of the seven fellowships. And the last was the ninth knight, he was signified to a lion, for he should pass all manner of earthly knights, that is Sir Galahad, the which thou gat on King Pelles' daughter; and thou ought to thank God more than any other man living, for of a sinner earthly thou hast no peer as in knighthood, nor never shall be. But little thank hast thou given to God for all the great virtues that God hath lent thee. Sir, said Launcelot, ye say that that good knight is my son. That oughtest thou to know and no man better, said the good man, for thou knewest the daughter of King Pelles fleshly, and on her thou begattest Galahad, and that was he that at the feast of Pentecost sat in the Siege Perilous; and therefore make thou it known openly that he is one of thy begetting on King Pelles' daughter, for that will be your worship and honour, and to all thy kindred. And I counsel you in no place press not upon him to have ado with him. Well, said Launcelot, meseemeth that good knight should pray for me unto the High Father, that I fall not to sin again. Trust thou well, said the good man, thou farest mickle the better for his prayer; but the son shall not bear the wickedness of the father, nor the father shall not bear the wickedness of the son, but everych

shall bear his own burden. And therefore beseeke thou only God, and He will help thee in all thy needs. And then Sir Launcelot and he went to supper, and so laid him to rest, and the hair pricked so Sir Launcelot's skin which grieved him full sore, but he took it meekly, and suffered the pain. And so on the morn he heard his mass and took his arms, and so took his leave.

**CHAPTER V. How Sir Launcelot joustet with many knights, and how he was taken.** AND then mounted upon his horse, and rode into a forest, and held no highway. And as he looked afore him he saw a fair plain, and beside that a fair castle, and afore the castle were many pavilions of silk and of diverse hue. And him seemed that he saw there five hundred knights riding on horseback; and there were two parties: they that were of the castle were all on black horses and their trappings black, and they that were without were all on white horses and trappings, and everych hurtled to other that it marvelled Sir Launcelot. And at the last him thought they of the castle were put to the worse.

Then thought Sir Launcelot for to help there the weaker party in increasing of his chivalry. And so Sir Launcelot thrust in among the party of the castle, and smote down a knight, horse and man, to the earth. And then he rashed here and there, and did marvellous deeds of arms. And then he drew out his sword, and struck many knights to the earth, so that all those that saw him marvelled that ever one knight might do so great deeds of arms. But always the white knights held them nigh about Sir Launcelot, for to tire him and wind him. But at the last, as a man may not ever endure, Sir Launcelot waxed so faint of fighting and travelling, and was so weary of his great deeds, that he might not lift up his arms for to give one stroke, so that he weened never to have borne arms; and then they all took and led him away into a forest, and there made him to alight and to rest him. And then all the fellowship of the castle were overcome for the default of him. Then they said all unto Sir Launcelot: Blessed be God that ye be now of our fellowship, for we shall hold you in our prison; and so they left him with few words. And then Sir Launcelot made great sorrow, For never or now was I never at tournament nor jousts but I had the best, and now I am shamed; and then he said: Now I am sure that I am more sinfuller than ever I was.

Thus he rode sorrowing, and half a day he was out of despair, till that he came into a deep valley. And when Sir Launcelot saw he might not ride up into the mountain, he there alighted under an apple tree, and there he left his helm and his shield, and put his horse unto pasture. And then he laid him down to sleep. And then him thought there came an old man afore him, the which said: Ah, Launcelot of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore is thy will turned so lightly toward thy deadly sin? And when he had said thus he vanished away, and Launcelot wist not where he was become. Then he took his horse, and armed him; and as he rode by the way he saw a chapel where was a recluse, which had a window that she might see up to the altar. And all aloud she called Launcelot, for that he seemed a knight errant. And then he came, and she asked him what he was, and of what place, and where about he went to seek.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Launcelot told his advision to a woman, and how she expounded it to him.** AND then he told her altogether word by word, and the truth how it befell him at the tournament. And after told her his advision that he had had that night in his sleep, and prayed her to tell him what it might mean, for he was not well content with it. Ah, Launcelot, said she, as long as ye were knight of earthly knighthood ye were the most marvellous man of the world, and most adventurous. Now, said the lady, sithen ye be set among the knights of heavenly adventures, if adventure fell thee contrary at that tournament have thou no marvel, for that tournament yesterday was but a tokening of Our Lord. And not for then there was none enchantment, for they at the tournament were earthly knights. The tournament was a token to see who should have most knights, either Eliazar, the son of King Pelles, or Argustus, the son of King Harlon. But Eliazar was all clothed in white, and Argustus was covered in black, the which were [over]come.

All what this betokeneth I shall tell you. The day of Pentecost, when King Arthur held his court, it befell that earthly kings and

knights took a tournament together, that is to say the quest of the Sangreal. The earthly knights were they the which were clothed all in black, and the covering betokeneth the sins whereof they be not confessed. And they with the covering of white betokeneth virginity, and they that chose chastity. And thus was the quest begun in them. Then thou beheld the sinners and the good men, and when thou sawest the sinners overcome, thou inclinest to that party for bobaunce and pride of the world, and all that must be left in that quest, for in this quest thou shalt have many fellows and thy betters. For thou art so feeble of evil trust and good belief, this made it when thou were there where they took thee and led thee into the forest. And anon there appeared the Sangreal unto the white knights, but thou was so feeble of good belief and faith that thou mightest not abide it for all the teaching of the good man, but anon thou turnest to the sinners, and that caused thy misadventure that thou should'st know good from evil and vain glory of the world, the which is not worth a pear. And for great pride thou madest great sorrow that thou hadst not overcome all the white knights with the covering of white, by whom was betokened virginity and chastity; and therefore God was wroth with you, for God loveth no such deeds in this quest. And this advision signifieth that thou were of evil faith and of poor belief, the which will make thee to fall into the deep pit of hell if thou keep thee not. Now have I warned thee of thy vain glory and of thy pride, that thou hast many times erred against thy Maker. Beware of everlasting pain, for of all earthly knights I have most pity of thee, for I know well thou hast not thy peer of any earthly sinful man.

And so she commended Sir Launcelot to dinner. And after dinner he took his horse and commended her to God, and so rode into a deep valley, and there he saw a river and an high mountain. And through the water he must needs pass, the which was hideous; and then in the name of God he took it with good heart. And when he came over he saw an armed knight, horse and man black as any bear; without any word he smote Sir Launcelot's horse to the earth; and so he passed on, he wist not where he was become. And then he took his helm and his shield, and thanked God of his adventure.

## BOOK XVI.

**CHAPTER I. How Sir Gawaine was nigh weary of the quest of the Sangreal, and of his marvellous dream.** WHEN Sir Gawaine was departed from his fellowship he rode long without any adventure. For he found not the tenth part of adventure as he was wont to do. For Sir Gawaine rode from Whitsuntide until Michaelmas and found none adventure that pleased him. So on a day it befell Gawaine met with Sir Ector de Maris, and either made great joy of other that it were marvel to tell. And so they told everych other, and complained them greatly that they could find none adventure. Truly, said Sir Gawaine unto Sir Ector, I am nigh weary of this quest, and loath I am to follow further in strange countries. One thing marvelled me, said Sir Ector, I have met with twenty knights, fellows of mine, and all they complain as I do. I have marvel, said Sir Gawaine, where that Sir Launcelot, your brother, is. Truly, said Sir Ector, I cannot hear of him, nor of Sir Galahad, Percivale, nor Sir Bors. Let them be, said Sir Gawaine, for they four have no peers. And if one thing were not in Sir Launcelot he had no fellow of none earthly man; but he is as we be, but if he took more pain upon him. But an these four be met together they will be loath that any man meet with them; for an they fail of the Sangreal it is in waste of all the remnant to recover it.

Thus Ector and Gawaine rode more than eight days, and on a Saturday they found an old chapel, the which was wasted that there seemed no man thither repaired; and there they alighted, and set their spears at the door, and in they entered into the chapel, and there made their orisons a great while, and set them down in the sieges of the chapel. And as they spake of one thing and other, for heaviness they fell asleep, and there befell them both marvellous adventures. Sir Gawaine him seemed he came into a meadow full of herbs and flowers, and there he saw a rack of bulls, an hundred and fifty, that were proud and black, save three of them were all white, and one had a black spot, and the other two were so fair and so white that they might be no whiter. And

these three bulls which were so fair were tied with two strong cords. And the remnant of the bulls said among them: Go we hence to seek better pasture. And so some went, and some came again, but they were so lean that they might not stand upright; and of the bulls that were so white, that one came again and no mo. But when this white bull was come again among these other there rose up a great cry for lack of wind that failed them; and so they departed one here and another there: this advision befell Gawaine that night.

**CHAPTER II. Of the advision of Sir Ector, and how he jousted with Sir Uwaine les Avoutres, his sworn brother.** BUT to Ector de Maris befell another vision the contrary. For it seemed him that his brother, Sir Launcelot, and he alighted out of a chair and leapt upon two horses, and the one said to the other: Go we seek that we shall not find. And him thought that a man beat Sir Launcelot, and despoiled him, and clothed him in another array, the which was all full of knots, and set him upon an ass, and so he rode till he came to the fairest well that ever he saw; and Sir Launcelot alighted and would have drunk of that well. And when he stooped to drink of the water the water sank from him. And when Sir Launcelot saw that, he turned and went thither as the head came from. And in the meanwhile he trowed that himself and Sir Ector rode till they came to a rich man's house where there was a wedding. And there he saw a king the which said: Sir knight, here is no place for you. And then he turned again unto the chair that he came from.

Thus within a while both Gawaine and Ector awaked, and either told other of their advision, the which marvelled them greatly. Truly, said Ector, I shall never be merry till I hear tidings of my brother Launcelot. Now as they sat thus talking they saw an hand showing unto the elbow, and was covered with red samite, and upon that hung a bridle not right rich, and held within the fist a great candle which burned right clear, and so passed afore them, and entered into the chapel, and then vanished away and they wist not where. And anon came down a voice which said: Knights of full evil faith and of poor belief, these two things have failed you, and therefore ye may not come to the adventures of the Sangreal.

Then first spake Gawaine and said: Ector, have ye heard these words? Yea truly, said Sir Ector, I heard all. Now go we, said Sir Ector, unto some hermit that will tell us of our advision, for it seemeth me we labour all in vain. And so they departed and rode into a valley, and there met with a squire which rode on an hackney, and they saluted him fair. Sir, said Gawaine, can thou teach us to any hermit? Here is one in a little mountain, but it is so rough there may no horse go thither, and therefore ye must go upon foot; there shall ye find a poor house, and there is Nacien the hermit, which is the holiest man in this country. And so they departed either from other.

And then in a valley they met with a knight all armed, which proffered them to joust as far as he saw them. In the name of God, said Sir Gawaine, sith I departed from Camelot there was none proffered me to joust but once. And now, sir, said Ector, let me joust with him. Nay, said Gawaine, ye shall not but if I be beat; it shall not for-think me then if ye go after me. And then either embraced other to joust and came together as fast as their horses might run, and brast their shields and the mails, and the one more than the other; and Gawaine was wounded in the left side, but the other knight was smitten through the breast, and the spear came out on the other side, and so they fell both out of their saddles, and in the falling they brake both their spears.

Anon Gawaine arose and set his hand to his sword, and cast his shield afore him. But all for naught was it, for the knight had no power to arise against him. Then said Gawaine: Ye must yield you as an overcome man, or else I may slay you. Ah, sir knight, said he, I am but dead, for God's sake and of your gentleness lead me here unto an abbey that I may receive my Creator. Sir, said Gawaine, I know no house of religion hereby. Sir, said the knight, set me on an horse to-fore you, and I shall teach you. Gawaine set him up in the saddle, and he leapt up behind him for to sustain him, and so came to an abbey where they were well received; and anon he was unarmed, and received his Creator. Then he prayed Gawaine to draw out the truncheon of the spear out of his body. Then

Gawaine asked him what he was, that knew him not. I am, said he, of King Arthur's court, and was a fellow of the Round Table, and we were brethren sworn together; and now Sir Gawaine, thou hast slain me, and my name is Uwaine les Avoutres, that sometime was son unto King Uriens, and was in the quest of the Sangreal; and now forgive it thee God, for it shall ever be said that the one sworn brother hath slain the other.

**CHAPTER III. How Sir Gawaine and Sir Ector came to an hermitage to be confessed, and how they told to the hermit their advisions.** ALAS, said Gawaine, that ever this misadventure is befallen me. No force, said Uwaine, sith I shall die this death, of a much more worshipfuller man's hand might I not die; but when ye come to the court recommend me unto my lord, King Arthur, and all those that be left alive, and for old brotherhood think on me. Then began Gawaine to weep, and Ector also. And then Uwaine himself and Sir Gawaine drew out the truncheon of the spear, and anon departed the soul from the body. Then Sir Gawaine and Sir Ector buried him as men ought to bury a king's son, and made write upon his name, and by whom he was slain.

Then departed Gawaine and Ector, as heavy as they might for their misadventure, and so rode till that they came to the rough mountain, and there they tied their horses and went on foot to the hermitage. And when they were come up they saw a poor house, and beside the chapel a little courtelage, where Nacien the hermit gathered worts, as he which had tasted none other meat of a great while. And when he saw the errant knights he came toward them and saluted them, and they him again. Fair lords, said he, what adventure brought you hither? Sir, said Gawaine, to speak with you for to be confessed. Sir, said the hermit, I am ready. Then they told him so much that he wist well what they were. And then he thought to counsel them if he might.

Then began Gawaine first and told him of his advision that he had had in the chapel, and Ector told him all as it is afore rehearsed. Sir, said the hermit unto Sir Gawaine, the fair meadow and the rack therein ought to be understood the Round Table, and by the meadow ought to be understood humility and patience, those be the things which be always green and quick; for men may no time overcome humility and patience, therefore was the Round Table founded, and the chivalry hath been at all times so by the fraternity which was there that she might not be overcome; for men said she was founded in patience and in humility. At the rack ate an hundred and fifty bulls; but they ate not in the meadow, for their hearts should be set in humility and patience, and the bulls were proud and black save only three. By the bulls is to understand the fellowship of the Round Table, which for their sin and their wickedness be black. Blackness is to say without good or virtuous works. And the three bulls which were white save only one that was spotted: the two white betoken Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale, for they be maidens clean and without spot; and the third that had a spot signifieth Sir Bors de Ganis, which trespassed but once in his virginity, but sithen he kept himself so well in chastity that all is forgiven him and his misdeeds. And why those three were tied by the necks, they be three knights in virginity and chastity, and there is no pride smitten in them. And the black bulls which said: Go we hence, they were those which at Pentecost at the high feast took upon them to go in the quest of the Sangreal without confession: they might not enter in the meadow of humility and patience. And therefore they returned into waste countries, that signifieth death, for there shall die many of them: everych of them shall slay other for sin, and they that shall escape shall be so lean that it shall be marvel to see them. And of the three bulls without spot, the one shall come again, and the other two never.

**CHAPTER IV. How the hermit expounded their advision.** THEN spake Nacien unto Ector: Sooth it is that Launcelot and ye came down off one chair: the chair betokeneth mastership and lordship which ye came down from. But ye two knights, said the hermit, ye go to seek that ye shall never find, that is the Sangreal; for it is the secret thing of our Lord Jesu Christ. What is to mean that Sir Launcelot fell down off his horse: he hath left pride and taken him to humility, for he hath cried mercy loud for his sin, and sore repented him, and our Lord hath clothed him in his clothing which is full of knots, that is the hair that he weareth daily. And

the ass that he rode upon is a beast of humility, for God would not ride upon no steed, nor upon no palfrey; so in ensample that an ass betokeneth meekness, that thou sawest Sir Launcelot ride on in thy sleep. And the well whereas the water sank from him when he should have taken thereof, and when he saw he might not have it, he returned thither from whence he came, for the well betokeneth the high grace of God, the more men desire it to take it, the more shall be their desire. So when he came nigh the Sangreal, he meeked him that he held him not a man worthy to be so nigh the Holy Vessel, for he had been so defouled in deadly sin by the space of many years; yet when he kneeled to drink of the well, there he saw great providence of the Sangreal. And for he had served so long the devil, he shall have vengeance four-and-twenty days long, for that he hath been the devil's servant four-and-twenty years. And then soon after he shall return unto Camelot out of this country, and he shall say a part of such things as he hath found.

Now will I tell you what betokeneth the hand with the candle and the bridle: that is to understand the Holy Ghost where charity is ever, and the bridle signifieth abstinence. For when she is bridled in Christian man's heart she holdeth him so short that he fall-eth not in deadly sin. And the candle which sheweth cleanness and sight signifieth the right way of Jesu Christ. And when he went and said: Knights of poor faith and of wicked belief, these three things failed, charity, abstinence, and truth; therefore ye may not attain that high adventure of the Sangreal.

**CHAPTER V. Of the good counsel that the hermit gave to them.** CERTES, said Gawaine, soothly have ye said, that I see it openly. Now, I pray you, good man and holy father, tell me why we met not with so many adventures as we were wont to do, and commonly have the better. I shall tell you gladly, said the good man; the adventure of the Sangreal which ye and many other have undertaken the quest of it and find it not, the cause is for it appeareth not to sinners. Wherefore marvel not though ye fail thereof, and many other. For ye be an untrue knight and a great murderer, and to good men signifieth other things than murder. For I dare say, as sinful as Sir Launcelot hath been, sith that he went into the quest of the Sangreal he slew never man, nor nought shall, till that he come unto Camelot again, for he hath taken upon him for to forsake sin. And nere that he nis not stable, but by his thought he is likely to turn again, he should be next to enchieve it save Galahad, his son. But God knoweth his thought and his unstableness, and yet shall he die right an holy man, and no doubt he hath no fellow of no earthly sinful man. Sir, said Gawaine, it seemeth me by your words that for our sins it will not avail us to travel in this quest Truly, said the good man, there be an hundred such as ye be that never shall prevail, but to have shame. And when they had heard these voices they commended him unto God.

Then the good man called Gawaine, and said: It is long time passed sith that ye were made knight, and never sithen thou servedst thy Maker, and now thou art so old a tree that in thee is neither life nor fruit; wherefore bethink thee that thou yield to Our Lord the bare rind, sith the fiend hath the leaves and the fruit. Sir, said Gawaine an I had leisure I would speak with you, but my fellow here, Sir Ector, is gone, and abideth me yonder beneath the hill. Well, said the good man, thou were better to be counselled. Then departed Gawaine and came to Ector, and so took their horses and rode till they came to a forester's house, which harboured them right well. And on the morn they departed from their host, and rode long or they could find any adventure.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Bors met with an hermit, and how he was confessed to him, and of his penance enjoined to him.** WHEN Bors was departed from Camelot he met with a religious man riding on an ass, and Sir Bors saluted him. Anon the good man knew him that he was one of the knights-errant that was in the quest of the Sangreal. What are ye? said the good man. Sir, said he, I am a knight that fain would be counselled in the quest of the Sangreal, for he shall have much earthly worship that may bring it to an end. Certes, said the good man, that is sooth, for he shall be the best knight of the world, and the fairest of all the fellowship. But wit you well there shall none attain it but by

cleanness, that is pure confession.

So rode they together till that they came to an hermitage. And there he prayed Bors to dwell all that night with him. And so he alighted and put away his armour, and prayed him that he might be confessed; and so they went into the chapel, and there he was clean confessed, and they ate bread and drank water together. Now, said the good man, I pray thee that thou eat none other till that thou sit at the table where the Sangreal shall be. Sir, said he, I agree me thereto, but how wit ye that I shall sit there. Yes, said the good man, that know I, but there shall be but few of your fellows with you. All is welcome, said Sir Bors, that God sendeth me. Also, said the good man, instead of a shirt, and in sign of chastisement, ye shall wear a garment; therefore I pray you do off all your clothes and your shirt: and so he did. And then he took him a scarlet coat, so that should be instead of his shirt till he had fulfilled the quest of the Sangreal; and the good man found in him so marvellous a life and so stable, that he marvelled and felt that he was never corrupt in fleshly lusts, but in one time that he begat Elian le Blank.

Then he armed him, and took his leave, and so departed. And so a little from thence he looked up into a tree, and there he saw a passing great bird upon an old tree, and it was passing dry, without leaves; and the bird sat above, and had birds, the which were dead for hunger. So smote he himself with his beak, the which was great and sharp. And so the great bird bled till that he died among his birds. And the young birds took the life by the blood of the great bird. When Bors saw this he wist well it was a great tokening; for when he saw the great bird arose not, then he took his horse and yede his way. So by evensong, by adventure he came to a strong tower and an high, and there was he lodged gladly.

**CHAPTER VII. How Sir Bors was lodged with a lady, and how he took upon him for to fight against a champion for her land.** AND when he was unarmed they led him into an high tower where was a lady, young, lusty, and fair. And she received him with great joy, and made him to sit down by her, and so was he set to sup with flesh and many dainties. And when Sir Bors saw that, he bethought him on his penance, and bade a squire to bring him water. And so he brought him, and he made sops therein and ate them. Ah, said the lady, I trow ye like not my meat. Yes, truly, said Sir Bors, God thank you, madam, but I may eat none other meat this day. Then she spake no more as at that time, for she was loath to displease him. Then after supper they spake of one thing and other.

With that came a squire and said: Madam, ye must purvey you to-morn for a champion, for else your sister will have this castle and also your lands, except ye can find a knight that will fight to-morn in your quarrel against Pridam le Noire. Then she made sorrow and said: Ah, Lord God, wherefore granted ye to hold my land, whereof I should now be disherited without reason and right? And when Sir Bors had heard her say thus, he said: I shall comfort you. Sir, said she, I shall tell you there was here a king that hight Aniause, which held all this land in his keeping. So it mishapped he loved a gentlewoman a great deal elder than I. So took he her all this land to her keeping, and all his men to govern; and she brought up many evil customs whereby she put to death a great part of his kinsmen. And when he saw that, he let chase her out of this land, and betook it me, and all this land in my demesnes. But anon as that worthy king was dead, this other lady began to war upon me, and hath destroyed many of my men, and turned them against me, that I have well-nigh no man left me; and I have nought else but this high tower that she left me. And yet she hath promised me to have this tower, without I can find a knight to fight with her champion.

Now tell me, said Sir Bors, what is that Pridam le Noire? Sir, said she, he is the most doubted man of this land. Now may ye send her word that ye have found a knight that shall fight with that Pridam le Noire in God's quarrel and yours. Then that lady was not a little glad, and sent word that she was purveyed, and that night Bors had good cheer; but in no bed he would come, but laid him on the floor, nor never would do otherwise till that he had met with the quest of the Sangreal.

**CHAPTER VIII. Of an advision which Sir Bors had that night, and how he fought and overcame his adversary.** AND anon as he was asleep him befell a vision, that there came to him two birds, the one as white as a swan, and the other was marvellous black; but it was not so great as the other, but in the likeness of a Raven. Then the white bird came to him, and said: An thou wouldst give me meat and serve me I should give thee all the riches of the world, and I shall make thee as fair and as white as I am. So the white bird departed, and there came the black bird to him, and said: An thou wilt, serve me to-morrow and have me in no despite though I be black, for wit thou well that more availeth my blackness than the other's whiteness. And then he departed.

And he had another vision: him thought that he came to a great place which seemed a chapel, and there he found a chair set on the left side, which was worm-eaten and feeble. And on the right hand were two flowers like a lily, and the one would have benome the other's whiteness, but a good man departed them that the one touched not the other; and then out of every flower came out many flowers, and fruit great plenty. Then him thought the good man said: Should not he do great folly that would let these two flowers perish for to succour the rotten tree, that it fell not to the earth? Sir, said he, it seemeth me that this wood might not avail. Now keep thee, said the good man, that thou never see such adventure befall thee.

Then he awaked and made a sign of the cross in midst of the forehead, and so rose and clothed him. And there came the lady of the place, and she saluted him, and he her again, and so went to a chapel and heard their service. And there came a company of knights, that the lady had sent for, to lead Sir Bors unto battle. Then asked he his arms. And when he was armed she prayed him to take a little morsel to dine. Nay, madam, said he, that shall I not do till I have done my battle, by the grace of God. And so he leapt upon his horse, and departed, all the knights and men with him. And as soon as these two ladies met together, she which Bors should fight for complained her, and said: Madam, ye have done me wrong to bereave me of my lands that King Aniause gave me, and full loath I am there should be any battle. Ye shall not choose, said the other lady, or else your knight withdraw him.

Then there was the cry made, which party had the better of the two knights, that his lady should rejoice all the land. Now departed the one knight here, and the other there. Then they came together with such a raundon that they pierced their shields and their hauberts, and the spears flew in pieces, and they wounded either other sore. Then hurtled they together, so that they fell both to the earth, and their horses betwixt their legs; and anon they arose, and set hands to their swords, and smote each one other upon the heads, that they made great wounds and deep, that the blood went out of their bodies. For there found Sir Bors greater defence in that knight more than he weened. For that Pridam was a passing good knight, and he wounded Sir Bors full evil, and he him again; but ever this Pridam held the stout in like hard. That perceived Sir Bors, and suffered him till he was nigh attaint. And then he ran upon him more and more, and the other went back for dread of death. So in his withdrawing he fell upright, and Sir Bors drew his helm so strongly that he rent it from his head, and gave him great strokes with the flat of his sword upon the visage, and bade him yield him or he should slay him. Then he cried him mercy and said: Fair knight, for God's love slay me not, and I shall ensure thee never to war against thy lady, but be alway toward her. Then Bors let him be; then the old lady fled with all her knights.

**CHAPTER IX. How the lady was returned to her lands by the battle of Sir Bors, and of his departing, and how he met Sir Lionel taken and beaten with thorns, and also of a maid which should have been devoured.** SO then came Bors to all those that held lands of his lady, and said he should destroy them but if they did such service unto her as longed to their lands. So they did their homage, and they that would not were chased out of their lands. Then befell that young lady to come to her estate again, by the mighty prowess of Sir Bors de Ganis. So when all the country was well set in peace, then Sir Bors took his leave and departed; and she thanked him greatly, and would have given him great riches, but he refused it.

Then he rode all that day till night, and came to an harbour to a lady which knew him well enough, and made of him great Joy. Upon the morn, as soon as the day appeared, Bors departed from thence, and so rode into a forest unto the hour of midday, and there befell him a marvellous adventure. So he met at the departing of the two ways two knights that led Lionel, his brother, all naked, bounden upon a strong hackney, and his hands bounden to-fore his breast. And everych of them held in his hands thorns wherewith they went beating him so sore that the blood trailed down more than in an hundred places of his body, so that he was all blood to-fore and behind, but he said never a word; as he which was great of heart he suffered all that ever they did to him, as though he had felt none anguish.

Anon Sir Bors dressed him to rescue him that was his brother; and so he looked upon the other side of him, and saw a knight which brought a fair gentlewoman, and would have set her in the thickest place of the forest for to have been the more surer out of the way from them that sought him. And she which was nothing assured cried with an high voice: Saint Mary succour your maid. And anon she espied where Sir Bors came riding. And when she came nigh him she deemed him a knight of the Round Table, whereof she hoped to have some comfort; and then she conjured him: By the faith that he ought unto Him in whose service thou art entered in, and for the faith ye owe unto the high order of knighthood, and for the noble King Arthur's sake, that I suppose made thee knight, that thou help me, and suffer me not to be shamed of this knight. When Bors heard her say thus he had so much sorrow there he nist not what to do. For if I let my brother be in adventure he must be slain, and that would I not for all the earth. And if I help not the maid she is shamed for ever, and also she shall lose her virginity the which she shall never get again. Then lift he up his eyes and said weeping: Fair sweet Lord Jesu Christ, whose liege man I am, keep Lionel, my brother, that these knights slay him not, and for pity of you, and for Mary's sake, I shall succour this maid.

**CHAPTER X. How Sir Bors left to rescue his brother, and rescued the damosel; and how it was told him that Lionel was dead.** THEN dressed he him unto the knight the which had the gentlewoman, and then he cried: Sir knight, let your hand off that maiden, or ye be but dead. And then he set down the maiden, and was armed at all pieces save he lacked his spear. Then he dressed his shield, and drew out his sword, and Bors smote him so hard that it went through his shield and habergeon on the left shoulder. And through great strength he beat him down to the earth, and at the pulling out of Bors' spear there he swooned. Then came Bors to the maid and said: How seemeth it you? of this knight ye be delivered at this time. Now sir, said she, I pray you lead me thereas this knight had me. So shall I do gladly: and took the horse of the wounded knight, and set the gentlewoman upon him, and so brought her as she desired. Sir knight, said she, ye have better sped than ye weened, for an I had lost my maidenhead, five hundred men should have died for it. What knight was he that had you in the forest? By my faith, said she, he is my cousin. So wot I never with what engine the fiend enchafed him, for yesterday he took me from my father privily; for I, nor none of my father's men, mistrusted him not, and if he had had my maidenhead he should have died for the sin, and his body shamed and dishonoured for ever. Thus as she stood talking with him there came twelve knights seeking after her, and anon she told them all how Bors had delivered her; then they made great joy, and besought him to come to her father, a great lord, and he should be right welcome. Truly, said Bors, that may not be at this time, for I have a great adventure to do in this country. So he commended them unto God and departed.

Then Sir Bors rode after Lionel, his brother, by the trace of their horses, thus he rode seeking a great while. Then he overtook a man clothed in a religious clothing; and rode on a strong black horse blacker than a berry, and said: Sir knight, what seek you? Sir, said he, I seek my brother that I saw within a while beaten with two knights. Ah, Bors, discomfort you not, nor fall into no wanhope; for I shall tell you tidings such as they be, for truly he is dead. Then showed he him a new slain body lying in a bush,

and it seemed him well that it was the body of Lionel, and then he made such a sorrow that he fell to the earth all in a swoon, and lay a great while there. And when he came to himself he said: Fair brother, sith the company of you and me is departed shall I never have joy in my heart, and now He which I have taken unto my master, He be my help. And when he had said thus he took his body lightly in his arms, and put it upon the arson of his saddle. And then he said to the man: Canst thou tell me unto some chapel where that I may bury this body? Come on, said he, here is one fast by; and so long they rode till they saw a fair tower, and afore it there seemed an old feeble chapel. And then they alighted both, and put him into a tomb of marble.

**CHAPTER XI. How Sir Bors told his dream to a priest, which he had dreamed, and of the counsel that the priest gave to him.**

NOW leave we him here, said the good man, and go we to our harbour till to-morrow; we will come here again to do him service. Sir, said Bors, be ye a priest? Yea forsooth, said he. Then I pray you tell me a dream that befell to me the last night. Say on, said he. Then he began so much to tell him of the great bird in the forest, and after told him of his birds, one white, another black, and of the rotten tree, and of the white flowers. Sir, I shall tell you a part now, and the other deal to-morrow. The white fowl betokeneth a gentlewoman, fair and rich, which loved thee paramours, and hath loved thee long; and if thou warn her love she shall go die anon, if thou have no pity on her. That signifieth the great bird, the which shall make thee to warn her. Now for no fear that thou hast, nor for no dread that thou hast of God, thou shalt not warn her, but thou wouldst not do it for to be holden chaste, for to conquer the loos of the vain glory of the world; for that shall befall thee now an thou warn her, that Launcelot, the good knight, thy cousin, shall die. And therefore men shall now say that thou art a manslayer, both of thy brother, Sir Lionel, and of thy cousin, Sir Launcelot du Lake, the which thou mightest have saved and rescued easily, but thou weenedst to rescue a maid which pertaineth nothing to thee. Now look thou whether it had been greater harm of thy brother's death, or else to have suffered her to have lost her maidenhood. Then asked he him: Hast thou heard the tokens of thy dream the which I have told to you? Yea forsooth, said Sir Bors, all your exposition and declaring of my dream I have well understood and heard. Then said the man in this black clothing: Then is it in thy default if Sir Launcelot, thy cousin, die. Sir, said Bors, that were me loath, for wit ye well there is nothing in the world but I had liefer do it than to see my lord, Sir Launcelot du Lake, to die in my default. Choose ye now the one or the other, said the good man.

And then he led Sir Bors into an high tower, and there he found knights and ladies: those ladies said he was welcome, and so they unarmed him. And when he was in his doublet men brought him a mantle furred with ermine, and put it about him; and then they made him such cheer that he had forgotten all his sorrow and anguish, and only set his heart in these delights and dainties, and took no thought more for his brother, Sir Lionel, neither of Sir Launcelot du Lake, his cousin. And anon came out of a chamber to him the fairest lady than ever he saw, and more richer beseen than ever he saw Queen Guenever or any other estate. Lo, said they, Sir Bors, here is the lady unto whom we owe all our service, and I trow she be the richest lady and the fairest of all the world, and the which loveth you best above all other knights, for she will have no knight but you. And when he understood that language he was abashed. Not for then she saluted him, and he her; and then they sat down together and spake of many things, in so much that she besought him to be her love, for she had loved him above all earthly men, and she should make him richer than ever was man of his age. When Bors understood her words he was right evil at ease, which in no manner would not break chastity, so wist not he how to answer her.

**CHAPTER XII. How the devil in a woman's likeness would have had Sir Bors to have lain by her, and how by God's grace he escaped.** ALAS, said she, Bors, shall ye not do my will? Madam, said Bors, there is no lady in the world whose will I will fulfil as of this thing, for my brother lieth dead which was slain right late. Ah Bors, said she, I have loved you long for the great

beauty I have seen in you, and the great hardiness that I have heard of you, that needs ye must lie by me this night, and therefore I pray you grant it me. Truly, said he, I shall not do it in no manner wise. Then she made him such sorrow as though she would have died. Well Bors, said she, unto this have ye brought me, nigh to mine end. And therewith she took him by the hand, and bade him behold her. And ye shall see how I shall die for your love. Ah, said then he, that shall I never see.

Then she departed and went up into an high battlement, and led with her twelve gentlewomen; and when they were above, one of the gentlewomen cried, and said: Ah, Sir Bors, gentle knight have mercy on us all, and suffer my lady to have her will, and if ye do not we must suffer death with our lady, for to fall down off this high tower, and if ye suffer us thus to die for so little a thing all ladies and gentlewomen will say or you dishonour. Then looked he upward, they seemed all ladies of great estate, and richly and well beseen. Then had he of them great pity; not for that he was uncounselled in himself that liefer he had they all had lost their souls than he his, and with that they fell adown all at once unto the earth. And when he saw that, he was all abashed, and had thereof great marvel. With that he blessed his body and his visage. And anon he heard a great noise and a great cry, as though all the fiends of hell had been about him; and therewith he saw neither tower, nor lady, nor gentlewoman, nor no chapel where he brought his brother to. Then held he up both his hands to the heaven, and said: Fair Father God, I am grievously escaped; and then he took his arms and his horse and rode on his way.

Then he heard a clock smite on his right hand; and thither he came to an abbey on his right hand, closed with high walls, and there was let in. Then they supposed that he was one of the quest of the Sangreal, so they led him into a chamber and unarmed him. Sirs, said Sir Bors, if there be any holy man in this house I pray you let me speak with him. Then one of them led him unto the Abbot, which was in a chapel. And then Sir Bors saluted him, and he him again. Sir, said Bors, I am a knight-errant; and told him all the adventure which he had seen. Sir Knight, said the Abbot, I wot not what ye be, for I weened never that a knight of your age might have been so strong in the grace of our Lord Jesu Christ. Not for then ye shall go unto your rest, for I will not counsel you this day, it is too late, and to-morrow I shall counsel you as I can.

**CHAPTER XIII. Of the holy communication of an Abbot to Sir Bors, and how the Abbot counselled him.**

AND that night was Sir Bors served richly; and on the morn early he heard mass, and the Abbot came to him, and bade him good mornow, and Bors to him again. And then he told him he was a fellow of the quest of the Sangreal, and how he had charge of the holy man to eat bread and water. Then [said the Abbot]: Our Lord Jesu Christ showed him unto you in the likeness of a soul that suffered great anguish for us, since He was put upon the cross, and bled His heart-blood for mankind: there was the token and the likeness of the Sangreal that appeared afore you, for the blood that the great fowl bled revived the chickens from death to life. And by the bare tree is betokened the world which is naked and without fruit but if it come of Our Lord. Also the lady for whom ye fought for, and King Aniause which was lord there-to-fore, betokeneth Jesu Christ which is the King of the world. And that ye fought with the champion for the lady, this it betokeneth: for when ye took the battle for the lady, by her shall ye understand the new law of Jesu Christ and Holy Church; and by the other lady ye shall understand the old law and the fiend, which all day warreth against Holy Church, therefore ye did your battle with right. For ye be Jesu Christ's knights, therefore ye ought to be defenders of Holy Church. And by the black bird might ye understand Holy Church, which sayeth I am black, but he is fair. And by the white bird might men understand the fiend, and I shall tell you how the swan is white without-forth, and black within: it is hypocrisy which is without yellow or pale, and seemeth without-forth the servants of Jesu Christ, but they be within so horrible of filth and sin, and beguile the world evil. Also when the fiend appeared to thee in likeness of a man of religion, and blamed thee that thou left thy brother for a lady, so led thee where thou seemed thy brother was slain, but he is yet alive; and all was for to put thee in error, and bring thee unto wanhope

and lechery, for he knew thou were tender hearted, and all was for thou shouldst not find the blessed adventure of the Sangreal. And the third fowl betokeneth the strong battle against the fair ladies which were all devils. Also the dry tree and the white lily: the dry tree betokeneth thy brother Lionel, which is dry without virtue, and therefore many men ought to call him the rotten tree, and the worm-eaten tree, for he is a murderer and doth contrary to the order of knighthood. And the two white flowers signify two maidens, the one is a knight which was wounded the other day, and the other is the gentlewoman which ye rescued; and why the other flower drew nigh the other, that was the knight which would have defouled her and himself both. And Sir Bors, ye had been a great fool and in great peril for to have seen those two flowers perish for to succour the rotten tree, for an they had sinned together they had been damned; and for that ye rescued them both, men might call you a very knight and servant of Jesu Christ.

**CHAPTER XIV. How Sir Bors met with his brother Sir Lionel, and how Sir Lionel would have slain Sir Bors.** THEN went Sir Bors from thence and commended the Abbot unto God. And then he rode all that day, and harboured with an old lady. And on the morn he rode to a castle in a valley, and there he met with a yeoman going a great pace toward a forest. Say me, said Sir Bors, canst thou tell me of any adventure? Sir, said he, here shall be under this castle a great and a marvellous tournament. Of what folks shall it be? said Sir Bors. The Earl of Plains shall be in the one party, and the lady's nephew of Hervin on the other party. Then Bors thought to be there if he might meet with his brother Sir Lionel, or any other of his fellowship, which were in the quest of the Sangreal. And then he turned to an hermitage that was in the entry of the forest.

And when he was come thither he found there Sir Lionel, his brother, which sat all armed at the entry of the chapel door for to abide there harbour till on the morn that the tournament shall be. And when Sir Bors saw him he had great joy of him, that it were marvel to tell of his joy. And then he alighted off his horse, and said: Fair sweet brother, when came ye hither? Anon as Lionel saw him he said: Ah Bors, ye may not make none avaunt, but as for you I might have been slain; when ye saw two knights leading me away beating me, ye left me for to succour a gentlewoman, and suffered me in peril of death; for never erst ne did no brother to another so great an untruth. And for that misdeed now I ensure you but death, for well have ye deserved it; therefore keep thee from henceforward, and that shall ye find as soon as I am armed. When Sir Bors understood his brother's wrath he kneeled down to the earth and cried him mercy, holding up both his hands, and prayed him to forgive him his evil will. Nay, said Lionel, that shall never be an I may have the higher hand, that I make mine avow to God, thou shalt have death for it, for it were pity ye lived any longer.

Right so he went in and took his harness, and mounted upon his horse, and came to-fore him and said: Bors, keep thee from me, for I shall do to thee as I would to a felon or a traitor, for ye be the untriest knight that ever came out of so worthy an house as was King Bors de Ganis which was our father, therefore start upon thy horse, and so shall ye be most at your advantage. And but if ye will I will run upon you thereas ye stand upon foot, and so the shame shall be mine and the harm yours, but of that shame ne reck I nought.

When Sir Bors saw that he must fight with his brother or else to die, he nist what to do; then his heart counselled him not thereto, inasmuch as Lionel was born or he, wherefore he ought to bear him reverence; yet kneeled he down afore Lionel's horse's feet, and said: Fair sweet brother, have mercy upon me and slay me not, and have in remembrance the great love which ought to be between us twain. What Sir Bors said to Lionel he rought not, for the fiend had brought him in such a will that he should slay him. Then when Lionel saw he would none other, and that he would not have risen to give him battle, he rashed over him so that he smote Bors with his horse, feet upward, to the earth, and hurt him so sore that he swooned of distress, the which he felt in himself to have died without confession. So when Lionel saw this, he alighted off his horse to have smitten off his head. And so he

took him by the helm, and would have rent it from his head. Then came the hermit running unto him, which was a good man and of great age, and well had heard all the words that were between them, and so fell down upon Sir Bors.

**CHAPTER XV. How Sir Colgrevice fought against Sir Lionel for to save Sir Bors, and how the hermit was slain.**

THEN he said to Lionel: Ah gentle knight, have mercy upon me and on thy brother, for if thou slay him thou shalt be dead of sin, and that were sorrowful, for he is one of the worthiest knights of the world, and of the best conditions. So God help me, said Lionel, sir priest, but if ye flee from him I shall slay you, and he shall never the sooner be quit. Certes, said the good man, I have liefer ye slay me than him, for my death shall not be great harm, not half so much as of his. Well, said Lionel, I am greed; and set his hand to his sword and smote him so hard that his head yede backward. Not for that he restrained him of his evil will, but took his brother by the helm, and unlaced it to have stricken off his head, and had slain him without fail. But so it happened, Colgrevice a fellow of the Round Table, came at that time thither as Our Lord's will was. And when he saw the good man slain he marvelled much what it might be. And then he beheld Lionel would have slain his brother, and knew Sir Bors which he loved right well. Then stert he down and took Lionel by the shoulders, and drew him strongly aback from Bors, and said: Lionel, will ye slay your brother, the worthiest knight of the world one? and that should no good man suffer. Why, said Lionel, will ye let me? therefore if ye entermete you in this I shall slay you, and him after. Why, said Colgrevice, is this sooth that ye will slay him? Slay him will I, said he, whoso say the contrary, for he hath done so much against me that he hath well deserved it. And so ran upon him, and would have smitten him through the head, and Sir Colgrevice ran betwixt them, and said: An ye be so hardy to do so more, we two shall meddle together.

When Lionel understood his words he took his shield afore him, and asked him what that he was. And he told him, Colgrevice, one of his fellows. Then Lionel defied him, and gave him a great stroke through the helm. Then he drew his sword, for he was a passing good knight, and defended him right manfully. So long dured the battle that Bors rose up all anguishly, and beheld [how] Colgrevice, the good knight, fought with his brother for his quarrel; then was he full sorry and heavy, and thought if Colgrevice slew him that was his brother he should never have joy; and if his brother slew Colgrevice the shame should ever be mine. Then would he have risen to have departed them, but he had not so much might to stand on foot; so he abode him so long till Colgrevice had the worse, for Lionel was of great chivalry and right hardy, for he had pierced the hauberk and the helm, that he abode but death, for he had lost much of his blood that it was marvel that he might stand upright. Then beheld he Sir Bors which sat dressing him upward and said: Ah, Bors, why come ye not to cast me out of peril of death, wherein I have put me to succour you which were right now nigh the death? Certes, said Lionel, that shall not avail you, for none of you shall bear others warrant, but that ye shall die both of my hand. When Bors heard that, he did so much, he rose and put on his helm. Then perceived he first the hermit-priest which was slain, then made he a marvellous sorrow upon him.

**CHAPTER XVI. How Sir Lionel slew Sir Colgrevice, and how after he would have slain Sir Bors.** THEN oft Colgrevice cried upon Sir Bors: Why will ye let me die here for your sake? if it please you that I die for you the death, it will please me the better for to save a worthy man. With that word Sir Lionel smote off the helm from his head. Then Colgrevice saw that he might not escape; then he said: Fair sweet Jesu, that I have misdona have mercy upon my soul, for such sorrow that my heart suffereth for goodness, and for alms deed that I would have done here, be to me aligement of penance unto my soul's health.

At these words Lionel smote him so sore that he bare him to the earth. So he had slain Colgrevice he ran upon his brother as a fiendly man, and gave him such a stroke that he made him stoop. And he that was full of humility prayed him for God's love to leave this battle: For an it befell, fair brother, that I slew you or ye me, we should be dead of that sin. Never God me help but if

I have on you mercy, an I may have the better hand. Then drew Bors his sword, all weeping, and said: Fair brother, God knoweth mine intent. Ah, fair brother, ye have done full evil this day to slay such an holy priest the which never trespassed. Also ye have slain a gentle knight, and one of our fellows. And well wot ye that I am not afraid of you greatly, but I dread the wrath of God, and this is an unkindly war, therefore God show miracle upon us both. Now God have mercy upon me though I defend my life against my brother: with that Bors lift up his hand and would have smitten his brother.

**CHAPTER XVII. How there came a voice which charged Sir Bors to touch him not, and of a cloud that came between them.** AND then he heard a voice that said: Flee Bors, and touch him not, or else thou shalt slay him. Right so alighted a cloud betwixt them in likeness of a fire and a marvellous flame, that both their two shields brent. Then were they sore afraid, that they fell both to the earth, and lay there a great while in a swoon. And when they came to themselves, Bors saw that his brother had no harm; then he held up both his hands, for he dread God had taken vengeance upon him. With that he heard a voice say: Bors, go hence, and bear thy brother no longer fellowship, but take thy way anon right to the sea, for Sir Percivale abideth thee there. Then he said to his brother: Fair sweet brother, forgive me for God's love all that I have trespassed unto you. Then he answered: God forgive it thee and I do gladly.

So Sir Bors departed from him and rode the next way to the sea. And at the last by fortune he came to an abbey which was nigh the sea. That night Bors rested him there; and in his sleep there came a voice to him and bade him go to the sea. Then he stert up and made a sign of the cross in the midst of his forehead, and took his harness, and made ready his horse, and mounted upon him; and at a broken wall he rode out, and rode so long till that he came to the sea. And on the strand he found a ship covered all with white samite, and he alighted, and betook him to Jesu Christ. And as soon as he entered into the ship, the ship departed into the sea, and went so fast that him seemed the ship went flying, but it was soon dark so that he might know no man, and so he slept till it was day. Then he awaked, and saw in midst of the ship a knight lie all armed save his helm. Then knew he that it was Sir Percivale of Wales, and then he made of him right great joy; but Sir Percivale was abashed of him, and he asked him what he was. Ah, fair sir, said Bors, know ye me not? Certes, said he, I marvel how ye came hither, but if Our Lord brought ye hither Himself. Then Sir Bors smiled and did off his helm. Then Percivale knew him, and either made great joy of other, that it was marvel to hear. Then Bors told him how he came into the ship, and by whose admonishment; and either told other of their temptations, as ye have heard to-forehand. So went they downward in the sea, one while backward, another while forward, and everych comforted other, and oft were in their prayers. Then said Sir Percivale: We lack nothing but Galahad, the good knight.

## BOOK XVII.

**CHAPTER I. How Sir Galahad fought at a tournament, and how he was known of Sir Gawaine and Sir Ector de Maris.** NOW saith this story, when Galahad had rescued Percivale from the twenty knights, he yede tho into a waste forest wherein he rode many journeys; and he found many adventures the which he brought to an end, whereof the story maketh here no mention. Then he took his way to the sea on a day, and it befell as he passed by a castle where was a wonder tournament, but they without had done so much that they within were put to the worse, yet were they within good knights enough. When Galahad saw that those within were at so great a mischief that men slew them at the entry of the castle, then he thought to help them, and put a spear forth and smote the first that he fell to the earth, and the spear brake to pieces. Then he drew his sword and smote thereas they were thickest, and so he did wonderful deeds of arms that all they marvelled. Then it happened that Gawaine and Sir Ector de Maris were with the knights without. But when they espied the white shield with the red cross the one said to the other: Yonder is the good knight, Sir Galahad, the haut prince: now he should be a

great fool which should meet with him to fight. So by adventure he came by Sir Gawaine, and he smote him so hard that he clave his helm and the coif of iron unto his head, so that Gawaine fell to the earth; but the stroke was so great that it slanted down to the earth and carved the horse's shoulder in two.

When Ector saw Gawaine down he drew him aside, and thought it no wisdom for to abide him, and also for natural love, that he was his uncle. Thus through his great hardiness he beat aback all the knights without. And then they within came out and chased them all about. But when Galahad saw there would none turn again he stole away privily, so that none wist where he was become. Now by my head, said Gawaine to Ector, now are the wonders true that were said of Launcelot du Lake, that the sword which stuck in the stone should give me such a buffet that I would not have it for the best castle in this world; and soothly now it is proved true, for never ere had I such a stroke of man's hand. Sir, said Ector, meseemeth your quest is done. And yours is not done, said Gawaine, but mine is done, I shall seek no further. Then Gawaine was borne into a castle and unarmed him, and laid him in a rich bed, and a leech found that he might live, and to be whole within a month. Thus Gawaine and Ector abode together, for Sir Ector would not away till Gawaine were whole.

And the good knight, Galahad, rode so long till he came that night to the Castle of Carboneck; and it befell him thus that he was benighted in an hermitage. So the good man was fain when he saw he was a knight-errant. Tho when they were at rest there came a gentlewoman knocking at the door, and called Galahad, and so the good man came to the door to wit what she would. Then she called the hermit: Sir Ulfyn, I am a gentlewoman that would speak with the knight which is with you. Then the good man awaked Galahad, and bade him: Arise, and speak with a gentlewoman that seemeth hath great need of you. Then Galahad went to her and asked her what she would. Galahad, said she, I will that ye arm you, and mount upon your horse and follow me, for I shall show you within these three days the highest adventure that ever any knight saw. Anon Galahad armed him, and took his horse, and commended him to God, and bade the gentlewoman go, and he would follow thereas she liked.

**CHAPTER II. How Sir Galahad rode with a damosel, and came to the ship whereas Sir Bors and Sir Percivale were in.** SO she rode as fast as her palfrey might bear her, till that she came to the sea, the which was called Collibe. And at the night they came unto a castle in a valley, closed with a running water, and with strong walls and high; and so she entered into the castle with Galahad, and there had he great cheer, for the lady of that castle was the damosel's lady. So when he was unarmed, then said the damosel: Madam, shall we abide here all this day? Nay, said she, but till he hath dined and till he hath slept a little. So he ate and slept a while till that the maid called him, and armed him by torchlight. And when the maid was horsed and he both, the lady took Galahad a fair child and rich; and so they departed from the castle till they came to the seaside; and there they found the ship where Bors and Percivale were in, the which cried on the ship's board: Sir Galahad, ye be welcome, we have abiden you long. And when he heard them he asked them what they were. Sir, said she, leave your horse here, and I shall leave mine; and took their saddles and their bridles with them, and made a cross on them, and so entered into the ship. And the two knights received them both with great joy, and everych knew other; and so the wind arose, and drove them through the sea in a marvellous pace. And within a while it dawned.

Then did Galahad off his helm and his sword, and asked of his fellows from whence came that fair ship. Truly, said they, ye wot as well as we, but of God's grace; and then they told everych to other of all their hard adventures, and of their great temptations. Truly, said Galahad, ye are much bounden to God, for ye have escaped great adventures; and had not the gentlewoman been I had not come here, for as for you I weened never to have found you in these strange countries. Ah Galahad, said Bors, if Launcelot, your father, were here then were we well at ease, for then meseemed we failed nothing. That may not be, said Galahad, but if it pleased Our Lord.

By then the ship went from the land of Logris, and by adventure it arrived up betwixt two rocks passing great and marvellous; but there they might not land, for there was a swallow of the sea, save there was another ship, and upon it they might go without danger. Go we thither, said the gentlewoman, and there shall we see adventures, for so is Our Lord's will. And when they came thither they found the ship rich enough, but they found neither man nor woman therein. But they found in the end of the ship two fair letters written, which said a dreadful word and a marvellous: Thou man, which shall enter into this ship, beware thou be in steadfast belief, for I am Faith, and therefore beware how thou enterest, for an thou fail I shall not help thee. Then said the gentlewoman: Percivale, wot ye what I am? Certes, said he, nay, to my witting. Wit ye well, said she, that I am thy sister, which am daughter of King Pellinore, and therefore wit ye well ye are the man in the world that I most love; and if ye be not in perfect belief of Jesu Christ enter not in no manner of wise, for then should ye perish the ship, for he is so perfect he will suffer no sinner in him. When Percivale understood that she was his very sister he was inwardly glad, and said: Fair sister, I shall enter therein, for if I be a miscreature or an untrue knight there shall I perish.

**CHAPTER III. How Sir Galahad entered into the ship, and of a fair bed therein, with other marvellous things, and of a sword.** IN the meanwhile Galahad blessed him, and entered therein; and then next the gentlewoman, and then Sir Bors and Sir Percivale. And when they were in, it was so marvellous fair and rich that they marvelled; and in midst of the ship was a fair bed, and Galahad went thereto, and found there a crown of silk. And at the feet was a sword, rich and fair, and it was drawn out of the sheath half a foot and more; and the sword was of divers fashions, and the pommel was of stone, and there was in him all manner of colours that any man might find, and everych of the colours had divers virtues; and the scales of the haft were of two ribs of divers beasts, the one beast was a serpent which was conversant in Calidone, and is called the Serpent of the fiend; and the bone of him is of such a virtue that there is no hand that handleth him shall never be weary nor hurt. And the other beast is a fish which is not right great, and haunteth the flood of Euphrates; and that fish is called Ertanax, and his bones be of such a manner of kind that who that handleth them shall have so much will that he shall never be weary, and he shall not think on joy nor sorrow that he hath had but only that thing that he beholdeth before him. And as for this sword there shall never man begrip him at the handles but one; but he shall pass all other. In the name of God, said Percivale, I shall assay to handle it. So he set his hand to the sword, but he might not begrip it. By my faith, said he, now have I failed. Bors set his hand thereto and failed.

Then Galahad beheld the sword and saw letters like blood that said: Let see who shall assay to draw me out of my sheath, but if he be more hardier than any other; and who that draweth me, wit ye well that he shall never fail of shame of his body, or to be wounded to the death. By my faith, said Galahad, I would draw this sword out of the sheath, but the offending is so great that I shall not set my hand thereto. Now sirs, said the gentlewoman, wit ye well that the drawing of this sword is warned to all men save all only to you. Also this ship arrived in the realm of Logris; and that time was deadly war between King Labor, which was father unto the maimed king, and King Hurlame, which was a Saracen. But then was he newly christened, so that men held him afterward one of the wittiest men of the world. And so upon a day it befell that King Labor and King Hurlame had assembled their folk upon the sea where this ship was arrived; and there King Hurlame was discomfit, and his men slain; and he was afraid to be dead, and fled to his ship, and there found this sword and drew it, and came out and found King Labor, the man in the world of all Christendom in whom was then the greatest faith. And when King Hurlame saw King Labor he dressed this sword, and smote him upon the helm so hard that he clave him and his horse to the earth with the first stroke of his sword. And it was in the realm of Logris; and so befell great pestilence and great harm to both realms. For sithen increased neither corn, nor grass, nor well-nigh no fruit, nor in the water was no fish; wherefore men call it the lands of the two

marches, the waste land, for that dolorous stroke. And when King Hurlame saw this sword so carving, he turned again to fetch the scabbard, and so came into this ship and entered, and put up the sword in the sheath. And as soon as he had done it he fell down dead afore the bed. Thus was the sword proved, that none ne drew it but he were dead or maimed. So lay he there till a maiden came into the ship and cast him out, for there was no man so hardy of the world to enter into that ship for the defence.

**CHAPTER IV. Of the marvels of the sword and of the scabbard.** AND then beheld they the scabbard, it seemed to be of a serpent's skin, and thereon were letters of gold and silver. And the girdle was but poorly to come to, and not able to sustain such a rich sword. And the letters said: He which shall wield me sought to be more harder than any other, if he bear me as truly as me ought to be borne. For the body of him which I ought to hang by, he shall not be shamed in no place while he is girt with this girdle, nor never none be so hardy to do away this girdle; for it ought not be done away but by the hands of a maid, and that she be a king's daughter and queen's, and she must be a maid all the days of her life, both in will and in deed. And if she break her virginity she shall die the most villainous death that ever died any woman. Sir, said Percivale, turn this sword that we may see what is on the other side. And it was red as blood, with black letters as any coal, which said: He that shall praise me most, most shall he find me to blame at a great need; and to whom I should be most debonair shall I be most felon, and that shall be at one time.

Fair brother, said she to Percivale, it befell after a forty year after the passion of Jesu Christ that Nacien, the brother-in-law of King Mordrains, was borne into a town more than fourteen days' journey from his country, by the commandment of Our Lord, into an isle, into the parts of the West, that men cleped the Isle of Turnance. So befell it that he found this ship at the entry of a rock, and he found the bed and this sword as we have heard now. Not for then he had not so much hardness to draw it; and there he dwelled an eight days, and at the ninth day there fell a great wind which departed him out of the isle, and brought him to another isle by a rock, and there he found the greatest giant that ever man might see. Therewith came that horrible giant to slay him; and then he looked about him and might not flee, and he had nothing to defend him with. So he ran to his sword, and when he saw it naked he praised it much, and then he shook it, and therewith he brake it in the midst. Ah, said Nacien, the thing that I most praised ought I now most to blame, and therewith he threw the pieces of his sword over his bed. And after he leapt over the board to fight with the giant, and slew him.

And anon he entered into the ship again, and the wind arose, and drove him through the sea, that by adventure he came to another ship where King Mordrains was, which had been tempted full evil with a fiend in the Port of Perilous Rock. And when that one saw the other they made great joy of other, and either told other of their adventure, and how the sword failed him at his most need. When Mordrains saw the sword he praised it much: But the breaking was not to do but by wickedness of thy selfward, for thou art in some sin. And there he took the sword, and set the pieces together, and they soldered as fair as ever they were to-fore; and there put he the sword in the sheath, and laid it down on the bed. Then heard they a voice that said: Go out of this ship a little while, and enter into the other, for dread ye fall in deadly sin, for and ye be found in deadly sin ye may not escape but perish: and so they went into the other ship. And as Nacien went over the board he was smitten with a sword on the right foot, that he fell down noseling to the ship's board; and therewith he said: O God, how am I hurt. And then there came a voice and said: Take thou that for thy forfeit that thou didst in drawing of this sword, therefore thou receivest a wound, for thou were never worthy to handle it, as the writing maketh mention. In the name of God, said Galahad, ye are right wise of these works.

**CHAPTER V. How King Pelles was smitten through both thighs because he drew the sword, and other marvellous histories.** SIR, said she, there was a king that hight Pelles, the maimed king. And while he might ride he supported much Christendom and Holy Church. So upon a day he hunted in a wood of

his which lasted unto the sea; and at the last he lost his hounds and his knights save only one: and there he and his knight went till that they came toward Ireland, and there he found the ship. And when he saw the letters and understood them, yet he entered, for he was right perfect of his life, but his knight had none hardiness to enter; and there found he this sword, and drew it out as much as ye may see. So therewith entered a spear wherewith he was smitten him through both the thighs, and never sith might he be healed, nor nought shall to-fore we come to him. Thus, said she, was not King Pelles, your grandsire, maimed for his hardiness? In the name of God, damosel, said Galahad.

So they went toward the bed to behold all about it, and above the head there hung two swords. Also there were two spindles which were as white as any snow, and other that were as red as blood, and other above green as any emerald: of these three colours were the spindles, and of natural colour within, and without any painting. These spindles, said the damosel, were when sinful Eve came to gather fruit, for which Adam and she were put out of paradise, she took with her the bough on which the apple hung on. Then perceived she that the branch was fair and green, and she remembered her the loss which came from the tree. Then she thought to keep the branch as long as she might. And for she had no coffer to keep it in, she put it in the earth. So by the will of Our Lord the branch grew to a great tree within a little while, and was as white as any snow, branches, boughs, and leaves: that was a token a maiden planted it. But after God came to Adam, and bade him know his wife fleshly as nature required. So lay Adam with his wife under the same tree; and anon the tree which was white was full green as any grass, and all that came out of it; and in the same time that they medled together there was Abel begotten: thus was the tree long of green colour. And so it befell many days after, under the same tree Caym slew Abel, whereof befell great marvel. For anon as Abel had received the death under the green tree, it lost the green colour and became red; and that was in tokening of the blood. And anon all the plants died thereof, but the tree grew and waxed marvellously fair, and it was the fairest tree and the most delectable that any man might behold and see; and so died the plants that grew out of it to-fore that Abel was slain under it. So long dured the tree till that Solomon, King David's son, reigned, and held the land after his father. This Solomon was wise and knew all the virtues of stones and trees, and so he knew the course of the stars, and many other divers things. This Solomon had an evil wife, wherethrough he weened that there had been no good woman, and so he despised them in his books. So answered a voice him once: Solomon, if heaviness come to a man by a woman, ne reck thou never; for yet shall there come a woman whereof there shall come greater joy to man an hundred times more than this heaviness giveth sorrow; and that woman shall be born of thy lineage. Tho when Solomon heard these words he held himself but a fool, and the truth he perceived by old books. Also the Holy Ghost showed him the coming of the glorious Virgin Mary. Then asked he of the voice, if it should be in the yerde of his lineage. Nay, said the voice, but there shall come a man which shall be a maid, and the last of your blood, and he shall be as good a knight as Duke Josua, thy brother-in-law.

**CHAPTER VI. How Solomon took David's sword by the counsel of his wife, and of other matters marvellous.** NOW have I certified thee of that thou stoodest in doubt. Then was Solomon glad that there should come any such of his lineage; but ever he marvelled and studied who that should be, and what his name might be. His wife perceived that he studied, and thought she would know it at some season; and so she waited her time, and asked of him the cause of his studying, and there he told her altogether how the voice told him. Well, said she, I shall let make a ship of the best wood and most durable that men may find. So Solomon sent for all the carpenters of the land, and the best. And when they had made the ship the lady said to Solomon: Sir, said she, since it is so that this knight ought to pass all knights of chivalry which have been to-fore him and shall come after him, moreover I shall tell you, said she, ye shall go into Our Lord's temple, where is King David's sword, your father, the which is the marvelloust and the sharpest that ever was taken in any knight's

hand. Therefore take that, and take off the pommel, and thereto make ye a pommel of precious stones, that it be so subtly made that no man perceive it but that they be all one; and after make there an hilt so marvellously and wonderly that no man may know it; and after make a marvellous sheath. And when ye have made all this I shall let make a girdle thereto, such as shall please me.

All this King Solomon did let make as she devised, both the ship and all the remnant. And when the ship was ready in the sea to sail, the lady let make a great bed and marvellous rich, and set her upon the bed's head, covered with silk, and laid the sword at the feet, and the girdles were of hemp, and therewith the king was angry. Sir, wit ye well, said she, that I have none so high a thing which were worthy to sustain so high a sword, and a maid shall bring other knights thereto, but I wot not when it shall be, nor what time. And there she let make a covering to the ship, of cloth of silk that should never rot for no manner of weather. Yet went that lady and made a carpenter to come to the tree which Abel was slain under. Now, said she, carve me out of this tree as much wood as will make me a spindle. Ah madam, said he, this is the tree the which our first mother planted. Do it, said she, or else I shall destroy thee. Anon as he began to work there came out drops of blood; and then would he have left, but she would not suffer him, and so he took away as much wood as might make a spindle: and so she made him to take as much of the green tree and of the white tree. And when these three spindles were shapen she made them to be fastened upon the selar of the bed. When Solomon saw this, he said to his wife: Ye have done marvellously, for though all the world were here right now, he could not devise wherefore all this was made, but Our Lord Himself; and thou that hast done it wottest not what it shall betoken. Now let it be, said she, for ye shall hear tidings sooner than ye ween. Now shall ye hear a wonderful tale of King Solomon and his wife.

**CHAPTER VII. A wonderful tale of King Solomon and his wife.** THAT night lay Solomon before the ship with little fellowship. And when he was asleep him thought there came from heaven a great company of angels, and alighted into the ship, and took water which was brought by an angel, in a vessel of silver, and sprent all the ship. And after he came to the sword, and drew letters on the hilt. And after went to the ship's board, and wrote there other letters which said: Thou man that wilt enter within me, beware that thou be full within the faith, for I ne am but Faith and Belief. When Solomon espied these letters he was abashed, so that he durst not enter, and so drew him aback; and the ship was anon shoven in the sea, and he went so fast that he lost sight of him within a little while. And then a little voice said: Solomon, the last knight of thy lineage shall rest in this bed. Then went Solomon and awaked his wife, and told her of the adventures of the ship.

Now saith the history that a great while the three fellows beheld the bed and the three spindles. Then they were at certain that they were of natural colours without painting. Then they lift up a cloth which was above the ground, and there found a rich purse by seeming. And Percivale took it, and found therein a writ and so he read it, and devised the manner of the spindles and of the ship, whence it came, and by whom it was made. Now, said Galahad, where shall we find the gentlewoman that shall make new girdles to the sword? Fair sir, said Percivale's sister, dismay you not, for by the leave of God I shall let make a girdle to the sword, such one as shall long thereto. And then she opened a box, and took out girdles which were seemly wrought with golden threads, and upon that were set full precious stones, and a rich buckle of gold. Lo, lords, said she, here is a girdle that ought to be set about the sword. And wit ye well the greatest part of this girdle was made of my hair, which I loved well while that I was a woman of the world. But as soon as I wist that this adventure was ordained me I clipped off my hair, and made this girdle in the name of God. Ye be well found, said Sir Bors, for certes ye have put us out of great pain, wherein we should have entered ne had your tidings been.

Then went the gentlewoman and set it on the girdle of the sword. Now, said the fellowship, what is the name of the sword, and what shall we call it? Truly, said she, the name of the sword is the Sword with the Strange Girdles; and the sheath, Mover of

Blood; for no man that hath blood in him ne shall never see the one part of the sheath which was made of the Tree of Life. Then they said to Galahad: In the name of Jesu Christ, and pray you that ye gird you with this sword which hath been desired so much in the realm of Logris. Now let me begin, said Galahad, to grip this sword for to give you courage; but wit ye well it longeth no more to me than it doth to you. And then he gripped about it with his fingers a great deal; and then she girt him about the middle with the sword. Now reck I not though I die, for now I hold me one of the blessed maidens of the world, which hath made the worthiest knight of the world. Damosel, said Galahad, ye have done so much that I shall be your knight all the days of my life.

Then they went from that ship, and went to the other. And anon the wind drove them into the sea a great pace, but they had no victuals: but it befell that they came on the morn to a castle that men call Carteloise, that was in the marches of Scotland. And when they had passed the port, the gentlewoman said: Lords, here be men arriven that, an they wist that ye were of King Arthur's court, ye should be assailed anon. Damosel, said Galahad, He that cast us out of the rock shall deliver us from them.

**CHAPTER VIII. How Galahad and his fellows came to a castle, and how they were fought withal, and how they slew their adversaries, and other matters.** SO it befell as they spoke thus there came a squire by them, and asked what they were; and they said they were of King Arthur's house. Is that sooth? said he. Now by my head, said he, ye be ill arrayed; and then turned he again unto the cliff fortress. And within a while they heard an horn blow. Then a gentlewoman came to them, and asked them of whence they were; and they told her. Fair lords, said she, for God's love turn again if ye may, for ye be come unto your death. Nay, they said, we will not turn again, for He shall help us in whose service we be entered in. Then as they stood talking there came knights well armed, and bade them yield them or else to die. That yielding, said they, shall be noyous to you. And therewith they let their horses run, and Sir Percivale smote the foremost to the earth, and took his horse, and mounted thereupon, and the same did Galahad. Also Bors served another so, for they had no horses in that country, for they left their horses when they took their ship in other countries. And so when they were horsed then began they to set upon them; and they of the castle fled into the strong fortress, and the three knights after them into the castle, and so alighted on foot, and with their swords slew them down, and gat into the hall.

Then when they beheld the great multitude of people that they had slain, they held themselves great sinners. Certes, said Bors, I ween an God had loved them that we should not have had power to have slain them thus. But they have done so much against Our Lord that He would not suffer them to reign no longer. Say ye not so, said Galahad, for if they misdid against God, the vengeance is not ours, but to Him which hath power thereof.

So came there out of a chamber a good man which was a priest, and bare God's body in a cup. And when he saw them which lay dead in the hall he was all abashed; and Galahad did off his helm and kneeled down, and so did his two fellows. Sir, said they, have ye no dread of us, for we be of King Arthur's court. Then asked the good man how they were slain so suddenly, and they told it him. Truly, said the good man, an ye might live as long as the world might endure, ne might ye have done so great an alms-deed as this. Sir, said Galahad, I repent me much, inasmuch as they were christened. Nay, repent you not, said he, for they were not christened, and I shall tell you how that I wot of this castle. Here was Lord Earl Hernox not but one year, and he had three sons, good knights of arms, and a daughter, the fairest gentlewoman that men knew. So those three knights loved their sister so sore that they brent in love, and so they lay by her, maugre her head. And for she cried to her father they slew her, and took their father and put him in prison, and wounded him nigh to the death, but a cousin of hers rescued him. And then did they great untruth: they slew clerks and priests, and made beat down chapels, that Our Lord's service might not be served nor said. And this same day her father sent to me for to be confessed and houseled; but such shame had never man as I had this day with the three brethren, but

the earl bade me suffer, for he said they should not long endure, for three servants of Our Lord should destroy them, and now it is brought to an end. And by this may ye wit that Our Lord is not displeased with your deeds. Certes, said Galahad, an it had not pleased Our Lord, never should we have slain so many men in so little a while.

And then they brought the Earl Hernox out of prison into the midst of the hall, that knew Galahad anon, and yet he saw him never afore but by revelation of Our Lord.

**CHAPTER IX. How the three knights, with Percivale's sister, came unto the same forest, and of an hart and four lions, and other things.** THEN began he to weep right tenderly, and said: Long have I abiden your coming, but for God's love hold me in your arms, that my soul may depart out of my body in so good a man's arms as ye be. Gladly, said Galahad. And then one said on high, that all heard: Galahad, well hast thou avenged me on God's enemies. Now behoveth thee to go to the Maimed King as soon as thou mayest, for he shall receive by thee health which he hath abiden so long. And therewith the soul departed from the body, and Galahad made him to be buried as him ought to be.

Right so departed the three knights, and Percivale's sister with them. And so they came into a waste forest, and there they saw afore them a white hart which four lions led. Then they took them to assent for to follow after for to know whither they repaired; and so they rode after a great pace till that they came to a valley, and thereby was an hermitage where a good man dwelled, and the hart and the lions entered also. So when they saw all this they turned to the chapel, and saw the good man in a religious weed and in the armour of Our Lord, for he would sing mass of the Holy Ghost; and so they entered in and heard mass. And at the secrets of the mass they three saw the hart become a man, the which marvelled them, and set him upon the altar in a rich siege; and saw the four lions were changed, the one to the form of a man, the other to the form of a lion, and the third to an eagle, and the fourth was changed unto an ox. Then took they their siege where the hart sat, and went out through a glass window, and there was nothing perished nor broken; and they heard a voice say: In such a manner entered the Son of God in the womb of a maid Mary, whose virginity ne was perished ne hurt. And when they heard these words they fell down to the earth and were astonished; and therewith was a great clearness.

And when they were come to themselves again they went to the good man and prayed him that he would say them truth. What thing have ye seen? said he. And they told him all that they had seen. Ah lords, said he, ye be welcome; now wot I well ye be the good knights the which shall bring the Sangreal to an end; for ye be they unto whom Our Lord shall shew great secrets. And well ought Our Lord be signified to an hart, for the hart when he is old he waxeth young again in his white skin. Right so cometh again Our Lord from death to life, for He lost earthly flesh that was the deadly flesh, which He had taken in the womb of the blessed Virgin Mary; and for that cause appeared Our Lord as a white hart without spot. And the four that were with Him is to understand the four evangelists which set in writing a part of Jesu Christ's deeds that He did sometime when He was among ye an earthly man; for wit ye well never erst ne might no knight know the truth, for oftentimes this Our Lord showed Him unto good men and unto good knights, in likeness of an hart, but I suppose from henceforth ye shall see no more. And then they joyed much, and dwelled there all that day. And upon the morrow when they had heard mass they departed and commended the good man to God: and so they came to a castle and passed by. So there came a knight armed after them and said: Lords, hark what I shall say to you.

**CHAPTER X. How they were desired of a strange custom, the which they would not obey; wherefore they fought and slew many knights.** THIS gentlewoman that ye lead with you is a maid? Sir, said she, a maid I am. Then he took her by the bridle and said: By the Holy Cross, ye shall not escape me tofore ye have yolden the custom of this castle. Let her go, said Percivale, ye be not wise, for a maid in what place she cometh is free. So in the meanwhile there came out a ten or twelve knights armed, out of the castle, and with them came gentlewomen which held a

dish of silver. And then they said: This gentlewoman must yield us the custom of this castle. Sir, said a knight, what maid passeth hereby shall give this dish full of blood of her right arm. Blame have ye, said Galahad, that brought up such customs, and so God me save, I ensure you of this gentlewoman ye shall fail while that I live. So God me help, said Percivale, I had liefer be slain. And I also, said Sir Bors. By my troth, said the knight, then shall ye die, for ye may not endure against us though ye were the best knights of the world.

Then let they run each to other, and the three fellows beat the ten knights, and then set their hands to their swords and beat them down and slew them. Then there came out of the castle a three score knights armed. Fair lords, said the three fellows, have mercy on yourself and have not ado with us. Nay, fair lords, said the knights of the castle, we counsel you to withdraw you, for ye be the best knights of the world, and therefore do no more, for ye have done enough. We will let you go with this harm, but we must needs have the custom. Certes, said Galahad, for nought speak ye. Well, said they, will ye die? We be not yet come thereto, said Galahad. Then began they to meddle together, and Galahad, with the strange girdles, drew his sword, and smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and slew what that ever abode him, and did such marvels that there was none that saw him but weened he had been none earthly man, but a monster. And his two fellows help him passing well, and so they held the journey everych in like hard till it was night: then must they needs depart.

So came in a good knight, and said to the three fellows: If ye will come in to-night and take such harbour as here is ye shall be right welcome, and we shall ensure you by the faith of our bodies, and as we be true knights, to leave you in such estate to-morrow as we find you, without any falsehood. And as soon as ye know of the custom we dare say ye will accord therefore. For God's love, said the gentlewoman, go thither and spare not for me. Go we, said Galahad; and so they entered into the chapel. And when they were alighted they made great joy of them. So within a while the three knights asked the custom of the castle and wherefore it was. What it is, said they, we will say you sooth.

**CHAPTER XI. How Sir Percivale's sister bled a dish full of blood for to heal a lady, wherefore she died; and how that the body was put in a ship.** THERE is in this castle a gentlewoman which we and this castle is hers, and many other. So it befell many years agone there fell upon her a malady; and when she had lain a great while she fell unto a meale, and of no leech she could have no remedy. But at the last an old man said an she might have a dish full of blood of a maid and a clean virgin in will and in work, and a king's daughter, that blood should be her health, and for to anoint her withal; and for this thing was this custom made. Now, said Percivale's sister, fair knights, I see well that this gentlewoman is but dead. Certes, said Galahad, an ye bleed so much ye may die. Truly, said she, an I die for to heal her I shall get me great worship and soul's health, and worship to my lineage, and better is one harm than twain. And therefore there shall be no more battle, but to-morn I shall yield you your custom of this castle. And then there was great joy more than there was to-fore, for else had there been mortal war upon the morn; notwithstanding she would none other, whether they wold or nold.

That night were the three fellows eased with the best; and on the morn they heard mass, and Sir Percivale's sister bade bring forth the sick lady. So she was, the which was evil at ease. Then said she: Who shall let me blood? So one came forth and let her blood, and she bled so much that the dish was full. Then she lift up her hand and blessed her; and then she said to the lady: Madam, I am come to the death for to make you whole, for God's love pray for me. With that she fell in a swoon. Then Galahad and his two fellows start up to her, and lift her up and stanchion her, but she had bled so much that she might not live. Then she said when she was awaked: Fair brother Percivale, I die for the healing of this lady, so I require you that ye bury me not in this country, but as soon as I am dead put me in a boat at the next haven, and let me go as adventure will lead me; and as soon as ye three come to the City of Sarra, there to enchieve the Holy Grail, ye shall find me

under a tower arrived, and there bury me in the spiritual place; for I say you so much, there Galahad shall be buried, and ye also, in the same place.

Then Percivale understood these words, and granted it her, weeping. And then said a voice: Lords and fellows, to-morrow at the hour of prime ye three shall depart everych from other, till the adventure bring you to the Maimed King. Then asked she her Saviour; and as soon as she had received it the soul departed from the body. So the same day was the lady healed, when she was anointed withal. Then Sir Percivale made a letter of all that she had holpen them as in strange adventures, and put it in her right hand, and so laid her in a barge, and covered it with black silk; and so the wind arose, and drove the barge from the land, and all knights beheld it till it was out of their sight. Then they drew all to the castle, and so forthwith there fell a sudden tempest and a thunder, lightning, and rain, as all the earth would have broken. So half the castle turned up-so-down. So it passed evensong or the tempest was ceased.

Then they saw afore them a knight armed and wounded hard in the body and in the head, that said: O God, succour me for now it is need. After this knight came another knight and a dwarf, which cried to them afar: Stand, ye may not escape. Then the wounded knight held up his hands to God that he should not die in such tribulation. Truly, said Galahad, I shall succour him for His sake that he calleth upon. Sir, said Bors, I shall do it, for it is not for you, for he is but one knight. Sir, said he, I grant. So Sir Bors took his horse, and commended him to God, and rode after, to rescue the wounded knight. Now turn we to the two fellows.

**CHAPTER XII. How Galahad and Percivale found in a castle many tombs of maidens that had bled to death.** NOW saith the story that all night Galahad and Percivale were in a chapel in their prayers, for to save Sir Bors. So on the morn they dressed them in their harness toward the castle, to wit what was fallen of them therein. And when they came there they found neither man nor woman that he ne was dead by the vengeance of Our Lord. With that they heard a voice that said: This vengeance is for blood-shedding of maidens. Also they found at the end of the chapel a churchyard, and therein might they see a three score fair tombs, and that place was so fair and so delectable that it seemed them there had been none tempest, for there lay the bodies of all the good maidens which were martyred for the sick lady's sake. Also they found the names of everych, and of what blood they were come, and all were of kings' blood, and twelve of them were kings' daughters. Then they departed and went into a forest. Now, said Percivale unto Galahad, we must depart, so pray we Our Lord that we may meet together in short time: then they did off their helmets and kissed together, and wept at their departing.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Sir Launcelot entered into the ship where Sir Percivale's sister lay dead, and how he met with Sir Galahad, his son.** NOW saith the history, that when Launcelot was come to the water of Mortoise, as it is rehearsed before, he was in great peril, and so he laid him down and slept, and took the adventure that God would send him. So when he was asleep there came a vision unto him and said: Launcelot, arise up and take thine armour, and enter into the first ship that thou shalt find. And when he heard these words he start up and saw great clearness about him. And then he lift up his hand and blessed him, and so took his arms and made him ready; and so by adventure he came by a strand, and found a ship the which was without sail or oar. And as soon as he was within the ship there he felt the most sweetness that ever he felt, and he was fulfilled with all thing that he thought on or desired. Then he said: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, I wot not in what joy I am, for this joy passeth all earthly joys that ever I was in. And so in this joy he laid him down to the ship's board, and slept till day. And when he awoke he found there a fair bed, and therein lying a gentlewoman dead, the which was Sir Percivale's sister. And as Launcelot devised her, he espied in her right hand a writ, the which he read, the which told him all the adventures that ye have heard to-fore, and of what lineage she was come. So with this gentlewoman Sir Launcelot was a month and more. If ye would ask how he lived, He that fed the people of Israel with manna in the desert, so was he fed; for every day

when he had said his prayers he was sustained with the grace of the Holy Ghost.

So on a night he went to play him by the water side, for he was somewhat weary of the ship. And then he listened and heard an horse come, and one riding upon him. And when he came nigh he seemed a knight. And so he let him pass, and went thereas the ship was; and there he alighted, and took the saddle and the bridle and put the horse from him, and went into the ship. And then Launcelot dressed unto him, and said: Ye be welcome. And he answered and saluted him again, and asked him: What is your name? for much my heart giveth unto you. Truly, said he, my name is Launcelot du Lake. Sir, said he, then be ye welcome, for ye were the beginner of me in this world. Ah, said he, are ye Galahad? Yea, forsooth, said he; and so he kneeled down and asked him his blessing, and after took off his helm and kissed him. And there was great joy between them, for there is no tongue can tell the joy that they made either of other, and many a friendly word spoken between, as kin would, the which is no need here to be rehearsed. And there everych told other of their adventures and marvels that were befallen to them in many journeys sith that they departed from the court.

Anon, as Galahad saw the gentlewoman dead in the bed, he knew her well enough, and told great worship of her, that she was the best maid living, and it was great pity of her death. But when Launcelot heard how the marvellous sword was gotten, and who made it, and all the marvels rehearsed afore, then he prayed Galahad, his son, that he would show him the sword, and so he did; and anon he kissed the pommel, and the hilt, and the scabbard. Truly, said Launcelot, never erst knew I of so high adventures done, and so marvellous and strange. So dwelt Launcelot and Galahad within that ship half a year, and served God daily and nightly with all their power; and often they arrived in isles far from folk, where there repaired none but wild beasts, and there they found many strange adventures and perilous, which they brought to an end; but for those adventures were with wild beasts, and not in the quest of the Sangreal, therefore the tale maketh here no mention thereof, for it would be too long to tell of all those adventures that befell them.

#### **CHAPTER XIV. How a knight brought unto Sir Galahad a horse, and bade him come from his father, Sir Launcelot.**

SO after, on a Monday, it befell that they arrived in the edge of a forest to-fore a cross; and then saw they a knight armed all in white, and was richly horsed, and led in his right hand a white horse; and so he came to the ship, and saluted the two knights on the High Lord's behalf, and said: Galahad, sir, ye have been long enough with your father, come out of the ship, and start upon this horse, and go where the adventures shall lead thee in the quest of the Sangreal. Then he went to his father and kissed him sweetly, and said: Fair sweet father, I wot not when I shall see you more till I see the body of Jesu Christ. I pray you, said Launcelot, pray ye to the High Father that He hold me in His service. And so he took his horse, and there they heard a voice that said: Think for to do well, for the one shall never see the other before the dreadful day of doom. Now, son Galahad, said Launcelot, since we shall depart, and never see other, I pray to the High Father to conserve me and you both. Sir, said Galahad, no prayer availeth so much as yours. And therewith Galahad entered into the forest.

And the wind arose, and drove Launcelot more than a month throughout the sea, where he slept but little, but prayed to God that he might see some tidings of the Sangreal. So it befell on a night, at midnight, he arrived afore a castle, on the back side, which was rich and fair, and there was a postern opened toward the sea, and was open without any keeping, save two lions kept the entry; and the moon shone clear. Anon Sir Launcelot heard a voice that said: Launcelot, go out of this ship and enter into the castle, where thou shalt see a great part of thy desire. Then he ran to his arms, and so armed him, and so went to the gate and saw the lions. Then set he hand to his sword and drew it. Then there came a dwarf suddenly, and smote him on the arm so sore that the sword fell out of his hand. Then heard he a voice say: O man of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore trowest thou more on thy harness than in thy Maker, for He might more avail thee

than thine armour, in whose service that thou art set. Then said Launcelot: Fair Father Jesu Christ, I thank thee of Thy great mercy that Thou reprovest me of my misdeed; now see I well that ye hold me for your servant. Then took he again his sword and put it up in his sheath, and made a cross in his forehead, and came to the lions, and they made semblaunt to do him harm. Notwithstanding he passed by them without hurt, and entered into the castle to the chief fortress, and there were they all at rest. Then Launcelot entered in so armed, for he found no gate nor door but it was open. And at the last he found a chamber whereof the door was shut, and he set his hand thereto to have opened it, but he might not.

#### **CHAPTER XV. How Sir Launcelot was to-fore the door of the chamber wherein the Holy Sangreal was.**

THEN he enforced him mickle to undo the door. Then he listened and heard a voice which sang so sweetly that it seemed none earthly thing; and him thought the voice said: Joy and honour be to the Father of Heaven. Then Launcelot kneeled down to-fore the chamber, for well wist he that there was the Sangreal within that chamber. Then said he: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, if ever I did thing that pleased Thee, Lord for Thy pity never have me not in despite for my sins done aforetime, and that Thou show me something of that I seek. And with that he saw the chamber door open, and there came out a great clearness, that the house was as bright as all the torches of the world had been there.

So came he to the chamber door, and would have entered. And anon a voice said to him: Flee, Launcelot, and enter not, for thou oughtest not to do it; and if thou enter thou shalt for-think it. Then he withdrew him aback right heavy. Then looked he up in the midst of the chamber, and saw a table of silver, and the Holy Vessel, covered with red samite, and many angels about it, whereof one held a candle of wax burning, and the other held a cross, and the ornaments of an altar. And before the Holy Vessel he saw a good man clothed as a priest. And it seemed that he was at the sacrificing of the mass. And it seemed to Launcelot that above the priest's hands were three men, whereof the two put the youngest by likeness between the priest's hands; and so he lift it up right high, and it seemed to show so to the people. And then Launcelot marvelled not a little, for him thought the priest was so greatly charged of the figure that him seemed that he should fall to the earth. And when he saw none about him that would help him, then came he to the door a great pace, and said: Fair Father Jesu Christ, ne take it for no sin though I help the good man which hath great need of help.

Right so entered he into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver; and when he came nigh he felt a breath, that him thought it was intermeddled with fire, which smote him so sore in the visage that him thought it brent his visage; and therewith he fell to the earth, and had no power to arise, as he that was so araged, that had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his seeing. Then felt he many hands about him, which took him up and bare him out of the chamber door, without any amending of his swoon, and left him there, seeming dead to all people.

So upon the morrow when it was fair day they within were arisen, and found Launcelot lying afore the chamber door. All they marvelled how that he came in, and so they looked upon him, and felt his pulse to wit whether there were any life in him; and so they found life in him, but he might not stand nor stir no member that he had. And so they took him by every part of the body, and bare him into a chamber, and laid him in a rich bed, far from all folk; and so he lay four days. Then the one said he was alive, and the other said, Nay. In the name of God, said an old man, for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all; and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept till God send him life again.

**CHAPTER XVI. How Sir launcelot had lain four-and-twenty days and as many nights as a dead man, and other divers matters.** IN such manner they kept Launcelot four-and-twenty days and all so many nights, that ever he lay still as a dead man; and at the twenty-fifth day befell him after midday that he opened his eyes. And when he saw folk he made great sorrow, and said: Why have ye awaked me, for I

was more at ease than I am now. O Jesu Christ, who might be so blessed that might see openly thy great marvels of secretness there where no sinner may be! What have ye seen? said they about him. I have seen, said he, so great marvels that no tongue may tell, and more than any heart can think, and had not my son been here afore me I had seen much more.

Then they told him how he had lain there four-and-twenty days and nights. Then him thought it was punishment for the four-and-twenty years that he had been a sinner, wherefore Our Lord put him in penance four-and-twenty days and nights. Then looked Sir Launcelot afore him, and saw the hair which he had borne nigh a year, for that he for-thought him right much that he had broken his promise unto the hermit, which he had avowed to do. Then they asked how it stood with him. Forsooth, said he, I am whole of body, thanked be Our Lord; therefore, sirs, for God's love tell me where I am. Then said they all that he was in the castle of Carbonek.

Therewith came a gentlewoman and brought him a shirt of small linen cloth, but he changed not there, but took the hair to him again. Sir, said they, the quest of the Sangreal is achieved now right in you, that never shall ye see of the Sangreal no more than ye have seen. Now I thank God, said Launcelot, of His great mercy of that I have seen, for it sufficeth me; for as I suppose no man in this world hath lived better than I have done to enchieve that I have done. And therewith he took the hair and clothed him in it, and above that he put a linen shirt, and after a robe of scarlet, fresh and new. And when he was so arrayed they marvelled all, for they knew him that he was Launcelot, the good knight. And then they said all: O my lord Sir Launcelot, be that ye? And he said: Truly I am he.

Then came word to King Pelles that the knight that had lain so long dead was Sir Launcelot. Then was the king right glad, and went to see him. And when Launcelot saw him come he dressed him against him, and there made the king great joy of him. And there the king told him tidings that his fair daughter was dead. Then Launcelot was right heavy of it, and said: Sir, me forthinketh the death of your daughter, for she was a full fair lady, fresh and young. And well I wot she bare the best knight that is now on the earth, or that ever was sith God was born. So the king held him there four days, and on the morrow he took his leave at King Pelles and at all the fellowship, and thanked them of their great labour.

Right so as they sat at their dinner in the chief salle, then was so befallen that the Sangreal had fulfilled the table with all manner of meats that any heart might think. So as they sat they saw all the doors and the windows of the place were shut without man's hand, whereof they were all abashed, and none wist what to do.

And then it happed suddenly a knight came to the chief door and knocked, and cried: Undo the door. But they would not. And ever he cried: Undo; but they would not. And at last it noyed them so much that the king himself arose and came to a window there where the knight called. Then he said: Sir knight, ye shall not enter at this time while the Sangreal is here, and therefore go into another; for certes ye be none of the knights of the quest, but one of them which hath served the fiend, and hast left the service of Our Lord: and he was passing wroth at the king's words. Sir knight, said the king, sith ye would so fain enter, say me of what country ye be. Sir, said he, I am of the realm of Logris, and my name is Ector de Maris, and brother unto my lord, Sir Launcelot. In the name of God, said the king, me for-thinketh of what I have said, for your brother is here within. And when Ector de Maris understood that his brother was there, for he was the man in the world that he most dread and loved, and then he said: Ah God, now doubleth my sorrow and shame. Full truly said the good man of the hill unto Gawaine and to me of our dreams. Then went he out of the court as fast as his horse might, and so throughout the castle.

**CHAPTER XVII. How Sir Launcelot returned towards Logris, and of other adventures which he saw in the way.** THEN King Pelles came to Sir Launcelot and told him tidings of his brother, whereof he was sorry, that he wist not what to do. So Sir Launcelot departed, and took his arms, and said he would go see

the realm of Logris, which I have not seen in twelve months. And there with he commended the king to God, and so rode through many realms. And at the last he came to a white abbey, and there they made him that night great cheer; and on the morn he rose and heard mass. And afore an altar he found a rich tomb, which was newly made; and then he took heed, and saw the sides written with gold which said: Here lieth King Bagdemagus of Gore, which King Arthur's nephew slew; and named him, Sir Gawaine. Then was not he a little sorry, for Launcelot loved him much more than any other, and had it been any other than Gawaine he should not have escaped from death to life; and said to himself: Ah Lord God, this is a great hurt unto King Arthur's court, the loss of such a man. And then he departed and came to the abbey where Galahad did the adventure of the tombs, and won the white shield with the red cross; and there had he great cheer all that night.

And on the morn he turned unto Camelot, where he found King Arthur and the queen. But many of the knights of the Round Table were slain and destroyed, more than half. And so three were come home, Ector, Gawaine, and Lionel, and many other that need not to be rehearsed. And all the court was passing glad of Sir Launcelot, and the king asked him many tidings of his son Galahad. And there Launcelot told the king of his adventures that had befallen him since he departed. And also he told him of the adventures of Galahad, Percivale, and Bors, which that he knew by the letter of the dead damosel, and as Galahad had told him. Now God would, said the king, that they were all three here. That shall never be, said Launcelot, for two of them shall ye never see, but one of them shall come again.

Now leave we this story and speak of Galahad.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How Galahad came to King Mordrains, and of other matters and adventures.** NOW, saith the story, Galahad rode many journeys in vain. And at the last he came to the abbey where King Mordrains was, and when he heard that, he thought he would abide to see him. And upon the morn, when he had heard mass, Galahad came unto King Mordrains, and anon the king saw him, which had lain blind of long time. And then he dressed him against him, and said: Galahad, the servant of Jesu Christ, whose coming I have abiden so long, now embrace me and let me rest on thy breast, so that I may rest between thine arms, for thou art a clean virgin above all knights, as the flower of the lily in whom virginity is signified, and thou art the rose the which is the flower of all good virtues, and in colour of fire. For the fire of the Holy Ghost is taken so in thee that my flesh which was all dead of oldness is become young again. Then Galahad heard his words, then he embraced him and all his body. Then said he: Fair Lord Jesu Christ, now I have my will. Now I require thee, in this point that I am in, thou come and visit me. And anon Our Lord heard his prayer: therewith the soul departed from the body.

And then Galahad put him in the earth as a king ought to be, and so departed and so came into a perilous forest where he found the well the which boileth with great waves, as the tale telleth afore. And as soon as Galahad set his hand thereto it ceased, so that it brent no more, and the heat departed. For that it brent it was a sign of lechery, the which was that time much used. But that heat might not abide his pure virginity. And this was taken in the country for a miracle. And so ever after was it called Galahad's well.

Then by adventure he came into the country of Gore, and into the abbey where Launcelot had been to-forehand, and found the tomb of King Bagdemagus, but he was founder thereof, Joseph of Aramathie's son; and the tomb of Simeon where Launcelot had failed. Then he looked into a croft under the minster, and there he saw a tomb which brent full marvellously. Then asked he the brethren what it was. Sir, said they, a marvellous adventure that may not be brought unto none end but by him that passeth of bounty and of knighthood all them of the Round Table. I would, said Galahad, that ye would lead me thereto. Gladly, said they, and so led him till a cave. And he went down upon greses, and came nigh the tomb. And then the flaming failed, and the fire stanchied, the which many a day had been great. Then came there a voice that said: Much are ye beholden to thank Our Lord, the which hath given you a good hour, that ye may draw out the souls of

earthly pain, and to put them into the joys of paradise. I am of your kindred, the which hath dwelled in this heat this three hundred winter and four-and-fifty to be purged of the sin that I did against Joseph of Aramathie. Then Galahad took the body in his arms and bare it into the minster. And that night lay Galahad in the abbey; and on the morn he gave him service, and put him in the earth afore the high altar.

**CHAPTER XIX. How Sir Percivale and Sir Bors met with Sir Galahad, and how they came to the castle of Carbonek, and other matters.** SO departed he from thence, and commended the brethren to God; and so he rode five days till that he came to the Maimed King. And ever followed Percivale the five days, asking where he had been; and so one told him how the adventures of Logris were enchieved. So on a day it befell that they came out of a great forest, and there they met at traverse with Sir Bors, the which rode alone. It is none need to tell if they were glad; and which he saluted, and they yielded him honour and good adventure, and everych told other. Then said Bors: It is mo than a year and an half that I ne lay ten times where men dwelld, but in wild forests and in mountains, but God was ever my comfort.

Then rode they a great while till that they came to the castle of Carbonek. And when they were entered within the castle King Pelles knew them; then there was great joy, for they wist well by their coming that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sangreal. Then Eliazar, King Pelles' son, brought to-fore them the broken sword wherewith Joseph was stricken through the thigh. Then Bors set his hand thereto, if that he might have soldered it again; but it would not be. Then he took it to Percivale, but he had no more power thereto than he. Now have ye it again, said Percivale to Galahad, for an it be ever enchieved by any bodily man ye must do it. And then he took the pieces and set them together, and they seemed that they had never been broken, and as well as it had been first forged. And when they within espied that the adventure of the sword was enchieved, then they gave the sword to Bors, for it might not be better set; for he was a good knight and a worthy man.

And a little afore even the sword arose great and marvellous, and was full of great heat that many men fell for dread. And anon alighted a voice among them, and said: They that ought not to sit at the table of Jesu Christ arise, for now shall very knights be fed. So they went thence, all save King Pelles and Eliazar, his son, the which were holy men, and a maid which was his niece; and so these three fellows and they three were there, no mo. Anon they saw knights all armed came in at the hall door, and did off their helms and their arms, and said unto Galahad: Sir, we have hied right much for to be with you at this table where the holy meat shall be departed. Then said he: Ye be welcome, but of whence be ye? So three of them said they were of Gaul, and other three said they were of Ireland, and the other three said they were of Denmark. So as they sat thus there came out a bed of tree, of a chamber, the which four gentlewomen brought; and in the bed lay a good man sick, and a crown of gold upon his head; and there in the midst of the place they set him down, and went again their way. Then he lift up his head, and said: Galahad, Knight, ye be welcome, for much have I desired your coming, for in such pain and in such anguish I have been long. But now I trust to God the term is come that my pain shall be allayed, that I shall pass out of this world so as it was promised me long ago. Therewith a voice said: There be two among you that be not in the quest of the Sangreal, and therefore depart ye.

**CHAPTER XX How Galahad and his fellows were fed of the Holy Sangreal, and how Our Lord appeared to them, and other things.** THEN King Pelles and his son departed. And therewithal besemed them that there came a man, and four angels from heaven, clothed in likeness of a bishop, and had a cross in his hand; and these four angels bare him up in a chair, and set him down before the table of silver where upon the Sangreal was; and it seemed that he had in midst of his forehead letters the which said: See ye here Joseph, the first bishop of Christendom, the same which Our Lord succoured in the city of Sarras in the spiritual place. Then the knights marvelled, for that bishop was dead more than three hundred year to-fore. O knights, said he,

marvel not, for I was sometime an earthly man. With that they heard the chamber door open, and there they saw angels; and two bare candles of wax, and the third a towel, and the fourth a spear which bled marvellously, that three drops fell within a box which he held with his other hand. And they set the candles upon the table, and the third the towel upon the vessel, and the fourth the holy spear even upright upon the vessel. And then the bishop made semblaunt as though he would have gone to the sacring of the mass. And then he took an ubble which was made in likeness of bread. And at the lifting up there came a figure in likeness of a child, and the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into the bread, so that they all saw it that the bread was formed of a fleshly man; and then he put it into the Holy Vessel again, and then he did that longed to a priest to do to a mass. And then he went to Galahad and kissed him, and bade him go and kiss his fellows: and so he did anon. Now, said he, servants of Jesu Christ, ye shall be fed afore this table with sweet meats that never knights tasted. And when he had said, he vanished away. And they set them at the table in great dread, and made their prayers.

Then looked they and saw a man come out of the Holy Vessel, that had all the signs of the passion of Jesu Christ, bleeding all openly, and said: My knights, and my servants, and my true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of my hidden things: now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired. Then took he himself the Holy Vessel and came to Galahad; and he kneeled down, and there he received his Saviour, and after him so received all his fellows; and they thought it so sweet that it was marvellous to tell. Then said he to Galahad: Son, wottest thou what I hold betwixt my hands? Nay, said he, but if ye will tell me. This is, said he, the holy dish wherein I ate the lamb on Sheer-Thursday. And now hast thou seen that thou most desired to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras in the spiritual place. Therefore thou must go hence and bear with thee this Holy Vessel; for this night it shall depart from the realm of Logris, that it shall never be seen more here. And wottest thou wherefore? For he is not served nor worshipped to his right by them of this land, for they be turned to evil living; therefore I shall disherit them of the honour which I have done them. And therefore go ye three to-morrow unto the sea, where ye shall find your ship ready, and with you take the sword with the strange girdles, and no more with you but Sir Percivale and Sir Bors. Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spear for to anoint the Maimed King, both his legs and all his body, and he shall have his health. Sir, said Galahad, why shall not these other fellows go with us? For this cause: for right as I departed my apostles one here and another there, so I will that ye depart; and two of you shall die in my service, but one of you shall come again and tell tidings. Then gave he them his blessing and vanished away.

**CHAPTER XXI. How Galahad anointed with the blood of the spear the Maimed King, and of other adventures.** AND Galahad went anon to the spear which lay upon the table, and touched the blood with his fingers, and came after to the Maimed King and anointed his legs. And therewith he clothed him anon, and start upon his feet out of his bed as an whole man, and thanked Our Lord that He had healed him. And that was not to the worldward, for anon he yielded him to a place of religion of white monks, and was a full holy man. That same night about midnight came a voice among them which said: My sons and not my chief sons, my friends and not my warriors, go ye hence where ye hope best to do and as I bade you. Ah, thanked' be Thou, Lord, that Thou wilt vouchsafe to call us, Thy sinners. Now may we well prove that we have not lost our pains. And anon in all haste they took their harness and departed. But the three knights of Gaul, one of them hight Claudine, King Claudas' son, and the other two were great gentlemen. Then prayed Galahad to everych of them, that if they come to King Arthur's court that they should salute my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and all the fellowship of the Round Table; and prayed them if that they came on that part that they should not forget it.

Right so departed Galahad, Percivale and Bors with him; and so

they rode three days, and then they came to a rivage, and found the ship whereof the tale speaketh of to-fore. And when they came to the board they found in the midst the table of silver which they had left with the Maimed King, and the Sangreal which was covered with red samite. Then were they glad to have such things in their fellowship; and so they entered and made great reverence thereto; and Galahad fell in his prayer long time to Our Lord, that at what time he asked, that he should pass out of this world. So much he prayed till a voice said to him: Galahad, thou shalt have thy request; and when thou askest the death of thy body thou shalt have it, and then shalt thou find the life of the soul. Percivale heard this, and prayed him, of fellowship that was between them, to tell him wherefore he asked such things. That shall I tell you, said Galahad; the other day when we saw a part of the adventures of the Sangreal I was in such a joy of heart, that I trow never man was that was earthly. And therefore I wot well, when my body is dead my soul shall be in great joy to see the blessed Trinity every day, and the majesty of Our Lord, Jesu Christ.

So long were they in the ship that they said to Galahad: Sir, in this bed ought ye to lie, for so saith the scripture. And so he laid him down and slept a great while; and when he awaked he looked afore him and saw the city of Sarraas. And as they would have landed they saw the ship wherein Percivale had put his sister in. Truly, said Percivale, in the name of God, well hath my sister holden us covenant. Then took they out of the ship the table of silver, and he took it to Percivale and to Bors, to go to-fore, and Galahad came behind. And right so they went to the city, and at the gate of the city they saw an old man crooked. Then Galahad called him and bade him help to bear this heavy thing. Truly, said the old man, it is ten year ago that I might not go but with crutches. Care thou not, said Galahad, and arise up and shew thy good will. And so he assayed, and found himself as whole as ever he was. Than ran he to the table, and took one part against Galahad. And anon arose there great noise in the city, that a cripple was made whole by knights marvellous that entered into the city.

Then anon after, the three knights went to the water, and brought up into the palace Percivale's sister, and buried her as richly as a king's daughter ought to be. And when the king of the city, which was cleped Estoraue, saw the fellowship, he asked them of whence they were, and what thing it was that they had brought upon the table of silver. And they told him the truth of the Sangreal, and the power which that God had sent there. Then the king was a tyrant, and was come of the line of paynims, and took them and put them in prison in a deep hole.

**CHAPTER XXII. How they were fed with the Sangreal while they were in prison, and how Galahad was made king.** BUT as soon as they were there Our Lord sent them the Sangreal, through whose grace they were always fulfilled while that they were in prison. So at the year's end it befell that this King Estoraue lay sick, and felt that he should die. Then he sent for the three knights, and they came afore him; and he cried them mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgave it him goodly; and he died anon. When the king was dead all the city was dismayed, and wist not who might be their king. Right so as they were in counsel there came a voice among them, and bade them choose the youngest knight of them three to be their king: For he shall well maintain you and all yours. So they made Galahad king by all the assent of the holy city, and else they would have slain him. And when he was come to behold the land, he let make above the table of silver a chest of gold and of precious stones, that hilled the Holy Vessel. And every day early the three fellows would come afore it, and make their prayers.

Now at the year's end, and the self day after Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early and his fellows, and came to the palace, and saw to-fore them the Holy Vessel, and a man kneeling on his knees in likeness of a bishop, that had about him a great fellowship of angels, as it had been Jesu Christ himself; and then he arose and began a mass of Our Lady. And when he came to the sacrament of the mass, and had done, anon he called Galahad, and said to him: Come forth the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that thou hast much desired to see. And then he began to tremble right hard when the deadly flesh began to behold the

spiritual things. Then he held up his hands toward heaven and said: Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that that hath been my desire many a day. Now, blessed Lord, would I not longer live, if it might please thee, Lord. And therewith the good man took Our Lord's body betwixt his hands, and proffered it to Galahad, and he received it right gladly and meekly. Now wottest thou what I am? said the good man. Nay, said Galahad. I am Joseph of Aramathie, the which Our Lord hath sent here to thee to bear thee fellowship; and wottest thou wherefore that he hath sent me more than any other? For thou hast resembled me in two things; in that thou hast seen the marvels of the Sangreal, in that thou hast been a clean maiden, as I have been and am.

And when he had said these words Galahad went to Percivale and kissed him, and commended him to God; and so he went to Sir Bors and kissed him, and commended him to God, and said: Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and as soon as ye see him, bid him remember of this unstable world. And therewith he kneeled down to-fore the table and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed to Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that the two fellows might well behold it. Also the two fellows saw come from heaven an hand, but they saw not the body. And then it came right to the Vessel, and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithen was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sangreal.

**CHAPTER XXIII. Of the sorrow that Percivale and Bors made when Galahad was dead: and of Percivale how he died, and other matters.** WHEN Percivale and Bors saw Galahad dead they made as much sorrow as ever did two men. And if they had not been good men they might lightly have fallen in despair. And the people of the country and of the city were right heavy. And then he was buried; and as soon as he was buried Sir Percivale yielded him to an hermitage out of the city, and took a religious clothing. And Bors was alway with him, but never changed he his secular clothing, for that he purposed him to go again into the realm of Logris. Thus a year and two months lived Sir Percivale in the hermitage a full holy life, and then passed out of this world; and Bors let bury him by his sister and by Galahad in the spiritualities.

When Bors saw that he was in so far countries as in the parts of Babylon he departed from Sarraas, and armed him and came to the sea, and entered into a ship; and so it befell him in good adventure he came into the realm of Logris; and he rode so fast till he came to Camelot where the king was. And then was there great joy made of him in the court, for they weened all he had been dead, forasmuch as he had been so long out of the country. And when they had eaten, the king made great clerks to come afore him, that they should chronicle of the high adventures of the good knights. When Bors had told him of the adventures of the Sangreal, such as had befallen him and his three fellows, that was Launcelot, Percivale, Galahad, and himself, there Launcelot told the adventures of the Sangreal that he had seen. All this was made in great books, and put up in almeries at Salisbury. And anon Sir Bors said to Sir Launcelot: Galahad, your own son, saluted you by me, and after you King Arthur and all the court, and so did Sir Percivale, for I buried them with mine own hands in the city of Sarraas. Also, Sir Launcelot, Galahad prayed you to remember of this unsiker world as ye behight him when ye were together more than half a year. This is true, said Launcelot; now I trust to God his prayer shall avail me.

Then Launcelot took Sir Bors in his arms, and said: Gentle cousin, ye are right welcome to me, and all that ever I may do for you and for yours ye shall find my poor body ready at all times, while the spirit is in it, and that I promise you faithfully, and never to fail. And wit ye well, gentle cousin, Sir Bors, that ye and I will never depart asunder whilst our lives may last. Sir, said he, I will as ye will.

## BOOK XVIII.

**CHAPTER I. Of the joy King Arthur and the queen had of the achievement of the Sangreal; and how Launcelot fell to his old love again.** SO after the quest of the Sangreal was ful-

filled, and all knights that were left alive were come again unto the Table Round, as the book of the Sangreal maketh mention, then was there great joy in the court; and in especial King Arthur and Queen Guenever made great joy of the remnant that were come home, and passing glad was the king and the queen of Sir Launcelot and of Sir Bors, for they had been passing long away in the quest of the Sangreal.

Then, as the book saith, Sir Launcelot began to resort unto Queen Guenever again, and forgot the promise and the perfection that he made in the quest. For, as the book saith, had not Sir Launcelot been in his privy thoughts and in his mind so set inwardly to the queen as he was in seeming outward to God, there had no knight passed him in the quest of the Sangreal; but ever his thoughts were privily on the queen, and so they loved together more hotter than they did to-forehand, and had such privy draughts together, that many in the court spake of it, and in especial Sir Agravaine, Sir Gawaine's brother, for he was ever open-mouthed.

So befell that Sir Launcelot had many resorts of ladies and damosels that daily resorted unto him, that besought him to be their champion, and in all such matters of right Sir Launcelot applied him daily to do for the pleasure of Our Lord, Jesu Christ. And ever as much as he might he withdrew him from the company and fellowship of Queen Guenever, for to eschew the slander and noise; wherefore the queen waxed wroth with Sir Launcelot. And upon a day she called Sir Launcelot unto her chamber, and said thus: Sir Launcelot, I see and feel daily that thy love beginneth to slake, for thou hast no joy to be in my presence, but ever thou art out of this court, and quarrels and matters thou hast nowadays for ladies and gentlewomen more than ever thou wert wont to have aforehand.

Ah madam, said Launcelot, in this ye must hold me excused for divers causes; one is, I was but late in the quest of the Sangreal; and I thank God of his great mercy, and never of my desert, that I saw in that my quest as much as ever saw any sinful man, and so was it told me. And if I had not had my privy thoughts to return to your love again as I do, I had seen as great mysteries as ever saw my son Galahad, outhere Percivale, or Sir Bors; and therefore, madam, I was but late in that quest. Wit ye well, madam, it may not be yet lightly forgotten the high service in whom I did my diligent labour. Also, madam, wit ye well that there be many men speak of our love in this court, and have you and me greatly in await, as Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred; and madam, wit ye well I dread them more for your sake than for any fear I have of them myself, for I may happen to escape and rid myself in a great need, where ye must abide all that will be said unto you. And then if that ye fall in any distress through wilful folly, then is there none other remedy or help but by me and my blood. And wit ye well, madam, the boldness of you and me will bring us to great shame and slander; and that were me loath to see you dishonoured. And that is the cause I take upon me more for to do for damosels and maidens than ever I did to-fore, that men should understand my joy and my delight is my pleasure to have ado for damosels and maidens.

**CHAPTER II. How the queen commanded Sir Launcelot to avoid the court, and of the sorrow that Launcelot made.** ALL this while the queen stood still and let Sir Launcelot say what he would. And when he had all said she brast out a-weeping, and so she sobbed and wept a great while. And when she might speak she said: Launcelot, now I well understand that thou art a false recreant knight and a common lecher, and lovest and holdest other ladies, and by me thou hast disdain and scorn. For wit thou well, she said, now I understand thy falsehood, and therefore shall I never love thee no more. And never be thou so hardy to come in my sight; and right here I discharge thee this court, that thou never come within it; and I forfend thee my fellowship, and upon pain of thy head that thou see me no more. Right so Sir Launcelot departed with great heaviness, that unneth he might sustain himself for great dole-making.

Then he called Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Lionel, and told them how the queen had forfended him the court, and so he was in will to depart into his own country. Fair sir, said Sir Bors

de Ganis, ye shall not depart out of this land by mine advice. Ye must remember in what honour ye are renowned, and called the noblest knight of the world; and many great matters ye have in hand. And women in their hastiness will do oftentimes that sore repenteth them; and therefore by mine advice ye shall take your horse, and ride to the good hermitage here beside Windsor, that sometime was a good knight, his name is Sir Brasias, and there shall ye abide till I send you word of better tidings. Brother, said Sir Launcelot, wit ye well I am full loath to depart out of this realm, but the queen hath defended me so highly, that meseemeth she will never be my good lady as she hath been. Say ye never so, said Sir Bors, for many times or this time she hath been wroth with you, and after it she was the first that repented it. Ye say well, said Launcelot, for now will I do by your counsel, and take mine horse and my harness, and ride to the hermit Sir Brasias, and there will I repose me until I hear some manner of tidings from you; but, fair brother, I pray you get me the love of my lady, Queen Guenever, an ye may Sir, said Sir Bors, ye need not to move me of such matters, for well ye wot I will do what I may to please you.

And then the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, departed with right heavy cheer suddenly, that none earthly creature wist of him, nor where he was become, but Sir Bors. So when Sir Launcelot was departed, the queen outward made no manner of sorrow in showing to none of his blood nor to none other. But wit ye well, inwardly, as the book saith, she took great thought, but she bare it out with a proud countenance as though she felt nothing nor danger.

**CHAPTER III. How at a dinner that the queen made there was a knight enpoisoned, which Sir Mador laid on the queen.** AND then the queen let make a privy dinner in London unto the knights of the Round Table. And all was for to show outward that she had as great joy in all other knights of the Table Round as she had in Sir Launcelot. All only at that dinner she had Sir Gawaine and his brethren, that is for to say Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, Sir Gareth, and Sir Mordred. Also there was Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Blamore de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Lionel, Sir Palomides, Safere his brother, Sir La Cote Male Taile, Sir Persant, Sir Ironside, Sir Brandiles, Sir Kay le Seneschal, Sir Mador de la Porte, Sir Patrise, a knight of Ireland, Aliduk, Sir Astamore, and Sir Pinel le Savage, the which was cousin to Sir Lamorak de Galis, the good knight that Sir Gawaine and his brethren slew by treason. And so these four-and-twenty knights should dine with the queen in a privy place by herself, and there was made a great feast of all manner of dainties.

But Sir Gawaine had a custom that he used daily at dinner and at supper, that he loved well all manner of fruit, and in especial apples and pears. And therefore whosoever dined or feasted Sir Gawaine would commonly purvey for good fruit for him, and so did the queen for to please Sir Gawaine; she let purvey for him all manner of fruit, for Sir Gawaine was a passing hot knight of nature. And this Pinel hated Sir Gawaine because of his kinsman Sir Lamorak de Galis; and therefore for pure envy and hate Sir Pinel enpoisoned certain apples for to enpoison Sir Gawaine. And so this was well unto the end of the meat; and so it befell by misfortune a good knight named Patrise, cousin unto Sir Mador de la Porte, to take a poisoned apple. And when he had eaten it he swelled so till he brast, and there Sir Patrise fell down suddenly dead among them.

Then every knight leapt from the board ashamed, and araged for wrath, nigh out of their wits. For they wist not what to say; considering Queen Guenever made the feast and dinner, they all had suspicion unto her. My lady, the queen, said Gawaine, wit ye well, madam, that this dinner was made for me, for all folks that know my condition understand that I love well fruit, and now I see well I had near been slain; therefore, madam, I dread me lest ye will be shamed. Then the queen stood still and was sore abashed, that she nist not what to say. This shall not so be ended, said Sir Mador de la Porte, for here have I lost a full noble knight of my blood; and therefore upon this shame and despite I will be revenged to the utterance. And there openly Sir Mador appealed the queen of the death of his cousin, Sir Patrise. Then stood they

all still, that none would speak a word against him, for they all had great suspicion unto the queen because she let make that dinner. And the queen was so abashed that she could none other ways do, but wept so heartily that she fell in a swoon. With this noise and cry came to them King Arthur, and when he wist of that trouble he was a passing heavy man.

**CHAPTER IV. How Sir Mador appealed the queen of treason, and there was no knight would fight for her at the first time.** AND ever Sir Mador stood still afore the king, and ever he appealed the queen of treason; for the custom was such that time that all manner of shameful death was called treason. Fair lords, said King Arthur, me repenteth of this trouble, but the case is so I may not have ado in this matter, for I must be a rightful judge; and that repenteth me that I may not do battle for my wife, for as I deem this deed came never by her. And therefore I suppose she shall not be all distained, but that some good knight shall put his body in jeopardy for my queen rather than she shall be brent in a wrong quarrel. And therefore, Sir Mador, be not so hasty, for it may happen she shall not be all friendless; and therefore desire thou thy day of battle, and she shall purvey her of some good knight that shall answer you, or else it were to me great shame, and to all my court.

My gracious lord, said Sir Mador, ye must hold me excused, for though ye be our king in that degree, ye are but a knight as we are, and ye are sworn unto knighthood as well as we; and therefore I beseech you that ye be not displeased, for there is none of the four-and-twenty knights that were bidden to this dinner but all they have great suspicion unto the queen. What say ye all, my lords? said Sir Mador. Then they answered by and by that they could not excuse the queen; for why she made the dinner, and either it must come by her or by her servants. Alas, said the queen, I made this dinner for a good intent, and never for none evil, so Almighty God me help in my right, as I was never purposed to do such evil deeds, and that I report me unto God.

My lord, the king, said Sir Mador, I require you as ye be a righteous king give me a day that I may have justice. Well, said the king, I give the day this day fifteen days that thou be ready armed on horseback in the meadow beside Westminster. And if it so fall that there be any knight to encounter with you, there mayst thou do the best, and God speed the right. And if it so fall that there be no knight at that day, then must my queen be burnt, and there she shall be ready to have her judgment. I am answered, said Sir Mador. And every knight went where it liked them.

So when the king and the queen were together the king asked the queen how this case befell. The queen answered: So God me help, I wot not how or in what manner. Where is Sir Launcelot? said King Arthur; an he were here he would not grudge to do battle for you. Sir, said the queen, I wot not where he is, but his brother and his kinsmen deem that he be not within this realm. That me repenteth, said King Arthur, for an he were here he would soon stint this strife. Then I will counsel you, said the king, and unto Sir Bors: That ye will do battle for her for Sir Launcelot's sake, and upon my life he will not refuse you. For well I see, said the king, that none of these four-and-twenty knights that were with you at your dinner where Sir Patrise was slain, that will do battle for you, nor none of them will say well of you, and that shall be a great slander for you in this court. Alas, said the queen, and I may not do withal, but now I miss Sir Launcelot, for an he were here he would put me soon to my heart's ease. What aileth you, said the king, ye cannot keep Sir Launcelot upon your side? For wit ye well, said the king, who that hath Sir Launcelot upon his part hath the most man of worship in the world upon his side. Now go your way, said the king unto the queen, and require Sir Bors to do battle for you for Sir Launcelot's sake.

**CHAPTER V. How the queen required Sir Bors to fight for her, and how he granted upon condition; and how he warned Sir Launcelot thereof.** SO the queen departed from the king, and sent for Sir Bors into her chamber. And when he was come she besought him of succour. Madam, said he, what would ye that I did? for I may not with my worship have ado in this matter, because I was at the same dinner, for dread that any of those knights would have me in suspicion. Also, madam, said Sir Bors,

now miss ye Sir Launcelot, for he would not have failed you neither in right nor in wrong, as ye have well proved when ye have been in danger; and now ye have driven him out of this country, by whom ye and all we were daily worshipped by; therefore, madam, I marvel how ye dare for shame require me to do any thing for you, in so much ye have chased him out of your country by whom we were borne up and honoured. Alas, fair knight, said the queen, I put me wholly in your grace, and all that is done amiss I will amend as ye will counsel me. And therewith she kneeled down upon both her knees, and besought Sir Bors to have mercy upon her: Outher I shall have a shameful death, and thereto I never offended.

Right so came King Arthur, and found the queen kneeling afore Sir Bors; then Sir Bors pulled her up, and said: Madam, ye do me great dishonour. Ah, gentle knight, said the king, have mercy upon my queen, courteous knight, for I am now in certain she is untruly defamed. And therefore, courteous knight, said the king, promise her to do battle for her, I require you for the love of Sir Launcelot. My lord, said Sir Bors, ye require me the greatest thing that any man may require me; and wit ye well if I grant to do battle for the queen I shall wrath many of my fellowship of the Table Round. But as for that, said Bors, I will grant my lord that for my lord Sir Launcelot's sake, and for your sake I will at that day be the queen's champion unless that there come by adventure a better knight than I am to do battle for her. Will ye promise me this, said the king, by your faith? Yea sir, said Sir Bors, of that I will not fail you, nor her both, but if there come a better knight than I am, and then shall he have the battle. Then was the king and the queen passing glad, and so departed, and thanked him heartily.

So then Sir Bors departed secretly upon a day, and rode unto Sir Launcelot whereas he was with the hermit, Sir Brasias, and told him of all their adventure. Ah Jesu, said Sir Launcelot, this is come happily as I would have it, and therefore I pray you make you ready to do battle, but look that ye tarry till ye see me come, as long as ye may. For I am sure Mador is an hot knight when he is enchafted, for the more ye suffer him the hastier will he be to battle. Sir, said Bors, let me deal with him, doubt ye not ye shall have all your will. Then departed Sir Bors from him and came to the court again. Then was it noised in all the court that Sir Bors should do battle for the queen; wherefore many knights were displeased with him, that he would take upon him to do battle in the queen's quarrel; for there were but few knights in all the court but they deemed the queen was in the wrong, and that she had done that treason.

So Sir Bors answered thus to his fellows of the Table Round: Wit ye well, my fair lords, it were shame to us all an we suffered to see the most noble queen of the world to be shamed openly, considering her lord and our lord is the man of most worship in the world, and most christened, and he hath ever worshipped us all in all places. Many answered him again: As for our most noble King Arthur, we love him and honour him as well as ye do, but as for Queen Guenever we love her not, because she is a destroyer of good knights. Fair lords, said Sir Bors, meseemeth ye say not as ye should say, for never yet in my days knew I never nor heard say that ever she was a destroyer of any good knight. But at all times as far as ever I could know she was a maintainer of good knights; and ever she hath been large and free of her goods to all good knights, and the most bounteous lady of her gifts and her good grace, that ever I saw or heard speak of. And therefore it were shame, said Sir Bors, to us all to our most noble king's wife, an we suffered her to be shamefully slain. And wit ye well, said Sir Bors, I will not suffer it, for I dare say so much, the queen is not guilty of Sir Patrise's death, for she owed him never none ill will, nor none of the four-and-twenty knights that were at that dinner; for I dare say for good love she bade us to dinner, and not for no mal engine, and that I doubt not shall be proved hereafter, for howsoever the game goeth, there was treason among us. Then some said to Sir Bors: We may well believe your words. And so some of them were well pleased, and some were not so.

**CHAPTER VI. How at the day Sir Bors made him ready for to fight for the queen; and when he would fight how another discharged him.** THE day came on fast until the even that the

battle should be. Then the queen sent for Sir Bors and asked him how he was disposed. Truly madam, said he, I am disposed in likewise as I promised you, that is for to say I shall not fail you, unless by adventure there come a better knight than I am to do battle for you, then, madam, am I discharged of my promise. Will ye, said the queen, that I tell my lord Arthur thus? Do as it shall please you, madam. Then the queen went unto the king and told him the answer of Sir Bors. Have ye no doubt, said the king, of Sir Bors, for I call him now one of the best knights of the world, and the most profitablest man. And thus it passed on until the morn, and the king and the queen and all manner of knights that were there at that time drew them unto the meadow beside Westminster where the battle should be. And so when the king was come with the queen and many knights of the Round Table, then the queen was put there in the Constable's ward, and a great fire made about an iron stake, that an Sir Mador de la Porte had the better, she should be burnt: such custom was used in those days, that neither for favour, neither for love nor affinity, there should be none other but righteous judgment, as well upon a king as upon a knight, and as well upon a queen as upon another poor lady.

So in this meanwhile came in Sir Mador de la Porte, and took his oath afore the king, that the queen did this treason until his cousin Sir Patrise, and unto his oath he would prove it with his body, hand for hand, who that would say the contrary. Right so came in Sir Bors de Ganis, and said: That as for Queen Guenever she is in the right, and that will I make good with my hands that she is not culpable of this treason that is put upon her. Then make thee ready, said Sir Mador, and we shall prove whether thou be in the right or I. Sir Mador, said Sir Bors, wit thou well I know you for a good knight. Not for then I shall not fear you so greatly, but I trust to God I shall be able to withstand your malice. But this much have I promised my lord Arthur and my lady the queen, that I shall do battle for her in this case to the uttermost, unless that there come a better knight than I am and discharge me. Is that all? said Sir Mador, either come thou off and do battle with me, or else say nay. Take your horse, said Sir Bors, and as I suppose, ye shall not tarry long but ye shall be answered.

Then either departed to their tents and made them ready to horseback as they thought best. And anon Sir Mador came into the field with his shield on his shoulder and his spear in his hand; and so rode about the place crying unto Arthur: Bid your champion come forth an he dare. Then was Sir Bors ashamed and took his horse and came to the lists' end. And then was he ware where came from a wood there fast by a knight all armed, upon a white horse, with a strange shield of strange arms; and he came riding all that he might run, and so he came to Sir Bors, and said thus: Fair knight, I pray you be not displeased, for here must a better knight than ye are have this battle, therefore I pray you withdraw you. For wit ye well I have had this day a right great journey, and this battle ought to be mine, and so I promised you when I spake with you last, and with all my heart I thank you of your good will. Then Sir Bors rode unto King Arthur and told him how there was a knight come that would have the battle for to fight for the queen. What knight is he? said the king. I wot not, said Sir Bors, but such covenant he made with me to be here this day. Now my lord, said Sir Bors, here am I discharged.

**CHAPTER VII How Sir Launcelot fought against Sir Mador for the queen, and how he overcame Sir Mador, and discharged the queen.** THEN the king called to that knight, and asked him if he would fight for the queen. Then he answered to the king: Therefore came I hither, and therefore, sir king, he said, tarry me no longer, for I may not tarry. For anon as I have finished this battle I must depart hence, for I have ado many matters elsewhere. For wit you well, said that knight, this is dishonour to you all knights of the Round Table, to see and know so noble a lady and so courteous a queen as Queen Guenever is, thus to be rebuked and shamed amongst you. Then they all marvelled what knight that might be that so took the battle upon him. For there was not one that knew him, but if it were Sir Bors.

Then said Sir Mador de la Porte unto the king: Now let me wit with whom I shall have ado withal. And then they rode to the lists' end, and there they couched their spears, and ran together with

all their might, and Sir Mador's spear brake all to pieces, but the other's spear held, and bare Sir Mador's horse and all backward to the earth a great fall. But mightily and suddenly he avoided his horse and put his shield afore him, and then drew his sword, and bade the other knight alight and do battle with him on foot. Then that knight descended from his horse lightly like a valiant man, and put his shield afore him and drew his sword; and so they came eagerly unto battle, and either gave other many great strokes, tracing and traversing, racing and foining, and hurtling together with their swords as it were wild boars. Thus were they fighting nigh an hour, for this Sir Mador was a strong knight, and mightily proved in many strong battles. But at the last this knight smote Sir Mador grovelling upon the earth, and the knight stepped near him to have pulled Sir Mador flatling upon the ground; and therewith suddenly Sir Mador arose, and in his rising he smote that knight through the thick of the thighs that the blood ran out fiercely. And when he felt himself so wounded, and saw his blood, he let him arise upon his feet. And then he gave him such a buffet upon the helm that he fell to the earth flatling, and therewith he strode to him to have pulled off his helm off his head. And then Sir Mador prayed that knight to save his life, and so he yielded him as overcome, and released the queen of his quarrel. I will not grant thee thy life, said that knight, only that thou freely release the queen for ever, and that no mention be made upon Sir Patrise's tomb that ever Queen Guenever consented to that treason. All this shall be done, said Sir Mador, I clearly discharge my quarrel for ever.

Then the knights parters of the lists took up Sir Mador, and led him to his tent, and the other knight went straight to the stair-foot where sat King Arthur; and by that time was the queen come to the king, and either kissed other heartily. And when the king saw that knight, he stooped down to him, and thanked him, and in likewise did the queen; and the king prayed him to put off his helmet, and to repose him, and to take a sop of wine. And then he put off his helm to drink, and then every knight knew him that it was Sir Launcelot du Lake. Anon as the king wist that, he took the queen in his hand, and yode unto Sir Launcelot, and said: Sir, grant mercy of your great travail that ye have had this day for me and for my queen. My lord, said Sir Launcelot, wit ye well I ought of right ever to be in your quarrel, and in my lady the queen's quarrel, to do battle; for ye are the man that gave me the high order of knighthood, and that day my lady, your queen, did me great worship, and else I had been shamed; for that same day ye made me knight, through my hastiness I lost my sword, and my lady, your queen, found it, and lapped it in her train, and gave me my sword when I had need thereto, and else had I been shamed among all knights; and therefore, my lord Arthur, I promised her at that day ever to be her knight in right outther in wrong. Grant mercy, said the king, for this journey; and wit ye well, said the king, I shall acquit your goodness.

And ever the queen beheld Sir Launcelot, and wept so tenderly that she sank almost to the ground for sorrow that he had done to her so great goodness where she shewed him great unkindness. Then the knights of his blood drew unto him, and there either of them made great joy of other. And so came all the knights of the Table Round that were there at that time, and welcomed him. And then Sir Mador was had to leech-craft, and Sir Launcelot was healed of his wound. And then there was made great joy and mirths in that court.

**CHAPTER VIII. How the truth was known by the Maiden of the Lake, and of divers other matters.** AND so it befell that the damosel of the lake, her name was Nimue, the which wedded the good knight Sir Pelleas, and so she came to the court; for ever she did great goodness unto King Arthur and to all his knights through her sorcery and enchantments. And so when she heard how the queen was an-angered for the death of Sir Patrise, then she told it openly that she was never guilty; and there she disclosed by whom it was done, and named him, Sir Pinel; and for what cause he did it, there it was openly disclosed; and so the queen was excused, and the knight Pinel fled into his country. Then was it openly known that Sir Pinel poisoned the apples at the feast to that intent to have destroyed Sir Gawaine, because Sir Gawaine and his brethren

destroyed Sir Lamorak de Galis, to the which Sir Pinel was cousin unto. Then was Sir Patrise buried in the church of Westminster in a tomb, and thereupon was written: Here lieth Sir Patrise of Ireland, slain by Sir Pinel le Savage, that enpoisoned apples to have slain Sir Gawaine, and by misfortune Sir Patrise ate one of those apples, and then suddenly he brast. Also there was written upon the tomb that Queen Guenever was appealed of treason of the death of Sir Patrise, by Sir Mador de la Porte; and there was made mention how Sir Launcelot fought with him for Queen Guenever, and overcame him in plain battle. All this was written upon the tomb of Sir Patrise in excusing of the queen. And then Sir Mador sued daily and long, to have the queen's good grace; and so by the means of Sir Launcelot he caused him to stand in the queen's good grace, and all was forgiven.

Thus it passed on till our Lady Day, Assumption. Within a fifteen days of that feast the king let cry a great jousts and a tournament that should be at that day at Camelot, that is Winchester; and the king let cry that he and the King of Scots would joust against all that would come against them. And when this cry was made, thither came many knights. So there came thither the King of Northgalis, and King Anguish of Ireland, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and Galahad, the haut prince, and the King of Northumberland, and many other noble dukes and earls of divers countries. So King Arthur made him ready to depart to these jousts, and would have had the queen with him, but at that time she would not, she said, for she was sick and might not ride at that time. That me repenteth, said the king, for this seven year ye saw not such a noble fellowship together except at Whitsuntide when Galahad departed from the court. Truly, said the queen to the king, ye must hold me excused, I may not be there, and that me repenteth. And many deemed the queen would not be there because of Sir Launcelot du Lake, for Sir Launcelot would not ride with the king, for he said that he was not whole of the wound the which Sir Mador had given him; wherefore the king was heavy and passing wroth. And so he departed toward Winchester with his fellowship; and so by the way the king lodged in a town called Astolat, that is now in English called Guildford, and there the king lay in the castle.

So when the king was departed the queen called Sir Launcelot to her, and said thus: Sir Launcelot, ye are greatly to blame thus to hold you behind my lord; what, trow ye, what will your enemies and mine say and deem? nought else but, See how Sir Launcelot holdeth him ever behind the king, and so doth the queen, for that they would have their pleasure together. And thus will they say, said the queen to Sir Launcelot, have ye no doubt thereof.

**CHAPTER IX. How Sir Launcelot rode to Astolat, and received a sleeve to wear upon his helm at the request of a maid.** MADAM, said Sir Launcelot, I allow your wit, it is of late come since ye were wise. And therefore, madam, at this time I will be ruled by your counsel, and this night I will take my rest, and to-morrow by time I will take my way toward Winchester. But wit you well, said Sir Launcelot to the queen, that at that jousts I will be against the king, and against all his fellowship. Ye may there do as ye list, said the queen, but by my counsel ye shall not be against your king and your fellowship. For therein be full many hard knights of your blood, as ye wot well enough, it needeth not to rehearse them. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, I pray you that ye be not displeased with me, for I will take the adventure that God will send me.

And so upon the morn early Sir Launcelot heard mass and brake his fast, and so took his leave of the queen and departed. And then he rode so much until he came to Astolat, that is Guildford; and there it happened him in the eventide he came to an old baron's place that hight Sir Bernard of Astolat. And as Sir Launcelot entered into his lodging, King Arthur espied him as he did walk in a garden beside the castle, how he took his lodging, and knew him full well. It is well, said King Arthur unto the knights that were with him in that garden beside the castle, I have now espied one knight that will play his play at the jousts to the which we be gone toward; I undertake he will do marvels. Who is that, we pray you tell us? said many knights that were there at that time. Ye shall not wit for me, said the king, as at this time. And so the king smiled, and

went to his lodging.

So when Sir Launcelot was in his lodging, and unarmed him in his chamber, the old baron and hermit came to him making his reverence, and welcomed him in the best manner; but the old knight knew not Sir Launcelot. Fair sir, said Sir Launcelot to his host, I would pray you to lend me a shield that were not openly known, for mine is well known. Sir, said his host, ye shall have your desire, for meseemeth ye be one of the likeliest knights of the world, and therefore I shall shew you friendship. Sir, wit you well I have two sons that were but late made knights, and the eldest hight Sir Tirre, and he was hurt that same day he was made knight, that he may not ride, and his shield ye shall have; for that is not known I dare say but here, and in no place else. And my youngest son hight Lavaine, and if it please you, he shall ride with you unto that jousts; and he is of his age strong and wight, for much my heart giveth unto you that ye should be a noble knight, therefore I pray you, tell me your name, said Sir Bernard. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, ye must hold me excused as at this time, and if God give me grace to speed well at the jousts I shall come again and tell you. But I pray you, said Sir Launcelot, in any wise let me have your son, Sir Lavaine, with me, and that I may have his brother's shield. All this shall be done, said Sir Bernard.

This old baron had a daughter that was called that time the Fair Maiden of Astolat. And ever she beheld Sir Launcelot wonderfully; and as the book saith, she cast such a love unto Sir Launcelot that she could never withdraw her love, wherefore she died, and her name was Elaine le Blank. So thus as she came to and fro she was so hot in her love that she besought Sir Launcelot to wear upon him at the jousts a token of hers. Fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, an if I grant you that, ye may say I do more for your love than ever I did for lady or damosel. Then he remembered him he would go to the jousts disguised. And because he had never fore that time borne no manner of token of no damosel, then he bethought him that he would bear one of her, that none of his blood thereby might know him, and then he said: Fair maiden, I will grant you to wear a token of yours upon mine helmet, and therefore what it is, shew it me. Sir, she said, it is a red sleeve of mine, of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls; and so she brought it him. So Sir Launcelot received it, and said: Never did I erst so much for no damosel. And then Sir Launcelot betook the fair maiden his shield in keeping, and prayed her to keep that until that he came again; and so that night he had merry rest and great cheer, for ever the damosel Elaine was about Sir Launcelot all the while she might be suffered.

**CHAPTER X. How the tourney began at Winchester, and what knights were at the jousts; and other things.** So upon a day, on the morn, King Arthur and all his knights departed, for their king had tarried three days to abide his noble knights. And so when the king was ridden, Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine made them ready to ride, and either of them had white shields, and the red sleeve Sir Launcelot let carry with him. And so they took their leave at Sir Bernard, the old baron, and at his daughter, the Fair Maiden of Astolat. And then they rode so long till that they came to Camelot, that time called Winchester; and there was great press of kings, dukes earls, and barons, and many noble knights. But there Sir Launcelot was lodged privily by the means of Sir Lavaine with a rich burgess, that no man in that town was ware what they were. And so they reposed them there till our Lady Day, Assumption, as the great feast should be. So then trumpets blew unto the field, and King Arthur was set on high upon a scaffold to behold who did best. But as the French book saith, the king would not suffer Sir Gawaine to go from him, for never had Sir Gawaine the better an Sir Launcelot were in the field; and many times was Sir Gawaine rebuked when Launcelot came into any jousts disguised.

Then some of the kings, as King Anguish of Ireland and the King of Scots, were that time turned upon the side of King Arthur. And then on the other party was the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and the King of Northumberland, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince. But these three kings and this duke were passing weak to hold against King Arthur's party, for with him were the noblest knights of the world. So then they withdrew them either party from other, and every man made him

ready in his best manner to do what he might.

Then Sir Launcelot made him ready, and put the red sleeve upon his head, and fastened it fast; and so Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine departed out of Winchester privily, and rode until a little leaved wood behind the party that held against King Arthur's party, and there they held them still till the parties smote together. And then came in the King of Scots and the King of Ireland on Arthur's party, and against them came the King of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down the King of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down King Anghuish of Ireland. Then Sir Palomides that was on Arthur's party encountered with Sir Galahad, and either of them smote down other, and either party help their lords on horseback again. So there began a strong assail upon both parties. And then came in Sir Brandiles, Sir Sagamore le Desirous, Sir Dodinas le Savage, Sir Kay le Seneschal, Sir Griflet le Fise de Dieu, Sir Mordred, Sir Meliot de Logris, Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, Sir Safere, Sir Epinogris, Sir Galleron of Galway. All these fifteen knights were knights of the Table Round. So these with more other came in together, and beat aback the King of Northumberland and the King of Northgalis. When Sir Launcelot saw this, as he hove in a little leaved wood, then he said unto Sir Lavaine: See yonder is a company of good knights, and they hold them together as boars that were chafed with dogs. That is truth, said Sir Lavaine.

**CHAPTER XI. How Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine entered in the field against them of King Arthur's court, and how Launcelot was hurt.** NOW, said Sir Launcelot, an ye will help me a little, ye shall see yonder fellowship that chaseth now these men in our side, that they shall go as fast backward as they went forward. Sir, spare not, said Sir Lavaine, for I shall do what I may. Then Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine came in at the thickest of the press, and there Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Brandiles, Sir Sagamore, Sir Dodinas, Sir Kay, Sir Griflet, and all this he did with one spear; and Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Lucan le Butler and Sir Bedevere. And then Sir Launcelot gat another spear, and there he smote down Sir Agravaire, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Mordred, and Sir Meliot de Logris; and Sir Lavaine smote Ozanna le Cure Hardy. And then Sir Launcelot drew his sword, and there he smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and by great force he unhorsed Sir Safere, Sir Epinogris, and Sir Galleron; and then the knights of the Table Round withdrew them aback, after they had gotten their horses as well as they might. O mercy Jesu, said Sir Gawaine, what knight is yonder that doth so marvellous deeds of arms in that field? I wot well what he is, said King Arthur, but as at this time I will not name him. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, I would say it were Sir Launcelot by his riding and his buffets that I see him deal, but ever meseemeth it should not be he, for that he beareth the red sleeve upon his head; for I wist him never bear token at no jousts, of lady nor gentlewoman. Let him be, said King Arthur, he will be better known, and do more, or ever he depart.

Then the party that was against King Arthur were well comforted, and then they held them together that beforehand were sore rebuked. Then Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Lionel called unto them the knights of their blood, as Sir Blamore de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Aliduke, Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Bellangere le Beuse. So these nine knights of Sir Launcelot's kin thrust in mightily, for they were all noble knights; and they, of great hate and despite that they had unto him, thought to rebuke that noble knight Sir Launcelot, and Sir Lavaine, for they knew them not; and so they came hurling together, and smote down many knights of Northgalis and of Northumberland. And when Sir Launcelot saw them fare so, he gat a spear in his hand; and there encountered with him all at once Sir Bors, Sir Ector, and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote him at once with their spears. And with force of themselves they smote Sir Launcelot's horse to the earth; and by misfortune Sir Bors smote Sir Launcelot through the shield into the side, and the spear brake, and the head left still in his side.

When Sir Lavaine saw his master lie on the ground, he ran to the King of Scots and smote him to the earth; and by great force he took his horse, and brought him to Sir Launcelot, and mauge of them all he made him to mount upon that horse. And then

Launcelot gat a spear in his hand, and there he smote Sir Bors, horse and man, to the earth. In the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel; and Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Blamore de Ganis. And then Sir Launcelot drew his sword, for he felt himself so sore y-hurt that he weened there to have had his death. And then he smote Sir Bleoberis such a buffet on the helm that he fell down to the earth in a swoon. And in the same wise he served Sir Aliduke and Sir Galihud. And Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Bellangere, that was the son of Alisander le Orphelin.

And by this was Sir Bors horsed, and then he came with Sir Ector and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote with swords upon Sir Launcelot's helmet. And when he felt their buffets and his wound, the which was so grievous, then he thought to do what he might while he might endure. And then he gave Sir Bors such a buffet that he made him bow his head passing low; and therewithal he raced off his helm, and might have slain him; and so pulled him down, and in the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel. For as the book saith he might have slain them, but when he saw their visages his heart might not serve him thereto, but left them there. And then afterward he hurled into the thickest press of them all, and did there the marvellous deeds of arms that ever man saw or heard speak of, and ever Sir Lavaine, the good knight, with him. And there Sir Launcelot with his sword smote down and pulled down, as the French book maketh mention, mo than thirty knights, and the most part were of the Table Round; and Sir Lavaine did full well that day, for he smote down ten knights of the Table Round.

**CHAPTER XII. How Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine departed out of the field, and in what jeopardy Launcelot was.** MERCY Jesu, said Sir Gawaine to Arthur, I marvel what knight that he is with the red sleeve. Sir, said King Arthur, he will be known or he depart. And then the king blew unto lodging, and the prize was given by heralds unto the knight with the white shield that bare the red sleeve. Then came the King with the Hundred Knights, the King of Northgalis, and the King of Northumberland, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, and said unto Sir Launcelot: Fair knight, God thee bless, for much have ye done this day for us, therefore we pray you that ye will come with us that ye may receive the honour and the prize as ye have worshipfully deserved it. My fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well if I have deserved thanks I have sore bought it, and that me repenteth, for I am like never to escape with my life; therefore, fair lords, I pray you that ye will suffer me to depart where me liketh, for I am sore hurt. I take none force of none honour, for I had liefer to repose me than to be lord of all the world. And therewithal he groaned piteously, and rode a great wallop away-ward from them until he came under a wood's side.

And when he saw that he was from the field nigh a mile, that he was sure he might not be seen, then he said with an high voice: O gentle knight, Sir Lavaine, help me that this truncheon were out of my side, for it sticketh so sore that it nigh slayeth me. O mine own lord, said Sir Lavaine, I would fain do that might please you, but I dread me sore an I pull out the truncheon that ye shall be in peril of death. I charge you, said Sir Launcelot, as ye love me, draw it out. And therewithal he descended from his horse, and right so did Sir Lavaine; and forthwithal Sir Lavaine drew the truncheon out of his side, and he gave a great shriek and a marvellous grisly groan, and the blood brast out nigh a pint at once, that at the last he sank down upon his buttocks, and so swooned pale and deadly. Alas, said Sir Lavaine, what shall I do? And then he turned Sir Launcelot into the wind, but so he lay there nigh half an hour as he had been dead.

And so at the last Sir Launcelot cast up his eyes, and said: O Lavaine, help me that I were on my horse, for here is fast by within this two mile a gentle hermit that sometime was a full noble knight and a great lord of possessions. And for great goodness he hath taken him to wilful poverty, and forsaken many lands, and his name is Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and he is a full noble surgeon and a good leech. Now let see, help me up that I were there, for ever my heart giveth me that I shall never die of my cousin-germain's hands. And then with great pain Sir Lavaine help him upon his horse. And then they rode a great wallop together, and ever Sir

Launcelot bled that it ran down to the earth; and so by fortune they came to that hermitage the which was under a wood, and a great cliff on the other side, and a fair water running under it. And then Sir Lavaine beat on the gate with the butt of his spear, and cried fast: Let in for Jesu's sake.

And there came a fair child to them, and asked them what they would. Fair son, said Sir Lavaine, go and pray thy lord, the hermit, for God's sake to let in here a knight that is full sore wounded; and this day tell thy lord I saw him do more deeds of arms than ever I heard say that any man did. So the child went in lightly, and then he brought the hermit, the which was a passing good man. When Sir Lavaine saw him he prayed him for God's sake of succour. What knight is he? said the hermit. Is he of the house of King Arthur, or not? I wot not, said Sir Lavaine, what is he, nor what is his name, but well I wot I saw him do marvellously this day as of deeds of arms. On whose party was he? said the hermit. Sir, said Sir Lavaine, he was this day against King Arthur, and there he won the prize of all the knights of the Round Table. I have seen the day, said the hermit, I would have loved him the worse because he was against my lord, King Arthur, for sometime I was one of the fellowship of the Round Table, but I thank God now I am otherwise disposed. But where is he? let me see him. Then Sir Lavaine brought the hermit to him.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Launcelot was brought to an hermit for to be healed of his wound, and of other matters.** AND when the hermit beheld him, as he sat leaning upon his saddle-bow ever bleeding piteously, and ever the knight-hermit thought that he should know him, but he could not bring him to knowledge because he was so pale for bleeding. What knight are ye, said the hermit, and where were ye born? My fair lord, said Sir Launcelot, I am a stranger and a knight adventurous, that laboureth throughout many realms for to win worship. Then the hermit advised him better, and saw by a wound on his cheek that he was Sir Launcelot. Alas, said the hermit, mine own lord why lain you your name from me? Forsooth I ought to know you of right, for ye are the most noblest knight of the world, for well I know you for Sir Launcelot. Sir, said he, sith ye know me, help me an ye may, for God's sake, for I would be out of this pain at once, either to death or to life. Have ye no doubt, said the hermit, ye shall live and fare right well. And so the hermit called to him two of his servants, and so he and his servants bare him into the hermitage, and lightly unarmed him, and laid him in his bed. And then anon the hermit staunched his blood, and made him to drink good wine, so that Sir Launcelot was well refreshed and knew himself; for in those days it was not the guise of hermits as is nowadays, for there were none hermits in those days but that they had been men of worship and of prowess; and those hermits held great household, and refreshed people that were in distress.

Now turn we unto King Arthur, and leave we Sir Launcelot in the hermitage. So when the kings were come together on both parties, and the great feast should be holden, King Arthur asked the King of Northgalis and their fellowship, where was that knight that bare the red sleeve: Bring him afore me that he may have his laud, and honour, and the prize, as it is right. Then spake Sir Galahad, the haut prince, and the King with the Hundred Knights: We suppose that knight is mischieved, and that he is never like to see you nor none of us all, and that is the greatest pity that ever we wist of any knight. Alas, said Arthur, how may this be, is he so hurt? What is his name? said King Arthur. Truly, said they all, we know not his name, nor from whence he came, nor whither he would. Alas, said the king, this be to me the worst tidings that came to me this seven year, for I would not for all the lands I wield to know and wit it were so that that noble knight were slain. Know ye him? said they all. As for that, said Arthur, whether I know him or know him not, ye shall not know for me what man he is, but Almighty Jesu send me good tidings of him. And so said they all. By my head, said Sir Gawaine, if it so be that the good knight be so sore hurt, it is great damage and pity to all this land, for he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw in a field handle a spear or a sword; and if he may be found I shall find him, for I am sure he nis not far from this town. Bear you well, said King Arthur, an ye may find him, unless that he be in such a plight that he may

not wield himself. Jesu defend, said Sir Gawaine, but wit I shall what he is, an I may find him.

Right so Sir Gawaine took a squire with him upon hackneys, and rode all about Camelot within six or seven mile, but so he came again and could hear no word of him. Then within two days King Arthur and all the fellowship returned unto London again. And so as they rode by the way it happed Sir Gawaine at Astolat to lodge with Sir Bernard thereas was Sir Launcelot lodged. And so as Sir Gawaine was in his chamber to repose him Sir Bernard, the old baron, came unto him, and his daughter Elaine, to cheer him and to ask him what tidings, and who did best at that tournament of Winchester. So God me help, said Sir Gawaine, there were two knights that bare two white shields, but the one of them bare a red sleeve upon his head, and certainly he was one of the best knights that ever I saw joust in field. For I dare say, said Sir Gawaine, that one knight with the red sleeve smote down forty knights of the Table Round, and his fellow did right well and worshipfully. Now blessed be God, said the Fair Maiden of Astolat, that that knight sped so well, for he is the man in the world that I first loved, and truly he shall be last that ever I shall love. Now, fair maid, said Sir Gawaine, is that good knight your love? Certainly sir, said she, wit ye well he is my love. Then know ye his name? said Sir Gawaine. Nay truly, said the damosel, I know not his name nor from whence he cometh, but to say that I love him, I promise you and God that I love him. How had ye knowledge of him first? said Sir Gawaine.

**CHAPTER XIV. How Sir Gawaine was lodged with the lord of Astolat, and there had knowledge that it was Sir Launcelot that bare the red sleeve.** THEN she told him as ye have heard to-fore, and how her father betook him her brother to do him service, and how her father lent him her brother's, Sir Tirre's, shield: And here with me he left his own shield. For what cause did he so? said Sir Gawaine. For this cause, said the damosel, for his shield was too well known among many noble knights. Ah fair damosel, said Sir Gawaine, please it you let me have a sight of that shield. Sir, said she, it is in my chamber, covered with a case, and if ye will come with me ye shall see it. Not so, said Sir Bernard till his daughter, let send for it.

So when the shield was come, Sir Gawaine took off the case, and when he beheld that shield he knew anon that it was Sir Launcelot's shield, and his own arms. Ah Jesu mercy, said Sir Gawaine, now is my heart more heavier than ever it was to-fore. Why? said Elaine. For I have great cause, said Sir Gawaine. Is that knight that oweth this shield your love? Yea truly, said she, my love he is, God would I were his love. So God me speed, said Sir Gawaine, fair damosel ye have right, for an he be your love ye love the most honourable knight of the world, and the man of most worship. So me thought ever, said the damosel, for never or that time, for no knight that ever I saw, loved I never none erst. God grant, said Sir Gawaine, that either of you may rejoice other, but that is in a great adventure. But truly, said Sir Gawaine unto the damosel, ye may say ye have a fair grace, for why I have known that noble knight this four-and-twenty year, and never or that day, I nor none other knight, I dare make good, saw nor heard say that ever he bare token or sign of no lady, gentlewoman, ne maiden, at no jousts nor tournament. And therefore fair maiden, said Sir Gawaine, ye are much beholden to him to give him thanks. But I dread me, said Sir Gawaine, that ye shall never see him in this world, and that is great pity that ever was of earthly knight. Alas, said she, how may this be, is he slain? I say not so, said Sir Gawaine, but wit ye well he is grievously wounded, by all manner of signs, and by men's sight more likelier to be dead than to be alive; and wit ye well he is the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, for by this shield I know him. Alas, said the Fair Maiden of Astolat, how may this be, and what was his hurt? Truly, said Sir Gawaine, the man in the world that loved him best hurt him so; and I dare say, said Sir Gawaine, an that knight that hurt him knew the very certainty that he had hurt Sir Launcelot, it would be the most sorrow that ever came to his heart.

Now fair father, said then Elaine, I require you give me leave to ride and to seek him, or else I wot well I shall go out of my mind, for I shall never stint till that I find him and my brother, Sir Lavaine. Do as it liketh you, said her father, for me sore repenteth

of the hurt of that noble knight. Right so the maid made her ready, and before Sir Gawaine, making great dole.

Then on the morn Sir Gawaine came to King Arthur, and told him how he had found Sir Launcelot's shield in the keeping of the Fair Maiden of Astolat. All that knew I aforehand, said King Arthur, and that caused me I would not suffer you to have ado at the great jousts, for I espied, said King Arthur, when he came in till his lodging full late in the evening in Astolat. But marvel have I, said Arthur, that ever he would bear any sign of any damosel, for or now I never heard say nor knew that ever he bare any token of none earthly woman. By my head, said Sir Gawaine, the Fair Maiden of Astolat loveth him marvellously well; what it meaneth I cannot say, and she is ridden after to seek him. So the king and all came to London, and there Sir Gawaine openly disclosed to all the court that it was Sir Launcelot that jousted best.

**CHAPTER XV. Of the sorrow that Sir Bors had for the hurt of Launcelot; and of the anger that the queen had because Launcelot bare the sleeve.**

AND when Sir Bors heard that, wit ye well he was an heavy man, and so were all his kinsmen. But when Queen Guenever wist that Sir Launcelot bare the red sleeve of the Fair Maiden of Astolat she was nigh out of her mind for wrath. And then she sent for Sir Bors de Ganis in all the haste that might be. So when Sir Bors was come to-fore the queen, then she said: Ah Sir Bors, have ye heard say how falsely Sir Launcelot hath betrayed me? Alas madam, said Sir Bors, I am afeard he hath betrayed himself and us all. No force, said the queen, though he be destroyed, for he is a false traitor-knight. Madam, said Sir Bors, I pray you say ye not so, for wit you well I may not hear such language of him. Why Sir Bors, said she, should I not call him traitor when he bare the red sleeve upon his head at Winchester, at the great jousts? Madam, said Sir Bors, that sleeve-bearing repenteth me sore, but I dare say he did it to none evil intent, but for this cause he bare the red sleeve that none of his blood should know him. For or then we, nor none of us all, never knew that ever he bare token or sign of maid, lady, ne gentlewoman. Fie on him, said the queen, yet for all his pride and bobaunce there ye proved yourself his better. Nay madam, say ye never more so, for he beat me and my fellows, and might have slain us an he had would. Fie on him, said the queen, for I heard Sir Gawaine say before my lord Arthur that it were marvel to tell the great love that is between the Fair Maiden of Astolat and him. Madam, said Sir Bors, I may not warn Sir Gawaine to say what it pleased him; but I dare say, as for my lord, Sir Launcelot, that he loveth no lady, gentlewoman, nor maid, but all he loveth in like much. And therefore madam, said Sir Bors, ye may say what ye will, but wit ye well I will haste me to seek him, and find him wheresomever he be, and God send me good tidings of him. And so leave we them there, and speak we of Sir Launcelot that lay in great peril.

So as fair Elaine came to Winchester she sought there all about, and by fortune Sir Lavaine was ridden to play him, to enchafe his horse. And anon as Elaine saw him she knew him, and then she cried aloud until him. And when he heard her anon he came to her, and then she asked her brother how did my lord, Sir Launcelot. Who told you, sister, that my lord's name was Sir Launcelot? Then she told him how Sir Gawaine by his shield knew him. So they rode together till that they came to the hermitage, and anon she alighted.

So Sir Lavaine brought her in to Sir Launcelot; and when she saw him lie so sick and pale in his bed she might not speak, but suddenly she fell to the earth down suddenly in a swoon, and there she lay a great while. And when she was relieved, she shrieked and said: My lord, Sir Launcelot, alas why be ye in this plight? and then she swooned again. And then Sir Launcelot prayed Sir Lavaine to take her up: And bring her to me. And when she came to herself Sir Launcelot kissed her, and said: Fair maiden, why fare ye thus? ye put me to pain; wherefore make ye no more such cheer, for an ye be come to comfort me ye be right welcome; and of this little hurt that I have I shall be right hastily whole by the grace of God. But I marvel, said Sir Launcelot, who told you my name? Then the fair maiden told him all how Sir Gawaine was lodged with her father: And there by your shield he discovered your name. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, that me repenteth that my

name is known, for I am sure it will turn unto anger. And then Sir Launcelot compassed in his mind that Sir Gawaine would tell Queen Guenever how he bare the red sleeve, and for whom; that he wist well would turn into great anger.

So this maiden Elaine never went from Sir Launcelot, but watched him day and night, and did such attendance to him, that the French book saith there was never woman did more kindlier for man than she. Then Sir Launcelot prayed Sir Lavaine to make aspies in Winchester for Sir Bors if he came there, and told him by what tokens he should know him, by a wound in his forehead. For well I am sure, said Sir Launcelot, that Sir Bors will seek me, for he is the same good knight that hurt me.

**CHAPTER XVI. How Sir Bors sought Launcelot and found him in the hermitage, and of the lamentation between them.**

NOW turn we unto Sir Bors de Ganis that came unto Winchester to seek after his cousin Sir Launcelot. And so when he came to Winchester, anon there were men that Sir Lavaine had made to lie in a watch for such a man, and anon Sir Lavaine had warning; and then Sir Lavaine came to Winchester and found Sir Bors, and there he told him what he was, and with whom he was, and what was his name. Now fair knight, said Sir Bors, I require you that ye will bring me to my lord, Sir Launcelot. Sir, said Sir Lavaine, take your horse, and within this hour ye shall see him. And so they departed, and came to the hermitage.

And when Sir Bors saw Sir Launcelot lie in his bed pale and discoloured, anon Sir Bors lost his countenance, and for kindness and pity he might not speak, but wept tenderly a great while. And then when he might speak he said thus: O my lord, Sir Launcelot, God you bless, and send you hasty recover; and full heavy am I of my misfortune and of mine unhappiness, for now I may call myself unhappy. And I dread me that God is greatly displeased with me, that he would suffer me to have such a shame for to hurt you that are all our leader, and all our worship; and therefore I call myself unhappy. Alas that ever such a catiff-knight as I am should have power by unhappiness to hurt the most noblest knight of the world. Where I so shamefully set upon you and overcharged you, and where ye might have slain me, ye saved me; and so did not I, for I and your blood did to you our utterance. I marvel, said Sir Bors, that my heart or my blood would serve me, wherefore my lord, Sir Launcelot, I ask your mercy. Fair cousin, said Sir Launcelot, ye be right welcome; and wit ye well, overmuch ye say for to please me, the which pleaseth me not, for why I have the same I sought; for I would with pride have overcome you all, and there in my pride I was near slain, and that was in mine own default, for I might have given you warning of my being there. And then had I had no hurt, for it is an old said saw, there is hard battle thereas kin and friends do battle either against other, there may be no mercy but mortal war. Therefore, fair cousin, said Sir Launcelot, let this speech overpass, and all shall be welcome that God sendeth; and let us leave off this matter and let us speak of some rejoicing, for this that is done may not be undone; and let us find a remedy how soon that I may be whole.

Then Sir Bors leaned upon his bedside, and told Sir Launcelot how the queen was passing wroth with him, because he wore the red sleeve at the great jousts; and there Sir Bors told him all how Sir Gawaine discovered it: By your shield that ye left with the Fair Maiden of Astolat. Then is the queen wroth, said Sir Launcelot and therefore am I right heavy, for I deserved no wrath, for all that I did was because I would not be known. Right so excused I you, said Sir Bors, but all was in vain, for she said more largelier to me than I to you now. But is this she, said Sir Bors, that is so busy about you, that men call the Fair Maiden of Astolat? She it is, said Sir Launcelot, that by no means I cannot put her from me. Why should ye put her from you? said Sir Bors, she is a passing fair damosel, and a well beseen, and well taught; and God would, fair cousin, said Sir Bors, that ye could love her, but as to that I may not, nor I dare not, counsel you. But I see well, said Sir Bors, by her diligence about you that she loveth you entirely. That me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot. Sir, said Sir Bors, she is not the first that hath lost her pain upon you, and that is the more pity: and so they talked of many more things. And so within three days or four Sir Launcelot was big and strong again.

**CHAPTER XVII. How Sir Launcelot armed him to assay if he might bear arms, and how his wounds brast out again.**

THEN Sir Bors told Sir Launcelot how there was sworn a great tournament and jousts betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis, that should be upon All Hallowmass Day, beside Winchester. Is that truth? said Sir Launcelot; then shall ye abide with me still a little while until that I be whole, for I feel myself right big and strong. Blessed be God, said Sir Bors. Then were they there nigh a month together, and ever this maiden Elaine did ever her diligent labour night and day unto Sir Launcelot, that there was never child nor wife more meeker to her father and husband than was that Fair Maiden of Astolat; wherefore Sir Bors was greatly pleased with her.

So upon a day, by the assent of Sir Launcelot, Sir Bors, and Sir Lavaine, they made the hermit to seek in woods for divers herbs, and so Sir Launcelot made fair Elaine to gather herbs for him to make him a bain. In the meanwhile Sir Launcelot made him to arm him at all pieces; and there he thought to assay his armour and his spear, for his hurt or not. And so when he was upon his horse he stirred him fiercely, and the horse was passing lusty and fresh because he was not laboured a month afore. And then Sir Launcelot couched that spear in the rest. That courser leapt mightily when he felt the spurs; and he that was upon him, the which was the noblest horse of the world, strained him mightily and stably, and kept still the spear in the rest; and therewith Sir Launcelot strained himself so straitly, with so great force, to get the horse forward, that the button of his wound brast both within and without; and therewithal the blood came out so fiercely that he felt himself so feeble that he might not sit upon his horse. And then Sir Launcelot cried unto Sir Bors: Ah, Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine, help, for I am come to mine end. And therewith he fell down on the one side to the earth like a dead corpse. And then Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine came to him with sorrow-making out of measure. And so by fortune the maiden Elaine heard their mourning, and then she came thither; and when she found Sir Launcelot there armed in that place she cried and wept as she had been wood; and then she kissed him, and did what she might to awake him. And then she rebuked her brother and Sir Bors, and called them false traitors, why they would take him out of his bed; there she cried, and said she would appeal them of his death.

With this came the holy hermit, Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and when he found Sir Launcelot in that plight he said but little, but wit ye well he was wroth; and then he bade them: Let us have him in. And so they all bare him unto the hermitage, and unarmed him, and laid him in his bed; and evermore his wound bled piteously, but he stirred no limb of him. Then the knight-hermit put a thing in his nose and a little deal of water in his mouth. And then Sir Launcelot waked of his swoon, and then the hermit staunched his bleeding. And when he might speak he asked Sir Launcelot why he put his life in jeopardy. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, because I weened I had been strong, and also Sir Bors told me that there should be at All Hallowmass a great jousts betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis, and therefore I thought to assay it myself whether I might be there or not. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said the hermit, your heart and your courage will never be done until your last day, but ye shall do now by my counsel Let Sir Bors depart from you, and let him do at that tournament what he may: And by the grace of God, said the knight-hermit, by that the tournament be done and ye come hither again, Sir Launcelot shall be as whole as ye, so that he will be governed by me.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How Sir Bors returned and told tidings of Sir Launcelot; and of the tourney, and to whom the prize was given.**

THEN Sir Bors made him ready to depart from Sir Launcelot; and then Sir Launcelot said: Fair cousin, Sir Bors, recommend me unto all them unto whom me ought to recommend me unto. And I pray you, enforce yourself at that jousts that ye may be best, for my love; and here shall I abide you at the mercy of God till ye come again. And so Sir Bors departed and came to the court of King Arthur, and told them in what place he had left Sir Launcelot. That me repenteth, said the king, but since he shall have his life we all may thank God. And there Sir Bors told the queen in what jeopardy Sir Launcelot was when he would as-

say his horse. And all that he did, madam, was for the love of you, because he would have been at this tournament. Fie on him, recreant knight, said the queen, for wit ye well I am right sorry an he shall have his life. His life shall he have, said Sir Bors, and who that would otherwise, except you, madam, we that be of his blood should help to short their lives. But madam, said Sir Bors, ye have been oft-times displeased with my lord, Sir Launcelot, but at all times at the end ye find him a true knight: and so he departed.

And then every knight of the Round Table that were there at that time present made them ready to be at that jousts at All Hallowmass, and thither drew many knights of divers countries. And as All Hallowmass drew near, thither came the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, of Surluse, and thither came King Anguish of Ireland, and the King of Scots. So these three kings came on King Arthur's party. And so that day Sir Gawaine did great deeds of arms, and began first. And the heralds numbered that Sir Gawaine smote down twenty knights. Then Sir Bors de Ganis came in the same time, and he was numbered that he smote down twenty knights; and therefore the prize was given betwixt them both, for they began first and longest endured. Also Sir Gareth, as the book saith, did that day great deeds of arms, for he smote down and pulled down thirty knights. But when he had done these deeds he tarried not but so departed, and therefore he lost his prize. And Sir Palomides did great deeds of arms that day, for he smote down twenty knights, but he departed suddenly, and men deemed Sir Gareth and he rode together to some manner adventures.

So when this tournament was done Sir Bors departed and rode till he came to Sir Launcelot, his cousin; and then he found him walking on his feet, and there either made great joy of other; and so Sir Bors told Sir Launcelot of all the Jousts like as ye have heard. I marvel, said Sir Launcelot, that Sir Gareth, when he had done such deeds of arms, that he would not tarry. Thereof we marvelled all, said Sir Bors, for but if it were you, or Sir Tristram, or Sir Lamorak de Galis, I saw never knight bear down so many in so little a while as did Sir Gareth: and anon he was gone we wist not where. By my head, said Sir Launcelot, he is a noble knight, and a mighty man and well breathed; and if he were well assayed, said Sir Launcelot I would deem he were good enough for any knight that beareth the life; and he is a gentle knight, courteous, true, and bounteous, meek, and mild, and in him is no manner of mal engin, but plain, faithful, and true.

So then they made them ready to depart from the hermit. And so upon a morn they took their horses and Elaine le Blank with them; and when they came to Astolat there were they well lodged, and had great cheer of Sir Bernard, the old baron, and of Sir Tirre, his son. And so upon the morn when Sir Launcelot should depart, fair Elaine brought her father with her, and Sir Lavaine, and Sir Tirre, and thus she said:

**CHAPTER XIX. Of the great lamentation of the Fair Maid of Astolat when Launcelot should depart, and how she died for his love.**

MY lord, Sir Launcelot, now I see ye will depart; now fair knight and courteous knight, have mercy upon me, and suffer me not to die for thy love. What would ye that I did? said Sir Launcelot. I would have you to my husband, said Elaine. Fair damosel, I thank you, said Sir Launcelot, but truly, said he, I cast me never to be wedded man. Then, fair knight, said she, will ye be my paramour? Jesu defend me, said Sir Launcelot, for then I rewarded your father and your brother full evil for their great goodness. Alas, said she, then must I die for your love. Ye shall not so, said Sir Launcelot, for wit ye well, fair maiden, I might have been married an I had would, but I never applied me to be married yet; but because, fair damosel, that ye love me as ye say ye do, I will for your good will and kindness show you some goodness, and that is this, that wheresomever ye will beset your heart upon some good knight that will wed you, I shall give you together a thousand pound yearly to you and to your heirs; thus much will I give you, fair madam, for your kindness, and always while I live to be your own knight. Of all this, said the maiden, I will none, for but if ye will wed me, or else be my paramour at the least, wit you well, Sir Launcelot, my good days are done. Fair damosel, said Sir Launcelot, of these two things ye must pardon me.

Then she shrieked shrilly, and fell down in a swoon; and then women bare her into her chamber, and there she made over much sorrow; and then Sir Launcelot would depart, and there he asked Sir Lavaine what he would do. What should I do, said Sir Lavaine, but follow you, but if ye drive me from you, or command me to go from you. Then came Sir Bernard to Sir Launcelot and said to him: I cannot see but that my daughter Elaine will die for your sake. I may not do withal, said Sir Launcelot, for that me sore repenteth, for I report me to yourself, that my proffer is fair; and me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot, that she loveth me as she doth; I was never the causer of it, for I report me to your son I early ne late proffered her bounté nor fair behests; and as for me, said Sir Launcelot, I dare do all that a knight should do that she is a clean maiden for me, both for deed and for will. And I am right heavy of her distress, for she is a full fair maiden, good and gentle, and well taught. Father, said Sir Lavaine, I dare make good she is a clean maiden as for my lord Sir Launcelot; but she doth as I do, for sithen I first saw my lord Sir Launcelot, I could never depart from him, nor nought I will an I may follow him.

Then Sir Launcelot took his leave, and so they departed, and came unto Winchester. And when Arthur wist that Sir Launcelot was come whole and sound the king made great joy of him, and so did Sir Gawaine and all the knights of the Round Table except Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred. Also Queen Guenever was wood wroth with Sir Launcelot, and would by no means speak with him, but estranged herself from him; and Sir Launcelot made all the means that he might for to speak with the queen, but it would not be.

Now speak we of the Fair Maiden of Astolat that made such sorrow day and night that she never slept, ate, nor drank, and ever she made her complaint unto Sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured a ten days, that she feeble so that she must needs pass out of this world, then she shrived her clean, and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon Sir Launcelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then she said, why should I leave such thoughts? Am I not an earthly woman? And all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is I do none offence though I love an earthly man; and I take God to my record I loved never none but Sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall, and a clean maiden I am for him and for all other; and sithen it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the High Father of Heaven to have mercy upon my soul, and upon mine innumerable pains that I suffered may be allegiance of part of my sins. For sweet Lord Jesu, said the fair maiden, I take Thee to record, on Thee I was never great offender against thy laws; but that I loved this noble knight, Sir Launcelot, out of measure, and of myself, good Lord, I might not withstand the fervent love wherefore I have my death.

And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Tirre, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she did indite it: and so her father granted her. And when the letter was written word by word like as she devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. And while my body is hot let this letter be put in my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold; and let me be put in a fair bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed and all my richest clothes be laid with me in a chariot unto the next place where Thames is; and there let me be put within a barget, and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither, and that my barget be covered with black samite over and over: thus father I beseech you let it be done. So her father granted it her faithfully, all things should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole, for when this was done anon she died. And so when she was dead the corpse and the bed all was led the next way unto Thames, and there a man, and the corpse, and all, were put into Thames; and so the man steered the barget unto Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro or any espied it.

**CHAPTER XX. How the corpse of the Maid of Astolat arrived to-fore King Arthur, and of the burying, and how Sir Launcelot offered the mass-penny.** SO by fortune King Arthur

and the Queen Guenever were speaking together at a window, and so as they looked into Thames they espied this black barget, and had marvel what it meant. Then the king called Sir Kay, and showed it him. Sir, said Sir Kay, wit you well there is some new tidings. Go thither, said the king to Sir Kay, and take with you Sir Brandiles and Agravaine, and bring me ready word what is there. Then these four knights departed and came to the barget and went in; and there they found the fairest corpse lying in a rich bed, and a poor man sitting in the barget's end, and no word would he speak. So these four knights returned unto the king again, and told him what they found. That fair corpse will I see, said the king. And so then the king took the queen by the hand, and went thither.

Then the king made the barget to be holden fast, and then the king and the queen entered with certain knights with them; and there he saw the fairest woman lie in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was of cloth of gold, and she lay as though she had smiled. Then the queen espied a letter in her right hand, and told it to the king. Then the king took it and said: Now am I sure this letter will tell what she was, and why she is come hither. So then the king and the queen went out of the barget, and so commanded a certain man to wait upon the barget.

And so when the king was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him, and said that he would wit openly what was written within that letter. Then the king brake it, and made a clerk to read it, and this was the intent of the letter. Most noble knight, Sir Launcelot, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. I was your lover, that men called the Fair Maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan, yet pray for my soul and bury me at least, and offer ye my mass-penny: this is my last request. And a clean maiden I died, I take God to witness: pray for my soul, Sir Launcelot, as thou art peerless. This was all the substance in the letter. And when it was read, the king, the queen, and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints. Then was Sir Launcelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him.

And when Sir Launcelot heard it word by word, he said: My lord Arthur, wit ye well I am right heavy of the death of this fair damosel: God knoweth I was never causer of her death by my willing, and that will I report me to her own brother: here he is, Sir Lavaine. I will not say nay, said Sir Launcelot, but that she was both fair and good, and much I was beholden unto her, but she loved me out of measure. Ye might have shewed her, said the queen, some bounty and gentleness that might have preserved her life. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, she would none other ways be answered but that she would be my wife, outhere else my paramour; and of these two I would not grant her, but I proffered her, for her good love that she shewed me, a thousand pound yearly to her, and to her heirs, and to wed any manner knight that she could find best to love in her heart. For madam, said Sir Launcelot, I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart, and not by no constraint. That is truth, said the king, and many knight's love is free in himself, and never will be bounden, for where he is bounden he looseth himself.

Then said the king unto Sir Launcelot: It will be your worship that ye oversee that she be interred worshipfully. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, that shall be done as I can best devise. And so many knights yede thither to behold that fair maiden. And so upon the morn she was interred richly, and Sir Launcelot offered her mass-penny; and all the knights of the Table Round that were there at that time offered with Sir Launcelot. And then the poor man went again with the barget. Then the queen sent for Sir Launcelot, and prayed him of mercy, for why that she had been wroth with him causeless. This is not the first time, said Sir Launcelot, that ye had been displeased with me causeless, but, madam, ever I must suffer you, but what sorrow I endure I take no force. So this passed on all that winter, with all manner of hunting and hawking, and jousts and tourneys were many betwixt many great lords, and ever in all places Sir Lavaine gat great worship, so that he was nobly renowned among many knights of the Table Round.

**CHAPTER XXI. Of great jousts done all a Christmas, and of a great jousts and tourney ordained by King Arthur, and of Sir Launcelot.** THUS it passed on till Christmas, and then every

day there was jousts made for a diamond, who that jousted best should have a diamond. But Sir Launcelot would not joust but if it were at a great jousts cried. But Sir Lavaine jousted there all that Christmas passingly well, and best was praised, for there were but few that did so well. Wherefore all manner of knights deemed that Sir Lavaine should be made knight of the Table Round at the next feast of Pentecost. So at-after Christmas King Arthur let call unto him many knights, and there they advised together to make a party and a great tournament and jousts. And the King of Northgalis said to Arthur, he would have on his party King Anguish of Ireland, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and the King of Northumberland, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince. And so these four kings and this mighty duke took part against King Arthur and the knights of the Table Round. And the cry was made that the day of the jousts should be beside Westminster upon Candlemas Day, whereof many knights were glad, and made them ready to be at that jousts in the freshest manner.

Then Queen Guenever sent for Sir Launcelot, and said thus: I warn you that ye ride no more in no jousts nor tournaments but that your kinsmen may know you. And at these jousts that shall be ye shall have of me a sleeve of gold; and I pray you for my sake enforce yourself there, that men may speak of you worship; but I charge you as ye will have my love, that ye warn your kinsmen that ye will bear that day the sleeve of gold upon your helmet. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, it shall be done. And so either made great joy of other. And when Sir Launcelot saw his time he told Sir Bors that he would depart, and have no more with him but Sir Lavaine, unto the good hermit that dwelt in that forest of Windsor; his name was Sir Brasias; and there he thought to repose him, and take all the rest that he might, because he would be fresh at that day of jousts.

So Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine departed, that no creature wist where he was become, but the noble men of his blood. And when he was come to the hermitage, wit ye well he had good cheer. And so daily Sir Launcelot would go to a well fast by the hermitage, and there he would lie down, and see the well spring and burble, and sometime he slept there. So at that time there was a lady dwelt in that forest, and she was a great huntress, and daily she used to hunt, and ever she bare her bow with her; and no men went never with her, but always women, and they were shooters, and could well kill a deer, both at the stalk and at the trest; and they daily bare bows and arrows, horns and wood-knives, and many good dogs they had, both for the string and for a bait. So it happened this lady the huntress had abated her dog for the bow at a barren hind, and so this barren hind took the flight over hedges and woods. And ever this lady and part of her women costed the hind, and checked it by the noise of the hounds, to have met with the hind at some water; and so it happened, the hind came to the well whereas Sir Launcelot was sleeping and slumbering. And so when the hind came to the well, for heat she went to soil, and there she lay a great while; and the dog came after, and umbecame about, for she had lost the very perfect feute of the hind. Right so came that lady the huntress, that knew by the dog that she had, that the hind was at the soil in that well; and there she came stiffly and found the hind, and she put a broad arrow in her bow, and shot at the hind, and over-shot the hind; and so by misfortune the arrow smote Sir Launcelot in the thick of the buttock, over the barbs. When Sir Launcelot felt himself so hurt, he hurled up woodyly, and saw the lady that had smitten him. And when he saw she was a woman, he said thus: Lady or damosel, what that thou be, in an evil time bear ye a bow; the devil made you a shooter.

**CHAPTER XXII. How Launcelot after that he was hurt of a gentlewoman came to an hermit, and of other matters.** NOW mercy, fair sir, said the lady, I am a gentlewoman that useth here in this forest hunting, and God knoweth I saw ye not; but as here was a barren hind at the soil in this well, and I weened to have done well, but my hand swerved. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, ye have mischieved me. And so the lady departed, and Sir Launcelot as he might pulled out the arrow, and left that head still in his buttock, and so he went weakly to the hermitage ever more bleeding as he went. And when Sir Lavaine and the hermit espied that Sir Launcelot was hurt, wit you well they were passing heavy, but Sir

Lavaine wist not how that he was hurt nor by whom. And then were they wroth out of measure.

Then with great pain the hermit gat out the arrow's head out of Sir Launcelot's buttock, and much of his blood he shed, and the wound was passing sore, and unhappily smitten, for it was in such a place that he might not sit in no saddle. Have mercy, Jesu, said Sir Launcelot, I may call myself the most unhappiest man that liveth, for ever when I would fainest have worship there befalleth me ever some unhappy thing. Now so Jesu me help, said Sir Launcelot, and if no man would but God, I shall be in the field upon Candlemas Day at the jousts, whatsoever fall of it: so all that might be gotten to heal Sir Launcelot was had.

So when the day was come Sir Launcelot let devise that he was arrayed, and Sir Lavaine, and their horses, as though they had been Saracens; and so they departed and came nigh to the field. The King of Northgalis with an hundred knights with him, and the King of Northumberland brought with him an hundred good knights, and King Anguish of Ireland brought with him an hundred good knights ready to joust, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, brought with him an hundred good knights, and the King with the Hundred Knights brought with him as many, and all these were proved good knights. Then came in King Arthur's party; and there came in the King of Scots with an hundred knights, and King Uriens of Gore brought with him an hundred knights, and King Howel of Brittany brought with him an hundred knights, and Chaleins of Clarence brought with him an hundred knights, and King Arthur himself came into the field with two hundred knights, and the most part were knights of the Table Round, that were proved noble knights; and there were old knights set in scaffolds for to judge, with the queen, who did best.

**CHAPTER XXIII. How Sir Launcelot behaved him at the jousts, and other men also.** THEN they blew to the field; and there the King of Northgalis encountered with the King of Scots, and there the King of Scots had a fall; and the King of Ireland smote down King Uriens; and the King of Northumberland smote down King Howel of Brittany; and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, smote down Chaleins of Clarence. And then King Arthur was wood wroth, and ran to the King with the Hundred Knights, and there King Arthur smote him down; and after with that same spear King Arthur smote down three other knights. And then when his spear was broken King Arthur did passingly well; and so therewithal came in Sir Gawaine and Sir Gaheris, Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred, and there everych of them smote down a knight, and Sir Gawaine smote down four knights; and then there began a strong medley, for then there came in the knights of Launcelot's blood, and Sir Gareth and Sir Palomides with them, and many knights of the Table Round, and they began to hold the four kings and the mighty duke so hard that they were discomfit; but this Duke Galahad, the haut prince, was a noble knight, and by his mighty prowess of arms he held the knights of the Table Round strait enough.

All this doing saw Sir Launcelot, and then he came into the field with Sir Lavaine as it had been thunder. And then anon Sir Bors and the knights of his blood espied Sir Launcelot, and said to them all: I warn you beware of him with the sleeve of gold upon his head, for he is himself Sir Launcelot du Lake; and for great goodness Sir Bors warned Sir Gareth. I am well apaid, said Sir Gareth, that I may know him. But who is he, said they all, that rideth with him in the same array? That is the good and gentle knight Sir Lavaine, said Sir Bors. So Sir Launcelot encountered with Sir Gawaine, and there by force Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Gawaine and his horse to the earth, and so he smote down Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris, and also he smote down Sir Mordred, and all this was with one spear. Then Sir Lavaine met with Sir Palomides, and either met other so hard and so fiercely that both their horses fell to the earth. And then were they horsed again, and then met Sir Launcelot with Sir Palomides, and there Sir Palomides had a fall; and so Sir Launcelot or ever he stint, as fast as he might get spears, he smote down thirty knights, and the most part of them were knights of the Table Round; and ever the knights of his blood withdrew them, and made them ado in other places where Sir Launcelot came not.

And then King Arthur was wroth when he saw Sir Launcelot do such deeds; and then the king called unto him Sir Gawaine, Sir Mordred, Sir Kay, Sir Griflet, Sir Lucan the Butler, Sir Bedivere, Sir Palomides, Sir Safere, his brother; and so the king with these nine knights made them ready to set upon Sir Launcelot, and upon Sir Lavaine. All this espied Sir Bors and Sir Gareth. Now I dread me sore, said Sir Bors, that my lord, Sir Launcelot, will be hard matched. By my head, said Sir Gareth, I will ride unto my lord Sir Launcelot, for to help him, fall of him what fall may, for he is the same man that made me knight. Ye shall not so, said Sir Bors, by my counsel, unless that ye were disguised. Ye shall see me disguised, said Sir Gareth; and therewithal he espied a Welsh knight where he was to repose him, and he was sore hurt afore by Sir Gawaine, and to him Sir Gareth rode, and prayed him of his knighthood to lend him his shield for his. I will well, said the Welsh knight. And when Sir Gareth had his shield, the book saith it was green, with a maiden that seemed in it.

Then Sir Gareth came driving to Sir Launcelot all that he might and said: Knight, keep thyself, for yonder cometh King Arthur with nine noble knights with him to put you to a rebuke, and so I am come to bear you fellowship for old love ye have shewed me. Gramercy, said Sir Launcelot. Sir, said Sir Gareth, encounter ye with Sir Gawaine, and I shall encounter with Sir Palomides; and let Sir Lavaine match with the noble King Arthur. And when we have delivered them, let us three hold us sadly together. Then came King Arthur with his nine knights with him, and Sir Launcelot encountered with Sir Gawaine, and gave him such a buffet that the arson of his saddle brast, and Sir Gawaine fell to the earth. Then Sir Gareth encountered with the good knight Sir Palomides, and he gave him such a buffet that both his horse and he dashed to the earth. Then encountered King Arthur with Sir Lavaine, and there either of them smote other to the earth, horse and all, that they lay a great while. Then Sir Launcelot smote down Sir Agravaine, and Sir Gaheris, and Sir Mordred; and Sir Gareth smote down Sir Kay, and Sir Safere, and Sir Griflet. And then Sir Lavaine was horsed again, and he smote down Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedevere and then there began great throng of good knights.

Then Sir Launcelot hurtled here and there, and raced and pulled off helms, so that at that time there might none sit him a buffet with spear nor with sword; and Sir Gareth did such deeds of arms that all men marvelled what knight he was with the green shield, for he smote down that day and pulled down mo than thirty knights. And, as the French book saith, Sir Launcelot marvelled; when he beheld Sir Gareth do such deeds, what knight he might be; and Sir Lavaine pulled down and smote down twenty knights. Also Sir Launcelot knew not Sir Gareth for an Sir Tristram de Li-ones, outhir Sir Lamorak de Galis had been alive, Sir Launcelot would have deemed he had been one of them twain. So ever as Sir Launcelot Sir Gareth, Sir Lavaine fought, and on the one side Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Lionel, Sir Lamorak de Galis, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Pelleas, and with mo other of King Ban's blood fought upon another party, and held the King with the Hundred Knights and the King of Northumberland right strait.

**CHAPTER XXIV. How King Arthur marvelled much of the jousting in the field, and how he rode and found Sir Launcelot.** SO this tournament and this jousts dured long, till it was near night, for the knights of the Round Table relieved ever unto King Arthur; for the king was wroth out of measure that he and his knights might not prevail that day. Then Sir Gawaine said to the king: I marvel where all this day [be] Sir Bors de Ganis and his fellowship of Sir Launcelot's blood, I marvel all this day they be not about you: it is for some cause said Sir Gawaine. By my head, said Sir Kay, Sir Bors is yonder all this day upon the right hand of this field, and there he and his blood do more worshipfully than we do. It may well be, said Sir Gawaine, but I dread me ever of guile; for on pain of my life, said Sir Gawaine, this knight with the red sleeve of gold is himself Sir Launcelot, I see well by his riding and by his great strokes; and the other knight in the same colours is the good young knight, Sir Lavaine. Also that knight with the green shield is my brother, Sir Gareth, and yet he hath disguised himself, for no man shall never make him be against Sir

Launcelot, because he made him knight. By my head, said Arthur, nephew, I believe you; therefore tell me now what is your best counsel. Sir, said Sir Gawaine, ye shall have my counsel: let blow unto lodging, for an he be Sir Launcelot du Lake, and my brother, Sir Gareth, with him, with the help of that good young knight, Sir Lavaine, trust me truly it will be no boot to strive with them but if we should fall ten or twelve upon one knight, and that were no worship, but shame. Ye say truth, said the king; and for to say sooth, said the king, it were shame to us so many as we be to set upon them any more; for wit ye well, said King Arthur, they be three good knights, and namely that knight with the sleeve of gold.

So then they blew unto lodging; but forthwithal King Arthur let send unto the four kings, and to the mighty duke, and prayed them that the knight with the sleeve of gold depart not from them, but that the king may speak with him. Then forthwithal King Arthur alighted and unarmed him, and took a little hackney and rode after Sir Launcelot, for ever he had a spy upon him. And so he found him among the four kings and the duke; and there the king prayed them all unto supper, and they said they would with good will. And when they were unarmed then King Arthur knew Sir Launcelot, Sir Lavaine, and Sir Gareth. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day ye have heated me and my knights.

So they yede unto Arthur's lodging all together, and there was a great feast and great revel, and the prize was given unto Sir Launcelot; and by heralds they named him that he had smitten down fifty knights, and Sir Gareth five-and-thirty, and Sir Lavaine four-and-twenty knights. Then Sir Launcelot told the king and the queen how the lady huntress shot him in the forest of Windsor, in the buttock, with an broad arrow, and how the wound thereof was that time six inches deep, and in like long. Also Arthur blamed Sir Gareth because he left his fellowship and held with Sir Launcelot. My lord, said Sir Gareth, he made me a knight, and when I saw him so hard bestead, methought it was my worship to help him, for I saw him do so much, and so many noble knights against him; and when I understood that he was Sir Launcelot du Lake, I shamed to see so many knights against him alone. Truly, said King Arthur unto Sir Gareth, ye say well, and worshipfully have ye done and to yourself great worship; and all the days of my life, said King Arthur unto Sir Gareth, wit you well I shall love you, and trust you the more better. For ever, said Arthur, it is a worshipful knight's deed to help another worshipful knight when he seeth him in a great danger; for ever a worshipful man will be loath to see a worshipful man shamed; and he that is of no worship, and fareth with cowardice, never shall he show gentleness, nor no manner of goodness where he seeth a man in any danger, for then ever will a coward show no mercy; and always a good man will do ever to another man as he would be done to himself. So then there were great feasts unto kings and dukes, and revel, game, and play, and all manner of noblesse was used; and he that was courteous, true, and faithful, to his friend was that time cherished.

**CHAPTER XXV. How true love is likened to summer.** AND thus it passed on from Candlemass until after Easter, that the month of May was come, when every lusty heart beginneth to blossom, and to bring forth fruit; for like as herbs and trees bring forth fruit and flourish in May, in like wise every lusty heart that is in any manner a lover, springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds. For it giveth unto all lovers courage, that lusty month of May, in something to constrain him to some manner of thing more in that month than in any other month, for divers causes. For then all herbs and trees renew a man and woman, and likewise lovers call again to their mind old gentleness and old service, and many kind deeds that were forgotten by negligence. For like as winter rasure doth alway arase and deface green summer, so fareth it by unstable love in man and woman. For in many persons there is no stability; for we may see all day, for a little blast of winter's rasure, anon we shall deface and lay apart true love for little or nought, that cost much thing; this is no wisdom nor stability, but it is feebleness of nature and great disworship, whosom ever useth this. Therefore, like as May month flourisheth and flourisheth in many gardens, so in like wise let every man of worship flourish his heart

in this world, first unto God, and next unto the joy of them that he promised his faith unto; for there was never worshipful man or worshipful woman, but they loved one better than another; and worship in arms may never be foiled, but first reserve the honour to God, and secondly the quarrel must come of thy lady: and such love I call virtuous love.

But nowadays men can not love seven night but they must have all their desires: that love may not endure by reason; for where they be soon accorded and hasty heat, soon it cooleth. Right so fareth love nowadays, soon hot soon cold: this is no stability. But the old love was not so; men and women could love together seven years, and no licours lusts were between them, and then was love, truth, and faithfulness: and lo, in like wise was used love in King Arthur's days. Wherefore I liken love nowadays unto summer and winter; for like as the one is hot and the other cold, so fareth love nowadays; therefore all ye that be lovers call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did Queen Guenever, for whom I make here a little mention, that while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end.

## BOOK XIX.

**CHAPTER I. How Queen Guenever rode a-Maying with certain knights of the Round Table and clad all in green.** SO it befell in the month of May, Queen Guenever called unto her knights of the Table Round; and she gave them warning that early upon the morrow she would ride a-Maying into woods and fields beside Westminster. And I warn you that there be none of you but that he be well horsed, and that ye all be clothed in green, outhir in silk outhir in cloth; and I shall bring with me ten ladies, and every knight shall have a lady behind him, and every knight shall have a squire and two yeomen; and I will that ye all be well horsed. So they made them ready in the freshest manner. And these were the names of the knights: Sir Kay le Seneschal, Sir Agravaine, Sir Brandiles, Sir Sagamore le Desirous, Sir Dodinas le Savage, Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy, Sir Ladinas of the Forest Savage, Sir Persant of Inde, Sir Ironside, that was called the Knight of the Red Launds, and Sir Pelleas, the lover; and these ten knights made them ready in the freshest manner to ride with the queen. And so upon the morn they took their horses with the queen, and rode a-Maying in woods and meadows as it pleased them, in great joy and delights; for the queen had cast to have been again with King Arthur at the furthest by ten of the clock, and so was that time her purpose.

Then there was a knight that hight Meliagrance, and he was son unto King Bagdemagus, and this knight had at that time a castle of the gift of King Arthur within seven mile of Westminster. And this knight, Sir Meliagrance, loved passing well Queen Guenever, and so had he done long and many years. And the book saith he had lain in await for to steal away the queen, but evermore he forbore for because of Sir Launcelot; for in no wise he would meddle with the queen an Sir Launcelot were in her company, outhir else an he were near-hand her. And that time was such a custom, the queen rode never without a great fellowship of men of arms about her, and they were many good knights, and the most part were young men that would have worship; and they were called the Queen's Knights, and never in no battle, tournament, nor jousts, they bare none of them no manner of knowledging of their own arms, but plain white shields, and thereby they were called the Queen's Knights. And then when it happed any of them to be of great worship by his noble deeds, then at the next Feast of Pentecost, if there were any slain or dead, as there was none year that there failed but some were dead, then was there chosen in his stead that was dead the most men of worship, that were called the Queen's Knights. And thus they came up all first, or they were renowned men of worship, both Sir Launcelot and all the remnant of them.

But this knight, Sir Meliagrance, had espied the queen well and her purpose, and how Sir Launcelot was not with her, and how she had no men of arms with her but the ten noble knights all arrayed in green for Maying. Then he purveyed him a twenty men of arms and an hundred archers for to destroy the queen and her knights, for he thought that time was best season to take the queen.

**CHAPTER II. How Sir Meliagrance took the queen and her knights, which were sore hurt in fighting** SO as the queen had Mayed and all her knights, all were bedashed with herbs, mosses and flowers, in the best manner and freshest. Right so came out of a wood Sir Meliagrance with an eight score men well harnessed, as they should fight in a battle of arrest, and bade the queen and her knights abide, for maugre their heads they should abide. Traitor knight, said Queen Guenever, what cast thou for to do? Wilt thou shame thyself? Bethink thee how thou art a king's son, and knight of the Table Round, and thou to be about to dishonour the noble king that made thee knight; thou shamest all knighthood and thyself, and me, I let thee wit, shalt thou never shame, for I had liefer cut mine own throat in twain rather than thou shouldest dishonour me. As for all this language, said Sir Meliagrance, be it as it be may, for wit you well, madam, I have loved you many a year, and never or now could I get you at such an advantage as I do now, and therefore I will take you as I find you.

Then spake all the ten noble knights at once and said: Sir Meliagrance, wit thou well ye are about to jeopard your worship to dishonour, and also ye cast to jeopard our persons howbeit we be unarmed. Ye have us at a great avail, for it seemeth by you that ye have laid watch upon us; but rather than ye should put the queen to a shame and us all, we had as lief to depart from our lives, for an if we other ways did, we were shamed for ever. Then said Sir Meliagrance: Dress you as well ye can, and keep the queen. Then the ten knights of the Table Round drew their swords, and the other let run at them with their spears, and the ten knights manly abode them, and smote away their spears that no spear did them none harm. Then they lashed together with swords, and anon Sir Kay, Sir Sagamore, Sir Agravaine, Sir Dodinas, Sir Ladinas, and Sir Ozanna were smitten to the earth with grimly wounds. Then Sir Brandiles, and Sir Persant, Sir Ironside, Sir Pelleas fought long, and they were sore wounded, for these ten knights, or ever they were laid to the ground, slew forty men of the boldest and the best of them.

So when the queen saw her knights thus dolefully wounded, and needs must be slain at the last, then for pity and sorrow she cried Sir Meliagrance: Slay not my noble knights, and I will go with thee upon this covenant, that thou save them, and suffer them not to be no more hurt, with this, that they be led with me wheresomever thou ledest me, for I will rather slay myself than I will go with thee, unless that these my noble knights may be in my presence. Madam, said Meliagrance, for your sake they shall be led with you into mine own castle, with that ye will be ruled, and ride with me. Then the queen prayed the four knights to leave their fighting, and she and they would not depart. Madam, said Sir Pelleas, we will do as ye do, for as for me I take no force of my life nor death. For as the French book saith, Sir Pelleas gave such buffets there that none armour might hold him.

**CHAPTER III. How Sir Launcelot had word how the queen was taken, and how Sir Meliagrance laid a bushment for Launcelot** THEN by the queen's commandment they left battle, and dressed the wounded knights on horseback, some sitting, some overthwart their horses, that it was pity to behold them. And then Sir Meliagrance charged the queen and all her knights that none of all her fellowship should depart from her; for full sore he dread Sir Launcelot du Lake, lest he should have any knowledging. All this espied the queen, and privily she called unto her a child of her chamber that was swiftly horsed, to whom she said: Go thou, when thou seest thy time, and bear this ring unto Sir Launcelot du Lake, and pray him as he loveth me that he will see me and rescue me, if ever he will have joy of me; and spare not thy horse, said the queen, neither for water, neither for land. So the child espied his time, and lightly he took his horse with the spurs, and departed as fast as he might. And when Sir Meliagrance saw him so flee, he understood that it was by the queen's commandment for to warn Sir Launcelot. Then they that were best horsed chased him and shot at him, but from them all the child went suddenly. And then Sir Meliagrance said to the queen: Madam, ye are about to betray me, but I shall ordain for Sir Launcelot that he shall not come lightly at you. And then he rode with her, and they all, to his castle, in all the haste that they might. And by the way

Sir Meliagrance laid in an ambushment the best archers that he might get in his country, to the number of thirty, to await upon Sir Launcelot, charging them that if they saw such a manner of knight come by the way upon a white horse, that in any wise they slay his horse, but in no manner of wise have not ado with him bodily, for he is over-hardy to be overcome.

So this was done, and they were come to his castle, but in no wise the queen would never let none of the ten knights and her ladies out of her sight, but always they were in her presence; for the book saith, Sir Meliagrance durst make no masteries, for dread of Sir Launcelot, insomuch he deemed that he had warning. So when the child was departed from the fellowship of Sir Meliagrance, within a while he came to Westminster, and anon he found Sir Launcelot. And when he had told his message, and delivered him the queen's ring: Alas, said Sir Launcelot, now I am shamed for ever, unless that I may rescue that noble lady from dishonour. Then eagerly he asked his armour; and ever the child told Sir Launcelot how the ten knights fought marvellously, and how Sir Pelleas, and Sir Ironside, and Sir Brandiles, and Sir Persant of Inde, fought strongly, but namely Sir Pelleas, there might none withstand him; and how they all fought till at the last they were laid to the earth; and then the queen made appointment for to save their lives, and go with Sir Meliagrance.

Alas, said Sir Launcelot, that most noble lady, that she should be so destroyed; I had liefer, said Sir Launcelot, than all France, that I had been there well armed. So when Sir Launcelot was armed and upon his horse, he prayed the child of the queen's chamber to warn Sir Lavaine how suddenly he was departed, and for what cause. And pray him as he loveth me, that he will hie him after me, and that he stint not until he come to the castle where Sir Meliagrance abideth, or dwelleth; for there, said Sir Launcelot, he shall hear of me an I am a man living, and rescue the queen and the ten knights the which he traitorously hath taken, and that shall I prove upon his head, and all them that hold with him.

**CHAPTER IV. How Sir Launcelot's horse was slain, and how Sir Launcelot rode in a cart for to rescue the queen** THEN Sir Launcelot rode as fast as he might, and the book saith he took the water at Westminster Bridge, and made his horse to swim over Thames unto Lambeth. And then within a while he came to the same place theas the ten noble knights fought with Sir Meliagrance. And then Sir Launcelot followed the track until that he came to a wood, and there was a straight way, and there the thirty archers bade Sir Launcelot turn again, and follow no longer that track. What commandment have ye thereto, said Sir Launcelot, to cause me that am a knight of the Round Table to leave my right way? This way shalt thou leave, other-else thou shalt go it on thy foot, for wit thou well thy horse shall be slain. That is little mastery, said Sir Launcelot, to slay mine horse; but as for myself, when my horse is slain, I give right nought for you, not an ye were five hundred more. So then they shot Sir Launcelot's horse, and smote him with many arrows; and then Sir Launcelot avoided his horse, and went on foot; but there were so many ditches and hedges betwixt them and him that he might not meddle with none of them. Alas for shame, said Launcelot, that ever one knight should betray another knight; but it is an old saw, A good man is never in danger but when he is in the danger of a coward. Then Sir Launcelot went a while, and then he was foul cumbered of his armour, his shield, and his spear, and all that longed unto him. Wit ye well he was full sore annoyed, and full loath he was for to leave anything that longed unto him, for he dread sore the treason of Sir Meliagrance.

Then by fortune there came by him a chariot that came thither for to fetch wood. Say me, carter, said Sir Launcelot, what shall I give thee to suffer me to leap into thy chariot, and that thou bring me unto a castle within this two mile? Thou shalt not come within my chariot, said the carter, for I am sent for to fetch wood for my lord, Sir Meliagrance. With him would I speak. Thou shalt not go with me, said the carter. Then Sir Launcelot leapt to him, and gave him such a buffet that he fell to the earth stark dead. Then the other carter, his fellow, was afeard, and weened to have gone the same way; and then he cried: Fair lord, save my life, and I shall bring you where ye will. Then I charge thee, said Sir Launcelot, that thou drive me and this chariot even unto Sir Meliagrance's

gate. Leap up into the chariot, said the carter, and ye shall be there anon. So the carter drove on a great wallop, and Sir Launcelot's horse followed the chariot, with more than a forty arrows broad and rough in him.

And more than an hour and an half Dame Guenever was awaiting in a bay window with her ladies, and espied an armed knight standing in a chariot. See, madam, said a lady, where rideth in a chariot a goodly armed knight; I suppose he rideth unto hanging. Where? said the queen. Then she espied by his shield that he was there himself, Sir Launcelot du Lake. And then she was where where came his horse ever after that chariot, and ever he trod his guts and his paunch under his feet. Alas, said the queen, now I see well and prove, that well is him that hath a trusty friend. Ha, ha, most noble knight, said Queen Guenever, I see well thou art hard bested when thou ridest in a chariot. Then she rebuked that lady that likened Sir Launcelot to ride in a chariot to hanging. It was foul mouthed, said the queen, and evil likened, so for to liken the most noble knight of the world unto such a shameful death. O Jesu defend him and keep him, said the queen, from all mischievous end. By this was Sir Launcelot come to the gates of that castle, and there he descended down, and cried, that all the castle rang of it: Where art thou, false traitor, Sir Meliagrance, and knight of the Table Round? now come forth here, thou traitor knight, thou and thy fellowship with thee; for here I am, Sir Launcelot du Lake, that shall fight with you. And therewithal he bare the gate wide open upon the porter, and smote him under his ear with his gauntlet, that his neck brast a-sunder.

**CHAPTER V. How Sir Meliagrance required forgiveness of the queen, and how she appeased Sir Launcelot; and other matters** WHEN Sir Meliagrance heard that Sir Launcelot was there he ran unto Queen Guenever, and fell upon his knee, and said: Mercy, madam, now I put me wholly into your grace. What aileth you now? said Queen Guenever; forsooth I might well wit some good knight would revenge me, though my lord Arthur wist not of this your work. Madam, said Sir Meliagrance, all this that is amiss on my part shall be amended right as yourself will devise, and wholly I put me in your grace. What would ye that I did? said the queen. I would no more, said Meliagrance, but that ye would take all in your own hands, and that ye will rule my lord Sir Launcelot; and such cheer as may be made him in this poor castle ye and he shall have until to-morn, and then may ye and all they return unto Westminster; and my body and all that I have I shall put in your rule. Ye say well, said the queen, and better is peace than ever war, and the less noise the more is my worship.

Then the queen and her ladies went down unto the knight, Sir Launcelot, that stood wroth out of measure in the inner court, to abide battle; and ever he bade: Thou traitor knight come forth. Then the queen came to him and said: Sir Launcelot, why be ye so moved? Ha, madam, said Sir Launcelot, why ask ye me that question? Meseemeth, said Sir Launcelot, ye ought to be more wroth than I am, for ye have the hurt and the dishonour, for wit ye well, madam, my hurt is but little for the killing of a mare's son, but the despite grieveth me much more than all my hurt. Truly, said the queen, ye say truth; but heartily I thank you, said the queen, but ye must come in with me peaceably, for all thing is put in my hand, and all that is evil shall be for the best, for the knight full sore repenteth him of the misadventure that is befallen him. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, sith it is so that ye been accorded with him, as for me I may not be again it, howbeit Sir Meliagrance hath done full shamefully to me, and cowardly. Ah madam, said Sir Launcelot, an I had wist ye would have been so soon accorded with him I would not have made such haste unto you. Why say ye so, said the queen, do ye forthink yourself of your good deeds? Wit you well, said the queen, I accorded never unto him for favour nor love that I had unto him, but for to lay down every shameful noise. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, ye understand full well I was never willing nor glad of shameful slander nor noise; and there is neither king, queen, nor knight, that beareth the life, except my lord King Arthur, and you, madam, should let me, but I should make Sir Meliagrance's heart full cold or ever I departed from hence. That wot I well, said the queen, but what will ye more? Ye shall have all thing ruled as ye list to have it. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, so

ye be pleased I care not, as for my part ye shall soon please.

Right so the queen took Sir Launcelot by the bare hand, for he had put off his gauntlet, and so she went with him till her chamber; and then she commanded him to be unarmed. And then Sir Launcelot asked where were the ten knights that were wounded sore; so she showed them unto Sir Launcelot, and there they made great joy of the coming of him, and Sir Launcelot made great dole of their hurts, and bewailed them greatly. And there Sir Launcelot told them how cowardly and traitorly Meliagrance set archers to slay his horse, and how he was fain to put himself in a chariot. Thus they complained everych to other; and full fain they would have been revenged, but they peaced themselves because of the queen. Then, as the French book saith, Sir Launcelot was called many a day after le Chevalier du Chariot, and did many deeds, and great adventures he had. And so leave we of this tale le Chevalier du Chariot, and turn we to this tale.

So Sir Launcelot had great cheer with the queen, and then Sir Launcelot made a promise with the queen that the same night Sir Launcelot should come to a window outward toward a garden; and that window was y-barred with iron, and there Sir Launcelot promised to meet her when all folks were asleep. So then came Sir Lavaine driving to the gates, crying: Where is my lord, Sir Launcelot du Lake? Then was he sent for, and when Sir Lavaine saw Sir Launcelot, he said: My lord, I found well how ye were hard bestead, for I have found your horse that was slain with arrows. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, I pray you, Sir Lavaine, speak ye of other matters, and let ye this pass, and we shall right it another time when we best may.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Launcelot came in the night to the queen and lay with her, and how Sir Meliagrance appeached the queen of treason** THEN the knights that were hurt were searched, and soft salves were laid to their wounds; and so it passed on till supper time, and all the cheer that might be made them there was done unto the queen and all her knights. Then when season was, they went unto their chambers, but in no wise the queen would not suffer the wounded knights to be from her, but that they were laid within draughts by her chamber, upon beds and pillows, that she herself might see to them, that they wanted nothing.

So when Sir Launcelot was in his chamber that was assigned unto him, he called unto him Sir Lavaine, and told him that night he must go speak with his lady, Dame Guenever. Sir, said Sir Lavaine, let me go with you an it please you, for I dread me sore of the treason of Sir Meliagrance. Nay, said Sir Lavaine, I thank you, but I will have nobody with me. Then Sir Launcelot took his sword in his hand, and privily went to a place where he had espied a ladder to-forehand, and that he took under his arm, and bare it through the garden, and set it up to the window, and there anon the queen was ready to meet him. And then they made either to other their complaints of many divers things, and then Sir Launcelot wished that he might have come into her. Wit ye well, said the queen, I would as fain as ye, that ye might come in to me. Would ye, madam, said Sir Launcelot, with your heart that I were with you? Yea, truly, said the queen. Now shall I prove my might, said Sir Launcelot, for your love; and then he set his hands upon the bars of iron, and he pulled at them with such a might that he brast them clean out of the stone walls, and therewithal one of the bars of iron cut the brawn of his hands throughout to the bone; and then he leapt into the chamber to the queen. Make ye no noise, said the queen, for my wounded knights lie here fast by me. So, to pass upon this tale, Sir Launcelot went unto bed with the queen, and he took no force of his hurt hand, but took his pleasure and his liking until it was in the dawning of the day; and wit ye well he slept not but watched, and when he saw his time that he might tarry no longer he took his leave and departed at the window, and put it together as well as he might again, and so departed unto his own chamber; and there he told Sir Lavaine how he was hurt. Then Sir Lavaine dressed his hand and staunched it, and put upon it a glove, that it should not be espied; and so the queen lay long in her bed until it was nine of the clock.

Then Sir Meliagrance went to the queen's chamber, and found her ladies there ready clothed. Jesu mercy, said Sir Meliagrance,

what aileth you, madam, that ye sleep thus long? And right therewithal he opened the curtain for to behold her; and then was he ware where she lay, and all the sheet and pillow was bebled with the blood of Sir Launcelot and of his hurt hand. When Sir Meliagrance espied that blood, then he deemed in her that she was false to the king, and that some of the wounded knights had lain by her all that night. Ah, madam, said Sir Meliagrance, now I have found you a false traitress unto my lord Arthur; for now I prove well it was not for nought that ye laid these wounded knights within the bounds of your chamber; therefore I will call you of treason before my lord, King Arthur. And now I have proved you, madam, with a shameful deed; and that they be all false, or some of them, I will make good, for a wounded knight this night hath lain by you. That is false, said the queen, and that I will report me unto them all. Then when the ten knights heard Sir Meliagrance's words, they spake all in one voice and said to Sir Meliagrance: Thou sayest falsely, and wrongfully putteth upon us such a deed, and that we will make good any of us; choose which thou list of us when we are whole of our wounds. Ye shall not, said Sir Meliagrance, away with your proud language, for here ye may all see, said Sir Meliagrance, that by the queen this night a wounded knight hath lain. Then were they all ashamed when they saw that blood; and wit you well Sir Meliagrance was passing glad that he had the queen at such an advantage, for he deemed by that to hide his treason. So with this rumour came in Sir Launcelot, and found them all at a great array.

**CHAPTER VII. How Sir Launcelot answered for the queen, and waged battle against Sir Meliagrance; and how Sir Launcelot was taken in a trap** WHAT array is this? said Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Meliagrance told them what he had found, and showed them the queen's bed. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, ye did not your part nor knightly, to touch a queen's bed while it was drawn, and she lying therein; for I dare say my lord Arthur himself would not have displayed her curtains, she being within her bed, unless that it had pleased him to have lain down by her; and therefore ye have done unworshipfully and shamefully to yourself. I wot not what ye mean, said Sir Meliagrance, but well I am sure there hath one of her wounded knights lain by her this night, and therefore I will prove with my hands that she is a traitress unto my lord Arthur. Beware what ye do, said Launcelot, for an ye say so, an ye will prove it, it will be taken at your hands.

My lord, Sir Launcelot, said Sir Meliagrance, I rede you beware what ye do; for though ye are never so good a knight, as ye wot well ye are renowned the best knight of the world, yet should ye be advised to do battle in a wrong quarrel, for God will have a stroke in every battle. As for that, said Sir Launcelot, God is to be dread; but as to that I say nay plainly, that this night there lay none of these ten wounded knights with my lady Queen Guenever, and that will I prove with my hands, that ye say untruly in that now. Hold, said Sir Meliagrance, here is my glove that she is traitress unto my lord, King Arthur, and that this night one of the wounded knights lay with her. And I receive your glove, said Sir Launcelot. And so they were sealed with their signets, and delivered unto the ten knights. At what day shall we do battle together? said Sir Launcelot. This day ight days, said Sir Meliagrance, in the field beside Westminster. I am agreed, said Sir Launcelot. But now, said Sir Meliagrance, sithen it is so that we must fight together, I pray you, as ye be a noble knight, await me with no treason, nor none villainy the meanwhile, nor none for you. So God me help, said Sir Launcelot, ye shall right well wit I was never of no such conditions, for I report me to all knights that ever have known me, I fared never with no treason, nor I loved never the fellowship of no man that fared with treason. Then let us go to dinner, said Meliagrance, and after dinner ye and the queen and ye may ride all to Westminster. I will well, said Sir Launcelot.

Then Sir Meliagrance said to Sir Launcelot: Pleaseth it you to see the estures of this castle? With a good will, said Sir Launcelot. And then they went together from chamber to chamber, for Sir Launcelot dread no perils; for ever a man of worship and of prowess dreadeth least always perils, for they been every man be as they be; but ever he that fareth with treason putteth oft a man in great danger. So it befell upon Sir Launcelot that no peril dread,

as he went with Sir Meliagrance he trod on a trap and the board rolled, and there Sir Launcelot fell down more than ten fathom into a cave full of straw; and then Sir Meliagrance departed and made no fare as that he nist where he was.

And when Sir Launcelot was thus missed they marvelled where he was become; and then the queen and many of them deemed that he was departed as he was wont to do suddenly. For Sir Meliagrance made suddenly to put away aside Sir Lavaine's horse, that they might all understand that Sir Launcelot was departed suddenly. So it passed on till after dinner; and then Sir Lavaine would not stint until that he ordained litters for the wounded knights, that they might be laid in them; and so with the queen and them all, both ladies and gentlewomen and other, went unto Westminster; and there the knights told King Arthur how Meliagrance had appealed the queen of high treason, and how Sir Launcelot had received the glove of him: And this day eight days they shall do battle afore you. By my head, said King Arthur, I am afeard Sir Meliagrance hath taken upon him a great charge; but where is Sir Launcelot? said the king. Sir, said they all, we wot not where he is, but we deem he is ridden to some adventures, as he is oftentimes wont to do, for he hath Sir Lavaine's horse. Let him be, said the king, he will be founden, but if he be trapped with some treason.

**CHAPTER VIII. How Sir Launcelot was delivered out of prison by a lady, and took a white courser and came for to keep his day** SO leave we Sir Launcelot lying within that cave in great pain; and every day there came a lady and brought him his meat and his drink, and wooed him, to have lain by him; and ever the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, said her nay. Sir Launcelot, said she, ye are not wise, for ye may never out of this prison, but if ye have my help; and also your lady, Queen Guenever, shall be brent in your default, unless that ye be there at the day of battle. God defend, said Sir Launcelot, that she should be brent in my default; and if it be so, said Sir Launcelot, that I may not be there, it shall be well understood, both at the king and at the queen, and with all men of worship, that I am dead, sick, outhen in prison. For all men that know me will say for me that I am in some evil case an I be not there that day; and well I wot there is some good knight either of my blood, or some other that loveth me, that will take my quarrel in hand; and therefore, said Sir Launcelot, wit ye well ye shall not fear me; and if there were no more women in all this land but ye, I will not have ado with you. Then art thou shamed, said the lady, and destroyed for ever. As for world's shame, Jesu defend me, and as for my mistress, it is welcome whatsoever it be that God sendeth me.

So she came to him the same day that the battle should be, and said: Sir Launcelot, methinketh ye are too hard-hearted, but wouldest thou but kiss me once I should deliver thee, and thine armour, and the best horse that is within Sir Meliagrance's stable. As for to kiss you, said Sir Launcelot, I may do that and lose no worship; and wit ye well an I understood there were any disworship for to kiss you I would not do it. Then he kissed her, and then she gat him, and brought him to his armour. And when he was armed, she brought him to a stable, where stood twelve good coursers, and bade him choose the best. Then Sir Launcelot looked upon a white courser the which liked him best; and anon he commanded the keepers fast to saddle him with the best saddle of war that there was; and so it was done as he bade. Then gat he his spear in his hand, and his sword by his side, and commended the lady unto God, and said: Lady, for this good deed I shall do you service if ever it be in my power.

**CHAPTER IX. How Sir Launcelot came the same time that Sir Meliagrance abode him in the field and dressed him to battle** NOW leave we Sir Launcelot wallop all that he might, and speak we of Queen Guenever that was brought to a fire to be brent; for Sir Meliagrance was sure, him thought, that Sir Launcelot should not be at that battle; therefore he ever cried upon King Arthur to do him justice, other-else bring forth Sir Launcelot du Lake. Then was the king and all the court full sore abashed and shamed that the queen should be brent in the default of Sir Launcelot. My lord Arthur, said Sir Lavaine, ye may understand that it is not well with my lord Sir Launcelot, for an he were alive, so he be not sick outhen in prison, wit ye well he would be here; for

never heard ye that ever he failed his part for whom he should do battle for. And therefore, said Sir Lavaine, my lord, King Arthur, I beseech you give me license to do battle here this day for my lord and master, and for to save my lady, the queen. Gramercy gentle Sir Lavaine, said King Arthur, for I dare say all that Sir Meliagrance putteth upon my lady the queen is wrong, for I have spoken with all the ten wounded knights, and there is not one of them, an he were whole and able to do battle, but he would prove upon Sir Meliagrance's body that it is false that he putteth upon my queen. So shall I, said Sir Lavaine, in the defence of my lord, Sir Launcelot, an ye will give me leave. Now I give you leave, said King Arthur, and do your best, for I dare well say there is some treason done to Sir Launcelot.

Then was Sir Lavaine armed and horsed, and suddenly at the lists' end he rode to perform this battle; and right as the heralds should cry: Lesses les aler, right so came in Sir Launcelot driving with all the force of his horse. And then Arthur cried: Ho! and Abide! Then was Sir Launcelot called on horseback to-fore King Arthur, and there he told openly to-fore the king and all, how Sir Meliagrance had served him first to last. And when the king, and the queen, and all the lords, knew of the treason of Sir Meliagrance they were all ashamed on his behalf. Then was Queen Guenever sent for, and set by the king in great trust of her champion. And then there was no more else to say, but Sir Launcelot and Sir Meliagrance dressed them unto battle, and took their spears; and so they came together as thunder, and there Sir Launcelot bare him down quite over his horse's croup. And then Sir Launcelot alighted and dressed his shield on his shoulder, with his sword in his hand, and Sir Meliagrance in the same wise dressed him unto him, and there they smote many great strokes together; and at the last Sir Launcelot smote him such a buffet upon the helmet that he fell on the one side to the earth. And then he cried upon him aloud: Most noble knight, Sir Launcelot du Lake, save my life, for I yield me unto you, and I require you, as ye be a knight and fellow of the Table Round, slay me not, for I yield me as overcome; and whether I shall live or die I put me in the king's hands and yours.

Then Sir Launcelot wist not what to do, for he had had liefer than all the good of the world he might have been revenged upon Sir Meliagrance; and Sir Launcelot looked up to the Queen Guenever, if he might espy by any sign or countenance what she would have done. And then the queen wagged her head upon Sir Launcelot, as though she would say: Slay him. Full well knew Sir Launcelot by the wagging of her head that she would have him dead; then Sir Launcelot bade him rise for shame and perform that battle to the utterance. Nay, said Sir Meliagrance, I will never arise until ye take me as yolden and recreant. I shall proffer you large proffers, said Sir Launcelot, that is for to say, I shall unarm my head and my left quarter of my body, all that may be unarmed, and let bind my left hand behind me, so that it shall not help me, and right so I shall do battle with you. Then Sir Meliagrance started up upon his legs, and said on high: My lord Arthur, take heed to this proffer, for I will take it, and let him be disarmed and bounden according to his proffer. What say ye, said King Arthur unto Sir Launcelot, will ye abide by your proffer? Yea, my lord, said Sir Launcelot, I will never go from that I have once said.

Then the knights parters of the field disarmed Sir Launcelot, first his head, and sithen his left arm, and his left side, and they bound his left arm behind his back, without shield or anything, and then they were put together. Wit you well there was many a lady and knight marvelled that Sir Launcelot would jeopardy himself in such wise. Then Sir Meliagrance came with his sword all on high, and Sir Launcelot showed him openly his bare head and the bare left side; and when he weened to have smitten him upon the bare head, then lightly he avoided the left leg and the left side, and put his right hand and his sword to that stroke, and so put it on side with great sleight; and then with great force Sir Launcelot smote him on the helmet such a buffet that the stroke carved the head in two parts. Then there was no more to do, but he was drawn out of the field. And at the great instance of the knights of the Table Round, the king suffered him to be interred, and the mention made upon him, who slew him, and for what cause he was slain; and then the king and the queen made more of Sir Launcelot du Lake, and more he was cherished, than ever

he was aforehand.

**CHAPTER X. How Sir Urre came into Arthur's court for to be healed of his wounds, and how King Arthur would begin to handle him** THEN as the French book maketh mention, there was a good knight in the land of Hungary, his name was Sir Urre, and he was an adventurous knight, and in all places where he might hear of any deeds of worship there would he be. So it happened in Spain there was an earl's son, his name was Alphegus, and at a great tournament in Spain this Sir Urre, knight of Hungary, and Sir Alphegus of Spain encountered together for very envy; and so either undertook other to the utterance. And by fortune Sir Urre slew Sir Alphegus, the earl's son of Spain, but this knight that was slain had given Sir Urre, or ever he was slain, seven great wounds, three on the head, and four on his body and upon his left hand. And this Sir Alphegus had a mother, the which was a great sorceress; and she, for the despite of her son's death, wrought by her subtle crafts that Sir Urre should never be whole, but ever his wounds should one time fester and another time bleed, so that he should never be whole until the best knight of the world had searched his wounds; and thus she made her avaunt, wherethrough it was known that Sir Urre should never be whole.

Then his mother let make an horse litter, and put him therein under two palfreys; and then she took Sir Urre's sister with him, a full fair damosel, whose name was Felelolie; and then she took a page with him to keep their horses, and so they led Sir Urre through many countries. For as the French book saith, she led him so seven year through all lands christened, and never she could find no knight that might ease her son. So she came into Scotland and into the lands of England, and by fortune she came nigh the feast of Pentecost until King Arthur's court, that at that time was holden at Carlisle. And when she came there, then she made it openly to be known how that she was come into that land for to heal her son.

Then King Arthur let call that lady, and asked her the cause why she brought that hurt knight into that land. My most noble king, said that lady, wit you well I brought him hither for to be healed of his wounds, that of all this seven year he might not be whole. And then she told the king where he was wounded, and of whom; and how his mother had discovered in her pride how she had wrought that by enchantment, so that he should never be whole until the best knight of the world had searched his wounds. And so I have passed through all the lands christened to have him healed, except this land. And if I fail to heal him here in this land, I will never take more pain upon me, and that is pity, for he was a good knight, and of great nobleness. What is his name? said Arthur My good and gracious lord, she said, his name is Sir Urre of the Mount. In good time, said the king, and sith ye are come into this land, ye are right welcome; and wit you well here shall your son be healed, an ever any Christian man may heal him. And for to give all other men of worship courage, I myself will assay to handle your son, and so shall all the kings, dukes, and earls that be here present with me at this time; thereto will I command them, and well I wot they shall obey and do after my commandment. And wit you well, said King Arthur unto Urre's sister, I shall begin to handle him, and search unto my power, not presuming upon me that I am so worthy to heal your son by my deeds, but I will courage other men of worship to do as I will do. And then the king commanded all the kings, dukes, and earls, and all noble knights of the Round Table that were there that time present, to come into the meadow of Carlisle. And so at that time there were but an hundred and ten of the Round Table, for forty knights were that time away; and so here we must begin at King Arthur, as is kindly to begin at him that was the most man of worship that was christened at that time.

**CHAPTER XI. How King Arthur handled Sir Urre, and after him many other knights of the Round Table** THEN King Arthur looked upon Sir Urre, and the king thought he was a full likely man when he was whole; and then King Arthur made him to be taken down off the litter and laid him upon the earth, and there was laid a cushion of gold that he should kneel upon. And then noble Arthur said: Fair knight, me repenteth of thy hurt, and for to courage all other noble knights I will pray thee softly to suffer me

to handle your wounds. Most noble christened king, said Urre, do as ye list, for I am at the mercy of God, and at your commandment. So then Arthur softly handled him, and then some of his wounds renewed upon bleeding. Then the King Clarence of Northumberland searched, and it would not be. And then Sir Barant le Apres that was called the King with the Hundred Knights, he assayed and failed; and so did King Uriens of the land of Gore; so did King Anguish of Ireland; so did King Nentres of Garloth; so did King Carados of Scotland; so did the Duke Galahad, the haut prince; so did Constantine, that was Sir Carados' son of Cornwall; so did Duke Chaleins of Clarence; so did the Earl Ulbause; so did the Earl Lambaile; so did the Earl Aristaue.

Then came in Sir Gawaine with his three sons, Sir Gingalin, Sir Florence, and Sir Lovel, these two were begotten upon Sir Brandiles' sister; and all they failed. Then came in Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, Sir Mordred, and the good knight, Sir Gareth, that was of very knighthood worth all the brethren. So came knights of Launcelot's kin, but Sir Launcelot was not that time in the court, for he was that time upon his adventures. Then Sir Lionel, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Blamore de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, Sir Gahalantine, Sir Galihodin, Sir Menaduke, Sir Villiars le Valiant, Sir Hebes le Renoumes. All these were of Sir Launcelot's kin, and all they failed. Then came in Sir Sagamore le Desirous, Sir Dodinas le Savage, Sir Dinadan, Sir Bruin le Noire, that Sir Kay named La Cote Male Taille, and Sir Kay le Seneschal, Sir Kay de Stranges, Sir Meliot de Logris, Sir Petipase of Winchelsea, Sir Galleron of Galway, Sir Melion of the Mountain, Sir Cardok, Sir Uwaine les Avoutres, and Sir Ozanna le Cure Hardy.

Then came in Sir Astamor, and Sir Gromere, Grummor's son, Sir Crosselm, Sir Servause le Breuse, that was called a passing strong knight, for as the book saith, the chief Lady of the Lake feasted Sir Launcelot and Servause le Breuse, and when she had feasted them both at sundry times she prayed them to give her a boon. And they granted it her. And then she prayed Sir Servause that he would promise her never to do battle against Sir Launcelot du Lake, and in the same wise she prayed Sir Launcelot never to do battle against Sir Servause, and so either promised her. For the French book saith, that Sir Servause had never courage nor lust to do battle against no man, but if it were against giants, and against dragons, and wild beasts. So we pass unto them that at the king's request made them all that were there at that high feast, as of the knights of the Table Round, for to search Sir Urre: to that intent the king did it, to wit which was the noblest knight among them.

Then came Sir Aglovale, Sir Durnore, Sir Tor, that was begotten upon Aries, the cowherd's wife, but he was begotten afore Aries wedded her, and King Pellinore begat them all, first Sir Tor, Sir Aglovale, Sir Durnore, Sir Lamorak, the most noblest knight one that ever was in Arthur's days as for a worldly knight, and Sir Percivale that was peerless except Sir Galahad in holy deeds, but they died in the quest of the Sangreal. Then came Sir Griflet le Fise de Dieu, Sir Lucan the Butler, Sir Bedevere his brother, Sir Brandiles, Sir Constantine, Sir Cador's son of Cornwall, that was king after Arthur's days, and Sir Clegis, Sir Sadok, Sir Dinas le Seneschal of Cornwall, Sir Fergus, Sir Driant, Sir Lambegus, Sir Clarrus of Cleremont, Sir Cloddrus, Sir Hectimere, Sir Edward of Carnarvon, Sir Dinas, Sir Priamus, that was christened by Sir Tristram the noble knight, and these three were brethren; Sir Hellaine le Blank that was son to Sir Bors, he begat him upon King Brandegoris' daughter, and Sir Brian de Listinoise; Sir Gautere, Sir Reynold, Sir Gillemere, were three brethren that Sir Launcelot won upon a bridge in Sir Kay's arms. Sir Guyart le Petite, Sir Bellangere le Beuse, that was son to the good knight, Sir Alisander le Orpelin, that was slain by the treason of King Mark. Also that traitor king slew the noble knight Sir Tristram, as he sat harping afore his lady La Beale Isoud, with a trenchant glaive, for whose death was much bewailing of every knight that ever were in Arthur's days; there was never none so bewailed as was Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak, for they were traitorously slain, Sir Tristram by King Mark, and Sir Lamorak by Sir Gawaine and his brethren. And this Sir Bellangere revenged the death of his father Alisander, and Sir Tristram slew King Mark, and La Beale Isoud died swooning upon the corse of Sir Tristram, whereof was great pity. And all that were

with King Mark that were consenting to the death of Sir Tristram were slain, as Sir Andred and many other.

Then came Sir Hebes, Sir Morganore, Sir Sentraile, Sir Suppinabilis, Sir Bellangere le Orgulous, that the good knight Sir Lamorak won in plain battle; Sir Neroveus and Sir Plenorius, two good knights that Sir Launcelot won; Sir Darras, Sir Harry le Fise Lake, Sir Erminide, brother to King Hermaunce, for whom Sir Palomides fought at the Red City with two brethren; and Sir Selises of the Dolorous Tower, Sir Edward of Orkney, Sir Ironside, that was called the noble Knight of the Red Launds that Sir Gareth won for the love of Dame Liones, Sir Arrok de Grevaunt, Sir Degrane Saunce Velany that fought with the giant of the black lowe, Sir Epinogris, that was the king's son of Northumberland. Sir Pelleas that loved the lady Ettard, and he had died for her love had not been one of the ladies of the lake, her name was Dame Nimue, and she wedded Sir Pelleas, and she saved him that he was never slain, and he was a full noble knight; and Sir Lamiel of Cardiff that was a great lover. Sir Plaine de Fors, Sir Melleaus de Lile, Sir Bohart le Cure Hardy that was King Arthur's son, Sir Mador de la Porte, Sir Colgrevice, Sir Hervise de la Forest Savage, Sir Marrok, the good knight that was betrayed with his wife, for she made him seven year a wer-wolf, Sir Persaunt, Sir Pertilope, his brother, that was called the Green Knight, and Sir Perimones, brother to them both, that was called the Red Knight, that Sir Gareth won when he was called Beaumains. All these hundred knights and ten searched Sir Urre's wounds by the commandment of King Arthur.

**CHAPTER XII. How Sir Launcelot was commanded by Arthur to handle his wounds, and anon he was all whole, and how they thanked God** MERCY Jesu, said King Arthur, where is Sir Launcelot du Lake that he is not here at this time? Thus, as they stood and spake of many things, there was espied Sir Launcelot that came riding toward them, and told the king. Peace, said the king, let no manner thing be said until he be come to us. So when Sir Launcelot espied King Arthur, he descended from his horse and came to the king, and saluted him and them all. Anon as the maid, Sir Urre's sister, saw Sir Launcelot, she ran to her brother thereas he lay in his litter, and said: Brother, here is come a knight that my heart giveth greatly unto. Fair sister, said Sir Urre, so doth my heart light against him, and certainly I hope now to be healed, for my heart giveth unto him more than to all these that have searched me.

Then said Arthur unto Sir Launcelot: Ye must do as we have done; and told Sir Launcelot what they had done, and showed him them all, that had searched him. Jesu defend me, said Sir Launcelot, when so many kings and knights have assayed and failed, that I should presume upon me to enchieve that all ye, my lords, might not enchieve. Ye shall not choose, said King Arthur, for I will command you for to do as we all have done. My most renowned lord, said Sir Launcelot, ye know well I dare not nor may not disobey your commandment, but an I might or durst, wit you well I would not take upon me to touch that wounded knight in that intent that I should pass all other knights; Jesu defend me from that shame. Ye take it wrong, said King Arthur, ye shall not do it for no presumption, but for to bear us fellowship, insomuch ye be a fellow of the Table Round; and wit you well, said King Arthur, an ye prevail not and heal him, I dare say there is no knight in this land may heal him, and therefore I pray you, do as we have done.

And then all the kings and knights for the most part prayed Sir Launcelot to search him; and then the wounded knight, Sir Urre, set him up weakly, and prayed Sir Launcelot heartily, saying: Courteous knight, I require thee for God's sake heal my wounds, for methinketh ever sithen ye came here my wounds grieve me not. Ah, my fair lord, said Sir Launcelot, Jesu would that I might help you; I shame me sore that I should be thus rebuked, for never was I able in worthiness to do so high a thing. Then Sir Launcelot kneeled down by the wounded knight saying: My lord Arthur, I must do your commandment, the which is sore against my heart. And then he held up his hands, and looked into the east, saying secretly unto himself: Thou blessed Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I beseech thee of thy mercy, that my simple worship and honesty be saved, and thou blessed Trinity, thou mayst give power to heal

this sick knight by thy great virtue and grace of thee, but, Good Lord, never of myself. And then Sir Launcelot prayed Sir Urre to let him see his head; and then devoutly kneeling he ransacked the three wounds, that they bled a little, and forthwith all the wounds fair healed, and seemed as they had been whole a seven year. And in likewise he searched his body of other three wounds, and they healed in likewise; and then the last of all he searched the which was in his hand, and anon it healed fair.

Then King Arthur and all the kings and knights kneeled down and gave thankings and lovings unto God and to His Blessed Mother. And ever Sir Launcelot wept as he had been a child that had been beaten. Then King Arthur let array priests and clerks in the most devoutest manner, to bring in Sir Urre within Carlisle, with singing and loving to God. And when this was done, the king let clothe him in the richest manner that could be thought; and then were there but few better made knights in all the court, for he was passingly well made and bigly; and Arthur asked Sir Urre how he felt himself. My good lord, he said, I felt myself never so lusty. Will ye joust and do deeds of arms? said King Arthur. Sir, said Urre, an I had all that longed unto jousts I would be soon ready.

### **CHAPTER XIII. How there was a party made of an hundred knights against an hundred knights, and of other matters**

THEN Arthur made a party of hundred knights to be against an hundred knights. And so upon the morn they jousted for a diamond, but there jousted none of the dangerous knights; and so for to shorten this tale, Sir Urre and Sir Lavaine jousted best that day, for there was none of them but he overthrew and pulled down thirty knights; and then by the assent of all the kings and lords, Sir Urre and Sir Lavaine were made knights of the Table Round. And Sir Lavaine cast his love unto Dame Felelolie, Sir Urre's sister, and then they were wedded together with great joy, and King Arthur gave to everych of them a barony of lands. And this Sir Urre would never go from Sir Launcelot, but he and Sir Lavaine awaited evermore upon him; and they were in all the court accounted for good knights, and full desirous in arms; and many noble deeds they did, for they would have no rest, but ever sought adventures.

Thus they lived in all that court with great noblesse and joy long time. But every night and day Sir Agravaine, Sir Gawaine's brother, awaited Queen Guenever and Sir Launcelot du Lake to put them to a rebuke and shame. And so I leave here of this tale, and overskip great books of Sir Launcelot du Lake, what great adventures he did when he was called Le Chevalier du Chariot. For as the French book saith, because of despite that knights and ladies called him the knight that rode in the chariot like as he were judged to the gallows, therefore in despite of all them that named him so, he was carried in a chariot a twelvemonth, for; but little after that he had slain Sir Meliagrance in the queen's quarrel, he never in a twelvemonth came on horseback. And as the French book saith, he did that twelvemonth more than forty battles. And because I have lost the very matter of Le Chevalier du Chariot, I depart from the tale of Sir Launcelot, and here I go unto the morte of King Arthur; and that caused Sir Agravaine.

## **BOOK XX.**

### **CHAPTER I. How Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred were busy upon Sir Gawaine for to disclose the love between Sir Launcelot and Queen Guenever**

IN May when every lusty heart flourisheth and burgeoneth, for as the season is lusty to be bold and comfortable, so man and woman rejoice and gladden of summer coming with his fresh flowers: for winter with his rough winds and blasts causeth a lusty man and woman to cower and sit fast by the fire. So in this season, as in the month of May, it befell a great anger and unhap that stinted not till the flower of chivalry of all the world was destroyed and slain; and all was long upon two unhappy knights the which were named Agravaine and Sir Mordred, that were brethren unto Sir Gawaine. For this Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred had ever a privy hate unto the queen Dame Guenever and to Sir Launcelot, and daily and nightly they ever watched upon Sir Launcelot.

So it mishapped, Sir Gawaine and all his brethren were in King Arthur's chamber; and then Sir Agravaine said thus openly, and

not in no counsel, that many knights might hear it: I marvel that we all be not ashamed both to see and to know how Sir Launcelot lieth daily and nightly by the queen, and all we know it so; and it is shamefully suffered of us all, that we all should suffer so noble a king as King Arthur is so to be shamed.

Then spake Sir Gawaine, and said: Brother Sir Agravaine, I pray you and charge you move no such matters no more afore me, for wit you well, said Sir Gawaine, I will not be of your counsel. So God me help, said Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth, we will not be knowing, brother Agravaine, of your deeds. Then will I, said Sir Mordred. I lieve well that, said Sir Gawaine, for ever unto all unhappiness, brother Sir Mordred, thereto will ye grant; and I would that ye left all this, and made you not so busy, for I know, said Sir Gawaine, what will fall of it. Fall of it what fall may, said Sir Agravaine, I will disclose it to the king. Not by my counsel, said Sir Gawaine, for an there rise war and wrack betwixt Sir Launcelot and us, wit you well brother, there will many kings and great lords hold with Sir Launcelot. Also, brother Sir Agravaine, said Sir Gawaine, ye must remember how oftentimes Sir Launcelot hath rescued the king and the queen; and the best of us all had been full cold at the heart-root had not Sir Launcelot been better than we, and that hath he proved himself full oft. And as for my part, said Sir Gawaine, I will never be against Sir Launcelot for one day's deed, when he rescued me from King Carados of the Dolorous Tower, and slew him, and saved my life. Also, brother Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred, in like wise Sir Launcelot rescued you both, and threescore and two, from Sir Turquin. Methinketh brother, such kind deeds and kindness should be remembered. Do as ye list, said Sir Agravaine, for I will lain it no longer. With these words came to them King Arthur. Now brother, stint your noise, said Sir Gawaine. We will not, said Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred. Will ye so? said Sir Gawaine; then God speed you, for I will not hear your tales ne be of your counsel. No more will I, said Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris, for we will never say evil by that man; for because, said Sir Gareth, Sir Launcelot made me knight, by no manner owe I to say ill of him: and therewithal they three departed, making great dole. Alas, said Sir Gawaine and Sir Gareth, now is this realm wholly mischieved, and the noble fellowship of the Round Table shall be disparpled: so they departed.

**CHAPTER II. How Sir Agravaine disclosed their love to King Arthur, and how King Arthur gave them licence to take him** And then Sir Arthur asked them what noise they made. My lord, said Agravaine, I shall tell you that I may keep no longer. Here is I, and my brother Sir Mordred, brake unto my brothers Sir Gawaine, Sir Gaheris, and to Sir Gareth, how this we know all, that Sir Launcelot holdeth your queen, and hath done long; and we be your sister's sons, and we may suffer it no longer, and all we wot that ye should be above Sir Launcelot; and ye are the king that made him knight, and therefore we will prove it, that he is a traitor to your person.

If it be so, said Sir Arthur, wit you well he is none other, but I would be loath to begin such a thing but I might have proofs upon it; for Sir Launcelot is an hardy knight, and all ye know he is the best knight among us all; and but if he be taken with the deed, he will fight with him that bringeth up the noise, and I know no knight that is able to match him. Therefore an it be sooth as ye say, I would he were taken with the deed. For as the French book saith, the king was full loath thereto, that any noise should be upon Sir Launcelot and his queen; for the king had a deeming, but he would not hear of it, for Sir Launcelot had done so much for him and the queen so many times, that wit ye well the king loved him passingly well. My lord, said Sir Agravaine, ye shall ride to-morn a-hunting, and doubt ye not Sir Launcelot will not go with you. Then when it draweth toward night, ye may send the queen word that ye will lie out all that night, and so may ye send for your cooks, and then upon pain of death we shall take him that night with the queen, and outhere we shall bring him to you dead or quick. I will well, said the king; then I counsel you, said the king, take with you sure fellowship. Sir, said Agravaine, my brother, Sir Mordred, and I, will take with us twelve knights of the Round Table. Beware, said King Arthur, for I warn you ye shall find him wight. Let us deal, said Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred.

So on the morn King Arthur rode a-hunting, and sent word to the queen that he would be out all that night. Then Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred gat to them twelve knights, and hid themself in a chamber in the Castle of Carlisle, and these were their names: Sir Colgrevice, Sir Mador de la Porte, Sir Gingaline, Sir Meliot de Logris, Sir Petipase of Winchelsea, Sir Galleron of Galway, Sir Melion of the Mountain, Sir Astamore, Sir Gromore Somir Joure, Sir Curselaine, Sir Florence, Sir Lovel. So these twelve knights were with Sir Mordred and Sir Agravaine, and all they were of Scotland, outhere of Sir Gawaine's kin, either well-willers to his brethren.

So when the night came, Sir Launcelot told Sir Bors how he would go that night and speak with the queen. Sir, said Sir Bors, ye shall not go this night by my counsel. Why? said Sir Launcelot. Sir, said Sir Bors, I dread me ever of Sir Agravaine, that waiteth you daily to do you shame and us all; and never gave my heart against no going, that ever ye went to the queen, so much as now; for I mistrust that the king is out this night from the queen because peradventure he hath lain some watch for you and the queen, and therefore I dread me sore of treason. Have ye no dread, said Sir Launcelot, for I shall go and come again, and make no tarrying. Sir, said Sir Bors, that me repenteth, for I dread me sore that your going out this night shall wrath us all. Fair nephew, said Sir Launcelot, I marvel much why ye say thus, sithen the queen hath sent for me; and wit ye well I will not be so much a coward, but she shall understand I will see her good grace. God speed you well, said Sir Bors, and send you sound and safe again.

**CHAPTER III. How Sir Launcelot was espied in the queen's chamber, and how Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred came with twelve knights to slay him** SO Sir Launcelot departed, and took his sword under his arm, and so in his mantle that noble knight put himself in great Jeopardy; and so he passed till he came to the queen's chamber, and then Sir Launcelot was lightly put into the chamber. And then, as the French book saith, the queen and Launcelot were together. And whether they were abed or at other manner of disports, me list not hereof make no mention, for love that time was not as is now-a-days. But thus as they were together, there came Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred, with twelve knights with them of the Round Table, and they said with crying voice: Traitor-knight, Sir Launcelot du Lake, now art thou taken. And thus they cried with a loud voice, that all the court might hear it; and they all fourteen were armed at all points as they should fight in a battle. Alas said Queen Guenever, now are we mischieved both Madam, said Sir Launcelot, is there here any armour within your chamber, that I might cover my poor body withal? An if there be any give it me, and I shall soon stint their malice, by the grace of God. Truly, said the queen, I have none armour, shield, sword, nor spear; wherefore I dread me sore our long love is come to a mischievous end, for I hear by their noise there be many noble knights, and well I wot they be surely armed, and against them ye may make no resistance. Wherefore ye are likely to be slain, and then shall I be brent. For an ye might escape them, said the queen, I would not doubt but that ye would rescue me in what danger that ever I stood in. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, in all my life thus was I never bestead, that I should be thus shamefully slain for lack of mine armour.

But ever in one Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred cried: Traitor-knight, come out of the queen's chamber, for wit thou well thou art so beset that thou shalt not escape. O Jesu mercy, said Sir Launcelot, this shameful cry and noise I may not suffer, for better were death at once than thus to endure this pain. Then he took the queen in his arms, and kissed her, and said: Most noble Christian queen, I beseech you as ye have been ever my special good lady, and I at all times your true poor knight unto my power, and as I never failed you in right nor in wrong sithen the first day King Arthur made me knight, that ye will pray for my soul if that I here be slain; for well I am assured that Sir Bors, my nephew, and all the remnant of my kin, with Sir Lavaine and Sir Urre, that they will not fail you to rescue you from the fire; and therefore, mine own lady, recomfort yourself, whatsoever come of me, that ye go with Sir Bors, my nephew, and Sir Urre, and they all will do you all the pleasure that they can or may, that ye shall live like a

queen upon my lands. Nay, Launcelot, said the queen, wit thou well I will never live after thy days, but an thou be slain I will take my death as meekly for Jesu Christ's sake as ever did any Christian queen. Well, madam, said I-ancelot, sith it is so that the day is come that our love must depart, wit you well I shall sell my life as dear as I may; and a thousandfold, said Sir Launcelot, I am more heavier for you than for myself. And now I had liefer than to be lord of all Christendom, that I had sure armour upon me, that men might speak of my deeds or ever I were slain. Truly, said the queen, I would an it might please God that they would take me and slay me, and suffer you to escape. That shall never be, said Sir Launcelot, God defend me from such a shame, but Jesu be Thou my shield and mine armour!

**CHAPTER IV. How Sir Launcelot slew Sir Colgrevice, and armed him in his harness, and after slew Sir Agravaine, and twelve of his fellows** AND therewith Sir Launcelot wrapped his mantle about his arm well and surely; and by then they had gotten a great form out of the hall, and therewithal they rashed at the door. Fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, leave your noise and your rashing, and I shall set open this door, and then may ye do with me what it liketh you. Come off then, said they all, and do it, for it availeth thee not to strive against us all; and therefore let us into this chamber, and we shall save thy life until thou come to King Arthur. Then Launcelot unbarred the door, and with his left hand he held it open a little, so that but one man might come in at once; and so there came striding a good knight, a much man and large, and his name was Colgrevice of Gore, and he with a sword struck at Sir Launcelot mightily; and he put aside the stroke, and gave him such a buffet upon the helmet, that he fell grovelling dead within the chamber door. And then Sir Launcelot with great might drew that dead knight within the chamber door; and Sir Launcelot with help of the queen and her ladies was lightly armed in Sir Colgrevice's armour.

And ever stood Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred crying: Traitor-knight, come out of the queen's chamber. Leave your noise, said Sir Launcelot unto Sir Agravaine, for wit you well, Sir Agravaine, ye shall not prison me this night; and therefore an ye do by my counsel, go ye all from this chamber door, and make not such crying and such manner of slander as ye do; for I promise you by my knighthood, an ye will depart and make no more noise, I shall as to-morn appear afore you all before the king, and then let it be seen which of you all, outhere else ye all, that will accuse me of treason; and there I shall answer you as a knight should, that hither I came to the queen for no manner of malengin, and that will I prove and make it good upon you with my hands. Fie on thee, traitor, said Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred, we will have thee maugre thy head, and slay thee if we list; for we let thee wit we have the choice of King Arthur to save thee or to slay thee. Ah sirs, said Sir Launcelot, is there none other grace with you? then keep yourself.

So then Sir Launcelot set all open the chamber door, and mightily and knightly he strode in amongst them; and anon at the first buffet he slew Sir Agravaine. And twelve of his fellows after, within a little while after, he laid them cold to the earth, for there was none of the twelve that might stand Sir Launcelot one buffet. Also Sir Launcelot wounded Sir Mordred, and he fled with all his might. And then Sir Launcelot returned again unto the queen, and said: Madam, now wit you well all our true love is brought to an end, for now will King Arthur ever be my foe; and therefore, madam, an it like you that I may have you with me, I shall save you from all manner adventures dangerous. That is not best, said the queen; meseemeth now ye have done so much harm, it will be best ye hold you still with this. And if ye see that as to-morn they will put me unto the death, then may ye rescue me as ye think best. I will well, said Sir Launcelot, for have ye no doubt, while I am living I shall rescue you. And then he kissed her, and either gave other a ring; and so there he left the queen, and went until his lodging.

**CHAPTER V. How Sir Launcelot came to Sir Bors, and told him how he had sped, and in what adventure he had been, and how he had escaped** WHEN Sir Bors saw Sir Launcelot he was never so glad of his home-coming as he was then. Jesu mercy,

said Sir Launcelot, why be ye all armed: what meaneth this? Sir, said Sir Bors, after ye were departed from us, we all that be of your blood and your well-willers were so dretched that some of us leapt out of our beds naked, and some in their dreams caught naked swords in their hands; therefore, said Sir Bors, we deem there is some great strife at hand; and then we all deemed that ye were betrayed with some treason, and therefore we made us thus ready, what need that ever ye were in.

My fair nephew, said Sir Launcelot unto Sir Bors, now shall ye wit all, that this night I was more harder bestead than ever I was in my life, and yet I escaped. And so he told them all how and in what manner, as ye have heard to-fore. And therefore, my fellows, said Sir Launcelot, I pray you all that ye will be of good heart in what need somever I stand, for now is war come to us all. Sir, said Bors, all is welcome that God sendeth us, and we have had much weal with you and much worship, and therefore we will take the woe with you as we have taken the weal. And therefore, they said all (there were many good knights), look ye take no discomfort, for there nis no bands of knights under heaven but we shall be able to grieve them as much as they may us. And therefore discomfort not yourself by no manner, and we shall gather together that we love, and that loveth us, and what that ye will have done shall be done. And therefore, Sir Launcelot, said they, we will take the woe with the weal. Grant mercy, said Sir Launcelot, of your good comfort, for in my great distress, my fair nephew, ye comfort me greatly, and much I am beholding unto you. But this, my fair nephew, I would that ye did in all haste that ye may, or it be forth days, that ye will look in their lodging that be lodged here nigh about the king, which will hold with me, and which will not, for now I would know which were my friends from my foes. Sir, said Sir Bors, I shall do my pain, and or it be seven of the clock I shall wit of such as ye have said before, who will hold with you.

Then Sir Bors called unto him Sir Lionel, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Blamore de Ganis, Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, Sir Gahalantine, Sir Galihodin, Sir Galihud, Sir Menadeuke Sir Villiers the Valiant, Sir Hebes le Renoumes, Sir Lavaine Sir Urre of Hungary, Sir Nerounes, Sir Plenorius. These two knights Sir Launcelot made, and the one he won upon a bridge, and therefore they would never be against him. And Harry le Fise du Lake, and Sir Selises of the Dolorous Tower, and Sir Melias de Lile, and Sir Bellangere le Beuse, that was Sir Alisander's son Le Orphelin, because his mother Alice le Beale Pellerin and she was kin unto Sir Launcelot, and he held with him. So there came Sir Palomides and Sir Safere, his brother, to hold with Sir Launcelot, and Sir Clegis of Sadok, and Sir Dinas, Sir Clarius of Cleremont. So these two-and-twenty knights drew them together, and by then they were armed on horseback, and promised Sir Launcelot to do what he would. Then there fell to them, what of North Wales and of Cornwall, for Sir Lamorak's sake and for Sir Tristram's sake, to the number of a fourscore knights.

My lords, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well, I have been ever since I came into this country well willed unto my lord, King Arthur, and unto my lady, Queen Guenever, unto my power; and this night because my lady the queen sent for me to speak with her, I suppose it was made by treason, howbeit I dare largely excuse her person, notwithstanding I was there by a forecast near slain, but as Jesu provided me I escaped all their malice and treason. And then that noble knight Sir Launcelot told them all how he was hard bestead in the queen's chamber, and how and in what manner he escaped from them. And therefore, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well, my fair lords, I am sure there nis but war unto me and mine. And for because I have slain this night these knights, I wot well, as is Sir Agravaine Sir Gawaine's brother, and at the least twelve of his fellows, for this cause now I am sure of mortal war, for these knights were sent and ordained by King Arthur to betray me. And therefore the king will in his heat and malice judge the queen to the fire, and that may I not suffer, that she should be brent for my sake; for an I may be heard and suffered and so taken, I will fight for the queen, that she is a true lady unto her lord; but the king in his heat I dread me will not take me as I ought to be taken.

**CHAPTER VI. Of the counsel and advice that was taken by Sir Launcelot and his friends for to save the queen** MY lord, Sir Launcelot, said Sir Bors, by mine advice ye shall take the woe with the weal, and take it in patience, and thank God of it. And sithen it is fallen as it is, I counsel you keep yourself, for an ye will yourself, there is no fellowship of knights christened that shall do you wrong. Also I will counsel you my lord, Sir Launcelot, than an my lady, Queen Guenever, be in distress, insomuch as she is in pain for your sake, that ye knightly rescue her; an ye did otherwise, all the world will speak of you shame to the world's end. Insomuch as ye were taken with her, whether ye did right or wrong, it is now your part to hold with the queen, that she be not slain and put to a mischievous death, for an she so die the shame shall be yours. Jesu defend me from shame, said Sir Launcelot, and keep and save my lady the queen from villainy and shameful death, and that she never be destroyed in my default; wherefore my fair lords, my kin, and my friends, said Sir Launcelot, what will ye do? Then they said all: We will do as ye will do. I put this to you, said Sir Launcelot, that if my lord Arthur by evil counsel will to-morn in his heat put my lady the queen to the fire there to be brent, now I pray you counsel me what is best to do. Then they said all at once with one voice: Sir, us thinketh best that ye knightly rescue the queen, insomuch as she shall be brent it is for your sake; and it is to suppose, an ye might be handled, ye should have the same death, or a more shamefule death. And sir, we say all, that ye have many times rescued her from death for other men's quarrels, us seemeth it is more your worship that ye rescue the queen from this peril, insomuch she hath it for your sake.

Then Sir Launcelot stood still, and said: My fair lords, wit you well I would be loath to do that thing that should dishonour you or my blood, and wit you well I would be loath that my lady, the queen, should die a shameful death; but an it be so that ye will counsel me to rescue her, I must do much harm or I rescue her; and peradventure I shall there destroy some of my best friends, that should much repent me; and peradventure there be some, an they could well bring it about, or disobey my lord King Arthur, they would soon come to me, the which I were loath to hurt. And if so be that I rescue her, where shall I keep her? That shall be the least care of us all, said Sir Bors. How did the noble knight Sir Tristram, by your good will? kept not he with him La Beale Isoud near three year in Joyous Gard? the which was done by your alther device, and that same place is your own; and in likewise may ye do an ye list, and take the queen lightly away, if it so be the king will judge her to be brent; and in Joyous Gard ye may keep her long enough until the heat of the king be past. And then shall ye bring again the queen to the king with great worship; and then peradventure ye shall have thank for her bringing home, and love and thank where other shall have maugre.

That is hard to do, said Sir Launcelot, for by Sir Tristram I may have a warning, for when by means of treaties, Sir Tristram brought again La Beale Isoud unto King Mark from Joyous Gard, look what befell on the end, how shamefully that false traitor King Mark slew him as he sat harping afore his lady La Beale Isoud, with a grounden glaive he thrust him in behind to the heart. It grieveth me, said Sir Launcelot, to speak of his death, for all the world may not find such a knight. All this is truth, said Sir Bors, but there is one thing shall courage you and us all, ye know well King Arthur and King Mark were never like of conditions, for there was never yet man could prove King Arthur untrue of his promise.

So to make short tale, they were all consented that for better outhor for worse, if so were that the queen were on that morn brought to the fire, shortly they all would rescue her. And so by the advice of Sir Launcelot, they put them all in an embushment in a wood, as nigh Carlisle as they might, and there they abode still, to wit what the king would do.

**CHAPTER VII. How Sir Mordred rode hastily to the king, to tell him of the affray and death of Sir Agravaine and the other knights** NOW turn we again unto Sir Mordred, that when he was escaped from the noble knight, Sir Launcelot, he anon gat his horse and mounted upon him, and rode unto King Arthur, sore wounded and smitten, and all forbled; and there he told the king all how it was, and how they were all slain save himself all only.

Jesu mercy, how may this be? said the king; took ye him in the queen's chamber? Yea, so God me help, said Sir Mordred, there we found him unarmed, and there he slew Colgrevice, and armed him in his armour; and all this he told the king from the beginning to the ending. Jesu mercy, said the king, he is a marvellous knight of prowess. Alas, me sore repenteth, said the king, that ever Sir Launcelot should be against me. Now I am sure the noble fellowship of the Round Table is broken for ever, for with him will many a noble knight hold; and now it is fallen so, said the king, that I may not with my worship, but the queen must suffer the death. So then there was made great ordinance in this heat, that the queen must be judged to the death. And the law was such in those days that whatsoever they were, of what estate or degree, if they were found guilty of treason, there should be none other remedy but death; and outhor the men or the taking with the deed should be causer of their hasty judgment. And right so was it ordained for Queen Guenever, because Sir Mordred was escaped sore wounded, and the death of thirteen knights of the Round Table. These proofs and experiences caused King Arthur to command the queen to the fire there to be brent.

Then spake Sir Gawaine, and said: My lord Arthur, I would counsel you not to be over-hasty, but that ye would put it in respite, this judgment of my lady the queen, for many causes. One it is, though it were so that Sir Launcelot were found in the queen's chamber, yet it might be so that he came thither for none evil; for ye know my lord, said Sir Gawaine, that the queen is much beholden unto Sir Launcelot, more than unto any other knight, for ofttimes he hath saved her life, and done battle for her when all the court refused the queen; and peradventure she sent for him for goodness and for none evil, to reward him for his good deeds that he had done to her in times past. And peradventure my lady, the queen, sent for him to that intent that Sir Launcelot should come to her good grace privily and secretly, weening to her that it was best so to do, in eschewing and dreading of slander; for ofttimes we do many things that we ween it be for the best, and yet peradventure it turneth to the worst. For I dare say, said Sir Gawaine, my lady, your queen, is to you both good and true; and as for Sir Launcelot, said Sir Gawaine, I dare say he will make it good upon any knight living that will put upon himself villainy or shame, and in like wise he will make good for my lady, Dame Guenever.

That I believe well, said King Arthur, but I will not that way with Sir Launcelot, for he trusteth so much upon his hands and his might that he doubteth no man; and therefore for my queen he shall never fight more, for she shall have the law. And if I may get Sir Launcelot, wit you well he shall have a shameful death. Jesu defend, said Sir Gawaine, that I may never see it. Why say ye so? said King Arthur; forsooth ye have no cause to love Sir Launcelot, for this night last past he slew your brother, Sir Agravaine, a full good knight, and almost he had slain your other brother, Sir Mordred, and also there he slew thirteen noble knights; and also, Sir Gawaine, remember you he slew two sons of yours, Sir Florence and Sir Lovel. My lord, said Sir Gawaine, of all this I have knowledge, of whose deaths I repent me sore; but insomuch I gave them warning, and told my brethren and my sons aforehand what would fall in the end, insomuch they would not do by my counsel, I will not meddle me thereof, nor revenge me nothing of their deaths; for I told them it was no boot to strive with Sir Launcelot. Howbeit I am sorry of the death of my brethren and of my sons, for they are the causers of their own death; for ofttimes I warned my brother Sir Agravaine, and I told him the perils the which be now fallen.

**CHAPTER VIII. How Sir Launcelot and his kinsmen rescued the queen from the fire, and how he slew many knights** THEN said the noble King Arthur to Sir Gawaine: Dear nephew, I pray you make you ready in your best armour, with your brethren, Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth, to bring my queen to the fire, there to have her judgment and receive the death. Nay, my most noble lord, said Sir Gawaine, that will I never do; for wit you well I will never be in that place where so noble a queen as is my lady, Dame Guenever, shall take a shameful end. For wit you well, said Sir Gawaine, my heart will never serve me to see her die; and it shall never be said that ever I was of your counsel of her death.

Then said the king to Sir Gawaine: Suffer your brothers Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth to be there. My lord, said Sir Gawaine, wit you well they will be loath to be there present, because of many adventures the which be like there to fall, but they are young and full unable to say you nay. Then spake Sir Gaheris, and the good knight Sir Gareth, unto Sir Arthur: Sir, ye may well command us to be there, but wit you well it shall be sore against our will; but an we be there by your strait commandment ye shall plainly hold us there excused: we will be there in peaceable wise, and bear none harness of war upon us. In the name of God, said the king, then make you ready, for she shall soon have her judgment anon. Alas, said Sir Gawaine, that ever I should endure to see this woful day. So Sir Gawaine turned him and wept heartily, and so he went into his chamber; and then the queen was led forth without Carlisle, and there she was despoiled into her smock. And so then her ghostly father was brought to her, to be shriven of her misdeeds. Then was there weeping, and wailing, and wringing of hands, of many lords and ladies, but there were but few in comparison that would bear any armour for to strength the death of the queen.

Then was there one that Sir Launcelot had sent unto that place for to espy what time the queen should go unto her death; and anon as he saw the queen despoiled into her smock, and so shriven, then he gave Sir Launcelot warning. Then was there but spurring and plucking up of horses, and right so they came to the fire. And who that stood against them, there were they slain; there might none withstand Sir Launcelot, so all that bare arms and withstood them, there were they slain, full many a noble knight. For there was slain Sir Belliance le Orgulous, Sir Segwarides, Sir Griflet, Sir Brandiles, Sir Aglovale, Sir Tor; Sir Gauter, Sir Gillimer, Sir Reynolds' three brethren; Sir Damas, Sir Priamus, Sir Kay the Stranger, Sir Driant, Sir Lambegus, Sir Herminde; Sir Pertilope, Sir Perimones, two brethren that were called the Green Knight and the Red Knight. And so in this rushing and hurling, as Sir Launcelot thrang here and there, it mishapped him to slay Gaheris and Sir Gareth, the noble knight, for they were unarmed and unaware. For as the French book saith, Sir Launcelot smote Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris upon the brain-pans, wherethrough they were slain in the field; howbeit in very truth Sir Launcelot saw them not, and so were they found dead among the thickest of the press.

Then when Sir Launcelot had thus done, and slain and put to flight all that would withstand him, then he rode straight unto Dame Guenever, and made a kirtle and a gown to be cast upon her; and then he made her to be set behind him, and prayed her to be of good cheer. Wit you well the queen was glad that she was escaped from the death. And then she thanked God and Sir Launcelot; and so he rode his way with the queen, as the French book saith, unto Joyous Gard, and there he kept her as a noble knight should do; and many great lords and some kings sent Sir Launcelot many good knights, and many noble knights drew unto Sir Launcelot. When this was known openly, that King Arthur and Sir Launcelot were at debate, many knights were glad of their debate, and many were full heavy of their debate.

**CHAPTER IX. Of the sorrow and lamentation of King Arthur for the death of his nephews and other good knights, and also for the queen, his wife** SO turn we again unto King Arthur, that when it was told him how and in what manner of wise the queen was taken away from the fire, and when he heard of the death of his noble knights, and in especial of Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth's death, then the king swooned for pure sorrow. And when he awoke of his swoon, then he said: Alas, that ever I bare crown upon my head! for now have I lost the fairest fellowship of noble knights that ever held Christian king together. Alas, my good knights be slain away from me: now within these two days I have lost forty knights, and also the noble fellowship of Sir Launcelot and his blood, for now I may never hold them together no more with my worship. Alas that ever this war began. Now fair fellows, said the king, I charge you that no man tell Sir Gawaine of the death of his two brethren; for I am sure, said the king, when Sir Gawaine heareth tell that Sir Gareth is dead he will go nigh out of his mind. Mercy Jesu, said the king, why

slew he Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris, for I dare say as for Sir Gareth he loved Sir Launcelot above all men earthly. That is truth, said some knights, but they were slain in the hurtling as Sir Launcelot thrang in the thick of the press; and as they were unarmed he smote them and wist not whom that he smote, and so unhappily they were slain. The death of them, said Arthur, will cause the greatest mortal war that ever was; I am sure, wist Sir Gawaine that Sir Gareth were slain, I should never have rest of him till I had destroyed Sir Launcelot's kin and himself both, outhere else he to destroy me. And therefore, said the king, wit you well my heart was never so heavy as it is now, and much more I am sorrier for my good knights' loss than for the loss of my fair queen; for queens I might have enow, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never be together in no company. And now I dare say, said King Arthur, there was never Christian king held such a fellowship together; and alas that ever Sir Launcelot and I should be at debate. Ah Agravaine, Agravaine, said the king, Jesu forgive it thy soul, for thine evil will, that thou and thy brother Sir Mordred hadst unto Sir Launcelot, hath caused all this sorrow: and ever among these complaints the king wept and swooned.

Then there came one unto Sir Gawaine, and told him how the queen was led away with Sir Launcelot, and nigh a twenty-four knights slain. O Jesu defend my brethren, said Sir Gawaine, for full well wist I that Sir Launcelot would rescue her, outhere else he would die in that field; and to say the truth he had not been a man of worship had he not rescued the queen that day, insomuch she should have been brent for his sake. And as in that, said Sir Gawaine, he hath done but knightly, and as I would have done myself an I had stood in like case. But where are my brethren? said Sir Gawaine, I marvel I hear not of them. Truly, said that man, Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris be slain. Jesu defend, said Sir Gawaine, for all the world I would not that they were slain, and in especial my good brother, Sir Gareth. Sir, said the man, he is slain, and that is great pity. Who slew him? said Sir Gawaine. Sir, said the man, Launcelot slew them both. That may I not believe, said Sir Gawaine, that ever he slew my brother, Sir Gareth; for I dare say my brother Gareth loved him better than me, and all his brethren, and the king both. Also I dare say, an Sir Launcelot had desired my brother Sir Gareth, with him he would have been with him against the king and us all, and therefore I may never believe that Sir Launcelot slew my brother. Sir, said this man, it is noised that he slew him.

**CHAPTER X. How King Arthur at the request of Sir Gawaine concluded to make war against Sir Launcelot, and laid siege to his castle called Joyous Gard** ALAS, said Sir Gawaine, now is my joy gone. And then he fell down and swooned, and long he lay there as he had been dead. And then, when he arose of his swoon, he cried out sorrowfully, and said:

Alas! And right so Sir Gawaine ran to the king, crying and weeping: O King Arthur, mine uncle, my good brother Sir Gareth is slain, and so is my brother Sir Gaheris, the which were two noble knights. Then the king wept, and he both; and so they fell aswooning. And when they were revived then spake Sir Gawaine: Sir, I will go see my brother, Sir Gareth. Ye may not see him, said the king, for I caused him to be interred, and Sir Gaheris both; for I well understood that ye would make over-much sorrow, and the sight of Sir Gareth should have caused your double sorrow. Alas, my lord, said Sir Gawaine, how slew he my brother, Sir Gareth? Mine own good lord I pray you tell me. Truly, said the king, I shall tell you how it is told me, Sir Launcelot slew him and Sir Gaheris both. Alas, said Sir Gawaine, they bare none arms against him, neither of them both. I wot not how it was, said the king, but as it is said, Sir Launcelot slew them both in the thickest of the press and knew them not; and therefore let us shape a remedy for to revenge their deaths.

My king, my lord, and mine uncle, said Sir Gawaine, wit you well now I shall make you a promise that I shall hold by my knight-hood, that from this day I shall never fail Sir Launcelot until the one of us have slain the other. And therefore I require you, my lord and king, dress you to the war, for wit you well I will be revenged upon Sir Launcelot; and therefore, as ye will have my service and my love, now haste you thereto, and assay your friends.

For I promise unto God, said Sir Gawaine, for the death of my brother, Sir Gareth, I shall seek Sir Launcelot throughout seven kings' realms, but I shall slay him or else he shall slay me. Ye shall not need to seek him so far, said the king, for as I hear say, Sir Launcelot will abide me and you in the Joyous Gard; and much people draweth unto him, as I hear say. That may I believe, said Sir Gawaine; but my lord, he said, assay your friends, and I will assay mine. It shall be done, said the king, and as I suppose I shall be big enough to draw him out of the biggest tower of his castle.

So then the king sent letters and writs throughout all England, both in the length and the breadth, for to assuon all his knights. And so unto Arthur drew many knights, dukes, and earls, so that he had a great host. And when they were assembled, the king informed them how Sir Launcelot had bereft him his queen. Then the king and all his host made them ready to lay siege about Sir Launcelot, where he lay within Joyous Gard. Thereof heard Sir Launcelot, and purveyed him of many good knights, for with him held many knights; and some for his own sake, and some for the queen's sake. Thus they were on both parties well furnished and garnished of all manner of thing that longed to the war. But King Arthur's host was so big that Sir Launcelot would not abide him in the field, for he was full loath to do battle against the king; but Sir Launcelot drew him to his strong castle with all manner of victual, and as many noble men as he might suffice within the town and the castle. Then came King Arthur with Sir Gawaine with an huge host, and laid a siege all about Joyous Gard, both at the town and at the castle, and there they made strong war on both parties. But in no wise Sir Launcelot would ride out, nor go out of his castle, of long time; neither he would none of his good knights to issue out, neither none of the town nor of the castle, until fifteen weeks were past.

#### **CHAPTER XI. Of the communication between King Arthur and Sir Launcelot, and how King Arthur reproved him.**

THEN it befell upon a day in harvest time, Sir Launcelot looked over the walls, and spake on high unto King Arthur and Sir Gawaine: My lords both, wit ye well all is in vain that ye make at this siege, for here win ye no worship but maugre and dishonour; for an it list me to come myself out and my good knights, I should full soon make an end of this war. Come forth, said Arthur unto Launcelot, an thou durst, and I promise thee I shall meet thee in midst of the field. God defend me, said Sir Launcelot, that ever I should encounter with the most noble king that made me knight. Fie upon thy fair language, said the king, for wit you well and trust it, I am thy mortal foe, and ever will to my death day; for thou hast slain my good knights, and full noble men of my blood, that I shall never recover again. Also thou hast lain by my queen, and holden her many winters, and sithen like a traitor taken her from me by force.

My most noble lord and king, said Sir Launcelot, ye may say what ye will, for ye wot well with yourself will I not strive; but whereas ye say I have slain your good knights, I wot well that I have done so, and that me sore repenteth; but I was enforced to do battle with them in saving of my life, or else I must have suffered them to have slain me. And as for my lady, Queen Guenever, except your person of your highness, and my lord Sir Gawaine, there is no knight under heaven that dare make it good upon me, that ever I was a traitor unto your person. And where it please you to say that I have holden my lady your queen years and winters, unto that I shall ever make a large answer, and prove it upon any knight that beareth the life, except your person and Sir Gawaine, that my lady, Queen Guenever, is a true lady unto your person as any is living unto her lord, and that will I make good with my hands. Howbeit it hath liked her good grace to have me in chierie, and to cherish me more than any other knight; and unto my power I again have deserved her love, for oftentimes, my lord, ye have consented that she should be brent and destroyed, in your heat, and then it fortuneth me to do battle for her, and or I departed from her adversary they confessed their untruth, and she full worshipfully excused. And at such times, my lord Arthur, said Sir Launcelot, ye loved me, and thanked me when I saved your queen from the fire; and then ye promised me for ever to be my good lord; and now methinketh ye reward me full ill for my good service. And my

good lord, meseemeth I had lost a great part of my worship in my knighthood an I had suffered my lady, your queen, to have been brent, and insomuch she should have been brent for my sake. For sithen I have done battles for your queen in other quarrels than in mine own, meseemeth now I had more right to do battle for her in right quarrel. And therefore my good and gracious lord, said Sir Launcelot, take your queen unto your good grace, for she is both fair, true, and good.

Fie on thee, false recreant knight, said Sir Gawaine; I let thee wit my lord, mine uncle, King Arthur, shall have his queen and thee, maugre thy visage, and slay you both whether it please him. It may well be, said Sir Launcelot, but wit you well, my lord Sir Gawaine, an me list to come out of this castle ye should win me and the queen more harder than ever ye won a strong battle. Fie on thy proud words, said Sir Gawaine; as for my lady, the queen, I will never say of her shame. But thou, false and recreant knight, said Sir Gawaine, what cause hadst thou to slay my good brother Sir Gareth, that loved thee more than all my kin? Alas thou madest him knight thine own hands; why slew thou him that loved thee so well? For to excuse me, said Sir Launcelot, it helpeth me not, but by Jesu, and by the faith that I owe to the high order of knighthood, I should with as good will have slain my nephew, Sir Bors de Ganis, at that time. But alas that ever I was so unhappy, said Launcelot, that I had not seen Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris.

Thou liest, recreant knight, said Sir Gawaine, thou slewest him in despite of me; and therefore, wit thou well I shall make war to thee, and all the while that I may live. That me repenteth, said Sir Launcelot; for well I understand it helpeth not to seek none accordment while ye, Sir Gawaine, are so mischievously set. And if ye were not, I would not doubt to have the good grace of my lord Arthur. I believe it well, false recreant knight, said Sir Gawaine; for thou hast many long days overled me and us all, and destroyed many of our good knights. Ye say as it pleaseth you, said Sir Launcelot; and yet may it never be said on me, and openly proved, that ever I by forecast of treason slew no good knight, as my lord, Sir Gawaine, ye have done; and so did I never, but in my defence that I was driven thereto, in saving of my life. Ah, false knight, said Sir Gawaine, that thou meanest by Sir Lamorak: wit thou well I slew him. Ye slew him not yourself, said Sir Launcelot; it had been overmuch on hand for you to have slain him, for he was one of the best knights christened of his age, and it was great pity of his death.

#### **CHAPTER XII. How the cousins and kinsmen of Sir Launcelot excited him to go out to battle, and how they made them ready**

WELL, well, said Sir Gawaine to Launcelot, sithen thou enbraidest me of Sir Lamorak, wit thou well I shall never leave thee till I have thee at such avail that thou shalt not escape my hands. I trust you well enough, said Sir Launcelot, an ye may get me I get but little mercy. But as the French book saith, the noble King Arthur would have taken his queen again, and have been accorded with Sir Launcelot, but Sir Gawaine would not suffer him by no manner of mean. And then Sir Gawaine made many men to blow upon Sir Launcelot; and all at once they called him false recreant knight.

Then when Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Lionel, heard this outcry, they called to them Sir Palomides, Sir Safere's brother, and Sir Lavaine, with many more of their blood, and all they went unto Sir Launcelot, and said thus: My lord Sir Launcelot, wit ye well we have great scorn of the great rebukes that we heard Gawaine say to you; wherefore we pray you, and charge you as ye will have our service, keep us no longer within these walls; for wit you well plainly, we will ride into the field and do battle with them; for ye fare as a man that were afraid, and for all your fair speech it will not avail you. For wit you well Sir Gawaine will not suffer you to be accorded with King Arthur, and therefore fight for your life and your right, an ye dare. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, for to ride out of this castle, and to do battle, I am full loath.

Then Sir Launcelot spake on high unto Sir Arthur and Sir Gawaine: My lords, I require you and beseech you, sithen that I am thus required and conjured to ride into the field, that neither you, my lord King Arthur, nor you Sir Gawaine, come not into the field. What shall we do then? said Sir Gawaine, [N]is this

the king's quarrel with thee to fight? and it is my quarrel to fight with thee, Sir Launcelot, because of the death of my brother Sir Gareth. Then must I needs unto battle, said Sir Launcelot. Now wit you well, my lord Arthur and Sir Gawaine, ye will repent it whensomever I do battle with you.

And so then they departed either from other; and then either party made them ready on the morn for to do battle, and great purveyance was made on both sides; and Sir Gawaine let purvey many knights for to wait upon Sir Launcelot, for to overset him and to slay him. And on the morn at underne Sir Arthur was ready in the field with three great hosts. And then Sir Launcelot's fellowship came out at three gates, in a full good array; and Sir Lionel came in the foremost battle, and Sir Launcelot came in the middle, and Sir Bors came out at the third gate. Thus they came in order and rule, as full noble knights; and always Sir Launcelot charged all his knights in any wise to save King Arthur and Sir Gawaine.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Sir Gawaine jousted and smote down Sir Lionel, and how Sir Launcelot horsed King Arthur** THEN came forth Sir Gawaine from the king's host, and he came before and proffered to joust. And Sir Lionel was a fierce knight, and lightly he encountered with Sir Gawaine; and there Sir Gawaine smote Sir Lionel through out the body, that he dashed to the earth like as he had been dead; and then Sir Ector de Maris and other more bare him into the castle. Then there began a great stour, and much people was slain; and ever Sir Launcelot did what he might to save the people on King Arthur's party, for Sir Palomides, and Sir Bors, and Sir Safere, overthrew many knights, for they were deadly knights. And Sir Blamore de Ganis, and Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, with Sir Bellangere le Beuse, these six knights did much harm; and ever King Arthur was nigh about Sir Launcelot to have slain him, and Sir Launcelot suffered him, and would not strike again. So Sir Bors encountered with King Arthur, and there with a spear Sir Bors smote him down; and so he alighted and drew his sword, and said to Sir Launcelot: Shall I make an end of this war? and that he meant to have slain King Arthur. Not so hardy, said Sir Launcelot, upon pain of thy head, that thou touch him no more, for I will never see that most noble king that made me knight neither slain ne shamed. And therewithal Sir Launcelot alighted off his horse and took up the king and horsed him again, and said thus: My lord Arthur, for God's love stint this strife, for ye get here no worship, and I would do mine utterance, but always I forbear you, and ye nor none of yours forbearth me; my lord, remember what I have done in many places, and now I am evil rewarded.

Then when King Arthur was on horseback, he looked upon Sir Launcelot, and then the tears brast out of his eyes, thinking on the great courtesy that was in Sir Launcelot more than in any other man; and therewith the king rode his way, and might no longer behold him, and said: Alas, that ever this war began. And then either parties of the battles withdrew them to repose them, and buried the dead, and to the wounded men they laid soft salves; and thus they endured that night till on the morn. And on the morn by underne they made them ready to do battle. And then Sir Bors led the forward.

So upon the morn there came Sir Gawaine as brim as any boar, with a great spear in his hand. And when Sir Bors saw him he thought to revenge his brother Sir Lionel of the despite that Sir Gawaine did him the other day. And so they that knew either other feutred their spears, and with all their mights of their horses and themselves, they met together so felonously that either bare other through, and so they fell both to the earth; and then the battles joined, and there was much slaughter on both parties. Then Sir Launcelot rescued Sir Bors, and sent him into the castle; but neither Sir Gawaine nor Sir Bors died not of their wounds, for they were all holpen. Then Sir Lavaine and Sir Urre prayed Sir Launcelot to do his pain, and fight as they had done; For we see ye forbear and spare, and that doth much harm; therefore we pray you spare not your enemies no more than they do you. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, I have no heart to fight against my lord Arthur, for ever meseemeth I do not as I ought to do. My lord, said Sir Palomides, though ye spare them all this day they will never can you thank; and if they may get you at avail ye are but dead. So

then Sir Launcelot understood that they said him truth; and then he strained himself more than he did aforehand, and because his nephew Sir Bors was sore wounded. And then within a little while, by evensong time, Sir Launcelot and his party better stood, for their horses went in blood past the fetlocks, there was so much people slain. And then for pity Sir Launcelot withheld his knights, and suffered King Arthur's party for to withdraw them aside. And then Sir Launcelot's party withdrew them into his castle, and either parties buried the dead, and put salve unto the wounded men.

So when Sir Gawaine was hurt, they on King Arthur's party were not so orgulous as they were toforehand to do battle. Of this war was noised through all Christendom, and at the last it was noised afore the Pope; and he considering the great goodness of King Arthur, and of Sir Launcelot, that was called the most noblest knights of the world, wherefore the Pope called unto him a noble clerk that at that time was there present; the French book saith, it was the Bishop of Rochester; and the Pope gave him bulls under lead unto King Arthur of England, charging him upon pain of interdicting of all England, that he take his queen Dame Guenever unto him again, and accord with Sir Launcelot.

**CHAPTER XIV. How the Pope sent down his bulls to make peace, and how Sir Launcelot brought the queen to King Arthur** SO when this Bishop was come to Carlisle he shewed the king these bulls. And when the king understood these bulls he nist what to do: full fain he would have been accorded with Sir Launcelot, but Sir Gawaine would not suffer him; but as for to have the queen, thereto he agreed. But in nowise Sir Gawaine would not suffer the king to accord with Sir Launcelot; but as for the queen he consented. And then the Bishop had of the king his great seal, and his assurance as he was a true anointed king that Sir Launcelot should come safe, and go safe, and that the queen should not be spoken unto of the king, nor of none other, for no thing done afore time past; and of all these appointments the Bishop brought with him sure assurance and writing, to shew Sir Launcelot.

So when the Bishop was come to Joyous Gard, there he shewed Sir Launcelot how the Pope had written to Arthur and unto him, and there he told him the perils if he withheld the queen from the king. It was never in my thought, said Launcelot, to withhold the queen from my lord Arthur; but, insomuch she should have been dead for my sake, meseemeth it was my part to save her life, and put her from that danger, till better recover might come. And now I thank God, said Sir Launcelot, that the Pope hath made her peace; for God knoweth, said Sir Launcelot, I will be a thousand-fold more gladder to bring her again, than ever I was of her taking away; with this, I may be sure to come safe and go safe, and that the queen shall have her liberty as she had before; and never for no thing that hath been surmised afore this time, she never from this day stand in no peril. For else, said Sir Launcelot, I dare adventure me to keep her from an harder shour than ever I kept her. It shall not need you, said the Bishop, to dread so much; for wit you well, the Pope must be obeyed, and it were not the Pope's worship nor my poor honesty to wit you distressed, neither the queen, neither in peril, nor shamed. And then he shewed Sir Launcelot all his writing, both from the Pope and from King Arthur. This is sure enough, said Sir Launcelot, for full well I dare trust my lord's own writing and his seal, for he was never shamed of his promise. Therefore, said Sir Launcelot unto the Bishop, ye shall ride unto the king afore, and recommend me unto his good grace, and let him have knowledging that this same day eight days, by the grace of God, I myself shall bring my lady, Queen Guenever, unto him. And then say ye unto my most redoubted king, that I will say largely for the queen, that I shall none except for dread nor fear, but the king himself, and my lord Sir Gawaine; and that is more for the king's love than for himself.

So the Bishop departed and came to the king at Carlisle, and told him all how Sir Launcelot answered him; and then the tears brast out of the king's eyes. Then Sir Launcelot purveyed him an hundred knights, and all were clothed in green velvet, and their horses trapped to their heels; and every knight held a branch of olive in his hand, in tokening of peace. And the queen had four-and-twenty gentlewomen following her in the same wise;

and Sir Launcelot had twelve coursers following him, and on every courser sat a young gentleman, and all they were arrayed in green velvet, with sarps of gold about their quarters, and the horse trapped in the same wise down to the heels, with many ouches, y-set with stones and pearls in gold, to the number of a thousand. And she and Sir Launcelot were clothed in white cloth of gold tissue; and right so as ye have heard, as the French book maketh mention, he rode with the queen from Joyous Gard to Carlisle. And so Sir Launcelot rode throughout Carlisle, and so in the castle, that all men might behold; and wit you well there was many a weeping eye. And then Sir Launcelot himself alighted and avoided his horse, and took the queen, and so led her where King Arthur was in his seat: and Sir Gawaine sat afore him, and many other great lords. So when Sir Launcelot saw the king and Sir Gawaine, then he led the queen by the arm, and then he kneeled down, and the queen both. Wit you well then was there many bold knight there with King Arthur that wept as tenderly as though they had seen all their kin afore them. So the king sat still, and said no word. And when Sir Launcelot saw his countenance, he arose and pulled up the queen with him, and thus he spake full knightly.

**CHAPTER XV. Of the deliverance of the queen to the king by Sir Launcelot, and what language Sir Gawaine had to Sir Launcelot**

MY most redoubted king, ye shall understand, by the Pope's commandment and yours, I have brought to you my lady the queen, as right requireth; and if there be any knight, of whatsoever degree that he be, except your person, that will say or dare say but that she is true and clean to you, I here myself, Sir Launcelot du Lake, will make it good upon his body, that she is a true lady unto you; but liars ye have listened, and that hath caused debate betwixt you and me. For time hath been, my lord Arthur, that ye have been greatly pleased with me when I did battle for my lady, your queen; and full well ye know, my most noble king, that she hath been put to great wrong or this time; and sithen it pleased you at many times that I should fight for her, meseemeth, my good lord, I had more cause to rescue her from the fire, insomuch she should have been brent for my sake. For they that told you those tales were liars, and so it fell upon them; for by likelihood had not the might of God been with me, I might never have endured fourteen knights, and they armed and afore purposed, and I unarmed and not purposed. For I was sent for unto my lady your queen, I wot not for what cause; but I was not so soon within the chamber door, but anon Sir Agravaire and Sir Mordred called me traitor and recreant knight. They called thee right, said Sir Gawaine. My lord Sir Gawaine, said Sir Launcelot, in their quarrel they proved themselves not in the right. Well well, Sir Launcelot, said the king, I have given thee no cause to do to me as thou hast done, for I have worshipped thee and thine more than any of my knights.

My good lord, said Sir Launcelot, so ye be not displeased, ye shall understand I and mine have done you oft better service than any other knights have done, in many divers places; and where ye have been full hard bestead divers times, I have myself rescued you from many dangers; and ever unto my power I was glad to please you, and my lord Sir Gawaine; both in jousts, and tournaments, and in battles set, both on horseback and on foot, I have often rescued you, and my lord Sir Gawaine, and many mo of your knights in many divers places. For now I will make avaunt, said Sir Launcelot, I will that ye all wit that yet I found never no manner of knight but that I was overhard for him, an I had done my utterance, thanked be God; howbeit I have been matched with good knights, as Sir Tristram and Sir Lamorak, but ever I had a favour unto them and a deeming what they were. And I take God to record, said Sir Launcelot, I never was wroth nor greatly heavy with no good knight an I saw him busy about to win worship; and glad I was ever when I found any knight that might endure me on horseback and on foot: howbeit Sir Carados of the Dolorous Tower was a full noble knight and a passing strong man, and that wot ye, my lord Sir Gawaine; for he might well be called a noble knight when he by fine force pulled you out of your saddle, and bound you overthrowt afore him to his saddle bow; and there, my lord Sir Gawaine, I rescued you, and slew him afore your sight. Also I found his brother, Sir Turquin, in likewise leading Sir Gaheris, your brother, bounden afore him; and there I rescued your

brother and slew that Turquin, and delivered three-score-and-four of my lord Arthur's knights out of his prison. And now I dare say, said Sir Launcelot, I met never with so strong knights, nor so well fighting, as was Sir Carados and Sir Turquin, for I fought with them to the uttermost. And therefore, said Sir Launcelot unto Sir Gawaine, meseemeth ye ought of right to remember this; for, an I might have your good will, I would trust to God to have my lord Arthur's good grace.

**CHAPTER XVI. Of the communication between Sir Gawaine and Sir Launcelot, with much other language**

THE king may do as he will, said Sir Gawaine, but wit thou well, Sir Launcelot, thou and I shall never be accorded while we live, for thou hast slain three of my brethren; and two of them ye slew traitorly and piteously, for they bare none harness against thee, nor none would bear. God would they had been armed, said Sir Launcelot, for then had they been alive. And wit ye well Sir Gawaine, as for Sir Gareth, I love none of my kinsmen so much as I did him; and ever while I live, said Sir Launcelot, I will bewail Sir Gareth's death, not all only for the great fear I have of you, but many causes cause me to be sorrowful. One is, for I made him knight; another is, I wot well he loved me above all other knights; and the third is, he was passing noble, true, courteous, and gentle, and well conditioned; the fourth is, I wist well, anon as I heard that Sir Gareth was dead, I should never after have your love, but everlasting war betwixt us; and also I wist well that ye would cause my noble lord Arthur for ever to be my mortal foe. And as Jesu be my help, said Sir Launcelot, I slew never Sir Gareth nor Sir Gaheris by my will; but alas that ever they were unarmed that unhappy day. But thus much I shall offer me, said Sir Launcelot, if it may please the king's good grace, and you, my lord Sir Gawaine, I shall first begin at Sandwich, and there I shall go in my shirt, barefoot; and at every ten miles' end I will found and gar make an house of religion, of what order that ye will assign me, with an whole convent, to sing and read, day and night, in especial for Sir Gareth's sake and Sir Gaheris. And this shall I perform from Sandwich unto Carlisle; and every house shall have sufficient livelihood. And this shall I perform while I have any livelihood in Christendom; and there nis none of all these religious places, but they shall be performed, furnished and garnished in all things as an holy place ought to be, I promise you faithfully. And this, Sir Gawaine, methinketh were more fairer, holier, and more better to their souls, than ye, my most noble king, and you, Sir Gawaine, to war upon me, for thereby shall ye get none avail.

Then all knights and ladies that were there wept as they were mad, and the tears fell on King Arthur's cheeks. Sir Launcelot, said Sir Gawaine, I have right well heard thy speech, and thy great proffers, but wit thou well, let the king do as it pleased him, I will never forgive my brothers' death, and in especial the death of my brother, Sir Gareth. And if mine uncle, King Arthur, will accord with thee, he shall lose my service, for wit thou well thou art both false to the king and to me. Sir, said Launcelot he beareth not the life that may make that good and if ye, Sir Gawaine, will charge me with so high a thing, ye must pardon me, for then needs must I answer you. Nay, said Sir Gawaine, we are past that at this time, and that caused the Pope, for he hath charged mine uncle, the king, that he shall take his queen again, and to accord with thee, Sir Launcelot, as for this season, and therefore thou shalt go safe as thou camest. But in this land thou shalt not abide past fifteen days, such summons I give thee: so the king and we were consented and accorded or thou camest. And else, said Sir Gawaine, wit thou well thou shouldst not have come here, but if it were maugre thy head. And if it were not for the Pope's commandment, said Sir Gawaine, I should do battle with mine own body against thy body, and prove it upon thee, that thou hast been both false unto mine uncle King Arthur, and to me both; and that shall I prove upon thy body, when thou art departed from hence, wheresoever I find thee.

**CHAPTER XVII. How Sir Launcelot departed from the king and from Joyous Gard over seaward, and what knights went with him**

THEN Sir Launcelot sighed, and therewith the tears fell on his cheeks, and then he said thus: Alas, most noble Christian realm, whom I have loved above all other realms, and in thee I

have gotten a great part of my worship, and now I shall depart in this wise. Truly me repenteth that ever I came in this realm, that should be thus shamefully banished, undeserved and causeless; but fortune is so variant, and the wheel so moveable, there nis none constant abiding, and that may be proved by many old chronicles, of noble Ector, and Troilus, and Alisander, the mighty conqueror, and many mo other; when they were most in their royalty, they alighted lowest. And so fareth it by me, said Sir Launcelot, for in this realm I had worship, and by me and mine all the whole Round Table hath been increased more in worship, by me and mine blood, than by any other. And therefore wit thou well, Sir Gawaine, I may live upon my lands as well as any knight that here is. And if ye, most redoubted king, will come upon my lands with Sir Gawaine to war upon me, I must endure you as well as I may. But as to you, Sir Gawaine, if that ye come there, I pray you charge me not with treason nor felony, for an ye do, I must answer you. Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine; therefore hie thee fast that thou were gone, and wit thou well we shall soon come after, and break the strongest castle that thou hast, upon thy head. That shall not need, said Sir Launcelot, for an I were as orgulous set as ye are, wit you well I should meet you in midst of the field. Make thou no more language, said Sir Gawaine, but deliver the queen from thee, and pike thee lightly out of this court. Well, said Sir Launcelot, an I had wist of this short coming, I would have advised me twice or that I had come hither; for an the queen had been so dear to me as ye noise her, I durst have kept her from the fellowship of the best knights under heaven.

And then Sir Launcelot said unto Guenever, in hearing of the king and them all: Madam, now I must depart from you and this noble fellowship for ever; and sithen it is so, I beseech you to pray for me, and say me well; and if ye be hard bestead by any false tongues, lightly my lady send me word, and if any knight's hands may deliver you by battle, I shall deliver you. And therewithal Sir Launcelot kissed the queen; and then he said all openly. Now let see what he be in this place that dare say the queen is not true unto my lord Arthur, let see who will speak an he dare speak. And therewith he brought the queen to the king, and then Sir Launcelot took his leave and departed; and there was neither king, duke, nor earl, baron nor knight, lady nor gentlewoman, but all they wept as people out of their mind, except Sir Gawaine. And when the noble Sir Launcelot took his horse to ride out of Carlisle, there was sobbing and weeping for pure dole of his departing; and so he took his way unto Joyous Gard. And then ever after he called it the Dolorous Gard. And thus departed Sir Launcelot from the court for ever.

And so when he came to Joyous Gard he called his fellowship unto him, and asked them what they would do. Then they answered all wholly together with one voice they would as he would do. My fair fellows, said Sir Launcelot, I must depart out of this most noble realm, and now I shall depart it grieveth me sore, for I shall depart with no worship; for a flemed man departed never out of a realm with no worship; and that is my heaviness, for ever I fear after my days that men shall chronicle upon me that I was flemed out of this land; and else, my fair lords, be ye sure, an I had not dread shame, my lady, Queen Guenever, and I should never have departed.

Then spake many noble knights, as Sir Palomides, Sir Safere his brother, and Sir Bellingere le Beuse, and Sir Urre, with Sir Lavaine, with many others: Sir, an ye be so disposed to abide in this land we will never fail you; and if ye list not to abide in this land there nis none of the good knights that here be will fail you, for many causes. One is, all we that be not of your blood shall never be welcome to the court. And sithen it liked us to take a part with you in your distress and heaviness in this realm, wit you well it shall like us as well to go in other countries with you, and there to take such part as ye do. My fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, I well understand you, and as I can, thank you: and ye shall understand, such livelihood as I am born unto I shall depart with you in this manner of wise; that is for to say, I shall depart all my livelihood and all my lands freely among you, and I myself will have as little as any of you, for have I sufficient that may long to my person, I will ask none other rich array; and I trust to God to maintain you on my lands as well as ever were maintained any knights. Then

spake all the knights at once: He have shame that will leave you; for we all understand in this realm will be now no quiet, but ever strife and debate, now the fellowship of the Round Table is broken; for by the noble fellowship of the Round Table was King Arthur upborne, and by their noblesse the king and all his realm was in quiet and rest, and a great part they said all was because of your noblesse.

**CHAPTER XVIII. How Sir Launcelot passed over the sea, and how he made great lords of the knights that went with him** TRULY, said Sir Launcelot, I thank you all of your good saying, howbeit, I wot well, in me was not all the stability of this realm, but in that I might I did my devoir; and well I am sure I knew many rebellions in my days that by me were peaced, and I trow we all shall hear of them in short space, and that me sore repenteth. For ever I dread me, said Sir Launcelot, that Sir Mordred will make trouble, for he is passing envious and applieth him to trouble. So they were accorded to go with Sir Launcelot to his lands; and to make short tale, they trussed, and paid all that would ask them; and wholly an hundred knights departed with Sir Launcelot at once, and made their avows they would never leave him for weal nor for woe.

And so they shipped at Cardiff, and sailed unto Benwick: some men call it Bayonne, and some men call it Beaune, where the wine of Beaune is. But to say the sooth, Sir Launcelot and his nephews were lords of all France, and of all the lands that longed unto France; he and his kindred rejoiced it all through Sir Launcelot's noble prowess. And then Sir Launcelot stuffed and furnished and garnished all his noble towns and castles. Then all the people of those lands came to Sir Launcelot on foot and hands. And so when he had stablished all these countries, he shortly called a parliament; and there he crowned Sir Lionel, King of France; and Sir Bors [he] crowned him king of all King Claudas' lands; and Sir Ector de Maris, that was Sir Launcelot's youngest brother, he crowned him King of Benwick, and king of all Guienne, that was Sir Launcelot's own land. And he made Sir Ector prince of them all, and thus he departed.

Then Sir Launcelot advanced all his noble knights, and first he advanced them of his blood; that was Sir Blamore, he made him Duke of Limosin in Guienne and Sir Bleoberis he made him Duke of Poitiers, and Sir Gahalantine he made him Duke of Querne, and Sir Galihodin he made him Duke of Sentonge, and Sir Galihud he made him Earl of Perigot, and Sir Menadeuke he made him Earl of Roerge, and Sir Villiers the Valiant he made him Earl of Bearn, and Sir Hebes le Renoumes he made him Earl of Comange, and Sir Lavaine he made him Earl of Arminak, and Sir Urre he made him Earl of Estrake, and Sir Neroneus he made him Earl of Pardiak, and Sir Plenorius he made Earl of Foise, and Sir Selises of the Dolorous Tower he made him Earl of Masauke, and Sir Melias de Lile he made him Earl of Tursauk, and Sir Bellangere le Beuse he made Earl of the Launds, and Sir Palomides he made him Duke of the Provence, and Sir Safere he made him Duke of Landok, and Sir Clegis he gave him the Earldom of Agente, and Sir Sadok he gave the Earldom of Surlat, and Sir Dinas le Seneschal he made him Duke of Anjou, and Sir Clarrus he made him Duke of Normandy. Thus Sir Launcelot rewarded his noble knights and many more, that meseemeth it were too long to rehearse.

**CHAPTER XIX. How King Arthur and Sir Gawaine made a great host ready to go over sea to make war on Sir Launcelot** SO leave we Sir Launcelot in his lands, and his noble knights with him, and return we again unto King Arthur and to Sir Gawaine, that made a great host ready, to the number of threescore thousand; and all thing was made ready for their shipping to pass over the sea, and so they shipped at Cardiff. And there King Arthur made Sir Mordred chief ruler of all England, and also he put Queen Guenever under his governance; because Sir Mordred was King Arthur's son, he gave him the rule of his land and of his wife; and so the king passed the sea and landed upon Sir Launcelot's lands, and there he brent and wasted, through the vengeance of Sir Gawaine, all that they might overrun.

When this word came to Sir Launcelot, that King Arthur and Sir Gawaine were landed upon his lands, and made a full great destruction and waste, then spake Sir Bors, and said: My lord Sir

Launcelot, it is shame that we suffer them thus to ride over our lands, for wit you well, suffer ye them as long as ye will, they will do you no favour an they may handle you. Then said Sir Lionel that was wary and wise: My lord Sir Launcelot, I will give this counsel, let us keep our strong walled towns until they have hunger and cold, and blow on their nails; and then let us freshly set upon them, and shred them down as sheep in a field, that aliens may take example for ever how they land upon our lands.

Then spake King Bagdemagus to Sir Launcelot: Sir, your courtesy will shende us all, and thy courtesy hath waked all this sorrow; for an they thus over our lands ride, they shall by process bring us all to nought whilst we thus in holes us hide. Then said Sir Galihud unto Sir Launcelot: Sir, here be knights come of kings' blood, that will not long droop, and they are within these walls; therefore give us leave, like as we be knights, to meet them in the field, and we shall slay them, that they shall curse the time that ever they came into this country. Then spake seven brethren of North Wales, and they were seven noble knights; a man might seek in seven kings' lands or he might find such seven knights. Then they all said at once: Sir Launcelot, for Christ's sake let us out ride with Sir Galihud, for we be never wont to cower in castles nor in noble towns.

Then spake Sir Launcelot, that was master and governor of them all: My fair lords, wit you well I am full loath to ride out with my knights for shedding of Christian blood; and yet my lands I understand be full bare for to sustain any host awhile, for the mighty wars that whilom made King Claudas upon this country, upon my father King Ban, and on mine uncle King Bors; howbeit we will as at this time keep our strong walls, and I shall send a messenger unto my lord Arthur, a treaty for to take; for better is peace than always war.

So Sir Launcelot sent forth a damosel and a dwarf with her, requiring King Arthur to leave his warring upon his lands; and so she start upon a palfrey, and the dwarf ran by her side. And when she came to the pavilion of King Arthur, there she alighted; and there met her a gentle knight, Sir Lucan the Butler, and said: Fair damosel, come ye from Sir Launcelot du Lake? Yea sir, she said, therefore I come hither to speak with my lord the king. Alas, said Sir Lucan, my lord Arthur would love Launcelot, but Sir Gawaine will not suffer him. And then he said: I pray to God, damosel, ye may speed well, for all we that be about the king would Sir Launcelot did best of any knight living. And so with this Lucan led the damosel unto the king where he sat with Sir Gawaine, for to hear what she would say. So when she had told her tale, the water ran out of the king's eyen, and all the lords were full glad for to advise the king as to be accorded with Sir Launcelot, save all only Sir Gawaine, and he said: My lord mine uncle, what will ye do? Will ye now turn again, now ye are passed thus far upon this journey? all the world will speak of your villainy. Nay, said Arthur, wit thou well, Sir Gawaine, I will do as ye will advise me; and yet meseemeth, said Arthur, his fair proffers were not good to be refused; but sithen I am come so far upon this journey, I will that ye give the damosel her answer, for I may not speak to her for pity, for her proffers be so large.

**CHAPTER XX. What message Sir Gawaine sent to Sir Launcelot; and how King Arthur laid siege to Benwick, and other matters** THEN Sir Gawaine said to the damosel thus: Damosel, say ye to Sir Launcelot that it is waste labour now to sue to mine uncle; for tell him, an he would have made any labour for peace, he should have made it or this time, for tell him now it is too late; and say that I, Sir Gawaine, so send him word, that I promise him by the faith I owe unto God and to knighthood, I shall never leave him till he have slain me or I him. So the damosel wept and departed, and there were many weeping eyen; and so Sir Lucan brought the damosel to her palfrey, and so she came to Sir Launcelot where he was among all his knights. And when Sir Launcelot had heard this answer, then the tears ran down by his cheeks. And then his noble knights strode about him, and said: Sir Launcelot, wherefore make ye such cheer, think what ye are, and what men we are, and let us noble knights match them in midst of the field. That may be lightly done, said Sir Launcelot, but I was never so loath to do battle, and therefore I pray you, fair sirs, as ye

love me, be ruled as I will have you, for I will always flee that noble king that made me knight. And when I may no further, I must needs defend me, and that will be more worship for me and us all than to compare with that noble king whom we have all served. Then they held their language, and as that night they took their rest.

And upon the morn early, in the dawning of the day, as knights looked out, they saw the city of Benwick besieged round about; and fast they began to set up ladders, and then they defied them out of the town, and beat them from the walls wightly. Then came forth Sir Gawaine well armed upon a stiff steed, and he came before the chief gate, with his spear in his hand, crying: Sir Launcelot, where art thou? is there none of you proud knights dare break a spear with me? Then Sir Bors made him ready, and came forth out of the town, and there Sir Gawaine encountered with Sir Bors. And at that time he smote Sir Bors down from his horse, and almost he had slain him; and so Sir Bors was rescued and borne into the town. Then came forth Sir Lionel, brother to Sir Bors, and thought to revenge him; and either feutred their spears, and ran together; and there they met spitefully, but Sir Gawaine had such grace that he smote Sir Lionel down, and wounded him there passing sore; and then Sir Lionel was rescued and borne into the town. And this Sir Gawaine came every day, and he failed not but that he smote down one knight or other.

So thus they endured half a year, and much slaughter was of people on both parties. Then it befell upon a day, Sir Gawaine came afore the gates armed at all pieces on a noble horse, with a great spear in his hand; and then he cried with a loud voice: Where art thou now, thou false traitor, Sir Launcelot? Why hidest thou thyself within holes and walls like a coward? Look out now, thou false traitor knight, and here I shall revenge upon thy body the death of my three brethren. All this language heard Sir Launcelot every deal; and his kin and his knights drew about him, and all they said at once to Sir Launcelot: Sir Launcelot, now must ye defend you like a knight, or else ye be shamed for ever; for, now ye be called upon treason, it is time for you to stir, for ye have slept over-long and suffered over-much. So God me help, said Sir Launcelot, I am right heavy of Sir Gawaine's words, for now he charged me with a great charge; and therefore I wot it as well as ye, that I must defend me, or else to be recreant.

Then Sir Launcelot bade saddle his strongest horse, and bade let fetch his arms, and bring all unto the gate of the tower; and then Sir Launcelot spake on high unto King Arthur, and said: My lord Arthur, and noble king that made me knight, wit you well I am right heavy for your sake, that ye thus sue upon me; and always I forbare you, for an I would have been vengeable, I might have met you in midst of the field, and there to have made your boldest knights full tame. And now I have forborne half a year, and suffered you and Sir Gawaine to do what ye would do; and now may I endure it no longer, for now must I needs defend myself, insomuch Sir Gawaine hath appealed me of treason; the which is greatly against my will that ever I should fight against any of your blood, but now I may not forsake it, I am driven thereto as a beast till a bay.

Then Sir Gawaine said: Sir Launcelot, an thou durst do battle, leave thy babbling and come off, and let us ease our hearts. Then Sir Launcelot armed him lightly, and mounted upon his horse, and either of the knights gat great spears in their hands, and the host without stood still all apart, and the noble knights came out of the city by a great number, insomuch that when Arthur saw the number of men and knights, he marvelled, and said to himself: Alas, that ever Sir Launcelot was against me, for now I see he hath forborne me. And so the covenant was made, there should no man nigh them, nor deal with them, till the one were dead or yelden.

**CHAPTER XXI. How Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine did battle together, and how Sir Gawaine was overthrown and hurt** THEN Sir Gawaine and Sir Launcelot departed a great way asunder, and then they came together with all their horses' might as they might run, and either smote other in midst of their shields; but the knights were so strong, and their spears so big, that their horses might not endure their buffets, and so their horses fell to

the earth; and then they avoided their horses, and dressed their shields afore them. Then they stood together and gave many sad strokes on divers places of their bodies, that the blood brast out on many sides and places. Then had Sir Gawaine such a grace and gift that an holy man had given to him, that every day in the year, from underne till high noon, his might increased those three hours as much as thrice his strength, and that caused Sir Gawaine to win great honour. And for his sake King Arthur made an ordinance, that all manner of battles for any quarrels that should be done afore King Arthur should begin at underne; and all was done for Sir Gawaine's love, that by likelihood, if Sir Gawaine were on the one part, he should have the better in battle while his strength endureth three hours; but there were but few knights that time living that knew this advantage that Sir Gawaine had, but King Arthur all only.

Thus Sir Launcelot fought with Sir Gawaine, and when Sir Launcelot felt his might evermore increase, Sir Launcelot wondered and dread him sore to be shamed. For as the French book saith, Sir Launcelot weened, when he felt Sir Gawaine double his strength, that he had been a fiend and none earthly man; wherefore Sir Launcelot traced and traversed, and covered himself with his shield, and kept his might and his braide during three hours; and that while Sir Gawaine gave him many sad brunts, and many sad strokes, that all the knights that beheld Sir Launcelot marvelled how that he might endure him; but full little understood they that travail that Sir Launcelot had for to endure him. And then when it was past noon Sir Gawaine had no more but his own might. When Sir Launcelot felt him so come down, then he stretched him up and stood near Sir Gawaine, and said thus: My lord Sir Gawaine, now I feel ye have done; now my lord Sir Gawaine, I must do my part, for many great and grievous strokes I have endured you this day with great pain.

Then Sir Launcelot doubled his strokes and gave Sir Gawaine such a buffet on the helmet that he fell down on his side, and Sir Launcelot withdrew him from him. Why withdrawest thou thee? said Sir Gawaine; now turn again, false traitor knight, and slay me, for an thou leave me thus, when I am whole I shall do battle with thee again. I shall endure you, Sir, by God's grace, but wit thou well, Sir Gawaine, I will never smite a felled knight. And so Sir Launcelot went into the city; and Sir Gawaine was borne into King Arthur's pavilion, and leeches were brought to him, and searched and salved with soft ointments. And then Sir Launcelot said: Now have good day, my lord the king, for wit you well ye win no worship at these walls; and if I would my knights outbring, there should many a man die. Therefore, my lord Arthur, remember you of old kindness; and however I fare, Jesu be your guide in all places.

**CHAPTER XXII. Of the sorrow that King Arthur made for the war, and of another battle where also Sir Gawaine had the worse** ALAS, said the king, that ever this unhappy war was begun; for ever Sir Launcelot forboreth me in all places, and in likewise my kin, and that is seen well this day by my nephew Sir Gawaine. Then King Arthur fell sick for sorrow of Sir Gawaine, that he was so sore hurt, and because of the war betwixt him and Sir Launcelot. So then they on King Arthur's part kept the siege with little war withoutforth; and they withinforth kept their walls, and defended them when need was. Thus Sir Gawaine lay sick three weeks in his tents, with all manner of leech-craft that might be had. And as soon as Sir Gawaine might go and ride, he armed him at all points, and start upon a courser, and gat a spear in his hand, and so he came riding afore the chief gate of Benwick; and there he cried on height: Where art thou, Sir Launcelot? Come forth, thou false traitor knight and recreant, for I am here, Sir Gawaine, will prove this that I say on thee.

All this language Sir Launcelot heard, and then he said thus: Sir Gawaine, me repents of your foul saying, that ye will not cease of your language; for you wot well, Sir Gawaine, I know your might and all that ye may do; and well ye wot, Sir Gawaine, ye may not greatly hurt me. Come down, traitor knight, said he, and make it good the contrary with thy hands, for it mishapped me the last battle to be hurt of thy hands; therefore wit thou well I am come this day to make amends, for I ween this day to lay

thee as low as thou laigest me. Jesu defend me, said Sir Launcelot, that ever I be so far in your danger as ye have been in mine, for then my days were done. But Sir Gawaine, said Sir Launcelot, ye shall not think that I tarry long, but sithen that ye so unknighly call me of treason, ye shall have both your hands full of me. And then Sir Launcelot armed him at all points, and mounted upon his horse, and gat a great spear in his hand, and rode out at the gate. And both the hosts were assembled, of them without and of them within, and stood in array full manly. And both parties were charged to hold them still, to see and behold the battle of these two noble knights. And then they laid their spears in their rests, and they came together as thunder, and Sir Gawaine brake his spear upon Sir Launcelot in a hundred pieces unto his hand; and Sir Launcelot smote him with a greater might, that Sir Gawaine's horse's feet raised, and so the horse and he fell to the earth. Then Sir Gawaine deliverly avoided his horse, and put his shield afore him, and eagerly drew his sword, and bade Sir Launcelot: Alight, traitor knight, for if this mare's son hath failed me, wit thou well a king's son and a queen's son shall not fail thee.

Then Sir Launcelot avoided his horse, and dressed his shield afore him, and drew his sword; and so stood they together and gave many sad strokes, that all men on both parties had thereof passing great wonder. But when Sir Launcelot felt Sir Gawaine's might so marvellously increase, he then withheld his courage and his wind, and kept himself wonder covert of his might; and under his shield he traced and traversed here and there, to break Sir Gawaine's strokes and his courage; and Sir Gawaine enforced himself with all his might and power to destroy Sir Launcelot; for as the French book saith, ever as Sir Gawaine's might increased, right so increased his wind and his evil will. Thus Sir Gawaine did great pain unto Sir Launcelot three hours, that he had right great pain for to defend him.

And when the three hours were passed, that Sir Launcelot felt that Sir Gawaine was come to his own proper strength, then Sir Launcelot said unto Sir Gawaine: Now have I proved you twice, that ye are a full dangerous knight, and a wonderful man of your might; and many wonderful deeds have ye done in your days, for by your might increasing you have deceived many a full noble and valiant knight; and, now I feel that ye have done your mighty deeds, now wit you well I must do my deeds. And then Sir Launcelot stood near Sir Gawaine, and then Sir Launcelot doubled his strokes; and Sir Gawaine defended him mightily, but nevertheless Sir Launcelot smote such a stroke upon Sir Gawaine's helm, and upon the old wound, that Sir Gawaine sank down upon his one side in a swoon. And anon as he did awake he waved and foined at Sir Launcelot as he lay, and said: Traitor knight, wit thou well I am not yet slain, come thou near me and perform this battle unto the uttermost. I will no more do than I have done, said Sir Launcelot, for when I see you on foot I will do battle upon you all the while I see you stand on your feet; but for to smite a wounded man that may not stand, God defend me from such a shame. And then he turned him and went his way toward the city. And Sir Gawaine evermore calling him traitor knight, and said: Wit thou well Sir Launcelot, when I am whole I shall do battle with thee again, for I shall never leave thee till that one of us be slain. Thus as this siege endured, and as Sir Gawaine lay sick near a month; and when he was well recovered and ready within three days to do battle again with Sir Launcelot, right so came tidings unto Arthur from England that made King Arthur and all his host to remove.

## BOOK XXI.

**CHAPTER I. How Sir Mordred presumed and took on him to be King of England, and would have married the queen, his father's wife** AS Sir Mordred was ruler of all England, he did do make letters as though that they came from beyond the sea, and the letters specified that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot. Wherefore Sir Mordred made a parliament, and called the lords together, and there he made them to choose him king; and so was he crowned at Canterbury, and held a feast there fifteen days; and afterward he drew him unto Winchester, and there he took the Queen Guenever, and said plainly that he would wed her which was his uncle's wife and his father's wife. And so he made

ready for the feast, and a day prefixed that they should be wedded; wherefore Queen Guenever was passing heavy. But she durst not discover her heart, but spake fair, and agreed to Sir Mordred's will. Then she desired of Sir Mordred for to go to London, to buy all manner of things that longed unto the wedding. And because of her fair speech Sir Mordred trusted her well enough, and gave her leave to go. And so when she came to London she took the Tower of London, and suddenly in all haste possible she stuffed it with all manner of victual, and well garnished it with men, and so kept it.

Then when Sir Mordred wist and understood how he was beguiled, he was passing wroth out of measure. And a short tale for to make, he went and laid a mighty siege about the Tower of London, and made many great assaults thereat, and threw many great engines unto them, and shot great guns. But all might not prevail Sir Mordred, for Queen Guenever would never for fair speech nor for foul, would never trust to come in his hands again.

Then came the Bishop of Canterbury, the which was a noble clerk and an holy man, and thus he said to Sir Mordred: Sir, what will ye do? will ye first displease God and sithen shame yourself, and all knighthood? Is not King Arthur your uncle, no farther but your mother's brother, and on her himself King Arthur begat you upon his own sister, therefore how may you wed your father's wife? Sir, said the noble clerk, leave this opinion or I shall curse you with book and bell and candle. Do thou thy worst, said Sir Mordred, wit thou well I shall defy thee. Sir, said the Bishop, and wit you well I shall not fear me to do that me ought to do. Also where ye noise where my lord Arthur is slain, and that is not so, and therefore ye will make a foul work in this land. Peace, thou false priest, said Sir Mordred, for an thou chafe me any more I shall make strike off thy head. So the Bishop departed and did the cursing in the most orgulist wise that might be done. And then Sir Mordred sought the Bishop of Canterbury, for to have slain him. Then the Bishop fled, and took part of his goods with him, and went nigh unto Glastonbury; and there he was as priest hermit in a chapel, and lived in poverty and in holy prayers, for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand.

Then Sir Mordred sought on Queen Guenever by letters and sonds, and by fair means and foul means, for to have her to come out of the Tower of London; but all this availed not, for she answered him shortly, openly and privily, that she had liefer slay herself than to be married with him. Then came word to Sir Mordred that King Arthur had araised the siege for Sir Launcelot, and he was coming homeward with a great host, to be avenged upon Sir Mordred; wherefore Sir Mordred made write writs to all the barony of this land, and much people drew to him. For then was the common voice among them that with Arthur was none other life but war and strife, and with Sir Mordred was great joy and bliss. Thus was Sir Arthur depraved, and evil said of. And many there were that King Arthur had made up of nought, and given them lands, might not then say him a good word. Lo ye all Englishmen, see ye not what a mischief here was! for he that was the most king and knight of the world, and most loved the fellowship of noble knights, and by him they were all upholden, now might not these Englishmen hold them content with him. Lo thus was the old custom and usage of this land; and also men say that we of this land have not yet lost nor forgotten that custom and usage. Alas, this is a great default of us Englishmen, for there may no thing please us no term. And so fared the people at that time, they were better pleased with Sir Mordred than they were with King Arthur; and much people drew unto Sir Mordred, and said they would abide with him for better and for worse. And so Sir Mordred drew with a great host to Dover, for there he heard say that Sir Arthur would arrive, and so he thought to beat his own father from his lands; and the most part of all England held with Sir Mordred, the people were so new-fangle.

**CHAPTER II. How after that King Arthur had tidings, he returned and came to Dover, where Sir Mordred met him to let his landing; and of the death of Sir Gawaine** AND so as Sir Mordred was at Dover with his host, there came King Arthur with a great navy of ships, and galleys, and carracks. And there was Sir Mordred ready awaiting upon his landing, to let his own

father to land upon the land that he was king over. Then there was launching of great boats and small, and full of noble men of arms; and there was much slaughter of gentle knights, and many a full bold baron was laid full low, on both parties. But King Arthur was so courageous that there might no manner of knights let him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him; and so they landed maugre Sir Mordred and all his power, and put Sir Mordred aback, that he fled and all his people.

So when this battle was done, King Arthur let bury his people that were dead. And then was noble Sir Gawaine found in a great boat, lying more than half dead. When Sir Arthur wist that Sir Gawaine was laid so low; he went unto him; and there the king made sorrow out of measure, and took Sir Gawaine in his arms, and thrice he there swooned. And then when he awaked, he said: Alas, Sir Gawaine, my sister's son, here now thou liest; the man in the world that I loved most; and now is my joy gone, for now, my nephew Sir Gawaine, I will discover me unto your person: in Sir Launcelot and you I most had my joy, and mine affiance, and now have I lost my joy of you both; wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me. Mine uncle King Arthur, said Sir Gawaine, wit you well my death-day is come, and all is through mine own hastiness and wilfulness; for I am smitten upon the old wound the which Sir Launcelot gave me, on the which I feel well I must die; and had Sir Launcelot been with you as he was, this unhappy war had never begun; and of all this am I causer, for Sir Launcelot and his blood, through their prowess, held all your cankered enemies in subjection and daunger. And now, said Sir Gawaine, ye shall miss Sir Launcelot. But alas, I would not accord with him, and therefore, said Sir Gawaine, I pray you, fair uncle, that I may have paper, pen, and ink, that I may write to Sir Launcelot a cedle with mine own hands.

And then when paper and ink was brought, then Gawaine was set up weakly by King Arthur, for he was shriven a little to-fore; and then he wrote thus, as the French book maketh mention: Unto Sir Launcelot, flower of all noble knights that ever I heard of or saw by my days, I, Sir Gawaine, King Lot's son of Orkney, sister's son unto the noble King Arthur, send thee greeting, and let thee have knowledge that the tenth day of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gavest me afore the city of Benwick, and through the same wound that thou gavest me I am come to my death-day. And I will that all the world wit, that I, Sir Gawaine, knight of the Table Round, sought my death, and not through thy deserving, but it was mine own seeking; wherefore I beseech thee, Sir Launcelot, to return again unto this realm, and see my tomb, and pray some prayer more or less for my soul. And this same day that I wrote this cedle, I was hurt to the death in the same wound, the which I had of thy hand, Sir Launcelot; for of a more nobler man might I not be slain. Also Sir Launcelot, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, make no tarrying, but come over the sea in all haste, that thou mayst with thy noble knights rescue that noble king that made thee knight, that is my lord Arthur; for he is full straitly bestead with a false traitor, that is my half-brother, Sir Mordred; and he hath let crown him king, and would have wedded my lady Queen Guenever, and so had he done had she not put herself in the Tower of London. And so the tenth day of May last past, my lord Arthur and we all landed upon them at Dover; and there we put that false traitor, Sir Mordred, to flight, and there it misfortuned me to be stricken upon thy stroke. And at the date of this letter was written, but two hours and a half afore my death, written with mine own hand, and so subscribed with part of my heart's blood. And I require thee, most famous knight of the world, that thou wilt see my tomb. And then Sir Gawaine wept, and King Arthur wept; and then they swooned both. And when they awaked both, the king made Sir Gawaine to receive his Saviour. And then Sir Gawaine prayed the king for to send for Sir Launcelot, and to cherish him above all other knights.

And so at the hour of noon Sir Gawaine yielded up the spirit; and then the king let inter him in a chapel within Dover Castle; and there yet all men may see the skull of him, and the same wound is seen that Sir Launcelot gave him in battle. Then was it told the king that Sir Mordred had pight a new field upon Barham Down. And upon the morn the king rode thither to him, and there was a great battle betwixt them, and much people was slain on

both parties; but at the last Sir Arthur's party stood best, and Sir Mordred and his party fled unto Canterbury.

**CHAPTER III. How after, Sir Gawaine's ghost appeared to King Arthur, and warned him that he should not fight that day** AND then the king let search all the towns for his knights that were slain, and interred them; and salved them with soft salves that so sore were wounded. Then much people drew unto King Arthur. And then they said that Sir Mordred warred upon King Arthur with wrong. And then King Arthur drew him with his host down by the seaside, westward toward Salisbury; and there was a day assigned betwixt King Arthur and Sir Mordred, that they should meet upon a down beside Salisbury, and not far from the seaside; and this day was assigned on a Monday after Trinity Sunday, whereof King Arthur was passing glad, that he might be avenged upon Sir Mordred. Then Sir Mordred araised much people about London, for they of Kent, Southsex, and Surrey, Essex, and of Southfolk, and of Northfolk, held the most part with Sir Mordred; and many a full noble knight drew unto Sir Mordred and to the king; but they that loved Sir Launcelot drew unto Sir Mordred.

So upon Trinity Sunday at night, King Arthur dreamed a wonderful dream, and that was this: that him seemed he sat upon a chaflet in a chair, and the chair was fast to a wheel, and thereupon sat King Arthur in the richest cloth of gold that might be made; and the king thought there was under him, far from him, an hideous deep black water, and therein were all manner of serpents, and worms, and wild beasts, foul and horrible; and suddenly the king thought the wheel turned up-so-down, and he fell among the serpents, and every beast took him by a limb; and then the king cried as he lay in his bed and slept: Help. And then knights, squires, and yeomen, awaked the king; and then he was so amazed that he wist not where he was; and then he fell a-slumbering again, not sleeping nor thoroughly waking. So the king seemed verily that there came Sir Gawaine unto him with a number of fair ladies with him. And when King Arthur saw him, then he said: Welcome, my sister's son; I weened thou hadst been dead, and now I see thee alive, much am I beholding unto Almighty Jesu. O fair nephew and my sister's son, what be these ladies that hither be come with you? Sir, said Sir Gawaine, all these be ladies for whom I have foughten when I was man living, and all these are those that I did battle for in righteous quarrel; and God hath given them that grace at their great prayer, because I did battle for them, that they should bring me hither unto you: thus much hath God given me leave, for to warn you of your death; for an ye fight as to-morn with Sir Mordred, as ye both have assigned, doubt ye not ye must be slain, and the most part of your people on both parties. And for the great grace and goodness that almighty Jesu hath unto you, and for pity of you, and many more other good men there shall be slain, God hath sent me to you of his special grace, to give you warning that in no wise ye do battle as to-morn, but that ye take a treaty for a month day; and proffer you largely, so as to-morn to be put in a delay. For within a month shall come Sir Launcelot with all his noble knights, and rescue you worshipfully, and slay Sir Mordred, and all that ever will hold with him. Then Sir Gawaine and all the ladies vanished.

And anon the king called upon his knights, squires, and yeomen, and charged them wightly to fetch his noble lords and wise bishops unto him. And when they were come, the king told them his avision, what Sir Gawaine had told him, and warned him that if he fought on the morn he should be slain. Then the king commanded Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, with two bishops with them, and charged them in any wise, an they might, Take a treaty for a month day with Sir Mordred, and spare not, proffer him lands and goods as much as ye think best. So then they departed, and came to Sir Mordred, where he had a grim host of an hundred thousand men. And there they entreated Sir Mordred long time; and at the last Sir Mordred was agreed for to have Cornwall and Kent, by Arthur's days: after, all England, after the days of King Arthur.

**CHAPTER IV. How by misadventure of an adder the battle began, where Mordred was slain, and Arthur hurt to the death** THEN were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir

Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and everych of them should bring fourteen persons; and they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he: I am glad that this is done: and so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they see any sword drawn: Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him. In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that: An ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged on me. And so they met as their appointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right soon came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beams, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And King Arthur took his horse, and said: Alas this unhappy day! and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in like wise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land; for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth; and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wood wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him.

Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more alive but two knights; that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded. Jesu mercy, said the king, where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now, said Arthur, I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief. Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought. Sir, let him be, said Sir Lucan, for he is unhappy; and if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this, for blessed be God ye have won the field, for here we be three alive, and with Sir Mordred is none alive; and if ye leave off now this wicked day of destiny is past. Tide me death, betide me life, saith the king, now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him. God speed you well, said Sir Bedivere.

Then the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying: Traitor, now is thy death-day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body, more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth; and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oft times. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere oft times heaved him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased.

Then heard they people cry in the field. Now go thou, Sir Lucan, said the king, and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field. So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in

many places. And so as he yede, he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers and robbers were come into the field, to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches, and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. Therefore by my rede, said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the king.

**CHAPTER V. How King Arthur commanded to cast his sword Excalibur into the water, and how he was delivered to ladies in a barge** BUT I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee: alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned; and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of his guts fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast. And when the king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his guts lay at his feet. Alas, said the king, this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me, that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me: now Jesu have mercy upon his soul! Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again.

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king, therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and waves wan. Ah, traitor untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead.

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king.

And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said: Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold. And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried: Ah my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies? Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayst, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound; and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage.

**CHAPTER VI. How Sir Bedivere found him on the morrow dead in an hermitage, and how he abode there with the hermit** THEN was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit grovelling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little to-fore Bishop of Canterbury, that Sir Mordred flemed. Sir, said Bedivere, what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for? Fair son, said the hermit, I wot not verily, but by deeming. But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me an hundred besants. Alas, said Sir Bedivere, that was my lord King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel. Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. For from hence will I never go, said Sir Bedivere, by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur. Ye are welcome to me, said the hermit, for I know ye better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke, Sir Lucan the Butler, was your brother. Then Sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard to-fore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was to-fore Bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorised, nor more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read, but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens; that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northgalis; the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Also there was Nimue, the chief lady of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas the good knight; and this lady had done much for King Arthur, for she would never suffer Sir Pelleas to be in no place where he should be in danger of his life; and so he lived to the uttermost of his days with her in great rest. More of the death of King Arthur could I never find, but that ladies brought him to his burials; and such one was buried there, that the hermit bare witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury, but yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur: for this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made it to be written.

**CHAPTER VII. Of the opinion of some men of the death of King Arthur; and how Queen Guenever made her a nun in Almesbury** YET some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say: here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus*. Thus leave I here Sir Bedivere with the hermit, that dwelled that time in a chapel beside Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage. And so they lived in their prayers, and fastings, and great abstinence. And when Queen Guenever understood that King Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights, Sir Mordred and all the remnant, then the queen stole away, and five ladies with her, and so she went to Almesbury; and there she let make herself a nun, and ware white clothes and black, and great

penance she took, as ever did sinful lady in this land, and never creature could make her merry; but lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marvelled how virtuously she was changed. Now leave we Queen Guenever in Almesbury, a nun in white clothes and black, and there she was Abbess and ruler as reason would; and turn we from her, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lake.

**CHAPTER VIII. How when Sir Lancelot heard of the death of King Arthur, and of Sir Gawaine, and other matters, he came into England** AND when he heard in his country that Sir Mordred was crowned king in England, and made war against King Arthur, his own father, and would let him to land in his own land; also it was told Sir Launcelot how that Sir Mordred had laid siege about the Tower of London, because the queen would not wed him; then was Sir Launcelot wroth out of measure, and said to his kinsmen: Alas, that double traitor Sir Mordred, now me repenteth that ever he escaped my hands, for much shame hath he done unto my lord Arthur; for all I feel by the doleful letter that my lord Sir Gawaine sent me, on whose soul Jesu have mercy that my lord Arthur is full hard bestead. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, that ever I should live to hear that most noble king that made me knight thus to be overset with his subject in his own realm. And this doleful letter that my lord, Sir Gawaine, hath sent me afore his death, praying me to see his tomb, wit you well his doleful words shall never go from mine heart, for he was a full noble knight as ever was born; and in an unhappy hour was I born that ever I should have that unhap to slay first Sir Gawaine, Sir Gaheris the good knight, and mine own friend Sir Gareth, that full noble knight. Alas, I may say I am unhappy, said Sir Launcelot, that ever I should do thus unhappily, and, alas, yet might I never have hap to slay that traitor, Sir Mordred.

Leave your complaints, said Sir Bors, and first revenge you of the death of Sir Gawaine; and it will be well done that ye see Sir Gawaine's tomb, and secondly that ye revenge my lord Arthur, and my lady, Queen Guenever I thank you, said Sir Launcelot, for ever ye will my worship.

Then they made them ready in all the haste that might be, with ships and galleys, with Sir Launcelot and his host to pass into England. And so he passed over the sea till he came to Dover, and there he landed with seven kings, and the number was hideous to behold. Then Sir Launcelot spered of men of Dover where was King Arthur become. Then the people told him how that he was slain, and Sir Mordred and an hundred thousand died on a day; and how Sir Mordred gave King Arthur there the first battle at his landing, and there was good Sir Gawaine slain; and on the morn Sir Mordred fought with the king upon Barham Down, and there the king put Sir Mordred to the worse. Alas, said Sir Launcelot, this is the heaviest tidings that ever came to me. Now, fair sirs, said Sir Launcelot, shew me the tomb of Sir Gawaine. And then certain people of the town brought him into the castle of Dover, and shewed him the tomb. Then Sir Launcelot kneeled down and wept, and prayed heartily for his soul. And that night he made a dole, and all they that would come had as much flesh, fish, wine and ale, and every man and woman had twelve pence, come who would. Thus with his own hand dealt he this money, in a mourning gown; and ever he wept, and prayed them to pray for the soul of Sir Gawaine. And on the morn all the priests and clerks that might be gotten in the country were there, and sang mass of Requiem; and there offered first Sir Launcelot, and he offered an hundred pound; and then the seven kings offered forty pound apiece; and also there was a thousand knights, and each of them offered a pound; and the offering dured from morn till night, and Sir Launcelot lay two nights on his tomb in prayers and weeping.

Then on the third day Sir Launcelot called the kings, dukes, earls, barons, and knights, and said thus: My fair lords, I thank you all of your coming into this country with me, but we came too late, and that shall repent me while I live, but against death may no man rebel. But sithen it is so, said Sir Launcelot, I will myself ride and seek my lady, Queen Guenever, for as I hear say she hath had great pain and much disease; and I heard say that she is fled into the west. Therefore ye all shall abide me here, and but if I come again within fifteen days, then take your ships and your

fellowship, and depart into your country, for I will do as I say to you.

**CHAPTER IX. How Sir Launcelot departed to seek the Queen Guenever, and how he found her at Almesbury** THEN came Sir Bors de Ganis, and said: My lord Sir Launcelot, what think ye for to do, now to ride in this realm? wit ye well ye shall find few friends. Be as be may, said Sir Launcelot, keep you still here, for I will forth on my journey, and no man nor child shall go with me. So it was no boot to strive, but he departed and rode westerly, and there he sought a seven or eight days; and at the last he came to a nunnery, and then was Queen Guenever ware of Sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloister. And when she saw him there she swooned thrice, that all the ladies and gentlewomen had work enough to hold the queen up. So when she might speak, she called ladies and gentlewomen to her, and said: Ye marvel, fair ladies, why I make this fare. Truly, she said, it is for the sight of yonder knight that yonder standeth; wherefore I pray you all call him to me.

When Sir Launcelot was brought to her, then she said to all the ladies: Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wit thou well I am set in such a plight to get my soul-heal; and yet I trust through God's grace that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ, and at domesday to sit on his right side, for as sinful as ever I was are saints in heaven. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee, on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company, and to thy kingdom thou turn again, and keep well thy realm from war and wrack; for as well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee, for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed; therefore, Sir Launcelot, go to thy realm, and there take thee a wife, and live with her with joy and bliss; and I pray thee heartily, pray for me to our Lord that I may amend my misliving. Now, sweet madam, said Sir Launcelot, would ye that I should now return again unto my country, and there to wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well that shall I never do, for I shall never be so false to you of that I have promised; but the same destiny that ye have taken you to, I will take me unto, for to please Jesu, and ever for you I cast me specially to pray. If thou wilt do so, said the queen, hold thy promise, but I may never believe but that thou wilt turn to the world again. Well, madam, said he, ye say as pleaseth you, yet wist you me never false of my promise, and God defend but I should forsake the world as ye have done. For in the quest of the Sangreal I had forsaken the vanities of the world had not your lord been. And if I had done so at that time, with my heart, will, and thought, I had passed all the knights that were in the Sangreal except Sir Galahad, my son. And therefore, lady, sithen ye have taken you to perfection, I must needs take me to perfection, of right. For I take record of God, in you I have had mine earthly joy; and if I had found you now so disposed, I had cast me to have had you into mine own realm.

**CHAPTER X. How Sir Launcelot came to the hermitage where the Archbishop of Canterbury was, and how he took the habit on him** BUT sithen I find you thus disposed, I ensure you faithfully, I will ever take me to penance, and pray while my life lasteth, if I may find any hermit, either gray or white, that will receive me. Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me and never no more. Nay, said the queen, that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works: and they departed. But there was never so hard an hearted man but he would have wept to see the dolour that they made; for there was lamentation as they had been stung with spears; and many times they swooned, and the ladies bare the queen to her chamber.

And Sir Launcelot awoke, and went and took his horse, and rode all that day and all night in a forest, weeping. And at the last he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel stood betwixt two cliffs; and then he heard a little bell ring to mass, and thither he rode and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass. And he that sang mass was the Bishop of Canterbury. Both the Bishop

and Sir Bedivere knew Sir Launcelot, and they spake together after mass. But when Sir Bedivere had told his tale all whole, Sir Launcelot's heart almost brast for sorrow, and Sir Launcelot threw his arms abroad, and said: Alas, who may trust this world. And then he kneeled down on his knee, and prayed the Bishop to shrive him and assail him. And then he besought the Bishop that he might be his brother. Then the Bishop said: I will gladly; and there he put an habit upon Sir Launcelot, and there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings.

Thus the great host abode at Dover. And then Sir Lionel took fifteen lords with him, and rode to London to seek Sir Launcelot; and there Sir Lionel was slain and many of his lords. Then Sir Bors de Ganis made the great host for to go home again; and Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Blamore, Sir Bleoberis, with more other of Sir Launcelot's kin, took on them to ride all England overthwart and endlong, to seek Sir Launcelot. So Sir Bors by fortune rode so long till he came to the same chapel where Sir Launcelot was; and so Sir Bors heard a little bell knell, that rang to mass; and there he alighted and heard mass. And when mass was done, the Bishop Sir Launcelot, and Sir Bedivere, came to Sir Bors. And when Sir Bors saw Sir Launcelot in that manner clothing, then he prayed the Bishop that he might be in the same suit. And so there was an habit put upon him, and there he lived in prayers and fasting. And within half a year, there was come Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Blamore, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Villiars, Sir Claras, and Sir Gahalantine. So all these seven noble knights there abode still. And when they saw Sir Launcelot had taken him to such perfection, they had no lust to depart, but took such an habit as he had.

Thus they endured in great penance six year; and then Sir Launcelot took the habit of priesthood of the Bishop, and a twelve-month he sang mass. And there was none of these other knights but they read in books, and help for to sing mass, and rang bells, and did bodily all manner of service. And so their horses went where they would, for they took no regard of no worldly riches. For when they saw Sir Launcelot endure such penance, in prayers, and fastings, they took no force what pain they endured, for to see the noblest knight of the world take such abstinence that he waxed full lean. And thus upon a night, there came a vision to Sir Launcelot, and charged him, in remission of his sins, to haste him unto Almesbury: And by then thou come there, thou shalt find Queen Guenever dead. And therefore take thy fellows with thee, and purvey them of an horse bier, and fetch thou the corpse of her, and bury her by her husband, the noble King Arthur. So this avision came to Sir Launcelot thrice in one night.

**CHAPTER XI. How Sir Launcelot went with his seven fellows to Almesbury, and found there Queen Guenever dead, whom they brought to Glastonbury** THEN Sir Launcelot rose up or day, and told the hermit. It were well done, said the hermit, that ye made you ready, and that you disobey not the avision. Then Sir Launcelot took his eight fellows with him, and on foot they yede from Glastonbury to Almesbury, the which is little more than thirty mile. And thither they came within two days, for they were weak and feeble to go. And when Sir Launcelot was come to Almesbury within the nunnery, Queen Guenever died but half an hour afore. And the ladies told Sir Launcelot that Queen Guenever told them all or she passed, that Sir Launcelot had been priest near a twelvemonth, And hither he cometh as fast as he may to fetch my corpse; and beside my lord, King Arthur, he shall bury me. Wherefore the queen said in hearing of them all: I beseech Almighty God that I may never have power to see Sir Launcelot with my worldly eyen; and thus, said all the ladies, was ever her prayer these two days, till she was dead. Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly, but sighed. And so he did all the observance of the service himself, both the dirige, and on the morn he sang mass. And there was ordained an horse bier; and so with an hundred torches ever brenning about the corpse of the queen, and ever Sir Launcelot with his eight fellows went about the horse bier, singing and reading many an holy orison, and frankincense upon the corpse incensed. Thus Sir Launcelot and his eight fellows went on foot from Almesbury unto Glastonbury.

And when they were come to the chapel and the hermitage, there she had a dirige, with great devotion. And on the morn the hermit that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury sang the mass of Requiem with great devotion. And Sir Launcelot was the first that offered, and then also his eight fellows. And then she was wrapped in cered cloth of Raines, from the top to the toe, in thirtyfold, and after she was put in a web of lead, and then in a coffin of marble. And when she was put in the earth Sir Launcelot swooned, and lay long still, while the hermit came and awaked him, and said: Ye be to blame, for ye displease God with such manner of sorrow-making. Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I trust I do not displease God, for He knoweth mine intent. For my sorrow was not, nor is not for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty, and of her noblesse, that was both with her king and with her, so when I saw his corpse and her corpse so lie together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful body. Also when I remember me how by my default, mine orgule and my pride, that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of Christian people, wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to mine heart, that I might not sustain myself. So the French book maketh mention.

**CHAPTER XII. How Sir Launcelot began to sicken, and after died, whose body was borne to Joyous Gard for to be buried** THEN Sir Launcelot never after ate but little meat, ne drank, till he was dead. For then he sickened more and more, and dried, and dwined away. For the Bishop nor none of his fellows might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was waxen by a cubit shorter than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore, day and night, he prayed, but sometime he slumbered a broken sleep; ever he was lying grovelling on the tomb of King Arthur and Queen Guenever. And there was no comfort that the Bishop, nor Sir Bors, nor none of his fellows, could make him, it availed not. So within six weeks after, Sir Launcelot fell sick, and lay in his bed; and then he sent for the Bishop that there was hermit, and all his true fellows. Then Sir Launcelot said with dreary steven: Sir Bishop, I pray you give to me all my rites that longeth to a Christian man. It shall not need you, said the hermit and all his fellows, it is but heaviness of your blood, ye shall be well mended by the grace of God to-morn. My fair lords, said Sir Launcelot, wit you well my careful body will into the earth, I have warning more than now I will say; therefore give me my rites. So when he was houseled and anealed, and had all that a Christian man ought to have, he prayed the Bishop that his fellows might bear his body to Joyous Gard. Some men say it was Alnwick, and some men say it was Bamborough. Howbeit, said Sir Launcelot, me repenteth sore, but I made mine avow sometime, that in Joyous Gard I would be buried. And because of breaking of mine avow, I pray you all, lead me thither. Then there was weeping and wringing of hands among his fellows.

So at a season of the night they all went to their beds, for they all lay in one chamber. And so after midnight, against day, the Bishop [that] then was hermit, as he lay in his bed asleep, he fell upon a great laughter. And therewith all the fellowship awoke, and came to the Bishop, and asked him what he ailed. Ah Jesu mercy, said the Bishop, why did ye awake me? I was never in all my life so merry and so well at ease. Wherefore? said Sir Bors. Truly said the Bishop, here was Sir Launcelot with me with mo angels than ever I saw men in one day. And I saw the angels heave up Sir Launcelot unto heaven, and the gates of heaven opened against him. It is but dretching of swevens, said Sir Bors, for I doubt not Sir Launcelot aileth nothing but good. It may well be, said the Bishop; go ye to his bed, and then shall ye prove the sooth. So when Sir Bors and his fellows came to his bed they found him stark dead, and he lay as he had smiled, and the sweetest savour about him that ever they felt.

Then was there weeping and wringing of hands, and the greatest dole they made that ever made men. And on the morn the Bishop did his mass of Requiem, and after, the Bishop and all the nine knights put Sir Launcelot in the same horse bier that Queen Guenever was laid in to-fore that she was buried. And so the Bishop and they all together went with the body of Sir Launcelot

daily, till they came to Joyous Gard; and ever they had an hundred torches brenning about him. And so within fifteen days they came to Joyous Gard. And there they laid his corpse in the body of the quire, and sang and read many psalters and prayers over him and about him.

And ever his visage was laid open and naked, that all folks might behold him. For such was the custom in those days, that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried. And right thus as they were at their service, there came Sir Ector de Maris, that had seven years sought all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother, Sir Launcelot.

**CHAPTER XIII. How Sir Ector found Sir Launcelot his brother dead, and how Constantine reigned next after Arthur; and of the end of this book**

AND when Sir Ector heard such noise and light in the quire of Joyous Gard, he alighted and put his horse from him, and came into the quire, and there he saw men sing and weep. And all they knew Sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother, Sir Launcelot, dead; and then Sir Ector threw his shield, sword, and helm from him. And when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon. And when he waked it were hard any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. Ah Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all Christian knights, and now I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand. And thou were the courteoust knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrad horse. And thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest. Then there was weeping and dolour out of measure.

Thus they kept Sir Launcelot's corpse aloft fifteen days, and then they buried it with great devotion. And then at leisure they went all with the Bishop of Canterbury to his hermitage, and there they were together more than a month. Then Sir Constantine, that was Sir Cador's son of Cornwall, was chosen king of England. And he was a full noble knight, and worshipfully he ruled this realm. And then this King Constantine sent for the Bishop of Canterbury, for he heard say where he was. And so he was restored unto his Bishopric, and left that hermitage. And Sir Bedivere was there ever still hermit to his life's end. Then Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Gahalantine, Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Blamore, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Villiars le Valiant, Sir Clarrus of Clermont, all these knights drew them to their countries. Howbeit King Constantine would have had them with him, but they would not abide in this realm. And there they all lived in their countries as holy men. And some English books make mention that they went never out of England after the death of Sir Launcelot, but that was but favour of makers. For the French book maketh mention, and is authorised, that Sir Bors, Sir Ector, Sir Blamore, and Sir Bleoberis, went into the Holy Land thereas Jesu Christ was quick and dead, and anon as they had stablished their lands. For the book saith, so Sir Launcelot commanded them for to do, or ever he passed out of this world. And these four knights did many battles upon the miscreants or Turks. And there they died upon a Good Friday for God's sake.

# Harry the Minstrel: Wallace

## BUKE FYRST.

Our antecessowris, that we suld of reide,  
And hald in mynde thar nobille worthi deid,  
We lat ourslide, throw werray sleuthfulnes;  
And castis ws euir till vthir besynes.  
Till honour ennymys is our haile entent,  
It has beyne seyne in thir tymys bywent;  
Our ald ennemys cummyn of Saxons blud,  
That neuyr yeit to Scotland wald do gud,  
Bot euir on fors, and contrar haile thair will,  
Quhow gret kyndnes thar has beyne kyth thaim till.  
It is weyle knawyne on mony diuerss syde,  
How thai haff wrocht in to thair mychty pryde,  
To hald Scotlande at wndyr euirmar.  
Bot God abuff has maid thair mycht to par:  
Yhit we suld thynk one our bearis befor.  
Of thair parablyss as now I say no mor.  
We reide of ane rycht famouss of renowne,  
Of worthi blude that ryngis in this regioun:  
And hensfurth I will my process hald  
Of Wilyham Wallas yhe haf hard beyne tald.  
His forbearis quha likis till wndrestand,  
Of hale lynage, and trew lyne of Scotland,  
Schir Ranald Crawford, rycht schirreff of Ayr:  
So in hys tyme he had a dochter fayr,  
And yonge Schir Ranald schirreff of that toun,  
His systir fair, off gud fame and ranoune:  
Malcom Wallas hir gat in mariage,  
That Elrislé than had in heretage,  
Auchinbothe, and othir syndry place;  
The secund O he was of gud Wallace:  
The quhilk Wallas fully worthely at wrocht,  
Quhen Waltyr hyr of Waillis fra Warayn socht.  
Quha likis till haif mar knowlage in that part,  
Go reid the rycht lyne of the fyrst Stewart.  
Bot Malcom gat wpon this lady brycht  
Schir Malcom Wallas, a full gentill knyght,  
And Wilyame als, as Conus cornykle beris on hand;  
Quhilk eftir was the reskew of Scotland.  
Quhen it was lost with tresoune and falsness,  
Our set be fais, he fred it weyle throu grace.  
Quhen Alexander our worthi king had lorn,  
Be awentur, his liff besid Kyngorn,  
Thre yer in pess the realm stude desolate;  
Quharfor thair raisa a full grewous debate.  
Our prynce Dawy, the erle of Huntintoun,  
Thre dochtrys had that war of gret ranoun;  
Off quhilk thre com Bruce, Balyoune, and Hastyng:  
Twa of the thre desyryt to be kyng.  
Balyoune clamyt of fyrst gre lynialy;  
And Bruce fyrst male of the secund gre by.  
To Paryss than, and in Ingland thai send,  
Off this gret striff how thai suld haif ane end.  
Succour to sek of thar alde mortale fa.  
Eduuarde Langschankis had new begune hys wer  
Apon Gaskone, fell awfull in effer:  
Thai landis thane he clamde as heretage.  
Fra tyme that he had semblit his barnage,

And herd tell weyle Scotland stude in sic cace,  
He thocht till hym to mak it playn conquace.  
Till Noram kirk he come with outyn mar,  
The consell than of Scotland meit hym thar.  
Full sutailly he chargit thaim in bandoune,  
As thar our lord, till hald of hym the croun.  
Byschope Robert, in his tyme full worthi,  
Off Glaskow lord, he said that “we deny  
“Ony our lord, bot the gret God abuff.”  
The king was wrath, and maid hym to ramuff.  
Couatus Balyoune folowid on hym fast:  
Till hald of hym he grantyt at the last.  
In contrar rycht, a king he maid hym thar;  
Quhar through Scotland rapentyt syne full sar.  
To Balyoune yhit our lordis wald nocht consent.  
Eduuard past south, and gert set his parliment:  
He callyt Balyoune till ansuer for Scotland.  
The wyss lordis gert hym sone brek that band.  
Ane abbot past, and gaif our this legiance.  
King Eduuard than it tuk in gret greuance.  
His ost he rasd, and come to Werk on Twede;  
Bot for to fecht, as than he had gret drede.  
To Corspatryk of Dunbar sone he send,  
His consell ast, for he [the] contré kend:  
And he was brocht in presence to the king.  
Be suttale band thai cordyt of this thing.  
Erle Patrik than till Berweik couth persew;  
Ressawide he was and trastyt werray trew.  
The king folowid with his host of ranoun;  
Eftir mydnycht at rest wes all the toun.  
Corspatryk raiss, the keyis weile he knew,  
Leit breggis down, and portuless thai drew;  
Set wp yettis syne, couth his baner schaw;  
The ost was war, and towart hym thai draw.  
Eduuard entrit, and gert sla hastely,  
Of man and wiff, sewyn thousand and fyfty,  
And barnys als: be this fals awentur,  
Of trew Scottis chapyt na creatur.  
A captayne thair this fals Eduuard maid:  
Towart Dunbar, without restyng thai raid;  
Quhar gaderyt was gret power of Scotland,  
Agayne Eduuard in bataill thocht to stand.  
Thir four erllis was entrit in that place,  
Of Mar, Menteith, Adell, Ross, wpon cace.  
In that castell the erle gert hald thaim in,  
At to thar men with out thai mycht nocht wyn;  
Na thai to thaim supplëyng for to ma.  
The battaillis than to giddy fast thai ga.  
Full gret slauchtyr, at pitté was to se,  
Off trew Scottis oursett with sutelté.  
Erle Patrik than, quhen fecht yng was fellast,  
Till our fa turnd, and harmyng did ws mast.  
Is nayne in world, at scaithis ma do mar,  
Than weile trastyt in borne familiar.  
Our men was slayne with outyn redemptioun;  
Through thar dedis all tynt was this regioun.  
King Eduuard past and Corspatrik to Scwne;  
And thar he gat homage of Scotland swne:

For nane was left the realme for to defend.  
 For Jhon the Balyoun to Munross than he send,  
 And putt hym doune for euir of this kynrik:  
 Than Eduuarde self was callit a roy full ryk.  
 The croune he tuk apon that sammyne stane  
 At Gadalos send with his sone fra Spane,  
 Quhen Iber Scot fyrst in till Irland come.  
 At Canemor syne king Fergus has it nome;  
 Brocht it till Scwne, and stapill maid it thar,  
 Quhar kingis was cround aucht hundyr yer and thar,  
 Befor the tyme at king Eduuard it fand.  
 This jowell he gert turss in till England;  
 In Lwnd it sett till witness of this thing;  
 Be conquest than of Scotland cald hym king.  
 Quhar that stayne is, Scottis suld mastir be:  
 God ches the tyme Margretis ayr till see!  
 Sewyn scor thai led off the gretast that thai fand  
 Off ayris with thaim, and Bruce, out of Scotland.  
 Eduuard gayf hym his faderis heretage;  
 Bot he thocht ay till hald hym in thrillage.  
 Baith Blatok Mur was his and Huntynoun;  
 Till erle Patrik thai gaif full gret gardoun.  
 For the frendschipe king Eduuard with hym fand,  
 Protector haile he maid hym of Scotland.  
 That office than he brukyt bot schort tyme.  
 I may nocht now putt all thair deid in ryme;  
 Off cornikle quhat suld I tary lang?  
 To Wallace agayne now breiffly will I gange.  
 Scotland was lost quhen he was bot a child,  
 And our set throuch with our ennemyss wilde.  
 His fadyr Malcom in the Lennox fled;  
 His eldest sone thedir he with hym led.  
 Hys modyr fled with him fra Elrisle,  
 Till Gowry past, and duelt in Kilspyndé.  
 The knycht hir fadyr thedyr he thaim sent  
 Till his hwnle, that with full gud entent  
 In Gowry duelt, and had gud lewyng thar;  
 Ane agyt man, the quhilk resawyt thaim far.  
 In till Dundé Wallace to scule thai send,  
 Quhill he of witt full worthely was kend.  
 Thus he conteynde in till hys tendyr age;  
 In armys syne did mony hie waslage,  
 Quhen Saxons blude into this realm cummyng,  
 Wyrkand the will of Eduuard that fals king,  
 Mony gret wrang thai wrocht in this regioun,  
 Destroyed our lordys, and brak thar byggynys down.  
 Both wiffis, wedowis, thai tuk all at thair will,  
 Nonnys, madyns, quham thai likit to spill.  
 King Herodis part thai playit in to Scotland,  
 Off yong childer that thai befor thaim fand.  
 The byschoprykis, that war of gretast waile,  
 Thai tuk in hand of thar archbyschops haile:  
 No for the Pape thai wald no kyrkis forber,  
 Bot gryppyt all be violence of wer.  
 Glaskow thai gaif, as it our weile was kend,  
 To dyocye in Duram to commend.  
 Small benifice that wald thai nocht persew,  
 And for the richt full worthy clerkis thai slewy;  
 Hangitt barrownnys and wroucht full mekill cayr:  
 It was weylle knawyn, in the Bernys of Ayr,  
 Auchtene score putt to that dispitfull dede:  
 Bot God abowyn has send ws sum ramede.  
 The remembrance is forthir in the taile.  
 I will folow apon my process haile.  
 Willyham Wallace, or he was man of armys,  
 Gret pitté thocht that Scotland tuk sic harmys.  
 Mekill dolour it did hym in hys mynde;  
 For he was wyss, rycht worthy, wicht and kynd:  
 In Gowry duelt still with this worthy man.  
 As he encessyt, and witt haboundyt than,  
 In till hys hart he had full mekill cayr,  
 He saw the Sothroun multipliand mayr;  
 And to hym self offt wald he mak his mayne.

Off his gud kyne thai had slane mony ane.  
 Yhit he was than semly, stark and bald;  
 And he of age was bot auchtene yer auld.  
 Wapynnys he bur, outhir gud suerd or knyff;  
 For he with thaim hapnyt richt off in stryff.  
 Quhar he fand ane without the othir presance,  
 Eftir to Scottis that did no mor grewance;  
 To cut his throit, or steik hym sodanlye,  
 He wayndyt nocht, fand he thaim fawely.  
 Syndry wayntyty, bot nane wyst be quhat way;  
 For all to him thar couth na man thaim say.  
 Sad of contenance he was bathe auld and ying,  
 Litill of spech, wyss, curtass and benyng.  
 Wpon a day to Dundé he was send;  
 Off cruelness full litill thai him kend.  
 The constable a felloun man of wer,  
 That to the Scottis did full mekill der,  
 Selbye he hecht, dispitfull and owtrage.  
 A sone he had ner twenty yer of age:  
 Into the toun he wsyt euerlik day;  
 Thre men or four thar went with him to play;  
 A hely schrew, wanton in his entent.  
 Wallace he saw, and towart him he went;  
 Liklé he was, richt byge and weyle beseyne,  
 In till a gyde of gudly ganand greyne.  
 He callyt on hym, and said; "Thou Scot, abyde;  
 "Quha dewill the grathis in so gay a gyde?  
 "Ane Ersche mantill it war thi kynd to wer;  
 "A Scottis thewtill wndyr thi belt to ber;  
 "Rouch rewlyngis apon thi harlot fete.  
 "Gyff me thi knyff; quhat dois thi ger so mete?"  
 Till him he yeid, his knyff to tak him fra.  
 Fast by the collar Wallace couth him ta;  
 Wndyr his hand the knyff he bradit owt,  
 For all his men that semblyt him about:  
 Bot help him self he wsyt of no remede;  
 With out reskew he stekyt him to dede.  
 The squier fell: of him thar was na mar.  
 His men folowid on Wallace wondyr sar:  
 The press was thik, and cummerit thaim full fast.  
 Wallace was spedy, and gretlye als agast;  
 The bludy knyff bar drawin in his hand,  
 He sparyt nane that he befor him fand.  
 He knew the hous his eyne had ligit in;  
 Thedir he fled, for owt he mycht nocht wyn.  
 The gude wyff than within the closs saw he;  
 And, "Help," he cryit, "for him that deit on tre;  
 "The yong captane has fallyn with me at stryff."  
 In at the dur he went with this gud wiff.  
 A roussat gown of hir awn schin him gaif  
 Apon his weyd, at coueryt all the layff;  
 A soudly courche our hed and nek leit fall;  
 A wowyn quhyt hatt scho brassit on with all;  
 For thai suld nocht lang tary at that in;  
 Gaiff him a rok, syn set him down to spyn.  
 The Sothroun socht quhar Wallace was in drede;  
 Thai wyst nocht weylle at quhat yett he in yeide.  
 In that same houss thai socht him beselye;  
 Bot he sat still, and span full conandly,  
 As of his tym, for he nocht leryt lang.  
 Thai left him swa, and furth thar gait can gang,  
 With hewy cheyr and sorowfull in thocht:  
 Mar witt of him as than get couth thai nocht.  
 The Inglis men, all thus in barrat boune,  
 Bade byrne all Scottis that war in to that toun.  
 Yhit this gud wiff held Wallace till the nycht,  
 Maid him gud cher, syne put hym out with slycht.  
 Throw a dyrk garth scho gydyt him furth fast;  
 In cownt went and vp the wattyry past;  
 Forbure the gate for wachis that war thar.  
 His modyr bade in till a gret dispar.  
 Quhen scho him saw scho thankit hewynnis queyn,  
 And said; "Der sone, this lang quhar has thow beyne?"

He tald his modyr of his sodane cass.  
 Than wepyt scho, and said full oft, ‘Allas!  
 ‘Or that thow cassis thow will be slayne with all.’  
 “Modyr,” he said, “God reuller is of all.  
 “Unsouerable are thir pepille of Ingland;  
 “Part of thar ire me think we suld gaynstand.”  
 His eme wist weyle that he the squier slew;  
 For dreid thar of in gret langour he grew.  
 This passit our, quhill diueris dayis war gane:  
 That gud man dred or Wallace suld be tane:  
 For Suthroun ar full sutaille euirilk man.  
 A gret dyttay for Scottis thai ordand than;  
 Be the lawdayis in Dundé set ane ayr:  
 Than Wallace wald na langar soirme thar.  
 His modyr graithit hir in pilgrame weid;  
 Hym[self] disgysyt syne glaidlye with hir yeid;  
 A schort swerd wndyr his weid priualé.  
 In all that land full mony fays had he.  
 Baith on thar fute, with thaim may tuk thai nocht.  
 Quha sperd, scho said to Sanct Margret thai socht,  
 Quha serwit hir. Full gret frendschipe thai fand  
 With Sothroun folk: for scho was of Ingland.  
 Besyd Landoris the ferrye our thai past  
 Syn throw the Ochell sped thaim wondyr fast.  
 In Dunfermlyn thai luygt all that nycht.  
 Apon the morn, quhen that the day was brycht,  
 With gentill wemen hapnyt thaim to pass,  
 Off Ingland born, in Lithquhow wounnand was.  
 The captans wiff, in pilgrimage had beyne,  
 Fra scho thaim mett, and had yong Wallace sene,  
 Gud cher thaim maid; for he was wondyr fayr,  
 Nocht large of tong, weille taucht and debonayr.  
 Furth tawkand thus of materis that was wrocht,  
 Quhill south our Forth with hyr son scho thaim brocht.  
 In to Lithkow thai wald nocht tary lang;  
 Thar leyff thai tuk, to Dunypace couth gang.  
 Thar duelt his eyme, a man of gret richness.  
 This mychty persone, hecht to name Wallas,  
 Maid thaim gud cher, and was a full kynd man,  
 Welcummyt thaim fair, and to thaim tald he than,  
 Dide him to witt, the land was all on ster;  
 Trettyt thaim weyle, and said; “My sone so der,  
 “Thi modyr and thow rycht heir with me sall bide,  
 “Quhill better be, for chance at may betyde.”  
 Wallace ansuerd, said; ‘Westermar we will:  
 ‘Our kyne ar slayne, and that me likis ill;  
 ‘And othir worthi mony in that art:  
 ‘Will God I leiffe, we sall ws wreke on part.’  
 The persone sicht, and said; “My sone so fre,  
 “I cannot witt how that radress may be.”  
 Quhat suld I spek of frustir? as this tyd,  
 For gyft of gud with him he wald nocht bide.  
 His modyr and he till Elrislé thai went.  
 Vpon the morn scho for hir brothyr sent,  
 In Corsby duelt and schirreff was of Ayr.  
 Hyr fadyr was dede, a lang tyme leyffyt had thar;  
 Hyr husband als at Lowdown-hill was slayn.  
 Hyr eldest sone, that mekill was of mayn,  
 Schir Malcom Wallas was his nayme but less,  
 His houch senons thai cuttyt in that press;  
 On kneis he faucht, felle Inglismen he slew;  
 Till him thar socht may fechtaris than anew;  
 On athyr side with speris bar him down;  
 Thar stekit thai that gud knycht of renoun.  
 On to my taile I left. At Elrislé  
 Schir Ranald come son till his systir fre,  
 Welcummyt thaim hayme, and sperd of hir entent.  
 Scho prayde he wald to the lord Persye went,  
 So yrk of wer scho couth no forthir fle,  
 To purchess pes, in rest at scho mycht be.  
 Schyr Ranald had the Perseys protectione,  
 As for all part to tak the remissionne.  
 He gert wrytt ane till his systir that tyde.

In that respyt Wallas wald nocht abyde:  
 Hys modyr kyst, scho wepyt with hart sar,  
 His leyff he tuk, syne with his eyme couth far.  
 Yonge he was, and to Sothroun rycht sauage;  
 Gret rowme thai had, dispitfull and wtrage.  
 Schir Ranald weyllé durst nocht hald Wallas thar;  
 For gret perell he wist apperand war:  
 For thai had haile the strenthis of Scotland;  
 Quhat thai wald do durst few agayne thaim stand.  
 Schyrreff he was, and wsyt thaim amang;  
 Full sar he dred or Wallas suld tak wrang:  
 For he and thai couth neur weyle accord.  
 He gat a blaw, thoct he war lad or lord,  
 That proferryt him ony lychtlynes;  
 Bot thai raparyt our mekill to that place.  
 Als Ingliss clerkis in prophecys thaim fand,  
 How a Wallace suld putt thaim of Scotland.  
 Schir Ranald knew weill a mar quiet sted,  
 Quhar Wilyham mycht be bettir fra thair fede,  
 With his wnle Wallas of Ricardtoun,  
 Schir Richard hecht, that gud knycht off renoun.  
 Thai landis hayle than was his heretage,  
 Bot blynd he was, (so hapnyt throw curage,  
 Be Ingliss men that dois ws mekill der;  
 In his rysyng he worthi was in wer.)  
 Through hurt of waynys, and mystyrit of blud.  
 Yeit he was wiss, and of his conseil gud.  
 In Feuiryer Wallas was to him send;  
 In Aperill fra him he bownd to wend.  
 Bot gud service he dide him with plesance,  
 As in that place was worthi to awance.  
 So on a tym he desyrit to play.  
 In Aperill the thre and twenty day,  
 Till Erewyn wattir fysche to tak he went;  
 Sic fantasye fell in his entent.  
 To leide his net, a child furth with him yeid;  
 But he, or nowne, was in a fellowne dreid.  
 His suerd he left, so did he neur agayne;  
 It dide him gud, supposs he sufferyt payne.  
 Off that labour as than he was nocht sle:  
 Happy he was, tuk fysche haboundanlé.  
 Or of the day ten houris our couth pass,  
 Ridand thar come, ner by quhar Wallace wass,  
 The lorde Persye, was captane than off Ayr;  
 Fra thine he turnde and couth to Glaskow fair.  
 Part of the court had Wallace labour seyne,  
 Till him raid fyve cled in to ganand greyne,  
 And said sone; “Scot, Martyns fysche we wald hawe.”  
 Wallace meklye agayne ansuer him gawe;  
 ‘It war resone, me think, yhe suld haif part:  
 ‘Waith suld be delt, in all place, with fre hart.’  
 He bad his child, “Gyff thaim of our waithyng.”  
 The Sothroun said; ‘As now of thi delyng  
 ‘We will nocht tak, thow wald gif ws our small.’  
 He lychtyt down, and fra the child tuk all.  
 Wallas said than; “Gentill men gif ye be,  
 “Leiff ws sum part, we pray for cheryté.  
 “Ane agyt knycht serwis our lady to day;  
 “Gud frend, leiff part and tak nocht all away.”  
 ‘Thow sall haiff leiff to fysche, and tak the ma,  
 ‘All this forsuth sall in our flytting ga.  
 ‘We serff a lord; thir fysche sall till him gang.’  
 Wallace ansuerd, said; “Thow art in the wrang.”  
 ‘Quham thowis thow, Scot? in faith thow serwis a blaw.’  
 Till him he ran, and out a suerd can draw.  
 Willyham was wa he had na wappynis thar,  
 Bot the poutstaff, the quhilk in hand he bar.  
 Wallas with it fast on the cheik him tuk  
 Wyth so gud will, quhill of his feit he schuk.  
 The suerd flaw fra him a fur bend on the land.  
 Wallas was glad, and hynt it sone in hand;  
 And with the swerd awkward he him gawe  
 Wndyr the hat, his crage in sondre drawe.

Be that the layff lychtyt about Wallas;  
 He had no helpe, only bot Goddis grace.  
 On aither side full fast on him thai dange;  
 Gret perell was giff thai had lestyt lang.  
 Apone the hede in gret ire he strak ane;  
 The scherand suerd glaid to the colar bane.  
 Ane othir on the arme he hitt so hardely,  
 Quhill hand and suerd bathe on the feld can ly.  
 The tothir twa fled to thar hors agayne;  
 He stekit him was last apon the playne.  
 Thre slew he thar, twa fled with all thair mycht  
 Eftir thar lord; bot he was out of sycht,  
 Takand the mure, or he and thai couth twyne.  
 Till him thai raid onon, or thai wald blyne,  
 And cryit; "Lord, abide; your men ar martyrtyt doun  
 "Rycht cruelly, her in this fals regioun.  
 "Fyve of our court her at the wattir baid,  
 "Fysche for to bryng, thocht it na profyt maid.  
 "We ar chapyt, bot in feyld slayne are thre."  
 The lord speryt; 'How mony mycht thai be?'  
 "We saw bot ane that has discumfyst ws all."  
 Than leuch he lowde, and said; 'Foule mot yow fall;  
 'Sen ane yow all has putt to confusioun.  
 'Quha menys it maist, the dewyll of hell him droun;  
 'This day for me, in faith, he beis nocht socht.'  
 Quhen Wallas thus this worthi werk had wrocht,  
 Thar horss he tuk, and ger that lewynt was thar;  
 Gaif our that crafft, he yeid to fysche no mar;  
 Went till his eyme, and tauld him of this dede.  
 And he for wo weyle ner worthit to weide;  
 And said; "Sone, thir tythingis syttis me sor;  
 "And be it knawin, thow may tak scaith tharfor."  
 'Wncle,' he said, 'I will no langar byde;  
 'Thir Southland horss latt se gif I can ride.'  
 Than bot a child, him service for to mak,  
 Hys emys sonnys he wald nocht with him tak.  
 This gude knycht said; "Deyr cusyng, pray I the,  
 "Quhen thow wanttis gud, cum fech ynewch fra me."  
 Syluir and gold he gert on to him gefff.  
 Wallace inclynys, and gudely tuk his leyff.  
 EXPLICIT LIBER PRIMUS,  
 ET INCIPIT SECUNDUS.

## BUKE SECUND.

Yong Wallace fulfillit of hie curage;  
 In prys of armys desirous and sauage;  
 Thi waslage may neur be forlorn,  
 Thi deidis are knawin, thocht that the warld had suorn:  
 For thi haile mynde, labour and besynes,  
 Was set in wer, and werray rychtwisnes;  
 And felloun loss of thi deyrt worthi kyn.  
 The rancour more remaynde thi mynd with in.  
 It was his lyff, and maist part of his fude,  
 To se thaim sched the byrmand Sothroun blude.  
 Till Auchincruuff with outyn mar he raid,  
 And bot schort tyme in pess at he thar baid.  
 Thar duelt a Wallas, welcummyt him full weill;  
 Thoht Ingliss men thar of had litill feille.  
 Bathe meite and drynk at his wille he had thar.  
 In Laglyne wode, quhen that he maid repayr,  
 This gentill man was full oft his resett;  
 With stuff of houshald strestely he thaim bett.  
 So he desirit the toune of Air to se,  
 His child with him; as than na man had he.  
 Ay next the wode Wallace gert leiff his horss;  
 Syne on his feit yeid to the merkat corss.  
 The Persye was in the castell of Ayre  
 With Ingliss men, gret nowmber and repayr;  
 Our all ye toune rewlyng on thair awne wiss,  
 Till mony Scot thai did full gret suppress.  
 Aboundandely Wallace among thaim yeid;  
 The rage of youth maid him to haf no dreid.

A churll thai had, that felloun byrdyngis bar;  
 Excedandlye he wald lyft mekill mar  
 Than ony twa that thai amang thaim fand;  
 And als be wss a sport he tuk in hand:  
 He bar a sasteing in a boustous poille:  
 On his braid bak of ony wald he thoile,  
 Bot for a grot, als fast as he mycht draw.  
 Quhen Wallas herd spek of that mery saw,  
 He likyt weill at that mercat to be,  
 And for a strak he bad him grottis thre.  
 The churll grantyt, of that profferr was fayn.  
 To pay the siluer Wallas was full bayne.  
 Wallas that steing tuk wp in till his hand;  
 Full sturdely he coud before him stand,  
 Wallace, with that, apon the bak him gaif,  
 Till his ryg bayne he all in sondyr draif.  
 The carll was dede: of him I spek no mar.  
 The Ingliss men semblit on Wallace thair,  
 Feill on the feld of frekis fechtand fast;  
 He vnabasyt, and nocht gretlie agast,  
 Vpon the hed ane with the steing hitt he,  
 Till bayn and brayn he gert in pecis fle.  
 Ane othir he straik on a basnat of steille,  
 The tre to raiff and fruschit euredelle.  
 His steyng was tynt, the Ingliss man was dede;  
 For his crag bayne was brokyn in that stede.  
 He drew a suerd at helpit him at neide,  
 Throuth oute the thickest of the press he yeid;  
 And at his horss full fayne he wald haif beyne.  
 Twa sarde him maist that cruell war and keyne.  
 Wallace returnd as man of mekill mayne;  
 And at a straik the formast has he slayne.  
 The tothir fled, and durst him nocht abide;  
 Bot a rycht straik Wallace him gat that tid:  
 In at the guschet brymly he him bar;  
 The grounden suerd throuth out his cost it schar.  
 Fyve slew he thar, or that he left the toune:  
 He gat his horss, to Laglyne maid him boune,  
 Kepynt his child, and leyt him nocht abide;  
 In saufté thus on to the wod can ride.  
 Feille folowit him on hors, and eik on futte,  
 To tak Wallace: bot than it was no butte;  
 Couert of treis sawit him full weille.  
 Bot thar to bid than coude he nocht adeille  
 Gud ordinance, that serd for his estate,  
 His cusyng maid at all tyme, ayr and late,  
 The Squier Wallace in Auchincruuff that was;  
 Baith bed and meite he maid for thaim to pass,  
 As for that tyme that he remanyt thar;  
 Bot sar he langit to [se] the toune of Ayre.  
 Thedyr he past apon the mercate day;  
 Gret God gif he as than had beyne away!  
 His emys serwand to buy him fysche was send,  
 Schir Ranald Craufurd, schirreff than was kend.  
 Quhen he had tane of sic gud as he bocht,  
 The Perseys stewart sadly till him socht,  
 And said; "Thow Scot, to quhom takis thow this thing?"  
 "To the schirreff," he said. "Be hewynnys king,  
 "My lord sall haiff it; and syne go seke the mar."  
 Wallace on gait ner by was walkand thar:  
 Till him he yeid, and said; 'Gud freynd, pray I the,  
 "The schirreffis serwand thow wald lat him be.'  
 A hetfull man the stewart was of blude;  
 And thoucht Wallace chargyt him in termys rude.  
 "Go hens, the Scot, the mekill dewill the speid;  
 "At thi shrewed wss thow weny me to leid."  
 A huntyn staff in till his hand he bar;  
 Thar with he smat on Willyham Wallace thair.  
 Bot for his tre litill sonyhé he maid,  
 Bot be the coler claucht him with outyn baid.  
 A felloun knyff fast till his hart straik he;  
 Syn fra him dede schot him doun sodanlé:  
 Catour sen syne he was, but weyr, no mar.

Men of armess on Wallace semblit thar,  
 Four scor was sett in armyss buskyt boune,  
 On the merket day, for Scottis to kepe the toune.  
 Bot Wallace bauldlye drew a suerd of wer,  
 In to the byrneis the formast can he ber,  
 Throuch out the body stekit him to dede;  
 And syndry ma, or he past of that stede.  
 Ane othir awkwart a large straik tuk [he] thar,  
 Abown the kne, the bayne in sondir schar.  
 The thrid he straik throuch his pissand of maile.  
 The crag in twa; no weidis mycht him waill.  
 Thus Wallace ferd als fers as a lyoun.  
 Than Inglissmen, that war in bargane, boune  
 To kepe the gait with speris rud and lang;  
 For dynt of suerd thai durst nocht till hym gang.  
 Wallace was harnest on his body weyle;  
 Till him thai socht with hedis scharp of steyle,  
 And fra his strenth enwerounde him about;  
 Bot throu the press on a side he went out,  
 On till a wall that stude by the se syde;  
 For weyle or wo thar most he nedis abide.  
 And off thar speris in pecis part he schar.  
 Than fra the castell othir help come mar.  
 Atour the dike thai yeid on athir side,  
 Schott doun the wall; no socour was that tyde.  
 Than wist he nocht of no help, bot to de;  
 To wenge his dede among thaim lousse yeid he,  
 On athyr part in gret ire hewand fast.  
 Hys byrnyst brand to byrystyt at the last,  
 Brak in the heltis, away the blaid it flaw;  
 He wyst na wayne, bot out his knyff can draw.  
 The fyrst he slew, that him in hand has hynt;  
 And othir twa he stekit with his dynt.  
 The remanand with speris to him socht,  
 Bar him to ground, than forthir mycht he nocht.  
 The lordis bad that thai suld nocht him sla;  
 To pyne him mar thai chargyt him to ta.  
 Thus in thar armyss, suppos that he had suorne,  
 Out off the garth beforas thai haff him borne.  
 Thus gud Wallace with Inglissmen was tane,  
 In falt of helpe, for he was him allayne:  
 He coud nocht cheyss, sic curage so hym bar,  
 Frewill fortoun thus broucht him in the snar;  
 And falss Inwyte, ay contrar rychtwisnes,  
 That wiolent god full of doubilnes.  
 Thai fenyeyt goddis Wallace neur knew:  
 Gret rychtwisness him ay to mercy drew.  
 His kyn mycht nocht him get for na kyn thing,  
 Mycht thai hawe payit the ransoue of a king.  
 The more thai bad, the mor it was in wayne.  
 Off thar best men that day sewyn has he slayne.  
 Thai gert set him in till a presoune fell;  
 Off his turment gret payne it war to tell.  
 Ill meyt and drynk thai gert on till hym gyff,  
 Gret merwaille was lang tyme gif he mycht leyff:  
 And ek thar to he was in presoune law,  
 Quhill thai thoct tyme on him to hald the law.  
 Leyff I him thar in to that paynfull sted.  
 Gret God abowe till him send sum ramede!  
 The playne compleynt, the pittows wementyng!  
 The wofull wepyng that was for his takyng!  
 The tormentyng of euery creatur!  
 “Alas,” thai said, “how suld our lyff endure?  
 “Be fortoun armess has left him in thrillage:  
 “The flour of youth in till his tendir age.  
 “Lefand as now a chiftane had we nane,  
 “Durst tak on hand, bot yong Wallace alayne.  
 “This land is lost; he caught is in the swar,  
 “The Apersé of Scotland left in cayr!”  
 Barrell heryng and wattir thai him gawe,  
 Quhar he was set in to that vgly cawe.  
 Sic fude for him was febill to commend.  
 Than said he thus; ‘All weildand God, resawe

‘My petows spreit and sawle among the law!  
 ‘My carneill lyff I may nocht thus defend.  
 ‘Our few Sothroune on to the dede I drawe.  
 ‘Quhen so thow will, out of this warld I wend;  
 ‘Giff I suld now in presoune mak ane end.  
 ‘Eternaile God, quhy suld I thus wayis de;  
 ‘Syne my beleiff all haile remanis in the,  
 ‘At thin awn will full worthely was wrocht?  
 ‘Bot thow rademe, na liff thai ordand me,  
 ‘Gastlye Fadyr, that deit apon the tre,  
 ‘Fra hellis presoune with thi blud ws bocht;  
 ‘Quhi will thow giff thi handewark for nocht;  
 ‘And mony worthy in to gret payne we se?  
 ‘For off my lyff ellys no thing I roucht.  
 ‘O wareide suerd, of tempyr neur trew,  
 ‘Thi fruschand blaid in presoune sone me threw:  
 ‘And Inglissmen our litill harm has tayne.  
 ‘Off ws thai haiff wndoyne may than ynew;  
 ‘My faithfull fadyr dispitfully thai slew,  
 ‘My brothir als, and gud men mony ane.  
 ‘Is this thi dait, sall thai our cum ilkane?  
 ‘On our kynrent, deyr God, quhen will thow rew;  
 ‘Sen my pouer thus sodandlye is gane.  
 ‘All worthi Scottis, almychty God yow leid,  
 ‘Sen I no mor in wyage may you speid!  
 ‘In presoune heir me worthis to myscheyff.  
 ‘Sely Scotland, that of helpe has gret weide,  
 ‘Thi natioune all standis in a felloun dreid.  
 ‘Off wardlynes all thus I tak my leiff.  
 ‘Off thir paynys God lat you neur preiff,  
 ‘Thocht I for wo all out off witt suld weid!  
 ‘Now othir gyft I may none to you gyff.’  
 O der Wallace, wmquhill was stark and stur,  
 Thow most o neide in presoune till endure.  
 Thi worthi kyn may nocht the saiff for sold.  
 Ladyis wepyt, that was bathe mylde and mur,  
 In fureous payne, the modyr that the bur:  
 For thou till hir was fer derer than gold.  
 Hyr most desyr was to be wndyr mold.  
 In wardlynes quhi suld ony ensur?  
 For thow was formyt forsye on the feld.  
 Compleyn, Sanctis thus, as your sedull tellis;  
 Compleyn to hewyn with wordis that nocht faillis:  
 Compleyne your woice wnto the God abuffe;  
 Compleyne for him in to that sitfull sell is;  
 Compleyne his payne in dolour thus that duellis;  
 In langour lysis, for losyng of thar luff,  
 Hys fureous payne was felloune for to pruff.  
 Compleyne also, yhe birdis, blyth as bellis,  
 Sum happy chance may fall for your behuff.  
 Compleyne, lordys, compleyne, yhe ladyis brycht,  
 Compleyne for him that worthi was and wycht,  
 Off Saxons sonnys sufferyt full mekill der.  
 Compleyne for him was thus in presone dicht  
 And for na causs, bot, Scotland, for thi rycht.  
 Compleyne also, yhe worthi men of wer,  
 Compleyne for hym that was your aspresper;  
 And to the dede fell Sothroun yeit he dicht:  
 Compleyne for him your triumphe had to ber.  
 Celimus was maist his geyeler now.  
 In Inglissmen, allace, quhi suld we trow,  
 Our worthy kyn has payned on this wyss?  
 Sic reulle be rycht is litill [till] allow:  
 Me think we suld in barrat mak thaim bow  
 At our power, and so we do feill syss.  
 Off thar danger God mak ws for to ryss,  
 That weill has wrocht befor thir termys, and now!  
 For thai wyrk ay to wayt ws with suppryss.  
 Quhat suld I mor of Wallace turment tell;  
 The flux he tuk in to thar presoune fell?  
 Ner to the dede he was likly to drawe.  
 Thai cherygt the geyler nocht on him to duell,  
 Bot bryng him wp out of that vgly sell

To jugisment, quhar he suld thoill the law.  
 This man went down, and sodanlye he saw,  
 As to hys sycht, dede had him swappyt snell;  
 Syn said to thaim, "He has payit at he aw."  
 Quhen thai presumyt he suld be werray ded,  
 Thai gart serwandys, with outyn langer pleid,  
 With schort awiss on to the wall him bar:  
 Thai kest him our out of that bailfull steid,  
 Off him thai trowit suld be no mor ramede,  
 In a draff myddyn, quhar he remannyt thar.  
 His fyrst noryss, of the Newtoun of Ayr,  
 Till him scho come, quhilk was full will of reid,  
 And thyggyt leiff away with him to fayr.  
 In to gret ire thai grantyt hir to go.  
 Scho tuk him wp with outyn wordis mo,  
 And on a caar wnlikly him thai cast:  
 Atour the wattir led him with gret woo,  
 Till hyr awin houss with outyn ony hoo.  
 Scho warmyt wattir, and hir serwandis fast  
 His body wousche, quhill filth was of hym past.  
 His hart was wicht, and flykeryt to and fro,  
 Als his twa eyne he kest wp at the last.  
 His fostyr modyr, lowed him our the laiff,  
 Did mylk to warme, his liff giff scho mycht saiff;  
 And with a spoyn gret kyndnes to him kyth.  
 Hyr dochtir had of twelf wokkis ald a knayff;  
 Hir childis pape in Wallace mouth scho gaiff.  
 The womannys mylk recomford him full swyth:  
 Syn in a bed thai brocht him fair and lyth.  
 Rycht couertly thai kepe him in that caiff,  
 Him for to sawe so secretlye thai mycht.  
 In thar chawmyr thai kepyt him that tide;  
 Scho gart graith wp a burd be the houss side,  
 Wyth carpettis cled, and honowryt with gret lycht:  
 And for the voice in euiry place suld bide,  
 At he was ded, out throuch the land so wide,  
 In presence ay scho wepyt wndyr slycht;  
 Bot gudely meytis scho graithit him at hir mycht.  
 And so befel in to that sammyn tid,  
 Quhill forthirmar at Wallas worthit wycht.  
 Thomas Rimour in to the Faile was than,  
 With the mynystir, quhilk was a worthi man:  
 He wsyt oft to that religious place.  
 The peple demyt of witt mekill he can;  
 And so he told, thocht at thai bliss or ban,  
 Quhilk hapnyt suth in many diuerss cace,  
 I can nocht say, be wrang or rychtwisnas,  
 In rewle of wer, quhethir thai tynt or wan;  
 It may be demyt be diuisioun of grace.  
 Thar man that day had in the merket bene,  
 On Wallace knew this cairfull cass so kene.  
 His mastyr speryt, quhat tiethingis at he saw.  
 This man ansuerd; "Of litill hard I meyn."  
 The mynister said; 'It has bene seildyn seyn,  
 'Quhar Scottis and Ingliss semblit bene on raw,  
 'Was neurir yit, als fer as we coud knaw,  
 'Bot other a Scott wald do a Sothroun teyne,  
 'Or he till him, for auentur mycht faw.'  
 "Wallas," he said, "ye wist tayne in that steid;  
 "Out our the wall I saw thaim cast him deide,  
 "In presoune famyst for fawt of fude."  
 The mynister said, 'with hart hewy as leid;  
 'Sic deid to thaim, me think, suld foster feid;  
 For he was wicht, and cummyn of gentill blud.'  
 Thomas ansuerd; "Thir tythingis ar noucht gud;  
 "And that be suth, my self sall neurir eit breid,  
 "For all my witt her schortlye I conclud."  
 'A woman syne of the Newtoun of Ayr,  
 'Till him scho went fra he was fallyn thar;  
 'And on hir kneis rycht lawly thaim besocht,  
 'To purchess leiff scho mycht thine with him fayr.  
 'In lychtlyness tyll hyr thai grant it thair.  
 'Our the wattyr on till hir houss him brocht,

To beryss him als gudlye as scho mocht.'  
 Yhit Thomas said; "Than sall I leiff na mar,  
 "Giff that be trow, be God, that all has wrocht."  
 The mynister herd quhat Thomas said in playne.  
 He chargyt him than; 'Go, speid the fast agayne  
 'To that sammyn houss, and werraly aspye.'  
 The man went furth, at byddyn was full bayne;  
 To the Newtoun to pass he did his payn,  
 To that ilk houss; and went in sodanlye.  
 About he blent on to the burd him bye.  
 This woman raiss, in hart scho was [nocht] fayn.  
 Quha aw this lik he bad hir nocht deny.  
 "Wallace," scho said, "that full worthy has beyne."  
 Than wepyt scho, that peté was to seyne.  
 The man thar to gret credens gaif he nocht:  
 Towart the burd he bowned as he war teyne.  
 On kneis scho felle, and cryit; 'For Marye scheyne,  
 'Let sklandyr be, and flemyt out of your thocht.'  
 This man hir suour; "Be him that all has wrocht,  
 "Mycht I on lyff him anys se with myn eyne,  
 "He suld be saiff, thocht Ingland had hym socht."  
 Scho had him wp to Wallace by the dess;  
 He spak with him, syne fast agayne can press  
 With glaid bodword, thar myrthis till amend.  
 He told to thaim the first tiethingis was less.  
 Than Thomas said; 'Forsuth, or he decess,  
 'Mony thousand in feild sall mak thar end.  
 'Off this regioun he sall the Sothroun send;  
 'And Scotland thriss he sall bryng to the pess:  
 'So gud off hand agayne sall neurir be kend.'  
 All worthi men, that has gud witt to waille,  
 Be war that yhe with myss deyme nocht my taille.  
 Perchance ye say, that Bruce he was none sik.  
 He was als gud, quhat deid was to assaill,  
 As off his handis, and bauldar in battaill.  
 Bot Bruce was knawin weyll ayr off this kynrik;  
 For he had rycht, we call no man him lik.  
 Bot Wallace thriss this kynrik conquest haile,  
 In Ingland fer socht battaill on that rik.  
 I will ratorn to my mater agayne.  
 Quhen Wallace was ralesched off his payne,  
 The contré demyd haile that he was dede;  
 His derrest kyn nocht wist of his ramede.  
 Bot haile he was, likly to gang and ryd.  
 In to that place he wald na langir byde.  
 His trew kepar he send to Elrislé;  
 Eftir him thar he durst nocht lat hyr be:  
 Hir dochtir, als thar serwand, and hir child,  
 He gart thaim pass on to his modyr myld.  
 Quhen thai war gayne, na wapynnys thar he saw  
 To helpe him with, quhat auentur mycht befaw.  
 A rousty suerd in a noik he saw stand,  
 With outyn belt, but boss, bukler, or band.  
 Lang tyme befor it had beyne in that steid;  
 Ane agyt man it left quhen he was dede.  
 He drew the blaid, he fand it wald bitt weill;  
 Thocht it was foule, nobill it was of steyll.  
 "God helpis his man; for thou sall go with me,  
 "Quhill bettir cum; will God full sone may be!"  
 To Schyr Ranald as than he wald nocht fair;  
 In that passage oft Sothroun maid repar.  
 At Rycardtoun full fayn he wald hawe beyne,  
 To get him horss and part of armour scheyne.  
 On thedyrwart as he bownyt to fair,  
 Thre Inglissmen he met ridand till Ayr,  
 In thair wiage at Glaskow furth had beyne;  
 Ane Longcastell, that cruell was and keyne,  
 A bauld squier, with him gud yemen twa.  
 Wallace drew by, and wald haiff lattyn thaim ga.  
 Till him he raid, and said dispitfully;  
 "Thow Scot, abide, I trow thow be sum spy;  
 "Or ellis a theyff, fra presens wald the hid."  
 Than Wallace said, with sobyr wordis, that tid;

‘Schir, I am seik, for Goddis luff latt me ga!’  
 Langcastell said; “Forsuth it beis nocht sa.  
 “A felloun freik thow semys in thi fair;  
 “Quhill men the know, thow sall with me till Ayr.”  
 Hynt out his suerd, that was of nobill hew,  
 Wallace with that, at hys lychtyn, him drew;  
 Apon the crag with his suerd has him tayne;  
 Throw brayne and seyne in sondyr straik the bayne.  
 Be he was fallyn, the twa than lichtyt down;  
 To wenge his dede to Wallace maid thaim boun.  
 The tayne of thaim apon the hed he gaiff,  
 The rousty blaid to the schulderis him claiff.  
 The tothir fled, and durst no langer bide;  
 With a rud step Wallace coud eftyr glide.  
 Our thourch his rybbis a seker straik drewe he,  
 Quhill leuir and lounngis men mycht all redy se.  
 Thar horss he tuk, bathe wapynnys and armour;  
 Syne thankit God with gud hart in that stour.  
 Syluer thai had, all with him has he tayne,  
 Him to support; for spendyng had he nayne.  
 In to gret haist he raid to Ricardtoun,  
 A blyth semblay was at his lychtyn doun.  
 Quhen Wallace mett with Schyr Richard the knycht,  
 For him had murnit quhill feblit was his mycht.  
 His thre sonnys of Wallace was full fayne;  
 Thai held him lost, yit God him sawth agayne.  
 His eyme, Schyr Ranald, to Rycardtoun come fast;  
 The wemen, told, by Corsby as thai past,  
 Off Wallace eschaiepe, syne thar wiage yeid.  
 Schyr Ranald yit was in a felloun dreid:  
 Quhill he him saw, in hart he thoct full lang;  
 Than sodanlye in armys he couth him fang.  
 He mycht nocht spek, but kyst him tendyrlye;  
 The knychtis spreit was in ane extasye,  
 The blyth teris tho bryst for his eyne two;  
 Or that he spak, a lang tyme held him so:  
 And at the last rycht freindfully said he;  
 “Welcum, neuo, welcum deir sone to me.  
 “Thankit be he that all this world has wrocht,  
 “Thus fairlye the has out of presoun brocht.”  
 His modyr come, and othir freyndis enew,  
 With full glaid will, to feill thai tithingis true.  
 Gud Robert Boyd, that worthi was and wicht,  
 Wald nocht thaim trew, quhill he him saw with sycht.  
 Fra syndry part thai socht to Ricardtoun.  
 Feille worthi folk, that war of gret renoun.  
 Thus leiff I thaim in myrth, blyss and plesance,  
 Thankand gret God off his fre happy chance.  
 EXPLICIT LIBER SECUNDUS,  
 ET INCIPIT TERCIVS.

## BUKE THRYD.

In joyowss Julii, quhen the flouris suete,  
 Degesteable, engenered throu the heet,  
 Baith erbe and froyte, busk and bewis, braid  
 Haboundandlye in euery slonk and slaid;  
 Als bestiall, thar rycht courss till endur,  
 Weyle helpyt ar be wyrkyn off natur,  
 On fute and weynge ascendand to the hycht,  
 Conserwed weill be the Makar of mycht;  
 Fyscheis in flude refeckit rialye  
 Till mannys fude, the warld suld occupye.  
 Bot Scotland sa was waistit mony day,  
 Throw wer sic skaith, at labour was away.  
 Wictaill worth scant or August coud apper,  
 Throu all the land, that fude was hapnyt der:  
 Bot Inglissmen, that richness wantyt nayne,  
 Be caryage brocht thair wictaill full gud wayne;  
 Stuffit houssis with wyn and gud wernage;  
 Demaynde this land as thair awne heretage;  
 The kynryk haile thai rewlyt at thar will.  
 Messyngeris than sic tithingis brocht thaim till;

And tald Persye, that Wallace leffand war,  
 Off his eschaip fra thar presoun in Ayr.  
 Thai trowit rycht weill he passit was that steid;  
 For Longcastell and his twa men was deid.  
 He trowit the chance that Wallace so was past.  
 In ilka part thai war gretly agast,  
 Throw prophesye that thai had herd before.  
 Lord Persye said; “Quhat nedis wordis mor?  
 “Bot he be cest he sall do gret merwaill.  
 “It was the best for king Eduuardis awaill,  
 “Mycht he him get to be his steidfast man,  
 “For gold or land; his conquest mycht lest than.  
 “Me think before he may nocht gottyn be;  
 “Wyssmen the suth be his eschaip may se.”  
 Thus deyme [thai] him in mony diuers cass.  
 We leiff thaim her, and spek furth of Wallass.  
 In Rycardtoun he wald no langer byde,  
 For freindis consaill, nor thing that mycht betide.  
 And quhen thai saw that it awaillit nocht,  
 His purposs was to wenge him, at he mocht,  
 On Sothron blud, quhillk has his eldris slayne.  
 Thai latt him wyrk his awn will in to playne.  
 Schir Richart had thre sonnys, as I yow tald.  
 Adam, Rychart, and Symont that was bald.  
 Adam, eldest, was growand in curage;  
 Forthward, rycht fayr, aughtene yer of age;  
 Large off persone; bath wiss, worthi and wicht:  
 Gude king Robert in his tyme maid him knycht.  
 Lang tyme eftir in Brucis weris he baid,  
 On Inglissmen moné gud iorné maid.  
 This gud squier with Wallace bound to ryd;  
 And Robert Boid, quhillk wald no langar bide  
 Vndir thrillage of segis of Ingland.  
 To that falss king he had neur maid band.  
 Kneland was thar, ner cusing to Wallace,  
 Syne baid with him in mony peralouss place;  
 And Eduuard Litill, his sistir sone so der;  
 Full weill graithit in till thar armour cler.  
 With thar serwandis fra Ricardtoun thai raid  
 To Mawchtlyne mur, and schort tyme thar abaid;  
 For freindis thaim tauld, was bound wndir trewage,  
 That Fenweik was for Perseys caryage:  
 With in schort tyme he will bryng it till Ayr  
 Out off Carleile; he had resawyt it thair.  
 That plesyt Wallace in his hart gretumlye;  
 Wytt yhe thai war a full glaid cumpanye.  
 Towart Lowdown thai bownyt thaim to ride;  
 And in a schaw, a litill thar besyde,  
 Thai luyt thaim, for it was nere the nycht,  
 To wache the way als besyly as thai mycht.  
 A trew Scot, quhillk hosteler houss thair held,  
 Wnder Lowdon, as myn autor me teld,  
 He saw thar come, syne went to thaim in hye;  
 Baithe meite and drynk he brocht full priwalye:  
 And to thaim tald the cariage in to playn;  
 Thair forrydar was past till Ayr agayne,  
 Left thaim to cum with pouer of gret waille,  
 Thai trowit be than thai war in Awendaille.  
 Wallace than said, we will nocht soiorne her,  
 Nor change no weid, bot our ilk dayis ger.  
 At Corssentoun the gait was spilt that tide;  
 For thi that way behowid thaim for to ride.  
 And fra the tyme that he of presoun four,  
 Gude sour weide dayly on him he wour:  
 Gude lycht harness, fra that tyme, wysyt he cuir;  
 For sodeyn stryff, fra it he wald nocht seur.  
 A habergione vndyr his goune he war,  
 A steyle capleyne in his bonet but mar;  
 His glowis of plait in claith war couerit weill,  
 In his doublet a closs coler of steyle;  
 His face he keptit, for it was euir bar,  
 With his twa handis, the quhillk full worthi war,  
 In to his weid, and he come in a thrang:

Was na man than on fute mycht with him gang.  
 So growane in pith, off pouer stark and stur,  
 His terryble dyntis war awfull till endur.  
 Thai trast mar in Wallace him allane,  
 Than in a hundreth mycht be off Ingland tayne.  
 The worthi Scottis maid thar no soirnynng,  
 To Lowdoun hill past in [the] gray dawng;  
 Dewysyt the place, and putt thair horss thaim fra;  
 And thoct to wyn, or neur thin to ga:  
 Send twa skowrrouris to wesey weyll the playne;  
 Bot thai rycht sone raturnde in agayne,  
 To Wallace tald that thai war cummand fast.  
 Than thai to grounde all kneland at the last,  
 With humyll hartis prayit with all thair mycht,  
 To God abowne to help thaim in thar rycht.  
 Than graithit thai thaim till harnes hastely  
 Thar sonyeit nane of that gud chewalrye.  
 Than Wallace said; "Her was my fadyr slayne;  
 "My brothyr als, quhilk dois me mekill payne;  
 "So sall my selff, or wengit be but dreid.  
 "The traytour is her, [the] causs was off that deid."  
 Than hecht thai all to bide with hartly will.  
 Be that the power was takand Lowdounhill.  
 The knycht Fenweik conwoide the caryage;  
 He had on Scottis maid mony schrewide wiage.  
 The sone was rysyne our landis schenand brycht.  
 The Inglissmen so thai come to the hycht;  
 Ner thaim he raid, and sone the Scottis saw.  
 He tald his men, and said to thaim on raw;  
 "Yhonne is Wallace, that chapit our presoune;  
 "He sall agayne be drawyn throu the toune.  
 "His hede mycht mar I wait, weill pless the king,  
 "Than gold, or land, or ony warldly thing."  
 He gart serwandes bide with the cariage still;  
 Thai thoct to dawnt the Scottis at thar will.  
 Nyne scor he led in harnes burnyst brycht;  
 And fifty was with Wallace in the rycht.  
 Vnraboytyt the Sothroun was in wer;  
 And fast thai cum, fell awfull in affer.  
 A maner dyk, off stanys thai had maid,  
 Narrowtyt the way quhar throuch thai thikar raid.  
 The Scottis on fute tuk the feld thaim befor;  
 The Sothroun saw thar curage was the mor.  
 In prydefull ire thai thocht our thaim to ryde;  
 Bot othyr wyss it hapnyt in that tide.  
 On athir side to giddy fast thai glaid;  
 The Scottis on fute gret rowme about thaim maid,  
 With ponyeand speris throuch platis prest of steyle;  
 The Inglissmen, that thocht to weng thaim weyll,  
 On harnest horss about thaim rudely raide;  
 That with wness wpone thar feit thai baid.  
 Wallace the formast in the byrneis bar;  
 The grounden sper throuch his body schar.  
 The shaft to schonkit off the fruschand tre;  
 Dewoydyde sone, sen na bettir mycht be.  
 Drew suerdis syne, bathe hewy, scharp and lang;  
 On athyr syd full cruelly thai dang.  
 Fechtand at anys in to that felloun dout,  
 Than Inglissmen enverond thaim about;  
 Beforce etlyt throuch out thaim for to ryde.  
 The Scottis, on fute that baldly couth abyde,  
 With suerdis schar throuch habergeons full gude,  
 Vpon the flouris schot the schonkan blude,  
 Fra horss and men throw harness burnyst beyne.  
 A sair sailyie forsuth thair mycht be seyne:  
 Thai traistyt na lyff bot the lettir end.  
 Off sa few folk gret nobilness was kend,  
 To gydder baid defendand thaim full fast;  
 Durst nane seuer quhill the maist press was past.  
 The Inglissmen, that besye was in wer,  
 Beforss ordand in sondyr thaim to ber.  
 Thair cheyff chyftan feryt als ferss as fyr,  
 Throw matelent, and werray propyr ire;

On a gret horss, in till his glitterand ger,  
 In fewtir kest a fellone aspre sper  
 The knycht Fenweik, that cruell was and keyne;  
 He had at dede off Wallace fadyr beyne,  
 And his brodyr that douchty was and der.  
 Quhen Wallace saw that fals knycht was so ner,  
 His corage grew in ire as a lyoun.  
 Till him he ran, and fell frekis bar he doune;  
 As he glaid by, aukwart he couth hym ta,  
 The and arson in sondyr gart he ga.  
 Fra the coursour he fell on the fer syd;  
 With a staff suerd Boyd stekit him that tyde.  
 Or he was dede, the gret press come so fast,  
 Our him to grounde thai bur Boyd at the last.  
 Wallace was ner, and ratornde agayne  
 Hym to reskew, till that he raiss off payne;  
 Wichtly him wor, quhill he a suerd had tayne.  
 Throu out the stour thir twa in feyr ar gayne.  
 The ramanand apon thaim folowit fast;  
 In thar passage fell Sothron maid agast.  
 Adam Wallace, the ayr off Ricardtoun,  
 Straik ane Bewmound, a squier of renoun,  
 On the pyssan, with his hand burnyst bar,  
 The thrusande blaid his halss in sonder schayr.  
 The Inglissmen, thoct thar chyftayn was slayne,  
 Bauldly thai baid, as men mekill off mayn.  
 Reth horss repende rouschede frekis wndir feit;  
 The Scottis on fute gert mony loiss the suete.  
 Wicht men lichtyt thaim self for to defend;  
 Quhar Wallace come thar deide was litill kend.  
 The Sothroune part so frusched was that tide,  
 That in the stour thai mycht no langar bide.  
 Wallace in deide he wrocht so worthely,  
 The squier Boid, and all thair chewalry,  
 Litill, Kneland, gert off thair enemys de.  
 The Inglissmen tuk playnly part to fle;  
 On horsis some, to strenthis part, can found  
 To socour thaim, with mony werkand wound.  
 A hundreth dede in feild was lewytt thar,  
 And thre yemen that Wallace menyde fer mar;  
 Twa was off Kyle, and ane of Conyngayme,  
 With Robert Boide to Wallace com fra hayme.  
 Four scor fled, that chapyt on the south syde.  
 The Scottis, in place that bauldly couth abyde,  
 Spoilyed the feld, gat gold and othir ger,  
 Harnes and horss, quhilk thai mysteryt in wer.  
 The Ingliss knawis thai gart thar caryage leid  
 To Clidis forest: quhen thai war out off dreid,  
 Thai band thaim fast with wedeis sad and sar,  
 On bowand treis hangyt thaim rycht thar.  
 He sparyt nane that abill was to wer;  
 Bot wemen and preystis he gart thaim ay forber.  
 Quhen this was doyne, to thar dyner thai went,  
 Off stuff and wyne that God had to thaim sent.  
 Ten scor thai wan of horss that cariage bure;  
 With flour and wyne als mekill as thai mycht fur,  
 And othir stuff that thai off Carleile led.  
 The Sothron part out off the feild that fled,  
 With sorow socht to the castell off Ayrr,  
 Befor the lord, and tauld him off thair cair;  
 Quhat gud thai lost, and quha in feild was slayne,  
 Throw wicht Wallace that was mekill off mayne;  
 And how he had gart all thar serwandis hang.  
 The Persye said; "And that squier lest lang,  
 "He sall ws exile out off this contré cleyne;  
 "Sa dispitfull in wer was neur seyne.  
 "In our presoune her last quhen that he was,  
 "Our slouthfully our keparis leit him pass.  
 "Thus stuff our land, I fynde may nocht weill be;  
 "We mon ger bryng our wittail be the se.  
 "Bot loss our men, it helpis ws rycht nocht;  
 "Thar kyne may ban that euir we hydder socht."  
 Lat I thaim thus, blamand thar sory chance,

And mar to sper of Scottis mennys gouernance.  
 Quhen Wallace had weyle wenquist to the playne  
 The falss terand that had his fadyr slayne;  
 His brothyr als, quhilk was a gentill knycht,  
 Othir gud men befor to dede thai dycht;  
 He gert dewyss, and provide thar wictaille;  
 Baith stuff and horss that was of gret awaille,  
 To freyndis about preualye thai send,  
 The ramanand full glaidlye thar thai spend.  
 In Clydis wode thai soirnmyt twenty dayis,  
 Na Sothren that tyme was persawyt in thai wais,  
 Bot he tholyt dede that come in thar danger:  
 The worde of him walkit baith fer and ner.  
 Wallace was knawin on lyff leyffand in playne,  
 Thocht Inglissmen tharoff had gret payne.  
 The erle Persye to Glaskow couth he fair,  
 With wyss lordis, and held a consell thair.  
 Quhen thai war mett, weyll ma na ten thousand,  
 Na chyftane was that tyme durst tak on hand,  
 To leide the range on Wallace to assaill.  
 He speryt about, quhat was the best consaill.  
 Schir Amar Wallange, a falss traytour strange,  
 In Bothwell duelt, and thar was thaim amange.  
 He said; "My lorde, my consaill will I giff;  
 "Bot ye do it, fra scaith ye may nocht scheyff.  
 "Yhe mon tak pess, with out mar taryng,  
 "As for a tyme we may send to the king."  
 The Persye said; "Of ovr trewis he will nane.  
 'Ane awfull chyftane trewly he is ane;  
 'He will do mair, in faith, or that he blyne:  
 'Sothroun to sla he thinkis it na syne.'  
 Schir Amar said; "Trewis it wordis tak;  
 "Quhill eft for him provisioun we may mak.  
 "I know he will do mekill for his kyne;  
 "Gentryss and trewtht ay restis him within.  
 "His wncle Schyr Ranald may mak this band.  
 "Gyff he will nocht, racunnyss all his land  
 "On to the tym that he this werk haiff wrocht."  
 Schir Ranald was sone to that consell brocht;  
 Thai chargyt him to mak Wallace at pess,  
 Or he suld pass to Londone with outyn less.  
 Schir Ranald said; "Lordis, yhe know this weill,  
 "At my commande he will nocht do a deill.  
 "His worthi kyn dispitously ye slew,  
 "In presone syne ner to the dede him threw.  
 "He is at large, and will nocht do for me,  
 "Thocht ye tharfor rycht now suld ger me de."  
 Schir Amar said; "Thir lordis sone sall send  
 'On to the king, and mak a finall end  
 'Off his conquest, forsuth he will it haiff.  
 'Wallace na thou ma nocht this kynrik saiff.  
 'Mycht Eduuard king get him, for gold or land,  
 'To be his man, than suld he bruk Scotland.'  
 The lordis bad cess; "Thow excedis to that knycht  
 "Fer mair be treuth than it is any rycht.  
 "The wrang conquest our king desiris ay;  
 "On hym or vs it sall be seyne some day.  
 "Wallace has rycht, bathe force and fair fortoun:  
 "Ye hard how he eschapyt our presoune."  
 Thus said that lord, syne prayit Schyr Ranald fair  
 To mak this pess; "Thou schirreff art of Ayr.  
 "As for a tyme we may awisit be:  
 "Vndyr my seyll I sall be bound to the  
 "For Inglissmen, that thai sall do him nocht,  
 "Nor to no Scottis, less it be on thaim socht."  
 Schir Ranald wist he mycht thaim nocht ganestand;  
 Off lord Persye he has resaut this band.  
 Perseys war trew, and ay off full gret wail,  
 Sobyr in pess, and cruell in battaill.  
 Schir Ranald bownyde vpon the morne but baid,  
 Wallace to seke in Clydis forest braid.  
 So he him fand bownand to his dyner.  
 Quhen thai had seyne this gud knycht was so ner,

Weyle he him knew, and tauld thaim quhat he was;  
 Meruaille he had quhat gart him hiddy pass,  
 Maide him gud cheyr of meytis fresche and fyne.  
 King Eduuardis self could nocht get bettir wyn  
 Than thai had thar, warnage and wenyssoun  
 Off bestiall in to full gret fusioun.  
 Syn eftir mett, he schew thaim of hys deide,  
 How he had beyne in to so mekill dreid.  
 "Now," he said, "wyrk part of my consaill;  
 "Tak pess a quhill, as for the mair awaill.  
 "Bot thou do so, forsuth thou dois gret syne,  
 "For thai ar set till wndo all thi kyn."  
 Than Wallace said till gud men him about;  
 'I will no pess for all this felloun dout,  
 'Bot gif it pless bettir to yow than me.'  
 The squier Boide him ansuerd sobyrlé;  
 "I gif conseill, or this gud knycht be slayne,  
 "Tak pess a quhill, suppos it do ws payne."  
 So said Adam the ayr of Rycardtoun;  
 And Kneland als grantyt to thair opynyoun.  
 With thair consent Wallace this pess has tayne,  
 As his eyne wrocht, till ten moneth war gayne.  
 Thar leyff thai tuk, with conforde into playn;  
 Sanct Jhone to borch thai suld meyt haill agayn,  
 Boyde and Kneland past to thar placis hayne;  
 Adam Wallace to Ricardtoun by nayme;  
 And Wilyham furth till Schir Ranald can ride,  
 And his houshald, in Corsby for to bide.  
 This peess was cryede in August moneth myld:  
 Yhet god of battaill furios and wild,  
 Mars, and Juno ay dois thair besynes,  
 Causer of wer, wyrkar of wykitnes;  
 And Venus als the goddess of luff,  
 Wytht ald Saturn, his cours is till appruiff.  
 Thir four scansyte of diuers complexioun,  
 Bataill debaite, inwy and destructioun,  
 I can nocht deyme for thar malancoly.  
 Bot Wallace weille coude nocht in Corsby ly,  
 Hym had leuir in trauaill for to be;  
 Rycht sar he langyt the toune of Ayr to se.  
 Schir Ranald past fra hame apon a day.  
 Fyfteyne he tuk, and to the toune went thai;  
 Couerit his face, that no man mycht him knaw:  
 Nothing him roucht how few ennymis him saw.  
 In souir weide disgysyt weill war thai.  
 Ane Inglissman, on the gait, saw he play  
 At the scrymmagis a bukler on his hand.  
 Wallace ner by in falouschipe couth stand.  
 Lychtly he sperde; "Quhi, Scot, dar thou nocht preiff?"  
 Wallace said; "Ya, sa thou wald gif me leiff."  
 "Smyt on," he said, "I defy thine actioun."  
 Wallace tharwith has tane him on the croune,  
 Throuch bukler, hand, and the harnpan also,  
 To the schulderis, the scharp suerd gert he go.  
 Lychtly raturnd till his awne men agayne.  
 The wemen cryede; "Our bukler player is slaine."  
 The man was dede; quhat nedis wordis mair?  
 Feille men of armys about him semblit thair,  
 Sewyn scor at anys agayne sextene war sett:  
 Bot Wallace sone weill with the forrest mett,  
 With ire and will on the hede has him tayne,  
 Throuch the brycht helm in sondyr bryst the bayne.  
 Ane othir braithly on the breyst he bar;  
 His burnyst blaid throuch out the body schar.  
 Gret rowme he maid, his men war fechtand fast;  
 And mony a growme thai maid full sair agast:  
 For thai war wicht, and weill wsyt in wer;  
 Off Inglissmen rycht bauldly doun thai ber.  
 On thair enemys gret martirdome that maik,  
 Thar hardy chyftane so weill couth wндыrtak,  
 Quhat Inglissman, that baid in till his gait,  
 Contrar Scotland maid neur mar debait.  
 Felle frekis on fold war fellyt wндыr feit;

Off Sothroune blude lay stekit in the streit.  
 New pour come fra the castell that tyde:  
 Than Wallace drede, and drew toward a past.  
 With gude will he wald escheu a suppress;  
 For he in wer was besy, wicht and wiss.  
 Harness and hedis he hew in sonderys fast;  
 Before out off the thickest preys thair past.  
 Wallace raturnde behynde his men agayne,  
 At the reskew feile enemyss hass he slayne.  
 His men all samyn he out off perill brocht,  
 Fra his enemyss, for all the pouer thair mocht.  
 To thar horss thair wan but mair abaide;  
 For danger syne to Laglyne wode thair raid.  
 Twenty and nyne thair left in to that steide,  
 Off Sothroun men that bertynit war to dede.  
 The ramaynand agayne turnyt that tide;  
 For in the woode thair durst nocht him abyde.  
 Towart the toune thair drew with all thair mayn,  
 Cursand the pess thair tuk befor in playne.  
 The lord Persye in hart was gretlye grewyt.  
 His men suppressyt agayne to him relewynt;  
 And feille war dede in to thair armour cler,  
 Thre of his kyne that war till him full der.  
 Quhen he hard tell of thair gret grewane,  
 Thar self was caus of this myscheful chance,  
 Murnyng he maid, thought few Scottis it kend.  
 A herald than to Schyr Ranald he send,  
 And tald till him of all thair sodeyne cass;  
 And charyt him tak souerté of Wallas,  
 He suld him kepe fra merket toune or fair,  
 Quhar he mycht best be out of thair repair.  
 The Sothroun wist that it was wicht Wallace,  
 Had thaim our set in to that sodand cass:  
 Thair trewis for this thair wald nocht brek adeill.  
 Quhen Wallace had this chance eschewit weill,  
 Vpon the nycht fra Lagleyne hayme he raid;  
 In chaumeris sone thair residence thair maid.  
 Vpon the morn, quhen that the day was lycht,  
 Wicht Wallace went with Schyr Ranald. The knycht  
 Schew him the wryt lord Persie had him sent.  
 "Deir sone," he said, "this war my haile entent,  
 "That thow wald grant, quhill thir trewis war worne,  
 "Na scaith to do till Inglissman that is born;  
 "Bot quhar I pass dayly thou bid with me."  
 Wallace ansuerd; "Gud Schyr, that may nocht be.  
 'Rycht laith I war, deyr wncle, you to greiff;  
 'I sall do nocht till tyme I tak my leyff,  
 'And warn you als or that I fra you pass.'  
 His eyme and he thus weill accordyt was.  
 Wallace with him maid his continuance;  
 Ilk wicht was blyth to do till him plesance.  
 In Corsby thus he resyd thaim amang  
 Thai sextene dayis, suppos him thought it lang.  
 Thocht thair mycht pless him as a prince or king,  
 In his mynde yit remanyt ane othir thing.  
 He saw his enemys maistris in this regioun,  
 Mycht nocht him pless thoct he war king with croune.  
 Thus leyff [I] him with his der freyndis still;  
 Off Inglissmen of sumpart spek I will.  
 EXPLICIT LIBER TERCIVS,  
 ET INCIPIT QUARTUS.

## BUKE FEYRD.

In September, the humyll moneth suette,  
 Quhen passyt by the hycht was off the hette,  
 Wictaill and froyte ar rpyt in abundance,  
 As God ordans to mannys gouernance.  
 Sagittarius with his aspre bow,  
 Be the ilk syng weryté ye may know  
 The changing cours quhilk makis gret deference;  
 And lewyss had lost thair colouris of plesence.  
 All warldly thing has nocht bot a sesoune;

Both erbe and froyte mon fra hewyn cum doun.  
 In this ilk tyme a gret consell was sett  
 In to Glaskow quhar mony maistris mett,  
 Off Ingliss lordis, to statute this cuntré.  
 Than charyt thair all schirreffis thar to be.  
 Schir Ranald Crawford behowide that tyme be thar,  
 For he throw rycht was born schirreff of Ayr.  
 His der neuo that tyme with hym he tuk,  
 Willyham Wallace, as witness beris the buk;  
 For he na time suld be fra hys sycht,  
 He luffyt him with hart and all hys mycht.  
 Thai graith thaim weill with out langar abaid.  
 Wallace sum part befor the court furth raid,  
 With him twa men that douchtye war in deid;  
 Our tuk the child Schyr Ranaldis sowme couth leid.  
 Softlye thair raid quhill thair the court suld know.  
 So sodeynly at Hesilden he saw  
 The Perseys sowme, in quhillk gret ryches was;  
 The horss was tryt, and mycht no forthyr pass.  
 Fyve men was charyt to keipe it weill all tid;  
 Twa wass on fute, and thre on horss couth ride.  
 The maistir man at thair serwand can sper;  
 "Quha aw this sowme?" the suth thou to me ler."  
 The man ansuerd, with outyn wordis mair;  
 'My lordis,' he said, 'quhillk schirreff is of Ayr.'  
 "Sen it is his, this horss sall with ws gang  
 "To serwe our lord, or ellis me think gret wrang;  
 "Thocht a subiet in deid wald pass his lord,  
 "It is nocht lewynt be na rychtwiss racord."  
 Thai cutt the brayss and leyt the harness faw.  
 Wallace was ner; quhen he sic reueré saw,  
 He spak to thaim with manly contenance.  
 In fayr afforme, he said, but wariance;  
 'Ye do vs wrang, and it in tyme of pess;  
 'Off sic rubry war suffisance to cess.'  
 The Sothron schrew in ire ansuerd him to;  
 "It sall be wrocht as thow may se ws do.  
 "Thow gettis no mendis; quhat wald thow wordis mar?"  
 Sadly awisit Wallace remembrith him thar  
 On the promys he maid his eyme befor:  
 Resoun him rewlyt, as than he did no mor.  
 The horss thair tuk for awentur mycht befall,  
 Laid on thar sowme, syne furth the way couth call.  
 Thar tryt sowmir so left thair in to playne.  
 Wallace returnd toward the court agayne;  
 In the mursyde sone with his eyme he mett,  
 And tauld how thair the way for his man sett:  
 "And war noucht I was bonde in my legiance,  
 "We partyt noucht thus for all the gold in France.  
 "The horss thair reft quhillk suld your harness ber."  
 Schir Ranald said; 'That is bot litill der.  
 'We may get horss and [vthir] gud in playne;  
 'And men be lost, we get neur agayne.'  
 Wallace than said; "Als wisly God me sawe,  
 "Off this gret myss I sall amendis hawe;  
 "And nothir latt for pess na your plesance.  
 "With witness her I gif vp my legiance:  
 "For cowardly ye lik to tyne your rycht;  
 "Your self sone syne to dede thair think to dycht."  
 In wraith thar with away fra him he went.  
 Schyr Ranald was wiss, and kest in his entent;  
 And said I will byde at the Mernys all nycht:  
 So Inglissmen may deyme ws no wnrycht,  
 Gyff ony be deide befor ws vpon cass,  
 That we in law may bide the rychtwissnass.  
 His lugin tuk; still at the Mernys baid;  
 Full gret murnyng he for his neuo maid.  
 Bot all for nocht; quhat mycht it him awaill?  
 As in till wer he wrocht nocht his consaill.  
 Wallace raid furth, with him twa yemen past;  
 The sowmer man he folowid wondyr fast;  
 Be est Cathcart he our hyede thaim agayne.  
 Than knew thair weille that it was he in playne,

Be horss and weide, that argownd thaim befor.  
 The fyve to thaim retorne with outyn mor.  
 Wallace to ground fra his courser can glide;  
 A burnyst brand he bradyt out that tyde.  
 The maistir man with sa gud will straik he,  
 Bathe hatt and hede he gert in sondyr fle,  
 Ane othir fast apon the face he gaiff,  
 Till dede to ground, but mercy, he him draiff.  
 The thrid he hyt with gret ire in that steid;  
 Fey on the feld he has him left for deid.  
 Wallace slew thre; by that his yemen wicht,  
 The tothir twa derfly to dede thai dycht.  
 Syne spoliyeid thai the harnaiss or thai wend,  
 Off siluer and gold aboundandlye to spend.  
 Jowellis thai tuk, the best was chosyn thar,  
 Gud horss and geyr; syne on thair wayis can fayr.  
 Than Wallace said; "At sum strenth wald I be."  
 Our Clid that tyme thar was a bryg of tre;  
 Thiddir thai past in all thair gudlye mycht:  
 The day was gayne, and cummyn was the nycht.  
 Thai durst nocht weylle ner Glaskow still abide;  
 In the Lennox he tuk purposs to ryde.  
 And so he dyde, syne lugyt thaim that nycht,  
 As thai best mowcht, quhill that the day was brycht.  
 Till ane ostrye he went, and sojorned thar  
 With trew Scottis, quhilk at his freindis war.  
 The consaill mett rycht glaidly on the morn;  
 Bot fell tithingis was brocht Persie beforne.  
 His men war slayne, his tresour als bereft  
 With fell Scottis, and thaim na jowellis left.  
 Thai demede about off that derff doutouss cass;  
 The Sothren said; "Forsuth, it is Wallas."  
 The schirreffis court was cumand to the toune,  
 And he as ane for Scot of most renoune.  
 Thai gert go seik Schyr Ranald in that rage;  
 Bot he was than yeit still at herbyrage.  
 Sum wiss men said; "Heroff na thing he kend:  
 "The men war slayne rycht at the townis end."  
 Schyr Ranald come by ten houris of the day.  
 Befor Persye than seir men brocht war thai:  
 Thai folowit him of felouny that was wrocht;  
 The siyss of this couth say to him rycht nocht.  
 Thai demede about of that feill sodeyne cass,  
 Befor the juge thar he denyit Wallas;  
 And so he mycht, he wist nocht quhar he was.  
 Fra this consaill my purposs is to pass,  
 Off Wallace speik, in wyldirnes so wyde;  
 The eterne God his gouernour be and gyde!  
 Stylle at the place four dayis he sojorned haill,  
 Quhill tithingis come till hym fra thair consaill.  
 Than statute thai, in ilk steide of the west,  
 In thar boundis Wallace suld haiff no rest.  
 His der wncle gret ayth thai gert him suer,  
 That he, but leiff, suld no freindschipe him ber:  
 And mony othir was full woo that day.  
 Robert the Boide stall of the toune his way;  
 And Kneland als, befor with him had beyne.  
 Thai had leur haif seyne him with thair eyne,  
 Leyffand in lyff, as thai knew him befor,  
 Than of cler gold a fyne mylyone and mor.  
 Boid wepyt sor, said; "Our leidar is gayne,  
 "Amang our fays he is set him allayne."  
 Than Kneland said; 'Fals fortoun changis fast;  
 'Gret God sen we had euir with him past!'  
 Edward Litill in Annadyrdaill is went,  
 And wait rycht nocht of this newe jugement.  
 Adam Wallace baid still in Ricardtoune.  
 So fell [it] thus with Wallace of renoune;  
 He with power partyt merwalusly,  
 Be fortune chance ourturnys doubilly.  
 Thar petouss mene as than couth nocht be bett;  
 Thai wyst no wyt quhar that thai suld him get.  
 He left the place, quhair he in luyng lay;

Till erle Malcome he went vpon a day.  
 The Lennox haile he had still in his hand;  
 Till king Eduuard he had nocht than maid band.  
 That land is strait, and maisterfull to wyn;  
 Gud men of armyss that tyme was it within.  
 The lord was traist, the men sekyr and trew;  
 With waik power thai durst him nocht persew.  
 Rycht glaid he was of Wallace cumpany,  
 Welcummyt him fayr with worschipe reuerandlye;  
 At his awne will desyryt, gyff he walde  
 To byde thair still maistryr of his houshold;  
 Off all his men he suld haile chyftayne be.  
 Wallace ansuerd; "That war yneuch for me.  
 "I can nocht byde, my mynde is sett in playne  
 "Wrokyn to be, or ellis de in the payne.  
 "Our wast contré thar statute is so strang,  
 "Into the north my purposs is to gang."  
 Stewyn of Irland than in the Lennox was  
 With wicht Wallace; he ordynyt him to pass,  
 And othir als that borne war off Argill.  
 Wallace still thair residence maid a quhill,  
 Quhill men it wist, and semblit sone him till.  
 He chargyt nayne bot at thair awne gud will;  
 For thai war strang: yeitt he couth nocht thaim dreid,  
 Bot resawit all in weris thaim to leid.  
 Sum part off tham was in to Irland borne,  
 That Makfadyan had exile furth beforne:  
 King Eduuardis man he was suorn, of Ingland,  
 Off rycht law byrth, supposs he tuk on hand.  
 To Wallace thar come ane that hecht Fawdoun;  
 Malancoly he was of complexioun,  
 Hewy of statur, dour in his contenance,  
 Soroufull, sadde, ay dreidfull but plesance.  
 Wallace resawit quhat man wald cum him till;  
 The bodelye ayth thai maid him with gud will  
 Before the erle, all with a gud accord;  
 And him resawyt as captane and thair lord.  
 His speciall men, that cum with him fra hayme,  
 The tayne hecht Gray, the tothir Kerlé be nayme,  
 In his seruice come fyrst with all thair mayne,  
 To Lowdoun hill quhar that Fenweik was slayne.  
 He thaim comandyt ay next him to persew;  
 For he thaim kend rycht hardye, wiss and trew.  
 His leyff he tuk rycht on a fair maner.  
 The gud erlle than he bad him gyftis ser:  
 Wallace wald nayne, bot gaiff of his fell syss,  
 To pour and rych, vpon a gudlye wiss.  
 Humyll he was, hardy, wiss and fre,  
 As off ryches he held na propyrté.  
 Off honour, worschipe, he was a merour kend;  
 Als he off gold had boundandlye to spend.  
 Wpon his fayis he wan it worthely.  
 Thus Wallace past, and his gud chewalry.  
 Sixty he had off lykly men at wage;  
 Throuth the Lennox he led thaim with curage.  
 Abown Lekkie he lugyt thaim in a waille.  
 A strenth thar was quhilk thai thoct till assaill.  
 On Gargownno was byggyt a small peill,  
 That warnyst was with men and wittaill weill,  
 Within a dyk, bathe closs, chawmer, and hall;  
 Capteyne tharoff to nayme he hecht Thrillwall.  
 Thai led Wallace quhar that this byggyng was;  
 He thoct to assaill it, ferby or he wald pass.  
 Twa spyiss he send to wesly all that land:  
 Rycht laith he was the thing to tak on hand,  
 The quhilk, beforce, that suld gang hym agayne;  
 Leur had he throw awentur be slayne.  
 Thair men went furth as it was large mydnycht;  
 About that houss thai spyit all at rycht.  
 The wachman was hewy fallen on sleipe;  
 The bryg was doun at that entré suld keipe;  
 The lauboreris latt rakleslye went in.  
 Thair men retornede, with outyn noyess or dyn,

To thair maistir; told him as thai had seyne.  
 Than grathit sone thir men of armyss keyne;  
 Sadye on fute on to the housse thai socht,  
 And entryt in, for lattyn fand thai nocht.  
 Wicht men assayede, with all thair besy cur,  
 A loklate bar, was drawyn ourthourth the dur;  
 Bot thai mycht nocht it brek out of the waw.  
 Wallace was grewyt quhen he sic tary saw.  
 Sumpart amowet, wraithly till it he went;  
 Be forss off handis it raist out of the stent;  
 Thre yerde off breide als off the wall puld out.  
 Than merweld all his men that war about,  
 How he dide mair than twenty off thaim mycht.  
 Syne with his fute the yett he straik wp rycht,  
 Quhill braiss and band to byrst all at anyss.  
 Ferdely thai raiss, that war in to thai wanyss.  
 The wachman had a felloun staff of steill,  
 At Wallace strake, bot he kept hym weill.  
 Rudely fra him he reft it in that thrang,  
 Dang out his harnyss, syne in the dik him flang.  
 The remaynand be that was on thair feit;  
 Thus Wallace sone can with the capteyn meite.  
 That staff he had, hewy and forgyt new,  
 With it Wallace wpon the hede him threw,  
 Quhill bayn and brayn all in to sondyr rycht.  
 His men entryt, that worthy war in deid,  
 In handis hynt, and stekit of the laiff.  
 Wallace commaundede thai suld na wermen saiff.  
 Twenty and twa thai stekit in that steid.  
 Wemen and barnyss, quhen that the men war deide,  
 He gert be tain, in closs housse kept weill,  
 So thai wytht out thar off mycht haiff no feill.  
 The dede bodies thai put sone out of sycht;  
 Tuk wp the bryg or that the day was lycht.  
 In that place baid four dayis or he wald pass;  
 Wist nane with out how at this mater wass:  
 Spoilyeide that steid, and tuk thaim ganand ger;  
 Jowellis and gold away with thaim thai ber.  
 Quhen him thoct tyme, thai ischede on the nycht;  
 To the next woode thai went with all thair mycht.  
 The captenys wiff, wemen, and childer thre,  
 Pass quhar thai wald, for Wallas leit thaim be.  
 In that forest he likit nocht to bide:  
 Thai bownyt thaim atour Forth for to ride.  
 The moss was strang, to ryde it was no but:  
 Wallas was wicht and lychtyt on his fute.  
 Few horss thai had, litill thar off thai roucht:  
 To sawe thar lywes feill strenthis oft thai socht.  
 Stewyn of Irland he was thair gyd that nycht  
 Towart Kyncardyn, syne restit thar at rycht  
 In a forest, that was bathe lang and wide,  
 Rycht fra the moss grew to the wattir syde.  
 Eftre the sone Wallas walkit about  
 Vpon Tetht side, quhar he saw mony rout  
 Off wyld bestis wauerand in wode and playne.  
 Sone at a schot a gret hart hass he slayne;  
 Slew fyr on flynt, and graithit thaim at rycht;  
 Sodeynly thar fresche venesoun thai dycht.  
 Wictaill thai had, bathe breid, and wyne so cler,  
 With othir stuff yneuch at thair dyner.  
 His staff of steill he gaiff Kerly to kepe;  
 Syn passit [thai] our Tetht wattir so depe.  
 In to Straithern thai entrit sodeynly;  
 In couert past, or Sothren suld thaim spy.  
 Quhen at thai fand of Scotlandis aduersouris,  
 With out respyt cummyn was thair fatell houris.  
 Quham euir thai mett, was at the Ingliss fay,  
 Thai sparyt nane that was off Ingliss blude;  
 To dede he yeid thoct he war neur so gude.  
 Thai sawyt nothir knyght, squier, nor knaiff;  
 This was the grace that Wallace to thaim gaiff;  
 Bot wastyt all be worthynes off wer,  
 Off that party that mycht weild bow or sper.

Sumpart be slycht, sum throw force thai slew;  
 Bot Wallace thoct thai stroyit nocht half enew.  
 Siluer thai tuk, and als gold at thai fand,  
 Othir gud ger full lychtly yeid be hand;  
 Cuttyt throttis, and in to cuwyss thaim kest,  
 Put out of sycht, for that him thoct was best.  
 At the Blakfurd, as at thai suld pass our,  
 A squier come, and with him bernyss four,  
 Till Doun suld ryde; and wend at thai had beyne  
 All Inglissmen, at he befor had seyne.  
 Tithingis to sper he howid thaim amang.  
 Wallace thar with swyth out a [gude] suerd swang;  
 Vpon the hede he straik with so gret ire,  
 Throu bayne and brayn in sondyr char the swyr.  
 The tothir four in handis sone war hynt,  
 Derfly to dede stekit or thai wald stynt.  
 Thar horss thai tuk, and quhat thaim likit best;  
 Spoilyeid thaim bar, syne in the brook thaim kest.  
 Off this mater no mor tary thai maid,  
 Bot furth thar way passit with outyn baid.  
 Thir werlik Scottis, all with one assent,  
 Northt so our Ern throuch out the land thai went:  
 In Meffan woode thair lugyng tuk that nycht.  
 Vpon the morn, quhen it was dayis lycht,  
 Wallace raiss wp, went to the forest side,  
 Quhar that he sawe full feill bestis abide,  
 Off wyld and tayme walkand haboundandlye.  
 Than Wallace said; "This contré likis me.  
 "Wermen may do with fud at thai suld haiff;  
 "Bot want thai meit, thai rak nocht of the laiff."  
 Off dyet fayr Wallace tuk neur kepe;  
 Bot as it come, welcum was meit and sleip.  
 Sum quhill he had gret suffience within;  
 Now want, now has; now losis, now can win;  
 Now lycht, now sadd; now blisful, now in baill;  
 In haist, now hurt; now sorroufull, now haill;  
 Nowe weildand weyle; now calde weddyr, now hett;  
 Nowe moist, now drowth; now wauerand wynd, now weit.  
 So ferd with hym for Scotlandis rycht full ewyn,  
 In feyle debait six yeris and monethis sewyn.  
 Quhen he wan peess, and left Scotland in playne,  
 The Inglissmen maid new conquest agayne.  
 In frustyr termys I will nocht tary lang.  
 Wallace agayne wnto his men can gang,  
 And said; "Her is a land of gret boundance,  
 "Thankit be God of his hye perwyans.  
 "Sewyn of yow feris graith sone, and ga with me;  
 "Rycht sor I long Sanct Jhonstoun for to se.  
 "Stewyn of Irland als, God of hewyn the saiff,  
 "Maister leiddar I mak the of the laiff.  
 "Kepe weill my men, latt nane out [of] thi sycht,  
 "Quhill I agayn sall cum with all my mycht.  
 "Byde me sewyn dayis in this forest strang:  
 "Yhe may get fude, supposs I duell so lang.  
 "Sumpart yhe haif, and God will send ws mair."  
 Thus turnyt he, and to the toune couth fair.  
 The mar, kept the port of that willage,  
 Wallace knew weill, and send him his message.  
 The mar was brocht, saw him a gudlye man;  
 Rycht reuerandlye he has resawyt thaim than.  
 At him he speryt, all Scottis gyff thai be.  
 Wallace said; "Ya, and it is peess trow we."  
 'I grant,' he said, 'that likis ws wondyr weill:  
 'Trew men of peess may ay sum frendschipe feill.  
 'Quhat is your nayme? I pray yow tell me it.'  
 "Will Malcomsone," he said, "sen ye wald witt.  
 "In Atryk forest has my wonnyng beyne:  
 "Thar I was born amang the schawis scheyne.  
 "Now I desyr this north land for to se,  
 "Quhar I mycht find bettyr duellyng for me."  
 The mar said; 'Schyr, I sper nocht for nane ille;  
 'Bot feill tithingis oft syss is brocht ws till  
 'Off ane Wallace, was born in to the west.

‘Our kingis men he haldis at gret wnest,  
 ‘Martyris thaim down, gret peté is to se:  
 ‘Out of the trewis, forsuth, we throw he be.’  
 Wallace than said; “I her spek of that man;  
 “Tithingis off him to you nane tell I can.”  
 For him he gert ane innys graithit be,  
 Quhar nane suld cum bot his awne men and he.  
 Hys stwart Kerlye brocht thaim in fusioun  
 Gude thing eneuch quhat was in to the toun.  
 Alss Inglissmen to drynkyn wald him call,  
 And commownly he delt nocht thar withall.  
 In thar presence he spendyt resonably,  
 Yheit for him self he payit ay boundandlye.  
 On Scottis men he spendyt mekill gud,  
 Bot nocht his thankis wpon the Sothen blud.  
 Son he consawyt in his witt prewalye,  
 In to that land quha wass of maist party.  
 Schir Jamys Butler, ane agit cruell knyght,  
 Kepyrt Kynclewyn, a castell wondyr mycht.  
 His sone Schyr Jhon than duelt in to the toune,  
 Vndyr capteyn to Schyr Garrard Heroune.  
 The wemen alss he wysyt at the last;  
 And so on ane hys eyne he can to cast,  
 In the south gait, of fassoun fresche and fayr.  
 Wallace to hir maid preualye repair.  
 So fell it thus, of the toun or he past,  
 At ane accorde thai hapnyt at the last.  
 Wallace with hyr in secré maid him glaid.  
 Sotheren wist nocht that he sic plesance haid.  
 Offt on the nycht he wald say to him sell;  
 “This is fer war than ony payn of hell,  
 “At thus, with wrang, thir dewillis suld bruk our land,  
 “And we with force may nocht agayne thaim stand.  
 “To tak this toune my pouer is to small,  
 “Gret perell als on my self may fall.  
 “Set we it in fyr, it will wndo my sell,  
 “Or loss my men; thar is no mor to tell.  
 “Yhettis ar closs, the dykis depe with all.  
 “Thocht I wald swyme, forsuth so can nocht all.  
 “This matir now herfor I will ourslyde;  
 “Bot in this toun I may no langar byde.”  
 Alss men tald him quhen the captayne wald pass  
 Hayme to Kynclewyn, quharoff glaid he wass.  
 His leiff he tuk at heris of the toune;  
 To Meffane wode rycht glaidly maid him boune.  
 Hiss horn he hynt, and bauldly loud can blaw,  
 Hiss men him hard, and tharto sone couth draw.  
 Rycht blyth he wass, for thai war all in feyr;  
 Mony tithingis at him thai wald nocht speyr.  
 He thaim commaunde to mak thaim redy fast.  
 In gud array out of the woode thai past;  
 Towart Kynclewyn thai bownyt thaim that tid.  
 Syn in a waill that ner was thar besid,  
 Fast on to Tay his buschement can he draw.  
 In a dern woode thai stellit thaim full law;  
 Set skourioris furth the contré to aspye.  
 Be ane our nowne thre for rydaris went bye.  
 The wach turned in to witt quhat was his will;  
 He thaim commaund in couert to bide still:  
 “And we call, Feyr! the houss knowlege will haiff;  
 “And that may sone be warnyng to the laiff.  
 “All forss in wer do nocht but gouernance.”  
 Wallace was few; bot happy ordnance  
 Maid him fell syiss his aduersouris to wyn.  
 Be that the court of Inglissmen com in,  
 Four scoyr and ten weill graithit in thar ger,  
 Harnest on horss, all likly men of wer.  
 Wallace saw weill his nowmir was na ma;  
 He thankit God, and syne the feild couth ta.  
 The Inglissmen merweild quhat thai suld be;  
 But fra thai saw thai maid [thaim] for mellé,  
 In fewtir thai kest scharpe speris at that tide;  
 In ire thai thought atour the Scottis to ryd.

Wallace and his went cruelly thaim agayne.  
 At the fyrst rusche feill Inglissmen war slayne.  
 Wallace straik ane, with hiss gud sper of steill,  
 Throw out the cost; the shafft to brak ilk deyll.  
 A burnyst brand in haist he hyntis out;  
 Thyrss apon fute he thrang through all the rout.  
 Stern horss thai steik, suld men of armys ber;  
 Sone wndir feit fulyeid was men of wer.  
 Butler lychtyt him self for to defend,  
 Witth men of armys quhill war full worthi kend.  
 On athyr syde feill frekis war fectand fast.  
 The captayne baid, thocht he war sor agast.  
 Part of the Scottis be worthines thai slew:  
 Wallace was wa, and towart him he drew.  
 His men dred for the Butler bauld and keyn.  
 On him he socht in ire and propyr teyn;  
 Vpon the hed him straik in matelent:  
 The burnyst blaid throu his basnett went.  
 Bathe bayne and brayn he byrst throw all the weid;  
 Thus Wallace hand deliuerit thaim off dreid.  
 Yeitt feill on fold was fechtand cruelly:  
 Stewyn of Irland, and all the cheualry,  
 In to the stour did cruelly and weill;  
 And Kerlé alss with his gud staff of steill.  
 The Inglissmen, fra thar cheftayne was slayne,  
 Thai left the feild and fled in all thair mayn.  
 Thre scoyr war slayne or thai wald leif that steid.  
 The fleande folk, that wist of no rameid,  
 Bot to the houss thai fled in all thair mycht;  
 The Scottis folowit, that worthi war and weicht.  
 Few men of fenss was left that place to kepe,  
 Wemen and preistis wpon the wall can wepe:  
 For weill thai wend the flearis was thar lord;  
 To tak him in thai maid thaim redy ford,  
 Leit down the bryg, kest wp the yettis wide.  
 The frayit folk entrit, and durst nocht byde:  
 Gud Wallace euir he folowit thaim so fast,  
 Quhill in the houss he entryt at the last;  
 The yett he wor, quhill cumin was all the rout  
 Of Ingliss and Scottis; he held na man tharout.  
 The Inglissmen, that won war in that steid,  
 With outyn grace thai berntyt thaim to deid.  
 The capteynis wiff, wemen, and preistis twa,  
 And yong childer, forsuth thai sawyt no ma;  
 Held thaim in closs eftir this sodeyn cass,  
 Or Sothron men suld sege him in that place;  
 Tuk wp the bryg, and closyt yettis fast.  
 The dede bodyes out of sicht he gart cast,  
 Baith in the houss, and with out at war dede;  
 Fyve of hys awne to beryniss he gart leid.  
 In that castell thar sewyn dayis baide he;  
 On ilka nycht thai spoilyeid besylé.  
 To Schortwode schaw leide wittail and wyn wicht,  
 And houshald ger, baithe gold and siluer brycht.  
 Women, and thai that he had grantyt grace,  
 Quhen him thought tyme, thai put out of that place.  
 Quhen thai had tayne quhat he likit to haiff,  
 Straik down the yettis and set in fyr the laiff;  
 Out off wyndowis stanssouris all thai drew;  
 Full gret irne wark in to the wattir threw;  
 Burdyn duris and lokis, in thair ire,  
 All werk of tre, thai brynt wp in a fyr:  
 Spylt at thai mycht, brak brig and bulwark doune.  
 To Schortwode schawe in haist thai maid thaim boune;  
 Chesyt a strenth, quhar thai thar lugyng maid,  
 In gud offer a quhill thar still be baid;  
 Yit in the toune no wit of this had thai.  
 The contré folk, quhen it was lycht of day,  
 Gret reik saw ryss, and to Kynclewyn thai socht:  
 Bot wallis and stane, mar gud thar fand thai nocht.  
 The captennis wiff to Sanct Jhonstoun scho yeid,  
 And to Schyr Garrate scho tauld this felloune deid;  
 Alss till hyr son quhat hapnyt was be cass.

Than demyt thai all that it wass wicht Wallas;  
 Off for tyme thar he spyt had the toun.  
 Than chargyt thai all, thai suld be redy boune.  
 Harnest on horss in to thair armour cler,  
 To seik Wallace thai went all furth in feyr,  
 A thousand men weill garnest for the wer,  
 Towart the woode rycht awfull in affer,  
 To Schortwode schaw, and set it all about,  
 Wytht fyve stailis that stalwart was and stout;  
 The sext thai maid a fellon range to leid,  
 Quhar Wallace was full worthi ay in deid.  
 The strenth he tuk, and bade thaim hald it still,  
 On ilka syde, assailye quha sa will.  
 Schyr Jhon Butler in to the forrest went  
 With twa hundreth, sor mowit in his entent;  
 His fadris dede to wenge him giff he mocht,  
 To Wallace sone with men of armyss socht.  
 A cleuch thar was, quharoff a strenth thai maid  
 With thuortour treis, [and] bauldly thar abaid.  
 Fra the ta side thai mycht ische till a playne,  
 Syn through the wode to the strenth pass agayn.  
 Twenty he had that nobill archaris war,  
 Agayne sewyn scoyr of Ingliss bowmen sar.  
 Four scoyr of speris ner hand thaim baid at rycht,  
 Giff Scottis ischit to help thaim at thair mycht.  
 On Wallace sett a bykkyr bauld and keyn;  
 A bow he bair was byg and weyll beseyn,  
 And arrouss als, bath lang and scharpe with aw;  
 No man was thar that Wallace bow mycht draw.  
 Rycht stark he was, and in to souir ger,  
 Bauldly [he] schott amang thai men of wer.  
 Ane angell hede to the hukis he drew,  
 And at a schoyt the formast sone he sleu.  
 Yngliss archaris, that hardy war and wicht,  
 Amang the Scottis bykkerit with all thair mycht;  
 Thar awfull schoyt was felloun for to byd,  
 Off Wallace men thai woundyt sor that tid.  
 Few off thaim was sekyl of archary;  
 Bettyr thai war, and thai gat ewyn party,  
 In feild to byde, othir with suerd or speyr.  
 Wallace persauit his men tuk mekill deyrl:  
 He gart thaim change, and stand nocht in to steid;  
 He kest all wayis to saiff thaim fra the dede.  
 Full gret trauaill vpon him self tuk he;  
 Off Sothron men feill archaris he gert de,  
 Off Longcaschyr bowmen was in that place.  
 A sar archer ay waytit on Wallace,  
 At ane opyn, quhar he vsyt to repair:  
 At him he drew a sekir schot and sar,  
 Undyr the chyn, through a coler of steill,  
 On the left side, and hurt his halss sumdeill.  
 Astonaide he was, bot nocht gretlye agast;  
 Out fra his men on him he folowit fast;  
 In the turnyng, with gud will hass him tayne  
 Vpon the crag, in sondyr straik the bayne.  
 Feill of thaim ma na freyndschip with him fand;  
 Fyfteyn that day he schot to dede of hys hand.  
 Be that his arrous waistyt war and gayne;  
 The Ingliss archaris forsuth thai wantyt nayne:  
 With out thai war thar power to ranew,  
 On ilka side to thaim thai couth persew.  
 Wylyham Loran com with a boustouss staill,  
 Out of Gowry, on Wallace to assaill;  
 Neuo he was, as it was knawin in playn,  
 To the Butler befor that thai had slayn;  
 To wenge his eyme he come with all his mycht.  
 Thre hundreth he led of men in armyss brycht;  
 To leide the range on fute he maid him ford.  
 Wallace to God his conscience fyrst remord,  
 Syne comfort thaim with manly contenance;  
 "Yhe se," he said, "gud schiris, thar ordinance;  
 "Her is no choss, bot owdir do or de.  
 "We haiff the rycht, the happyar may it be,

"That we sall chaipe with grace out of this land."  
 The Loran, by that, was redy at his hand.  
 Be that it was eftir nown of the day,  
 Feill men of witt to consaill sone yeid thai.  
 The Sothron kest scharply at ilka side,  
 And saw the wood was nothir lang no wide.  
 Lychtly thai thought he suld hald it so lang;  
 Fywe hundreth maid throu it on fute to gang,  
 Sad men off armess that war off eggyr will;  
 Schyr Garratis self with out the woode baid still.  
 Schyr Jhon Butler the ta sid chesyt he,  
 The tothyr Loran with a fell menyhe.  
 Than gud Wallace, that of help had gret neid,  
 Was fyfty men in all that felloun dreid.  
 Ane awfull salt the Sothren son began,  
 About the Scottis socht mony likly man,  
 With bow, and sper, and swerdis stiff of steill:  
 On athir side no frendschip was to feill.  
 Wallace in ire a burly brand can draw,  
 Quhar feill Sothron war semblit vpon raw,  
 To fende his men with his deyrl worthi hand:  
 The folk was fey that he befor him fand.  
 Throw the thikkest of the gret preiss he past,  
 Vpon his enemyss hewand wondyr fast.  
 Agayne his dynt na weidis mycht awaill;  
 Quham so he hyt was dede with outyn fail.  
 Off the fersest full braithly bair he doun,  
 Befor the Scottis that war of gret renoun.  
 To hald the strenth thai preist, with all thair mycht,  
 The Inglissmen, that worthi war and wicht.  
 Schir Jhon Butler relewit in agayne,  
 Swndryt the Scottis and did thaim mekill payn;  
 The Loran als that cruell was and keyn.  
 A sar assay forsuth thar mycht be seyn.  
 Than at the strenth thai mycht no langer bide,  
 The range so strang come vpon athir syde.  
 In the thikkest woode thar maid thai felle defens,  
 Agayn thair fayis so full of violens:  
 Yit felle Sothron left the lyff to wed.  
 Till a new strenth Wallace and his men fled;  
 On aduersouris thai maid full gret debait,  
 Bot help thaim self, no socour ellis thai wait.  
 The Sothron als war sundryt than in twyn;  
 Bot thai agayne to gidder sone can wyn:  
 Full sutellye thar ordinance thai maid,  
 The rang agayne bownyt but mar abaid.  
 The Scottis war hurt, and part of thaim war slayn;  
 So fair assay thai couth nocht mak agayn.  
 Be this the host approchand was full ner;  
 Thus wrandly thai held thaim wpon ster.  
 Quhen Wallace saw the Sothroune was at hand,  
 Him thoct no tym langar for to stand.  
 Rycht manfully he graithit has his ger;  
 Sadly he went agayne the men of wer.  
 Throw out the stour full fast fechtand he socht,  
 With Goddis grace to wenge him gif he mocht.  
 Vpon the Butler awfully straik he;  
 Saiffgarde he gat wndir a bowand tre;  
 The bowcht in twa he straik, aboune his hede,  
 Als to the ground, and feld him in that stede.  
 The haill pouer vpon him com so fast,  
 At thai beforce reskewit him at the last.  
 Loran was wa, and thidder fast can draw.  
 Wallas retornd, sa sodeynly him saw:  
 Out at a syde full fast till him he yeid;  
 He gat no gyrth for all his burnyst weid:  
 With ire him straik on his gorgeat off steill,  
 The trensand blaid to persyt euriydeill  
 Throu plaitt and stuff, mycht nocht agayn it stand;  
 Derffly to dede he left him on the land.  
 Hym haif thai lost, thoct Sotheren had it suorn;  
 For his crag bayne was all in sondyr schorn.  
 The worthi Scottis did nobilly that day

About Wallace, till he was woun away.  
 He tuk the strenth magre thar fayis will;  
 Abandonly in bargan baid thar still.  
 The scry sone raiss, the bald Loran was dede:  
 Schyr Garrat Heroun tranontit that stede,  
 And all the host assemblit him about.  
 At the north side than Wallace ischet owt,  
 With him his men, and bownyt him to ga,  
 Thankand gret God at thai war partyt sa.  
 To Cargyll wood thai went that samyn nycht.  
 Sewyn of his men that day to dede was dycht:  
 In feld was left of the Sothren sex scoyr;  
 And Loran als, thair murnyng was the mor.  
 The rang in haist thai rayit sone agayne:  
 Bot quhen thai saw thair trauaill was in wayne,  
 And he was past, full mekill mayne thai maid  
 To rype the wood, bath wala, slonk, and slaid,  
 For Butleris gold Wallace tuk off befor;  
 Bot thai fand nocht, wald thai seke euirmor.  
 Hys horss thai gat, and nocht ellis of thair ger.  
 With dulfull mayn retorned thir men of wer  
 To Sanct Jhounston, in sorou and gret cayr.  
 Off Wallace furth me likis to spek mair.  
 The secunde nycht the Scottis couth thaim draw  
 Rycht priwaly agayne to Schortwod schaw;  
 Tuk wp thair gud, quhilk was put owt of sycht,  
 Cleithing and stuff, bathe gold and siluer brycht.  
 Vpon thar fute, for horsis was thaim fra;  
 Or the son raiss, to Meffen wood can ga.  
 Thar twa dayis our thar luyng still thai maid;  
 On the thrid nycht thai mowit but mar abaid.  
 Till Elkok park full sodeynly thai went:  
 Thar in that strentht to bide was his entent.  
 Than Wallace said, he wald go to the toun;  
 Arayit him weill in till a preistlik gown.  
 In Sanct Jhonstoun disgyssyt can he fair,  
 Till this woman the quhilk I spak of ayr.  
 Off his presence scho rycht reioisit was;  
 And sor adred how he away suld pass.  
 He sojornyt thar fra nowne was of the day  
 Quhill ner the nycht, or that he went away.  
 He trystyt hyr quhen he wald cum agayne,  
 On the thrid day; than was scho wondyr fayne.  
 Yeitt he was seyn with enemyss as he yeid;  
 To Schyr Garraid thai tald off all his deid,  
 And to Butler, that wald haiff wrokyn beyne.  
 Than thai gart tak that woman brycht and scheyne,  
 Accusyt hir sar of resset in that cass:  
 Feyll syss scho suour, that scho knew nocht Wallass.  
 Than Butler said; “We wait weyle it was he;  
 “And bot thou tell, in bayle fyre sall thou de.  
 “Giff thou will help to bryng yon rebell doune,  
 “We sall the mak a lady off renoun.”  
 Thai gaiff till hyr baith gold and siluer brycht;  
 And said, scho suld be weddyt with ane knycht,  
 Quham scho desirit, that was but mariage.  
 Thus tempt thai hir, throu consaill and gret wage,  
 That scho thaim tald quhat tyme he wald be thar.  
 Than war thai glad; for thai desirit no mar  
 Off all Scotland, bot Wallace at thair will.  
 Thus ordaynyt thai this poyntment to fullfill.  
 Feyle men off armes thai graithit hastelye  
 To kepe the yettis, wicht Wallas till aspye.  
 At the set trist he entrit in the tounne,  
 Wittand no thing of all this falss tresoune.  
 Till hir chawmer he went but mair abaid.  
 Scho welcummyt him, and full gret plesance maid.  
 Quhat at thai wrocht, I can nocht graithly say;  
 Rycht wnperfyt I am of Venus play:  
 Bot hastelye he graithit him to gang.  
 Than scho him tuk, and speryt giff he thoct lang;  
 Scho askit him that nycht with hir to bid.  
 Sone he said; “Nay, for chance that may betide;

“My men ar left all at mysrewill for me.  
 “I may nocht sleipe this nycht quhill I thaim se.”  
 Than wepyt scho, and said full oft; ‘Allace  
 ‘That I was maide, wa worthe the courssit cass!  
 ‘Now haiff I lost the best man leiffand is;  
 ‘O feble mynd, to do so foull a myss!  
 ‘O waryit witt, wykkyt and variance,  
 ‘That me hass brocht in to this myscheful chance!  
 ‘Allace,’ scho said, ‘in warld that I was wrocht!  
 ‘Giff all this payne on my self mycht be brocht!  
 ‘I haiff seruit to be brynt in a gleid.’  
 Quhen Wallace saw scho ner of witt couth weid,  
 In his armess he caught hir sobrelly,  
 And said; “Der hart, quha hass mysdoyne ocht, I?”  
 ‘Nay, I,’ quoth scho, ‘hass falslye wrocht this trayn,  
 ‘I haiff you sald; rycht now yhe will be slayn.’  
 Scho tauld [to] him hir tresoun till ane end,  
 As I haiff said; quhat nedis mair legend?  
 At hir he speryt, giff scho forthocht it sar.  
 “Wa, ya,” scho said, “and sall do euirmar.  
 “My waryed werd in warld I mon fullfill;  
 “To mend this myss I wald byrne on a hill.”  
 He comfort hir, and baide hir haiff no dreide.  
 ‘I will,’ he said, ‘haiff sumpart off thi weid.’  
 Hir gowne he tuk on hym, and courchess als.  
 ‘Will God, I sall eschape this tresoune falss.  
 ‘I the forgyff.’ With outyn wordis mair  
 He kysyt hyr, syne tuk his leiff to fayr.  
 Hys burly brand, that helpyt him off in neid,  
 Rycht priwalye he hid it wndyr that weid.  
 To the south yett, the gaynest way, he drew;  
 Quhar that he fand off armyt men enew.  
 To thaim he tald, disembylt [in] contenance;  
 “To the chawmer, quhar he was vpon chance,  
 “Speid fast,” he said, “Wallace is lokit in.”  
 Fra him thai socht with outyn noyiss or dyn,  
 To that sammyn housse; about thai can thaim cast.  
 Out at the yett [than] Wallas gat full fast,  
 Rycht glaid in hart; quhen that he was with out,  
 Rycht fast he yeide, a stour paiss and a stout.  
 Twa him beheld, and said; “We will go se;  
 “A stalwart queyne, forsuth, yon semys to be.”  
 Him thai folowit throwe the South Ynche thai twa.  
 Quhen Wallace saw with thaim thar come na ma,  
 Agayne he turnede, and has the formast slayn.  
 The tothir fled; than Wallas, with gret mayn,  
 Vpon the hede, with his suerd, has him tayne;  
 Left thaim bathe dede, syne to the strenth is gayne.  
 His men he gat, rycht glaid quhen thai him saw;  
 Till thair defens in haist he gat thaim draw;  
 Deuoydyde him sone of the womannys weid:  
 Thus chapyt he out of that felloun dreid.  
 EXPLICIT LIBER QUARTUS,  
 ET INCIPIT QUINTUS.

## BUKE FYFTE.

The dyrk regioun apperand wondyr fast,  
 In Nouember, quhen October was past,  
 The day faillit, throu the rycht courss worthit schort;  
 Till banyst men that is no gret comfort,  
 With thair power in pethis worthis gang;  
 Hewy thai think quhen at the nycht is lang.  
 Thus Wallas saw the nychtis messynger;  
 Phebus had lost his fyry bemyss cler.  
 Out of the wood thai durst nocht turn that tyd,  
 For aduersouris that in thair way wald byde.  
 Wallace thaim tauld that new wer wes on hand;  
 The Inglissmen was off the tounne cummande.  
 The dure thai brak, quhar thai trowyt Wallace wass;  
 Quhen thai him myst, thai bownyt thaim to pass.  
 In this gret noyis the woman gat away,  
 But to quhat steide I can nocht graithlye say.

The Sothroun socht rycht sadlye fra that stede  
 Throu the South Ynch, and fand thair twa men dede.  
 Thai knew be that Wallace was in the strenth.  
 About the park thai set on breid and lenth,  
 With sex hundreth weill graithit in thar armess,  
 All likly men, to wreck thaim of thair harness.  
 A hundreth men chargit, in armes strang,  
 To kepe a hunde that thai had thaim amang;  
 In Gyllisland thar was that brachell brede,  
 Sekyr off sent to folow thaim at flete.  
 So was scho vsyt on Esk and on Ledail;  
 Quhill scho gat blude no flëyng mycht awaill.  
 Than said thai all, Wallace mycht nocht away,  
 He suld be tharis for ocht ar he do may.  
 The ost thai delt in diuerss part that tyde.  
 Schyr Garrat Herroun in the staill can abide;  
 Schyr Jhon Butler the range he tuk him till,  
 With thre hundre quhilk war of hardy will;  
 In to the woode apon Wallace thai yeid.  
 The worthi Scottis that wer in mekill dreid,  
 Socht till a place for till haiff yschet out,  
 And saw the staill enwerounyt thaim about.  
 Agayne thai went with hydwyss strakis strang,  
 Gret noyiss and dyne was rayssit thaim amang.  
 Thar cruell deide rycht merwaluss to ken,  
 Quhen fourtie macht agayne thre hundyr men.  
 Wallace so weill apon him tuk that tide,  
 Throw the gret preys he maid a way full wide;  
 Helpand the Scottis with his der worthi hand:  
 Fell faymen he left fey vpon the land.  
 Yheith Wallas lost fyfteyn in to that steid;  
 And fourtie men of Sothroun part war dede.  
 The Butleris folk so fruschit was in deid,  
 The hardy Scottis to the strenthis throw thaim yeide.  
 On to Tay side thai hastyt thaim full fast,  
 In will thai war the wattir till haiff past.  
 Halff couth nocht swym that than with Wallas wass;  
 And he wald nocht leiff ane, and fra thaim pass.  
 Bettir him thocht in perell for to be  
 Wpon the land, than willfully to se  
 His men to droun, quhar reskew mycht be nayne.  
 Agayne in ire to the feild ar thai gayne.  
 Butler be than had putt his men in ray,  
 On thaim he sett with ane awfull hard assay,  
 On athir side with wapynnys stiff off steill.  
 Wallace agayne no frendschipe lett thaim feill.  
 Bot do or de, thai wist no mor socour;  
 Thus fend thai lang in to that stalwart stour.  
 The Scottis chyftayne was yong, and in a rage,  
 Vsynt in wer, and fechtis with curage.  
 He saw his men off Sothroun tak gret wrang,  
 Thaim to raweng all dreidles can he gang;  
 For mony off thaim war bledand wondyr sar.  
 He couth nocht se no help apperand thar,  
 Bot thair chyftayne war putt out off thair gait;  
 The bryme Butler so bauldlye maid debait.  
 Throu the gret preys Wallace to him socht:  
 His awful deid he eschewit as he mocht.  
 Vndyr ane ayk, wyth men about him set:  
 Wallace mycht nocht a graith straik on him gett:  
 Yeit schede he thaim, a full royd slope was maid.  
 The Scottis went out, no langar thar abaid.  
 Stewyn off Irland, quhilk hardy was and wicht,  
 To helpe Wallace he did gret preys and mycht;  
 With trew Kerlé, douchty in mony deid;  
 Wpon the grounde feill Sothroun gert that bleid.  
 Sixty war slayne of Inglissmen in that place,  
 And nyne off Scottis thair tynt was through that cace.  
 Butleris men so stroyit war that tide,  
 In to the stour he wald no langar bide.  
 To get supple he socht on to the staill:  
 Thus lost he thar a hundreth of gret waill.  
 As thai war best arayand Butleris rout,

Betuex parteys than Wallace ischit out;  
 Sexteyn with him, thai graithit thaim to ga;  
 Off all his men he had lewynt no ma.  
 The Inglissmen has myssyt hym; in hy  
 The hund thai tuk, and folowit haistely.  
 At the Gask woode full fayne he wald haiff beyne;  
 Bot this sloth brache, quhilk sekyr was and keyne,  
 On Wallace fute folowit so fellowne fast,  
 Quhill in thar sicht thai prochit at the last.  
 Thar horss war wicht, had soierned weill and lang  
 To the next woode twa myl thai had to gang,  
 Off vpwith erde; thai yeid with all thair mycht;  
 Gud hope thai had for it was ner the nycht.  
 Fawdoun tyryt, and said, he mycht nocht gang.  
 Wallace was wa to leyff him in that thrang.  
 He bade him ga, and said the strenth was ner;  
 Bot he tharfor wald nocht fastir him ster.  
 Wallace in ire on the crag can him ta  
 With his gud suerd, and strak the hed him fra.  
 Dreidless to ground derfly he duschit dede.  
 Fra him he lap, and left him in that stede.  
 Sum demys it to ill, and othyr sum to gud;  
 And I say her, into thair termys rude,  
 Bettir it was he did, as thinkis me.  
 Fyrst, to the hunde it mycht gret stoppyn be.  
 Als Fawdoun was haldyn at [gret] suspicioun;  
 For he was haldyn of brokill complexioun.  
 Rycht stark he was, and had bot litill gayne.  
 Thus Wallace wist: had he beyne left allayne,  
 And he war fals, to enemys he wald ga;  
 Gyff he war trew, the Sothroun wald him sla.  
 Mycht he do ocht bot tyne him as it was?  
 Fra this questioun now schortlye will I pass.  
 Deyme as yhe lest, ye that best can and may;  
 I bott raherss as my autour will say.  
 Sternys, be than, began for till apper,  
 The Inglissmen was cummand wondyr ner;  
 Fyve hundreth haill was in thair chewalry:  
 To the next strenth than Wallace couth him hy.  
 Stewyn off Irland, wnwitting of Wallas,  
 And gud Kerlé, baid still ner hand that place,  
 At the mur syde, in till a scrogghy slaid,  
 Be est Dipplyne quhar thai this tary maid.  
 Fawdoun was left besid thaim on the land;  
 The power come, and sodeynly him fand:  
 For thair sloith hund the graith gait till him yeid,  
 Off othir trade scho tuk as than no heid.  
 The sloith stoppyt, at Fawdoun still scho stude;  
 Nor forthir scho wald, fra tyme scho fand the blud.  
 Inglissmen dempt, for ellis thai couth nocht tell,  
 Bot at the Scottis had fochtyng amang thaim sell.  
 Rycht wa thai war that losyt was thair sent.  
 Wallace twa men amang the ost in went;  
 Dissemblit weylle, that no man suld thaim ken,  
 Rycht in offer, as thai war Inglissmen.  
 Kerlé beheld on to the bauld Heroun,  
 Vpon Fawdoun as he was lukand doune,  
 A suttell straik wpwart him tuk that tide,  
 Wndir the chokkeis the grounden suerd gart glid,  
 By the gude mayle bathe halss and his crag bayne  
 In sondyr straik; thus endyt thair cheftayne.  
 To grounde he fell, feile folk about him thrang,  
 Tresoun! thai cryt, traytouris was thaim amang.  
 Kerlye with that fled out sone at a side;  
 His falow Stewyn than thocht no tyme to bide.  
 The fray was gret, and fast away thai yeid,  
 Lawch towart Ern; thus chapyt thai of dreid.  
 Butler for woo off wepyng mycht nocht stynt.  
 Thus raklesly this gud knyght [haiff] thai tynt.  
 Thai demyt all that it Wallace men,  
 Or ellis him self, thocht thai couth nocht him ken.  
 “He is rycht ner, we sall him haif but faill;  
 “This febill woode may him litill awaill.”

Fourtie thar past agayne to Sanct Jhonstoun,  
 With this dede corss, to berysing maid it boune.  
 Partyt thar men, syne diuerss wayis raid;  
 A gret power at Dipplyn still thar baid.  
 Till Dawryoch the Butler past but let;  
 At syndry furdis the gait thai wmbeset;  
 To kepe the wode quhill it was day [thai] thoct.  
 As Wallace thus in the thik forrest socht,  
 For his twa men in mynd he had gret payne;  
 He wist nocht weill giff thai war tayne or slayne,  
 Or chapyt haile be ony jeperté.  
 Threttene war left with him, no ma had he.  
 In the Gask hall thair luyng haif thai tayne;  
 Fyr gat thai sone, bot meyt than had thai nane.  
 Twa scheipe thai tuk besid thaim of a fauld,  
 Ordanyt to soupe in to that ssembly hauld;  
 Graithit in haist sum fude for thaim to dycht:  
 So hard thai blaw rude hornyss wpon mycht.  
 Twa sende he furth to luk quhat it mycht be;  
 Thai baid rycht lang, and no tithingis herd he,  
 Bot boustouss noyis so brymly blew and fast:  
 So othir twa in to the woode furth past.  
 Nane come agayne, bot boustously can blaw.  
 In to gret ire he send thaim furth on raw.  
 Quhen he allayne Wallace was lewynt thar,  
 The awfull blast aboundyt mekill mayr.  
 Than trowit he weilll thai had his luyng seyne;  
 His suerd he drew of nobill mettall keyne,  
 Syn furth he went quhar at he hard the horne.  
 With out the dur Fawdoun was him beform,  
 As till his sycht, his awne hed in his hand;  
 A croys he maid, quhen he saw him so stand  
 At Wallace in the hed he swaket thar;  
 And he in haist sone hynt [it] by the hair,  
 Syne out agayne at him he couth it cast;  
 In till his hart he was gretlye agast.  
 Rycht weill he trowit that was no spreit of man;  
 It was sum dewill, at sic malice began.  
 He wyst no waill thar langar for to bide,  
 Vp through the hall thus wicht Wallace can glid,  
 Till a closs stair; the burdis raiff in twyne,  
 Fyftene fute large he lap out of that in.  
 Wp the wattir sodeynlye he couth fair;  
 Agayne he blent quhat perance he sawe thair.  
 Him thoct he saw Faudoun that hugly syr;  
 That hail hall he had set in a fyr;  
 A gret raftre he had in till his hand.  
 Wallace as than no langar walde he stand,  
 Off his gud men full gret meruail had he,  
 How thai war tynt through his feyle fantasé.  
 Traistis rycht weill all this was suth in deide,  
 Suppuss that it no poynt be of the creide.  
 Power thai had witht Lucifer that fell,  
 The tyme quhen he partyt fra hewyn to hell.  
 Be sic myscheiff giff his men mycht be lost,  
 Drownyt or slayne among the Ingliss ost;  
 Or quhat it was in liknes of Faudoun,  
 Quhilk brocht his men to suddand confusioun;  
 Or gif the man endyt in ewill entent,  
 Sum wikkit spreit agayne for him present;  
 I can nocht spek of sic diuinité,  
 To clerkis I will lat all sic materis be:  
 Bot of Wallace, furth I will yow tell.  
 Quhen he wes went of that perell fell,  
 Yeit glaid wes he that he had chapyt swa:  
 Bot for his men gret murnyng can he ma;  
 Flayt by him self to the Maker off buffe,  
 Quhy he sufferyt he suld sic paynys pruff.  
 He wyst nocht weill giff it wes Goddis will,  
 Rycht or wrang his fortoun to fullfill:  
 Hade he plesd God, he trowit it mycht nocht be  
 He suld him thoill in sic perplexité.  
 Bot gret curage in his mynd eur draiff,

Off Inglissmen thinkand amendis to haiff.  
 As he was thus walkand be him allayne  
 Apon Ern side, makand a pytuouss mayne,  
 Schyr Jhone Butler, to wache the furdis rycht,  
 Out fra his men of Wallace had a sicht.  
 The myst wes went to the montanyis agayne;  
 Till him he raid; quhar at he maid his mayne  
 On loude he sperde; “Quhat art thow walkis that gait?”  
 ‘A trew man, Schyr, thoct my wiagis be layt;  
 ‘Erandis I pass fra Doun to my lord,  
 ‘Schir Jhon Sewart; the rycht for [till] record,  
 ‘In Doune is now, new cummyn fra the king.’  
 Than Butler said; “This is a selcouth thing.  
 “Thou leid all out, thow has beyne with Wallace;  
 “I sall the knaw, or thou cum of this place.”  
 Till him he stert the courser wondyr wicht,  
 Drew out a suerd, so maid [hym] for to lycht.  
 Abowne the kne gud Wallas has him tayne,  
 Throw the and brawn in sondyr straik the bayne;  
 Derffly to dede the knyght fell on the land.  
 Wallace the horss sone sesyt in his hand,  
 Ane awkwart straik syne tuk him in the sted,  
 His crag in twa; thus was the Butler dede.  
 Ane Inglissman saw thair chiftayne wes slayn;  
 A sper in reyst he kest with all his mayne,  
 On Wallace draiff, fra the horss him to ber.  
 Warly he wrocht, as worthi man in wer:  
 The sper he wan with outyn mor abaid;  
 On horss he lap, and throw a gret rout raid.  
 To Dawryoch he knew the forss full weill.  
 Befor him come feyll stuffyt in fyne steill:  
 He straik the fyrst but baid in the blasoune.  
 Quhill horss and man bathe flet the wattir doune.  
 Ane othir sone doune fra his horss he bar,  
 Stampyt to grounde, and drownyt with outyn mar.  
 The thrid he hyt in his harness of steyll,  
 Throw out the cost; the sper to brak sumdeyll.  
 The gret power than efftir him can ryd:  
 He saw na waill no langar thar to byd.  
 His burnyst brand braithly in hand he bar.  
 Quham he hytt rycht, thai folowit him no mar.  
 To stuff the chass feyll frekis folowit fast;  
 Bot Wallace maid the gayast ay agast.  
 The mur he tuk, and throw thair power yeid;  
 The horss was gud, bot yeit he had gret dreid  
 For failyeing or he wan to a strenth.  
 The chass was gret, scalyt our breid and lenth;  
 Throw strang danger thai had him ay in sycht.  
 At the Blakfurd thar Wallace doune can lycht;  
 His horss stuffyt, for the way was depe and lang;  
 A large gret myle wichtly on fute couth gang.  
 Or he was horst, rydaris about him kest;  
 He saw full weyll lang swa he mycht nocht lest.  
 Sad men in deid wpon him can renew;  
 With retornyng that nycht twenty he slew.  
 The forseast ay rudely rabutyt he,  
 Kepynt hys horss, and rycht wysely can fle;  
 Quhill that he cum the myrkest mur amang.  
 His horss gaiff our, and wald no forthyr gang.  
 Wallace on fute tuk him with gud entent:  
 The horss he straik, or that he fra him went;  
 His houch sennownnis he cuttyt all atanyss,  
 And left him thus besyde the standand stanyss;  
 For Sotheron men no gud suld off him wyn.  
 In heich haddyr Wallace and thai can twyn.  
 Throuth that doun with to Forth sadly he soucht.  
 Bot sodandly thar come in till his thoct,  
 Gret power wok at Stirling bryg off tre.  
 Seychand he said; “No passage is for me.  
 “For want off fude, and I haiff fochtyng lang,  
 “On wer men now me thynk no tyme to gang.  
 “At Kamyskynnett I sall the wattir till;  
 “Lat God abowne do with me quhat he will!

"In to this land lang[er] I may nocht byd."  
 Tary he maid sum part on Forthis syd;  
 Tuk off his weid, and graithit him but mar;  
 Hys swerd he band, that wondyr scharply schar,  
 Amang his ger, be his schuldrys on loft.  
 Thus in he went, to gret God prayand oft,  
 Off his hye grace the causs to tak on hand.  
 Our the watty he swame to the south land;  
 Arayedde him sone; the sessone was rycht cauld,  
 For Piscis was in tyll his dayis of auld.  
 Our thwort the Kerss to the Torwode he yeide;  
 A wedow thar duelt that helpyt him in neid.  
 Thiddyr he come or day begouth to daw,  
 Till a wyndow, and prewaly couth caw.  
 Thai sperd his nayme; bot tell thaim wald he nocht,  
 Quhill scho hir selff ner till his langage socht.  
 Fra tyme scho wist at it was wicht Wallace,  
 Reiossyt scho wes, and thankit God off his grace.  
 Scho sperd sone, quhy he was him allayne.  
 Murnand, he said; "As now may haiff I nane."  
 Scho askyt him, quhar at his men suld be.  
 "Feyr deyme," he said, "go get sum meit for me;  
 "I haiff fastyt syne yhisterday at morn:  
 "I dreid full sar that my men be forlorn.  
 "Gret part off thaim to the dede I saw dycht."  
 Scho gat him meyt in all the haist scho mycht.  
 A woman he cald, and als with hyr a child;  
 Syne bade thaim pass agayne thai wayis wild,  
 To the Gask-hall, tithingis for to sper,  
 Giff part war left of his men in to fer;  
 And scho suld fynd a horss sone in hir gait.  
 He bad thaim se giff that place stud in stait:  
 Tharoff to her he had full gret desyr,  
 Be causs he thocht that it was all in fyr.  
 Thai passyt furth with outyn tary mar.  
 Him for to rest, Wallace ramaynit thar.  
 Refreschit he wes with meyte, drynk, and with heit;  
 Quhilk causyt him through natural cours to weit  
 Quhar he suld sleipe, in sekynes to be.  
 The wedow had off hyr awne sonnys thre.  
 Fyrst twa off thaim scho send to kepe Wallace;  
 And gert the thrid go sone to Dwnypace;  
 And tald his eyme, that he was hapnyt thar.  
 The persone yeid to se of his weyllfar.  
 Wallace to sleipe [was] laid in the wood syde;  
 The twa yong men with out hym ner couth byd.  
 The persone come ner, and thar maner saw;  
 Thai beknyt him to quhat stede he suld draw.  
 The rone wes thik that Wallace slepyt in;  
 About he yeid, and maid bot litill dyn.  
 So at the last of him he had a sycht,  
 Full prewalye how that his bed was dycht.  
 He him beheld, and said syne to him self;  
 "Her is merwaill, quha likis it to tell;  
 "That a persone, be worthines of hand,  
 "Trowys to stop the powér of England.  
 "Now falss fortune, the myswyrk of all,  
 "Be aventur has gyffyn him a fall,  
 "At he is left with out supple of ma;  
 "A cruell wyff with wapynnys mycht him sla."  
 Wallace him herd, quhen his slepe ouerpast;  
 Fersly he rayss, and said till him als fast;  
 "Thou leid, falss preyst, war thow a fa to me,  
 'I wald nocht dreid sic othir ten as the.  
 'I haiff had mar syne yhistirday at morn,  
 'Than syk sixty war semblyt me befor.'  
 His eyme him tuk, and went furth with Wallace:  
 He tald till him off all his paynfull cace.  
 'This nycht,' he said, 'I was left me allayne,  
 'In feyle debait with enemyss mony ane.  
 'God at his will my liff did ay to kepe:  
 'Our Forth I swame, that awfull is and depe.  
 'Quhat I haiff had in wer befor this day,

'Presoune and payne, to this nycht was bot play;  
 'So bett I am with strakis sad and sar;  
 'The cheyle watty vrned me mekill mar;  
 'Eftir gret blud throu heit in cauld was brocht,  
 'That off my lyff almost no thing I roucht.  
 'I meyn fer mar the tynsell off my men,  
 'Na for my selff, mycht I suffir sic ten.'  
 The persone said; "Der sone, thow may se weyll,  
 "Langar to stryff it helpis nocht adeyll,  
 "Thi men ar lost, and nayne will with the ryss;  
 "For Goddis [saik.] wyrk as I sall dewyss.  
 "Tak a lordschipe, quhar on at thow may liff;  
 "King Eduuard wald gret landis to the giff."  
 'Wncle,' he said, 'off sic wordis no mar;  
 'This is no thing bot eking off my car.  
 'I lik bettir to se the Sothren de,  
 'Than gold or land that thai can giff to me.  
 'Trastis, rycht weyll of wer I will nocht cess,  
 'Quhill tyme that I bryng Scotland in to pess,  
 'Or de tharfor, in playne to wndrestand.'  
 So come Kerlé, and gud Stewyn of Irland;  
 The wedowis sone to Wallace he thaim brought.  
 Fra thai him saw, of na sadnes thai roucht;  
 For perfyt joy thai wepe with all thair eyne;  
 To ground thai fell, and thankit hewynnys queyn.  
 Als he was glaid for reskow off thaim twa;  
 Off thair feris leyffand was left no ma.  
 Thai tald him that Schyr Garrat wes dede;  
 How thai had weyll eschapyt of that stede.  
 Throuch the Oyhall thai had gayne all that nycht,  
 Till Quenysferry, or that the day was brycht;  
 How a trew Scot, for kyndnes off Wallace,  
 Brocht thaim sone oure, syne kend thaim to that place:  
 Als Kerlé wyst, gyff Wallace leyffand war,  
 Nere Dwnypace that he suld fynd him thar.  
 The persone gart gud purwiance for thaim dycht.  
 In the Torwode thai lugyt all that nycht;  
 Quhill the woman, that Wallace north had send,  
 Retornd agayne, and tald him till ane end,  
 Quhat Inglissmen in the way scho fand dede:  
 Feyll was fallyn fey in mony syndry stede.  
 The horss scho saw that Wallace had berefft,  
 And the Gask hall standand as it was left,  
 With out harme, nocht sterd off it a stane;  
 Bot off his men gud tithingis scho gat nane.  
 Tharoff he grewyt gretlye in that tyd:  
 In the forrest he wald no langar bid.  
 The wedow him gaiff part off siluer brycht;  
 Twa of hyr sonnys, that worthi war and wycht.  
 The thrid scho held because he lakit age,  
 In wer as than mycht nocht wyn wesselage.  
 The persone than gat thaim gud horss and ger:  
 Bot wa he was, his mynd was all in wer.  
 Thus tuk he leyff with owtyng langar abaid:  
 In Dundaff mur that sammyn nycht he raid.  
 Schir Jhone the Grayme, quhilk lord wes of that land,  
 Ane agyt knycht had made nane othir band;  
 Bot purchest pess in rest he mycht bide still,  
 Tribute payit full sore agayne his will.  
 A sone he had, bathe wyss, worthi and wicht;  
 Alexander the ferss at Berweik maid him knycht,  
 Quhar schawyn wes off battaill till haif beyne,  
 Betuex Scottis and the bauld Persie keyne.  
 This yong Schyr Jhone rycht nobill wes in wer  
 On a braid scheyld his fadyr gert him swer,  
 He suld be trew till Wallace in all thing,  
 And he till him, quhill lyff mycht in thaim ryng.  
 Thre nychtis thar Wallace baid out off dreid;  
 Restyt him weill, swa had he mekill neid.  
 On the ferd day he wald no langar bide:  
 Schir Jhone the Grayme bownyt with him to ryd;  
 And he said; nay, as than it suld nocht be:  
 "A playne part yeit I will nocht tak on me.

“I haiff tynt men throw my [ouer] rakless deid:  
 “A brynt child mayr sayr the fyr will dreid.  
 “Freyndis haiff I sum part in Clyddysdail;  
 “I will go se quhat may thai me awaill.”  
 Schir Jhone ansuerd; ‘I will your consaill do;  
 ‘Quhen yhe se tyme, send priwalé me to:  
 ‘Than I sall cum with my power in haist.’  
 He him betuk on to the haly Gaist,  
 Saynct Jhone to borch, thai suld meite haill and sound.  
 Out off Dundaff he and thir four couth found;  
 In Bothwell mur that nycht remaynyt he,  
 With ane Craufurd that lugyt him preualé.  
 Wpon the morn to the Gilbank he went;  
 Rasauit was with mony glaid entent:  
 For his deyr cyme, yong Auchinlek, duelt thar,  
 Brothyr he was to the schirreff off Ayr.  
 Quhen auld Schyr Ranald till his dede wes dycht,  
 Than Auchinlek weddyt that lady brycht,  
 And childyr gat, as storyess will record,  
 Off Lesmahago, for he held off that lord.  
 Bot he wes slayne, gret peté wes the mar,  
 With Perseys men, in [to] the toun of Ayr.  
 His sone duelt still, than nyetene yeris off age,  
 And brokit haille his fadris heretage.  
 Tribute he payit for all his landis braid,  
 To lord Persie, as hys brodyr had maid.  
 I leyff Wallace, with his der wncle still;  
 Off Inglissmen yeit sum thing spek I will.  
 A messynger sone throw the contré yeid,  
 To lord Persie thai tald this fellone deid;  
 Kynclewyn was brynt, brokyn, and castyn doun,  
 The captayn dede off it and Saynt Jhonstoun;  
 The Loran als, at Schortwod schawis scheyn;  
 In to that land, gret sorow has beyne seyn  
 Throuch wicht Wallace, that all this deid has done;  
 “The toun he spyit, and that forthocht we sone.  
 “Butler is slayne, with douchty men and deyr.”  
 In aspre spech the Persye than can speyr;  
 “Quhat worth of him? I pray you graithlye tell.”  
 ‘My lord,’ he said, ‘rycht thus the case befell.  
 ‘We knaw for treuth he was left him allayne;  
 ‘And, as he fled, he slew full mony ayne.  
 ‘The horss we fand, that him that gait couth ber;  
 ‘Bot of hym self no othyr word we her.  
 ‘At Styrl yng bryg we wait he passit nocht;  
 ‘To dede in Forth he may for vs be brocht.’  
 Lorde Persye said; “Now suthlye that war syne;  
 “So gud of hand is nayne this warld within.  
 “Had he tayne pess, and beyne our kingis man,  
 “The haill empyr he mycht haiff conquest than.  
 “Gret harme it is, our knychts that ar ded;  
 “We mon ger se for othir in thair sted.  
 “I trow nocht yeit at Wallace losyt be:  
 “Our clerkys sayis, he sall ger mony de.”  
 The messynger said; ‘All that suth has beyne;  
 ‘Mony hundreth, that cruell war and keyne,  
 ‘Sene he begane, ar lost with out ramede.’  
 The Persye said; “Forsuth he is nocht ded;  
 “The crukis off Forth he knawis wondyr weyllé;  
 “He is on lyff, that sall our natione feill.  
 “Quhen he is strest, than can he swym at will;  
 “Gret strenth he has, bathe wyt and grace thartill.”  
 A messynger the lord chargyt to wend;  
 And this commaunde in wryt with him he send.  
 Schir Jhone Sewart gret schirreff than he maid  
 Off Sanct Jhonstoun, and all thai landis braid.  
 In till Kynclewyn thar duelt nane agayne;  
 Thar wes left nocht bot brokyn wallis in playne.  
 Leiff I thaim thus reulland the landis thar;  
 And spek I will off Wallace glaid weillfar.  
 He send Kerlé to Schyr Ranald the knycht,  
 Till Boyd and Blayr that worthi war and wicht,  
 And Adam als, his cusyng, gud Wallace;

To thaim declarde of all this paynfull cass.  
 Off his eschaie out off that cumpany,  
 Rycht wondyr glaid was this gud chewalry:  
 Fra tyme thai wyst that Wallace leiffand was,  
 Gude expensis till him thai maid to pass.  
 Maister Jhone Blayr was offit in that message,  
 A worthy clerk, bath wyss and rycht sawage.  
 Lewyt he was befor in Paryss toun.  
 Amang maistris in science and renoune.  
 Wallace and he at hayme in scule had beyne;  
 Sone effirwart, as verité is seyne,  
 He was the man that pryncipall wndirtuk,  
 That fyrst compild in dyt the Latyne buk  
 Off Wallace lyff, rycht famouss of renoune;  
 And Thomas Gray persone off Libertoun.  
 With him thai war, and put in story all,  
 Offt ane or bath, mekill of his trauail;  
 And tharfor her I mak off thaim mencioune.  
 Master Jhone Blayr to Wallace maid him boune;  
 To se his heyle his comfort was the mor,  
 As thai full oft togyddyr war befor.  
 Syluer and gold thai gaiff him for to spend;  
 Sa dyde he thaim frely, quhen God it send.  
 Of gud weylfayr as than he wantyt nane.  
 Inglissmen wyst he was left him allane.  
 Quhar he suld be was nayne off thaim couth say,  
 Drownyt or slayne, or eschapyt away:  
 Tharfor off him thai tuk bot litill heid;  
 Thai knew him nocht, the less he was in dreid.  
 All trew Scottis gret fauour till him gaiff,  
 Quhat gude thai had he mysterit nocht to craiff.  
 The pess lestyt, that Schyr Ranald had tayne;  
 Thai four monethis it suld nocht be out gane.  
 This Chrystismess Wallace ramaynyt thar,  
 In Laynrik oft till sport he maid repair.  
 Quhan that he went fra Gilbank to the toun,  
 And he fand men that was off that falss nacioune,  
 To Scotland thai dyde neur grewance mar;  
 Sum stekyt thai, sum throttis in sondyr schar.  
 Feill war sone dede, bot nane wyst quha it was;  
 Quham he handlyt he leyt no forthir pass.  
 Thar Hesylyrg duelt, that curssyt knycht to waill:  
 Schyrreff he was off all the landis haill,  
 Felloun, owtrage, dispitfull in his deid;  
 Mony off him tharfor had mekill dreid.  
 Merwaill he thocht quha durst his peple sla,  
 With out the toun he gert gret nowmir ga.  
 Quhen Wallace saw that thai war ma than he,  
 Than did he nocht but salust quietaslé.  
 All his four men bar thaim quietlik,  
 Na Sotheron couth deme thaim myss, pur no rik.  
 In Lanryk duelt a gentill woman thar,  
 A madyn myld, as my buk will declar,  
 Off aucteyn yeris ald or litill mor off age;  
 Alss born scho was till part off heretage.  
 Hyr fadyr was off worschipe and renoune,  
 And Hew Braidfute he hecht of Lammyngtoun,  
 As feylle othyr was in the contré callid;  
 Befor tyme thai gentill men war off ald.  
 Bot this gud man, and als his wiff wes ded.  
 The madyn than wyst off no othyr rede,  
 Bot still scho duelt on trewbute in the toun,  
 And purchest had king Eduuardis protectione;  
 Serwandys with hyr, off freyndis at hyr will.  
 Thus leyffyt scho without desyr off ill;  
 A quiet houss, as scho mycht hald in wer,  
 For Hesylyrg had done hyr mekill der;  
 Slayne hyr brodyr, quhilke eldast wes and ayr.  
 All sufferyt scho, and rycht lawly hyr bar;  
 Amyabill, so benyng, war, and wyss,  
 Curtass and swete, fulfillyt of gentryss,  
 Weyll rewlyt off tong, rycht haill of contenance,  
 Off wertuous scho was worthi till awance;

Hummylly hyr led, and purchest a gud name,  
 Off ilkyn wicht scho kepyt her fra blame.  
 Trew rychtwyss folk a gret faour hir lent.  
 Apon a day, to the kyrk as scho went,  
 Wallace hyr saw, as he his eyne can cast.  
 The prent off luff him punyeit at the last,  
 So asprely, throuch bewté off that brycht,  
 With gret wness in presence bid he mycht.  
 He knew full weyll hyr kynrent and hyr blud,  
 And how scho was in honest oyss and gud.  
 Quhill wald he think to luff hyr our the laiff,  
 And othir quhill he thoct on his dissaiff,  
 How that hys men was brocht to confusoun,  
 Throw his last luff he had in Saynct Jhonstoun.  
 Than wald he think to leiff and lat our slyd:  
 Bot that thoct lang in hys mynd mycht nocht byd.  
 He tauld Kerlé off his new lusty baillie,  
 Syne askit hym off his trew best consaill.  
 “Maister,” he said, “as fer as I haiff feyll,  
 “Off lyklynes it may be wondyr weill.  
 “Sen ye sa luff, tak hir in mariage;  
 “Gudlye scho is, and als has heretage.  
 “Suppos at ye in luffying feill amyss,  
 “Gret God forbede it suld be so with this.”  
 ‘To mary thus I can nocht yeit attend:  
 ‘I wald of wer fyrst se a finaill end.  
 ‘I will no mor allayne to my luff gang;  
 ‘Tak tent to me, or dreid we suffer wrang.  
 ‘To proffer [luff] thus sone I wald nocht preffe;  
 ‘Mycht I leyff off, in wer I lik to leyff.  
 ‘Quhat is this luff? no thing bot folychnes;  
 ‘It may reiff men bathe witt and stedfastnes.’  
 Than said he thus; ‘This will nocht graithly be,  
 ‘Amors and wer at anys to ryng in me.  
 ‘Rycht suth it is, stude I in blis off luffe,  
 ‘Quhar dedis war I suld the bettir pruff.  
 ‘Bot weyle I wait, quhar gret ernyst is in thoct,  
 ‘It lattis wer in the wysest wys be wrocht;  
 ‘Less gyf it be, bot only till a deid:  
 ‘Than he that thinkis on his luff to speid,  
 ‘He may do weill, haiff he fortoun and grace.  
 ‘Bot this standis all in ane othir cass;  
 ‘A gret kynryk with feill fayis our set,  
 ‘Rycht hard it is amendis for to get  
 ‘At anys of thaim, and wyrk the obserwance  
 ‘Quhilk langis luff, and all his frewill chance.  
 ‘Sampill I haif; this me forthinkis sar:  
 ‘I trow to God it sall be so no mar.  
 ‘The trewth I know off this, and hyr lynage;  
 ‘I knew nocht hyr, tharfor I lost a gage.’  
 To Kerlé he thus argownd in this kynd:  
 Bot gret desyr remaynyt in till his mynd,  
 For to behald that frely off fassoun.  
 A quhill he left, and come nocht in the toun;  
 On othir thing he maid his witt to walk,  
 Prefand giff he mycht off that languor slalk.  
 Quhen Kerlé saw he sufferit payne for thi,  
 “Der schyr,” he said, “ye leiff in slogardy;  
 “Go se youre luff, than sall ye get comfort.”  
 At his consaill he walkit for to sport,  
 On to the kyrke quhar scho maid residence.  
 Scho knew him weille; bot, as of eloquence,  
 Scho durst nocht weill in presens till him kyth,  
 Full sor scho dred or Sotheron wald him myth:  
 For Hesilryg had a mater new begone,  
 And hyr desire in mariage till his sone.  
 With hir madyn thus Wallace scho besocht  
 To dyne with hyr, and prewaly hym brocht  
 Through a garden scho had gart wyrk off new:  
 So Ingliss men nocht off thair metyng knew.  
 Than kissit he this gudlé with plesance;  
 Syne hyr besocht rycht hardy of quentance.  
 Scho ansuerd hym, with humyll wordis wise;

“War my quentance rycht worthi for till pryse,  
 “Yhe sall it haiff, als God me saiff in saille.  
 “Bot Inglissmen gerris our power faill,  
 “Throuch violence of thaim and thair barnage,  
 “At has weill ner destroyit our lynage.”  
 Quhen Wallace hard hyr plenyte petously,  
 Agrewit he was in hart rycht gretumly.  
 Bathe ire and luff him set in till a rage;  
 Bot nocht forthi he soberyt his curage.  
 Off his mater he tald, as I said ayr,  
 To that gudlye, how luff him strenyeit sar.  
 Scho ansuerd him rycht resonably agayne,  
 And said; “I sall to your seruice be bayne,  
 “With all plesance, in honest causis haill;  
 “And I trast ye wald nocht set till assaill,  
 “For yhoure worschipe, to do me dyshonour,  
 “And I a maid; and standis in mony stour,  
 “Fra Inglissmen to saiff my womanheid;  
 “And cost has maid to kepe me fra thar dreid.  
 “With my gud will I wyll no lemman be  
 “To no man born, tharfor me think suld ye  
 “Desyr me nocht bot intill gudlynes.  
 “Perchance ye think I war to law perchass  
 “For tyll attend to be your rychtwyss wyff.  
 “In your seruice I wald oyss all my lyff.  
 “Her I beseik, for your worschipe in armys,  
 “Yhe charge me nocht with no wngudly harmys;  
 “Bot me defend, for worschipe off your blude.”  
 Quhen Wallace weyll hyr trew tayll wnderstud,  
 As in a part hym thoct it was resoun,  
 Off hyr desir tharfor till conclusioun,  
 He thankit hyr, and said; ‘Gif it mycht be,  
 ‘Throuch Goddis will, that our kynryk war fre,  
 ‘I wald yow wed with all hartlie plesance;  
 ‘But as this tym I may nocht tak sic chance.  
 ‘And for this causs none othir now I crayff:  
 ‘A man in wer may nocht all plesance haiff.’  
 Off thar talk than I can tell yow no mar  
 To my purpos, quhat band that thai maid thar.  
 Conclud thai thus, and syne to dyner went.  
 The sayr grewans ramaynyt in his entent;  
 Loss off his men, and lusty payne off luff.  
 His leiff he tuk at that tyme to ramuff.  
 Syne to Gilbank he past or it was nycht.  
 Apon the morn, with hys four men, him dycht;  
 To the Corhed with out restyng he raid,  
 Quhar his nevo Thom Haliday him baid;  
 And Litill als Eduuard, his cusing der,  
 Quhilk was full blyth quhen he wyst him so ner,  
 Thankand gret God that send him saiff agayne;  
 For mony demyt he was in Strathern slayne.  
 Gud cher thai maid all out thai dayis thre.  
 Than Wallace said, that he desirede to se  
 Lowmaban toun and Ynglissmen that was thar;  
 On the ferd day thai bownyt thaim to far.  
 Sexteyne he was of gudlé chewalré;  
 In the Knok wood he lewynt all bot thre.  
 Thom Halyday went with him to the toun;  
 Eduuard Litill and Kerlé maid thaim boun,  
 Till ane ostrye Thom Halyday led thaim rycht,  
 And gaiff commaund thair dyner suld be dycht.  
 Till her a mess in gud entent thai yeid;  
 Off Inglissmen thai trowit thar was no dreid.  
 Ane Clyffurd come, was emys sone to the lord,  
 And four with him, the trewth for to record.  
 “Quha awcht thai hors?” in gret heithing he ast;  
 He was full sle, and ek had mony cast.  
 The gud wyff said, till [haiff] applesyt him best;  
 ‘Four gentill men is cummyn owt off the west.’  
 “Quha dewill thaim maid so galy for to ryd?  
 “In faith, with me a wed thar most abide.  
 “Thir lewit Scottis has leryt litill gud:  
 “Lo! all thair hors ar schent for faut off blud.”

In to gret scorn with outyn wordis mayr,  
 The taillis all off thai four horss thai schayr.  
 The gud wyff cryede, and petuously couth gret.  
 So Wallace come, and couth the captayne mete.  
 A woman tald how thai his horss had schent,  
 For propyr ire he grew in matelent.  
 He folowid fast, and said; "Gud freynd, abid,  
 "Service to tak for thi craft in this tyde.  
 "Marschell thou art with out commaund off me;  
 "Reward agayne, me think, I suld pay the;  
 "Sen I off laitt now come owt off the west  
 "In this cuntré, a barbour off the best  
 "To cutt and schaiiff, and that a wondyr gude;  
 "Now thow sall feyll how I oyss to lat blude."  
 With his gud suerd the captayn has he tain,  
 Quhill horss agayne he marscheld neur nayn.  
 A nothir sone apon the hed strak he,  
 Quhill chaftis and cheyff vpon the gait can fle.  
 Be that his men the tothir tua had slayne;  
 Thar horss thai tuk, and graithit thaim full bayne,  
 Out off the toun; for dyner baid thai nayne.  
 The wyff he payit, that maid so petuously mayne.  
 Than Inglissmen, fra that chyftayne wes dede,  
 To Wallace socht fra mony syndry stede.  
 Off the castell come cruell men and keyne.  
 Quhen Wallace has thair sodand semlê seyne,  
 Towart sum strenth he bownyt him to ryd;  
 For than him thocht it was no tyme to byd.  
 Thar horss bled fast, that gert him dredyng haiff:  
 Off his gud men he wald haif had the laiff.  
 To the Knok-woode with owtyn mor thai raid,  
 Bot in till it no soiornyng he maid:  
 That wood as than was nothir thik no lang.  
 His men he gat; syn lychtyt for to gang  
 Towart a hicht, and led thar horss a quhill.  
 The Inglissmen was than within a myill,  
 On fresche horsis rydand full hastily;  
 Sewyn scor and ma was in thair chawalry.  
 The Scottis lap on, quhen thai thair power saw,  
 Frawart the south thaim thocht it best to draw.  
 Than Wallace said; "It is no witt in wer,  
 "With our power to byd thaim bargane her.  
 "Yon are gud men, tharfor I rede that we  
 "Estuirmar seik, quhill God send sum supplê."  
 Halyday said; "We sall do your consaille;  
 'Bot sayr I dreid or thir hurt horss will fayll.'  
 The Inglissmen, in burnyst armour cler,  
 Be than to thaim approchyt wondyr ner.  
 Horssyt archaris schot fast, and wald nocht spar;  
 Off Wallace men thai woundyt twa full sar.  
 In ire he grew, quhen that he saw thaim bleid;  
 Him self retornde, and on thaim sone he yeid.  
 Sexteyn with him that worthi was in wer,  
 Off the formast rycht freschly doun thai ber.  
 At that retorn fyfteyn in feild war slayne;  
 The laiff fled fast to thair power agayne.  
 Wallace folowid, with his gud chawalrye;  
 Thom Halyday, in wer was full besye,  
 A buschement saw that cruell was to ken,  
 Twa hundreth haill off weill gerit Inglissmen.  
 "Wncle," he said, "our power is to smaw;  
 "Off this playne feild I consail you to draw:  
 "To few we ar agayne yon fellone stail."  
 Wallace relewit full sone at his consail.  
 At the Corheid full fayne thai wald haif beyne;  
 Bot Inglissmen weyll has thair purpuss seyne.  
 In playne battaill thai folowid hardely;  
 In dangir thus thai held thaim awfully.  
 Hew of Morland on Wallace folowid fast;  
 He had befor maid mony Scottis agast,  
 Haldyn he was off wer the worthiast man,  
 In north Inghland with thaim was leiffand than.  
 In his armour weill forgyt off fyne steill,

A nobill cursour bur him bath fast and weill.  
 Wallace retorne besyd a burly ayk,  
 And on him set a fellone sekyr straik;  
 Baith cannell bayne and schuldir blaid in twa,  
 Throuth the myd cost, the gud suerd gert he ga.  
 His speyr he wan, and als the coursour wicht,  
 Syne left his awn, for he had lost his mycht.  
 For lak off blud he mycht no forthir gang.  
 Wallace on horss, the Sotheron men amang,  
 His men relewit, that douchty was in deid,  
 Him to reskew out off that felloune dreid.  
 Cruell strakis forsuth thar mycht be seyne  
 On athir syde, quhill blud ran on the greyne.  
 Rycht peralous the semlay was to se:  
 Hardy and hat contenyt the fell mellê.  
 Skew and reskew off Scottis and Ingliss alss;  
 Sum kerwyt bran in sondyr, sum the hals;  
 Sum hurt, sum hynt, sum derffly dong to dede:  
 The hardy Scottis so steryt in that sted,  
 With Halyday on fute bauldly that baid,  
 Amang Sotheron a full gret rowme thai maid.  
 Wallas on horss, in hand a nobill sper,  
 Out throuth thaim raid, as gud chyftayne in wer.  
 Thre slew he thar, or that his sper was gayne:  
 Than his gud suerd in hand sone has he tayne,  
 Hewyt on hard with dyntis sad and sar;  
 Quhat ane he hyt grewyt the Scottis no mar.  
 Fra Sotheron men be naturall resone knew,  
 How with a straik a man euir he slew,  
 Than merweld thai he was so mekill off mayne;  
 For thar best man in that kynd he had slayne,  
 That his gret strenth agayne him helpyt nocht,  
 Nor nane othir in contrar Wallace socht.  
 Than said thai all; "Lest he in strenth wntayne,  
 "This haill kynryk he wyll wyn him allayne."  
 Thai left the feild, syne to thair power fled,  
 And tald thair lord how ewill the formest sped,  
 Quhilk Graystok hecht, was new cummyn in the land;  
 Tharfor he trowit nane durst agayne him stand.  
 Wondyr him thocht, quhen that he saw that sicht,  
 Quhy his gud men for sa few tuk the flycht.  
 At that retorn twenty in feild was tynt,  
 And Morland als; tharfor he wald nocht stynt,  
 Bot folowed fast with thre hundreth but dreid;  
 And swour he suld be wengit on that deid.  
 The Scottis wan horss, becaus thair awne couth fail;  
 In flêyng syne chesd thaim the maist awaill.  
 Owt off that feild thus wicht Wallas is gayn;  
 Off his gud men he had nocht losyt ayne:  
 Fyve woundyt wes, yeit blythly furth thai raid.  
 Wallace a space behynd thaim ay he baid:  
 And Halyday prewyt weill in mony place;  
 Sib sister sone he wes to gud Wallace.  
 Warly thai raid, and held thar horss in aynd;  
 For thai trowide weyll Sotheron wald afaynd  
 With haill power at anys on thaim to sett:  
 Bot Wallace kest thair power for to let;  
 To brek thar ray he besyit hym full fast.  
 Than Inglissmen so gretly wes agast,  
 That nane off thaim durst rusch out off the stail;  
 All in aray held thaim to gidder haill.  
 The Sotheron saw, how that so bandounly  
 Wallace abaid ner hand thar chawalry.  
 Be Morlandis horss thai knew him wondyr weill;  
 Past to thar lord, and tauld him euirilkdeill.  
 "Lo Schyr," thai said, "forsuth yon sammyn is he,  
 "That with his hand gerris so mony de!  
 "Haiff his horss grace apon his feyt to bid,  
 "He dredis nocht throw fyve thousand to ryd.  
 "We rede ye cess, and folow him no mar,  
 "For drede that we repent it syn full sar."  
 He blamyt thaim, and said; 'Men weyll may se,  
 'Cowartis ye ar, that sor so few wald fle.'

For thar consaill yeit leiff thaim wald he nocht;  
 In gret ire he apon thaim sadly socht,  
 Wailland a place quhar he mycht bargane mak.  
 Wallace was wa apon him for to tak,  
 And he so few, to bid thaim on a playne;  
 At Quenysbery he wald haiff beyne full fayne.  
 Apon him self he tuk full gret trawaill  
 To fend his men, gyff that mycht ocht awaill.  
 A suerd he drew, rycht manlik him to wer,  
 Ay wayttand fast gyff he mycht get a sper;  
 Now her, now thar, befor thaim to and fra.  
 His horss gaiff our, and mycht no forthir ga.  
 Rycht at the skyrt off Quenysbery befell,  
 Bot wpon grace, as my autor will tell;  
 Schir Jhone the Grayme, that worthi wes and wicht,  
 To the Corhed come on the tothir nycht;  
 Thretty with him off nobill men at wage.  
 The fyrst dochtyr he had in mariage  
 Off Halyday was nevo to Wallace.  
 Tithandis to sper Schyr Jhone past off that place,  
 With men to spek, quhar thai a tryst had set,  
 Rycht ner the steid quhar Scottis and Yngliss mete.  
 Ane Kyrk Patryk, that cruell was and keyne,  
 In Esdail wood that half yer he had beyne.  
 With Ingliss men he couth nocht weyll accord;  
 Off Torthorowald he barron wes and lord.  
 Off kyn he was, and Wallace modyr ner,  
 Off Craufurd syd that mydward had to ster.  
 Twenty he had off worthi men and wicht.  
 Be than Wallace approchit to thair sycht.  
 Schir Jhon the Grayme, quhen he the cownter saw,  
 On thaim he raid, and stud bot littil aw;  
 His gudfadyr he knew rycht wondyr weyll,  
 Kest doun his sper, and sonyeit nocht a deyll.  
 Kyrk patryk alss, with worthi men in wer,  
 Fyfty in fronte at anyss doun thai ber.  
 Through the thikkest off thre hundreth thai raid,  
 On Sotheron men full gret slauchter thai maid,  
 Thaim to reskew that was in fellone thrang.  
 Wallace on fute the gret power amang,  
 Gud rowme he gat, throuch help off Goddis grace.  
 The Sotheron fled, and left thaim in that place.  
 Horsis thai ran to stuff the chass gud spede,  
 Wallace and his that douchty wes in dede.  
 Graystok tuk flycht on stern horss and stout;  
 A hundreth held to gydder in a rout.  
 Wallace on thaim full sadly couth persew;  
 The flëyng weyll off Ingliss men he knew,  
 At ay the best wald pass with thair chyftayne.  
 Befor him he fand gud Schyr Jhone the Grayme,  
 Ay strykand doun quham euir he mycht ourhy.  
 Than Wallace said; "This is bot waist foly,  
 "Comons to slay, quhar chyftayns gayis away;  
 "Your horss is fresche, tharfor do as I say.  
 "Gud men yhe haiff ar yeit in nobill stait:  
 "To yon gret rout, for Goddis luff, had your gait;  
 "Sowndyr thaim sone, we sall cum at your hand."  
 Quhen Schyr Jhon had his tayll weyll wndirstand,  
 Off nane othir fra thine furth tuk he heid;  
 To the formast he folowid weill gud speid.  
 Kyrk Patryk als consideryt thar consaill,  
 Than chargyt thair men, "All folow on the stayll"  
 At his command full sone with hym thay met;  
 Sad straikys and sayr apon thaim sadly set.  
 Schyr Jhone the Grayme to Graystok fast he socht;  
 Hys pryss pissan than helpyt him rycht nocht.  
 Vpon the crage a graith straik gat him rycht;  
 The burly blaide was braid and burnyst brycht,  
 In sonder kerwynt the mailyeis off fyne steyll,  
 Throwch bayne and brawne it prochynt euirilkdeill;  
 Dede with that dent to the erd doun him draiff.  
 Be that Wallace was semland with the laiff.  
 Derfly to dede feyle frekys thar he dycht;

Rayss neuir agayne quhat ane at he hyt rycht.  
 Kyrkpatryk than, Thom Halyday, and thair men,  
 Thar douchty deid was nobill for to ken.  
 At the Knokheid the bauld Graystok was slayne,  
 And mony man quhilk wes off mekill mayne.  
 To saiff thair lyff part in the wood is past;  
 The Scottis men than relewit to gidder fast.  
 Quhen that Wallace with Schyr Jhone Grayme wes met,  
 Rycht gudlye he with humylness him gret;  
 Pardown he ast off the repreiff befor,  
 In to the chass; and said, he suld no mor  
 Formacioune mak off him that was so gud.  
 Quhen that Schyr Jhon Wallace weyll wndirstud,  
 "Do away," he said, "tharoff as now no mar;  
 "Yhe dyd full rycht; it was for our weyllfar.  
 "Wysar in weyr ye ar all out than I;  
 "Fadyr in armess ye ar to me forthi."  
 Kyrk patryk syne, that wes his cusing der,  
 He thankit hym rycht on a gud maner.  
 Nocht ane was lost off all thair chewalry;  
 Schir Jhone the Grayme to thaim come happely.  
 The day was downe, and prochand wes the nycht;  
 At Wallace thai askit his consaill rycht.  
 He ansuerd thus; "I spek bot with your leiff;  
 "Rycht laith I war ony gud man to greiff.  
 "Bot thus I say, in termes schort for me,  
 "I wald sailye, giff ye think it may be,  
 "Lowmaban houss, quhilk now is left allayne;  
 "For weyll I wait power in it is lewynt nayne.  
 "Carlauerok als yeit Maxwell has in hand;  
 "And we had this, thai mycht be bath a wand  
 "Agayne Sotheroun, that now has our cuntré.  
 "Say quhat ye will, this is the best, think me."  
 Schir Jhone the Grayme gaiff fyrst his gud consent;  
 Syne all the laiff, rycht with a haill entent.  
 To Lowmaban rycht haistely thai ryd.  
 Quhen thai cum ner, nocht half a myill besid,  
 The nycht was myrk; to consaill ar thai gayne:  
 Off mwne nor stern gret perans was thar nayne.  
 Than Wallace said; "Methink, the land at rest;  
 "Thom Haliday, thow knawis this cuntré best:  
 "I her no noyis of feyll folk her about;  
 "Tharfor I trow we ar the less in dout."  
 Haliday said; 'I will tak ane with me,  
 'And ryde befor, the maner for to se.'  
 Watsone he callit; 'With me thow mak the boun;  
 'With thaim thow was a nychtbour off this toun.'  
 "I grant I was with thaim agayne my will,  
 "Myn entent is euir to do thaim ill."  
 Unto the yeitt thair twa pertly rair aid;  
 The portar come with owt langar abaid.  
 At Jhone Watsone sone tythandis he couth ass;  
 Opynt, he bad, the captayne cummand was.  
 The yett, but mayr, wnwysly he wp drew.  
 Thom Haliday sone be the craig him threw;  
 And with a knyff he stekit him to dede;  
 In a dyrk holl kest him doun in that sted.  
 Jhone Watsone syne has hynt the keyis in hand.  
 The power than with Wallace wes cummand;  
 Thai entryt in, befor thaim fand no ma,  
 Excep wemen, and sympill serwandis twa.  
 In the kyching scudleris lang tyme had beyne;  
 Sone thai war slayne. Quhen the ladie had thaim seyne,  
 "Grace," scho cryit, "for hym that deit on tre."  
 Than Wallace said; 'Madame, your noyis lat be.  
 'To wemen yeit we do bot littil ill;  
 'Na yong childir we lik for to spill.  
 'I wald haiff meit; Haliday, quhat sayis thow?  
 'For fastand folk to dyne gud tym war now.'  
 Gret purwiance was ordand thaim befor,  
 Bath breid and ayle, gud wyne and othir stor.  
 To meyt thai bownt, for thai had fastyt lang;  
 Gud men off armes in to the closs gert gang,

Part fleand folk on fute, that fra thaim glaid  
 On the Knok heid, quhar gret mellé was maid,  
 Ay as thai come Jhon Watsone leit thaim in,  
 And doun to dede with outyn noyis or din:  
 Na man left thar that was off Ingland born.  
 The castell weyll thai wesyt on the morn;  
 For Jhonstoune send, a man off gud degre:  
 Secund dochtir forsuth weddyt had he  
 Off Halidays, nere neuo to Wallace;  
 Gret captayne [than] thai maid him off that place.  
 Thai leyffit him thar in till a gud aray,  
 Syne wsched furth wpon the secund day.  
 Wemen had leyff in Ingland for to fayr.  
 Schyr Jhon the Grayme and gud Wallace couth cair  
 To the Corhed, and lugyt all that nycht.  
 Wpon the morn the sone wes at the hycht,  
 Eftir dyner thai wald na langer byde,  
 Thar purposs tuk in Craufurd mur to ryd;  
 Schir Jhon the Grayme, with Wallace that was wycht.  
 Thom Haliday agayne retorned rycht  
 To the Corhall, and thar remanyt but dred.  
 Na Sotheroun wyst prynsuall quha did this dede.  
 Kyrk patrik past in Aisdaill woddis wyd;  
 In saufté thar he thought he suld abid.  
 Schyr Jhone the Grayme, and gud Wallace in feir,  
 With thaim fourtye off men in armes cleir,  
 Throuch Craufurd mur as that thai tuk the way,  
 On Ingliss [men] thar mynd ramaynit ay.  
 Fra Crawfurd Jhon the wattir doune thai ryd;  
 Ner hand the nycht thai lychtyt apon Clyd:  
 Thar purposs tuk in till a quiet waill.  
 Than Wallace said; “I wald we mycht assaill  
 “Craufurd castell, with sum gud jeperté.  
 “Schir Jhon the Grayme, how say yhe best may be?”  
 This gud knycht said; ‘And the men war with out,  
 ‘To tak the hous thar is bot litill doubt.’  
 A squier than rewlyt that lordschip haill,  
 Off Cummyrland borne, his name was Martyndaill.  
 Than Wallace said; “My selff will pass in feyr,  
 “And ane with me, off herbré for to speyr.  
 “Folow on dreich, giff that we mystir ocht.”  
 Edward Litill with his mastir furth socht  
 Till ane oystre, and with a woman met.  
 Scho tald to thaim that Sothroune thar was set:  
 ‘And ye be Scottis, I consaill yow pass by;  
 ‘For, and thai may, yhe will get ewill herbyr.  
 ‘At drynk thai ar, so haiff thai bene rycht lang;  
 ‘Gret worde thar is of Wallace thaim amang.  
 ‘Thai trew that he has found hys men agayne:  
 ‘At Lowchmaban feyll Inglis men ar slayne.  
 ‘That houss is tynt; that gerris thaim be full wa:  
 ‘I trow to God that thai sall swne tyne ma.’  
 Wallace sperd, of Scotland giff scho be.  
 Scho said him; ‘Ya, and thinkis yet to se  
 ‘Sorow on thaim, throw help off Goddis grace.’  
 He askit hyr, quha was in to the place.  
 ‘Na man of fens is left that houss within,  
 ‘Twenty is her, makand gret noyis and dyn.  
 ‘Allace,’ scho said, ‘giff I mycht anys se,  
 ‘The worthy Scottis maist maister in it to be.’  
 With this woman he wald no langar stand;  
 A bekyn he maid, Schyr Jhon come at his hand.  
 Wallace went in, and bad *Benedicite*.  
 The capteyne speryt; “Quhat bellamy may thow be,  
 “That cummys so grym? sum tithandis till vs tell.  
 “Thow art a Scot; the dewyll thi natioune quell.”  
 Wallace braid out his suerd with outyn mar;  
 In to the breyst the bryme captayne he bar,  
 Throuch out the cost, and stekit him to ded.  
 Ane othir he hyt awkwart vpon the hed.  
 Quham euir he strak he byrstynt bayne and lyr;  
 Feill off thaim dede fell thwoutour in the fyr.  
 Haisty payment he maid thaim on the flur;

And Eduuard Litill kepyt weill the dur.  
 Schir Jhon the Graym full fayne wald haiff beyne in;  
 Eduuard him bad at the castell begyne;  
 “For off thir folk we haiff bot litill dreid.”  
 Schir Jhon the Grayme fast to the castell yeid.  
 Wallace rudly sic routis to thaim gaiff,  
 That twenty men derffly to dede thai draiff.  
 Fyfteyne he straik, and fyfteyne has he slayne;  
 Edward slew fyve quhilk was off mekill mayne.  
 To the castell Wallace had gret desyr.  
 Be that Schir Jhone had set the yett in fyr;  
 Nane wes tharin at gret defens couth ma,  
 Bot wemen fast sar wepand in to wa.  
 With out the place ane ald bulwark was maid;  
 Wallace yeid our with out langar abaid.  
 The wemen sone he sauffyt fra the dede;  
 Waik folk he put, and barnys, off that stede.  
 Off purwiaunce thai fand litill or nane;  
 Befor that tyme thar wictaill was all gayne.  
 Yeit in that place thai lugyt still that nycht;  
 Fra oystre broucht sic gudis as thai mycht.  
 Wpon the morn the houss thai spoilye fast,  
 All thing that doucht out off that place thai cast.  
 Tre wark thai brynt, that was in to tha wanys;  
 Wallis brak doun that stalwart war off stanys;  
 Spylt at thai mycht, syne wald no langar bid:  
 On till Dundaff that sammyn nycht thai ryde;  
 And lugit thar with myrthis and plesance,  
 Thankand gret God that lent thaim sic a chance.  
 EXPLICIT LIBER QUINTUS,  
 ET INCIPIT SEXTUS.

### BUKE SEXT.

Than passit was wtass off Feuiryher,  
 And part off Marche off rycht degestioune;  
 Apperyd than the last moneth off wer,  
 The syng off somir with his suet sessoun.  
 Be that Wallace off Dundaff maid him boune;  
 His leyff he tuk, and to Gilbank can fair.  
 The rewmour raiss throuch Scotland vp and doune,  
 With Ingliss men, that Wallace leiffand war.  
 In Aperill quhen cleithit is, but weyne,  
 The abill grounde be wyryng off natur,  
 And woddis has won thar worthy weid off greyne.  
 Quhen Nympheus, in beldyn off his bour,  
 With oyle and balm fullfillit off suet odour,  
 Faunis materis, as thai war wount to gang,  
 Walkyn thair courss in euery casual hour,  
 To glaid the huntar with thair merye sang.  
 In this samyn tyme to him approchit new  
 His lusty payne, the quhilk I spak off ayr,  
 Be luffis cass, he thought [for] to persew  
 In Laynryk toune, and thidder he can fayr:  
 At residence a quhill ramaynit thair  
 In hyr presence as I said off befor;  
 Thocht Inglissmen was grewyt at his repayr,  
 Yeit he desyrd the thing that sat him sar.  
 The feyr off wer rewlyt him on sic wiss;  
 He likit weyll with that gudlye to be;  
 Quhill wald he think off danger for to ryss,  
 And othir quhill out of hir presens fle.  
 “To cess off wer it war the best for me;  
 “Thus wyn I nocht bot sadnes on all syde.  
 “Sall neuir man this cowardys in me se,  
 “To wer I will, for chance that may betyd.  
 “Quhat is this luff? it is bot gret myschance,  
 “That me wald bryng fra armess wtterly.  
 “I will nocht loss my worship for plesance;  
 “In wer I think my tyme till occupy:  
 “Yeit hyr to luff I will nocht lat for thy;  
 “Mor sall I desyr hyr frendship to reserue,  
 “Fra this day furth than euir befor did I,

"In fer off wer quhethir I leiff or sterue."  
 Quhat suld I say, Wallace was playnly set  
 To luff hyr best in all this warld so wid;  
 Thinkand he suld off his desyr to get;  
 And so befell be concord in a tid,  
 That scho [was] maid at his commaund to bid;  
 And thus began the styntyn off this stryff:  
 Begynnyng band, with graith witnes besyd,  
 Myn auctor sais, scho was his rychtwyss wyff.  
 Now leiff in pees, now leiff in gud concord!  
 Now leyff in byss, now leiff in haill plesance!  
 For scho be choss has bath hyr luff and lord.  
 He thinkis als, luff did him hye awance,  
 So ewynly held be faouour the ballance,  
 Sen he at will may lap hyr in his armys.  
 Scho thankit God off hir fre happy chance,  
 For in his tyme he was the flour off armys.  
 Fortoune him schawit hyr fygowrt doubill face,  
 Feyll syss or than he had beyne set abuff:  
 In presoune now, delyuerit now throw grace,  
 Now at vnness, now in to rest and ruff;  
 Now weyll at wyll, weyldand his plesand luff,  
 As thocht him selff out off aduersité;  
 Desyryng ay his manheid for to pruff,  
 In curage set apon the stagis hye.  
 The werray treuth I can nocht graithly tell,  
 In to this lyff how lang at thai had beyne:  
 Throug naturall courss off generacioune befell,  
 A child was chewyt thir twa luffaris betuene,  
 Quhilk gudly was, a maydyn brycht and schene;  
 So forthyr furth, be ewyn tyme off hyr age,  
 A squier Schaw, as that full weyll was seyne,  
 This lyflat man hyr gat in mariage.  
 Rycht gudly men come off this lady ying.  
 Forthyr as now off hyr I spek no mar.  
 Bot Wallace furth in till his wer can ryng,  
 He mycht nocht cess, gret curage so him bar;  
 Sotheroun to sla for dreid he wald nocht spar,  
 And thai oft syss feill causis till him wrocht,  
 Fra that tyme furth, quhilk mowit [hym sa sar,  
 That neur in warld out off his mind was brocht.]  
 Now leiff thi myrth, now leiff thi haill plesance;  
 Now leiff thi bliss, now leiff thi childis age;  
 Now leiff thi youth, [now] folow thi hard chance;  
 Now leyff thi lust, now leiff thi mariage;  
 Now leiff thi luff, for thow sall loss a gage  
 Quhilk neur in erd sall be redemyt agayne;  
 Go leiff in wer, go leiff in cruell payne.  
 Fy on fortoun, fy on thi frewall quheyll;  
 Fy on thi traist, for her it has no lest;  
 Thow transfigowryt Wallace out off his weill,  
 Quhen he traistyt for till haiff leysty best.  
 His plesance her till him was bot a gest;  
 Throw thi fers courss, that has na hap to ho,  
 Him thow our threw out off his likand rest,  
 Fra gret plesance, in wer, trawaill, and wo.  
 What is fortunoune, quha dryffis the dett so fast?  
 We wait thar is bathe weill and wykit chance.  
 Bot this fals warld, with mony doubill cast,  
 In it is nocht bot werray variance;  
 It is nothing till hewynly gowernance.  
 Than pray we all to the Makar abow,  
 Quhilk has in hand off justry the ballance,  
 That he vs grant off his der lestand lowe.  
 Her off as now forthyr I spek no mar,  
 Bot to my purposss shortly will I fayr.  
 Tuelff hundreth yer, tharto nynté and sewyn,  
 Fra Cryst wes born the rychtwiss king off hewyn,  
 Wilyham Wallace in to gud liking gais,  
 In Laynrik toun amang his mortail fais.  
 The Ingliss men, that euir fals has beyne,  
 With Hesilryg, quhilk cruell was and keyn,  
 And Robert Thorn, a felloune sutell knycht,

Has founde the way, be quhat meyn best thai mycht,  
 How that thai suld mak contrar to Wallace  
 Be argument, as he come vpon cace  
 On fra the kyrk, that was without the toune,  
 Quhill thar power mycht be in harness boune.  
 Schyr Jhon the Grayme, bathe hardy, wyss, and trew,  
 To Laynrik come, gud Wallace to persew;  
 Off his weyllfayr as he full oft had seyne.  
 Gud men he had in cumpany fyfteyne,  
 And Wallace nyne; thai war na feris ma.  
 Wpon the morn wnto the mess thai ga,  
 Thai and thar men graithit in gudly greyn;  
 For the session sic oyss full lang has beyne.  
 Quhen sadly thai had said thar deuotioune,  
 Ane argwnde thaim, as thai [went] throug the toun,  
 The starkast man that Hesylyrg than knew,  
 And als he had off lychly wordis ynew.  
 He salust thaim, as it war bot in scorn;  
 "Dewgar, gud day, bone Senyhour, and gud morn!"  
 'Quhom scornys thow?' quod Wallace, 'quha lerd the?'  
 "Quhy, schir," he said, "come yhe nocht new our se?"  
 "Pardoun me than, for I wend ye had beyne  
 "Ane inbasset to bryng ane wncouth queyne."  
 Wallace ansuerd; 'Sic pardoune as we haiff  
 'In oyss to gyff, thi part thow sall nocht craiff.'  
 "Sen ye ar Scottis, yeit salust sal ye be;  
 "*Gud deyn, dawch Lard, bach lowch banyoch a de.*"  
 Ma Sotheroune men to thaim assemblit ner.  
 Wallace as than was laith to mak a ster.  
 Ane maid a scrip, and tyt at his lang suorde:  
 'Hald still thi hand,' quod he, 'and spek thi word.'  
 "With thi lang suerd thow makis mekill bost."  
 "Tharoff," quod he, 'thi deme maid litill cost.'  
 "Quhat causs has thow to wer that gudlye greyne?"  
 'My maist causs is bot for to mak the teyne.'  
 "Quhat suld a Scot do with sa fair a knyff?"  
 'Sa said the prest that last janglyt thi wyff;  
 'That woman lang has tillit him so fair,  
 'Quhill that his child worthit to be thine ayr.'  
 "Me think," quod he, "thow drywys me to scorn."  
 'Thi deme has beyne japyt or thow was born.'  
 The power than assemblyt thaim about;  
 Twa hundreth men that stalwart war and stout.  
 The Scottis saw thair power was cummand;  
 Schir Robert Thorn and Hesilryg at hand,  
 The multitude wyth wappynys burnist beyne.  
 The worthi Scottis, quhilk cruell was and keyne,  
 Amang Sotherone sic dyntis gaiff that tyd,  
 Quhill blud on breid byrystyt fra woundis wyd,  
 Wallace in stour wes cruelly fechtand;  
 Fra a Sotheroune he smat off the rycht hand:  
 And quhen that carle off fechtung mycht no mar,  
 With the left hand in ire held a buklar.  
 Than fra the stowmpe the blud out spurgyt fast,  
 In Wallace face aboundandlye can out cast;  
 In to gret part it marryt hym off his sicht.  
 Schyr Jhone the Grayme a straik has tayne him rycht,  
 With hys gud suerd, vpon the Sotherone syr,  
 Derffly to ded draiff him in to that ire.  
 The perell was rycht awfull, hard, and strang;  
 The stour enduryt merwalusly and lang.  
 The Inglissmen gaderit fellone fast;  
 The worthi Scottis the gait left at the last.  
 Quhen thai had slayne and woundyt mony man,  
 Till Wallace in, the gaynest way thai can,  
 Thai passit swne, defendand thaim richt weill;  
 He and Schyr Jhone, with suerdiss stiff off steill,  
 Behind thair men, quhill thai the yett had tayne.  
 The woman than, quhilk was full will off wayne,  
 The perell saw, with fellone noyis and dyne,  
 Gat wp the yett, and leit thaim entir in.  
 Throug till a strenth thai passit off that stede.  
 Fyfte Sotheroun wpon the gait was dede.

This fayr woman did besines, and hir mycht,  
 The Inglist men to tary with a slycht,  
 Quhill that Wallace on to the wood wes past;  
 Than Cartlane craggis thai persewit full fast.  
 Quhen Sotheroun saw that chapyt was Wallace,  
 Agayne thai turnyt, the woman tuk on cace,  
 Put hir to dede, I can nocht tell yow how;  
 Off sic mater I may nocht tary now.  
 Quhar gret dulle is, bot rademyng agayne,  
 Newyn off it is bot ekyng of payne.  
 A trew woman, had seruit hir full lang,  
 Out off the toune the gaynest way can gang;  
 Till Wallace tald how all this dede was done.  
 The paynfull wo socht till hys hart full sone;  
 War nocht for schayme he had socht to the ground,  
 For bytter baill that in his breyst was bound.  
 Schir Jhone the Grayme, bath wyss, gentill, and fre,  
 Gret murnynge maid, that peté was to se;  
 And als the laiff that was assemblit thar,  
 For pur sorou wepyt with hart full sar.  
 Quhen Wallace feld thar curage was so small,  
 He fenyet him for to comfort thaim all.  
 “Cess, men,” he said, “this is a butlass payne;  
 “We can nocht now chewyss hyr lyff agayne.”  
 Wness a word he mycht bryng out for teyne;  
 The bailfull teris bryst braithly fra his eyne.  
 Sichand he said; “Sall neuir man me se  
 “Rest in till eyss, quhill this deid wrokyn be,  
 “The saklace slauchter off hir, blith and brycht.  
 “That I awow to the Makar off mycht,  
 “That off that nacioune I sall neuir forber,  
 “Yhong nor ald, that abill is to wer;  
 “Preystis no women I think [nocht] for to sla,  
 “In my defaut bot thai me causing ma.  
 “Schir Jhon,” he said, “lat all this murnynge be,  
 “And for hir saik thair sall ten thousand de.  
 “Quhar men may weipe, thar curage is the less;  
 “It slakis ire off wrang thai suld radres.”  
 Off thar complaynt as now I say no mar;  
 Off Awchinklek off Gilbank duelland thar.  
 Quhen he hard tell off Wallace wexatioune,  
 To Cartlane wood with ten men maid him boune.  
 Wallace he fand sum part with in the nycht;  
 To Laynryk toune in all haist thai thaim dycht.  
 The wache off thaim as than had litill heid;  
 Partyt thair men, and diuerss gatis yeid.  
 Schir Jhone the Grayme, and his gud company,  
 To Schyr Robert off Thorn full fast thai hy.  
 Wallace and his to Hesilrige sone past,  
 In a heich houss quhar he was slepand fast;  
 Straik at the dure with his fute hardely,  
 Quhill bar and braiss in the flour he gart ly.  
 The schirreff cryt; “Quha makis that gret deray?”  
 ‘Wallace,’ he said, ‘that thow has socht allday.  
 ‘The womannis dede, will God, thow sall der by.’  
 Hesilrige thocht it was na tyme to ly;  
 Out off that houss full fayne he wald haiff beyne.  
 The nycht was myrk, yeit Wallace has socht his seyne,  
 Freschly him straik, as he come in gret ire,  
 Apon the heid, birstit throuch bayne and lyr.  
 The scherand suerd glaid till his coler bayne,  
 Out our the stayr amang thaim is he gayne.  
 Gude Awchinklek trowit nocht that he was dede;  
 Thyrss with a knyff stekit him in that stede.  
 The scry about raiss rudly on the streyt;  
 Feyll off the layff war fulyeit wndir feyt.  
 Yong Hesilryg and wicht Wallace is met;  
 A sekyr strak Wilyham has on him set,  
 Derffly to dede off the stair dang him doune.  
 Mony thai slew that nycht in Laynrik toune.  
 Sum grecis lap, and sum stekit with in,  
 Aferd thai war with hidwiss noyis and dyne.  
 Schir Jhone the Grayme had set the houss in fry,

Quhar Robert Thorn was brynt wp bayne and lyr.  
 Twelf scor thai slew that was off Ingland born;  
 Wemen thai lewit and preistis, on the morn,  
 To pass thar way, off blyss and gudis bar;  
 And swor that thai agayne suld cum no mar.  
 Quhen Scottis hard thir fyne tythingis off new,  
 Out off all part to Wallace fast thai drew;  
 Plenyst the toun quhillk was thair heretage.  
 Thus Wallace straiff agayne that gret barnage.  
 Sa he begane with strenth and stalwart hand,  
 To chewyss agayne sum rowmys off Scotland.  
 The worthy Scottis, that semblyt till him thar,  
 Chesit him for cheyff, thar chyftayne and ledar.  
 Amer Wallang, a suttell terand knycht,  
 In Bothwell duelt, king Eduuadis man full rycht.  
 Murray was out, thocht he was rychtwyss lord  
 Off all that land, as trew men will racord.  
 In till Aran he was duelland that tyd;  
 And othir men, in this land durst nocht bide.  
 Bot this fals knycht in Bothwell wonnand was;  
 A man he gert sone to king Eduuard pas,  
 And tald him haill off Wallace ordinance,  
 How he had put his pepill to myschance.  
 And playnly was ryssyn agayne to ryng.  
 Grewit tharath rycht gretly wes the king;  
 Throuch all Ingland he gart his doaris cry  
 Power to get; and said, he wald planly  
 In Scotland pass, that rewme to statut new.  
 Feill men off wer till him full fast thai drew.  
 The queyne feld weill how that his purpos was;  
 Till him scho went, on kneis syne can him ass,  
 He wald desist, and nocht in Scotland gang;  
 He suld haiff dreid to wyrk so felloune wrang:  
 “Crystyne thai ar, yone is thar heretage;  
 “To greff that crowne that is a gret owrage.”  
 For hyr consaill at hayme he wald nocht byde;  
 His lordis hym set in Scotland for to ryde.  
 A Scottis man, than duellyt with Eduuard,  
 Quhen he hard tell that Wallace tuk sic part,  
 He staw fra thaim as priualé as he may;  
 In to Scotland he come apon a day,  
 Sekand Wallace he maid him redly boune.  
 This Scot was born at Kyle in Rycardtoune;  
 All Ingland cost he knew it wondyr weill,  
 Fra Hull about to Brysto euirilk deill;  
 Fra Carleill throuch Sandwich that ryoll stede,  
 Fra Douer our on to Sanct Beis hede.  
 In Pykarté and Flandrys he hade beyne,  
 All Normondé and Frans haill he had seyne;  
 A pursiwant till king Eduuard in wer,  
 Bot he couth neuir gar him his armes ber.  
 Off gret statur, and sum part gray wes he;  
 The Inglistmen cald him bot Grymmysbé.  
 To Wallace come, and in to Kile him fand;  
 He tald him haill the tithandis off Ingland.  
 Thai turnyt his nayme, fra [that] tyme thai him knew,  
 And cald him Jop; off ingen he was trew;  
 In all his tyme gud serueice in him fand;  
 Gaiff him to ber the armés off Scotland.  
 Wallace agayne in Cliddisdail sone raid,  
 And his power semblit with outyn baid,  
 He gart commaund, quha that his pes wald tak,  
 A fre remyt he suld ger to thaim mak,  
 For alkyn deid that thai had doyne befor.  
 The Perseis peess and Schyr Ranaldis wes worn.  
 Feill till him drew that bauldy durst abid,  
 Off Wallace kyn, fra mony diuerss sid.  
 Schir Ranald than send him his power haill;  
 Him selff durst nocht be knowine in battaill  
 Agayne Sotheroun, for he had maid a band,  
 Lang tyme befor, to hald off thaim his land.  
 Adam Wallace past out off Ricardtoun,  
 And Robert Boid, with gud men off renoun.

Off Cunyngayme and Kille come men off wail,  
 To Laynrik socht, on horss a thousand haill.  
 Schyr Jhone the Grayme, and his gud chewalré,  
 Schir Jhone off Tynto, with men that he mycht be,  
 Gud Awchinklek, that Wallace wncle was,  
 Mony trew Scot with that chyftayne couth pass;  
 Thre thousand haill off likly men in wer,  
 And feill on fute quhilk wantyt horss and ger.  
 The tyme be this was cummand apon hand;  
 The awfull ost, with Eduuard off Ingland,  
 To Beggar come, with sexté thousand men.  
 In wer wedis that cruell war to ken.  
 Thai playntyt thar feild with tentis and pailyonis,  
 Quhar claryowns blew full mony mychty sonis;  
 Plenyst that place with gud wittail and wyne,  
 In cartis brocht thar purwiance dewyne.  
 The awfull king gert twa harroldis be brocht,  
 Gaiff thaim commaund, in all the haist thai mocht,  
 To charge Wallace, that he sulde cum him till,  
 Witht out promys, and put him in his will;  
 "Be caus we wait he is a gentill man,  
 "Cum in my grace, and I sall saiff him than,  
 "As for his lyff, I will apon me tak;  
 "And efttir this, gyff he couth seruice mak,  
 "He sall haiff wage that may him weill suffice.  
 "That rebald wenys, for he has done supprice  
 "To my pepill off apon aventur,  
 "Agaynys me [that] he may lang endur.  
 "To this proffyr gaynstandand giff he be,  
 "Her I awow he sall be hyngyt hye."  
 A yong squier, was brothir to Fehew,  
 He thocht he wald dysgysit [ga] to persew,  
 Wallace to se that tuk so hie a part;  
 Born sister sone he was to king Eduuart.  
 A cot off armes he tuk on him but baid;  
 With the harroldis full prewaly he raid  
 To Tynto hill with outyn residens,  
 Quhar Wallace lay with his folk at defence.  
 A likly ost, as of sa few, thai fand;  
 Till hym thai socht, and wald no langar stand:  
 "Gyff ye be he that rewlis all this thing,  
 "Credence we haiff brocht fra our worthi king."  
 Than Wallace gert thre knyghtis till him call,  
 Syne red the wryt in presens off thaim all.  
 To thaim he said; "Ansuer ye sall nocht craiff;  
 "Be wryt or word quhilk likis yow best till haiff?"  
 'In wryt,' thai said, 'it war the liklyast'  
 Than Wallace thus began to dyt in hast:  
 "Thow reyffar king chargis me throw cass,  
 "That I suld cum, and put me in thi grace.  
 "Gyff I gaynstand, thow hechtis till hyng me:  
 "I wow to God, and euir I may tak the,  
 "Thow sall be hangyt, ane exempill to geiff  
 "To kingis off reyff, als lang as I may leiff.  
 "Thow profferis me thi wage for till haiff;  
 "I the defy, power and all the laiff,  
 "At helpis the her, off thi fals natioun.  
 "Will God, thow sall be put off this regioun,  
 "Or de tharfor, contrar thocht thow had suorne.  
 "Thow sall ws se or nyne hours to morn,  
 "Battail to gyff, magre off all thi kyn;  
 "For falsly thow sekis our rewme to wyn."  
 This wryt he gaiff to the harraldis but mar,  
 And gud reward he gart delyuere thaim thar.  
 Bot Jop knew weyll the squier yong Fehew,  
 And tald Wallace, for he wes euir trew.  
 Than he command, that thai suld sone thaim tak:  
 Him self began a sair cusing to mak.  
 "Squier," he said, "sen thow has fenyeit armys;  
 "On the sall fall the fyrst part off thair harmys,  
 "Sampill to geyff till all thi fals natioune."  
 Apon the hill he gert thaim set him downe,  
 Straik off his hed, or thai wald forthyr go.

To the herrold said syne with outyn ho;  
 "For thow art falss till armys and maynsuorn,  
 "Through thi chokkis thi tong sall be out schorn."  
 Quhen that was doyne, than to the thrid said he;  
 "Armyss to juge thow sall neuir graithly se."  
 He gert a smyth, with his turkas rycht thar,  
 Pow out his eyne, syne gaiff thaim leiff to far.  
 "To your falss king thi falow sall thou leid;  
 "With my ansuer turss him his newois heid:  
 "Thus sar I drede the king, and all his bost."  
 His dum falow [led] hym on to thair ost.  
 Quhen king Eduuard his herroldis thus has seyne,  
 In propyr ire he wox ner wode for teyne,  
 That he nocht wyst on quhat wiss him to wreke;  
 For sorow almaist a word he mycht nocht spek.  
 A lang quhill he stud wrythand in a rage;  
 On loud he said; "This is a fell owtrage,  
 "This deid to Scottis full der it sall be boucht;  
 "Sa dispitfull in world was neuir wrought.  
 "Off this regioun I think nocht for to gang,  
 "Quhill tyme that I sall se that rybald hang,"  
 Lat I him thus in till his sorow duell;  
 Off thai gud Scottis shortly I will yow tell.  
 Furth fra his men than Wallace rakit rycht;  
 Till him he cald Schyr Jhon Tynto the knyght,  
 And leit him witt, to wesly him self wald ga  
 The Ingliss ost, and bad him tell na ma,  
 Quhat euir thai speryt, quhill that he come agayne.  
 Wallace dysgysit thus bownyt our the playne.  
 Betwix Cultir and Bygar as he past,  
 He was [sone] war quhar a werk man come fast,  
 Dryfande a mere, and pychars had he to sell.  
 "Gud freynd," he said, "in treuth will thow me tell,  
 "With this chaffar quhar passis thow treuly."  
 'Till ony, Schyr, quha likis for to by;  
 'It is my crafft, and I wald [sell] thaim fayne.'  
 "I will thaim by, sa God me saiff fra payne;  
 "Quhat price lat her, I will tak thaim ilkeyne."  
 'Bot half a mark, for sic prys haiff I tayne.'  
 "Twenty shillingis," Wallace said, "thow sall haiff;  
 "I will haiff mer, pycharis and als the laiff.  
 "Thi gowne and hoiss in haist thow put off syne,  
 "And mak a chang, for I sall geyff the myne;  
 "And thi ald hud, becauss it is thred bar."  
 The man wend weyll that he had scornyt him thar.  
 "Do, tary nocht, it is suth I the say."  
 The man kest off his febill weid off gray,  
 And Wallace his, and payit siluer in hand.  
 "Pass on," he said, "thou art a proud merchand."  
 The gown and hoiss in clay that claggit was,  
 The hude heklyt, and maid him for to pass.  
 The qwhipe he tuk, syne furth the mar can call;  
 Atour a bray the omast pot gert fall,  
 Brak on the ground. The man lewch at his fair;  
 'Bot thow be war, thow tynys off thi chaiffair.'  
 The sone be than was passit out off sicht,  
 The day our went, and cummyn was the nycht.  
 Amang Sotheroun full besyly he past;  
 On athir side his eyne he gan to cast,  
 Quhar lordis lay, and had thair lugeyng maid.  
 The kingis palyone, quhar on the libardis baid,  
 Spyan full fast, quhar his awail suld be,  
 And couth weyll luk and wynk, with the ta E.  
 Sum scornyt him, sum gleid carll cald him thar;  
 Agrewit thai war for thair herroldis mysfayr.  
 Sum sperd at him, how [he] sald off the best.  
 "For fourty pens," he said, "quhill thai may lest."  
 Sum brak a pott, sum pylrit at his E.  
 Wallace fled out, and prewalé leit thaim be:  
 On till his ost agayne he past full rycht.  
 His men be than had tane Tynto the knyght;  
 Schyr Jhon the Grayme gert bynd him wondyr fast,  
 For he wyst weill he was with Wallace last.

Sum bad byrn him, sum hang him in a cord;  
 Thai swor that he had dissawit thair lord.  
 Wallace be this was entryt thaim amang;  
 Till him he yeid, and wald nocht tary lang.  
 Syne he gart louss him off thai bandis new,  
 And said, he was baith suffer, wyss and trow.  
 To souper sone thai bownd but mar abed.  
 He tald to thaim quhat market he had maid;  
 And how at he the Sotheroun saw full weill.  
 Schyr Jhon the Grayme displessit was sumdeill,  
 And said till him; "Nocht chyftaynlik it was,  
 "Throw wilfulnes, in sic perell to pas."  
 Wallace ansuerd; 'Or we wyn Scotland fre,  
 'Baith ye and I in mor perell mon be,  
 'And mony othir, the quhilk full worthi is.  
 'Now off a thing we do sumpart amys.  
 'A litill slepe I wald fayne that we had;  
 'With yone men syne luk how we may ws glaid.'  
 The worthi Scottis tuk gud rest quhill ner day;  
 Than raiss thai wp, till ray sone ordand thai.  
 The hill thai left, and till a playne is gayne;  
 Wallace him selff the wantguard he has tayne:  
 With him was Boid and Awchinklek bot dreid,  
 With a thousand off worthi men in weid.  
 Alss mony syne in the mydwart put he;  
 Schir Jhon the Grayme he gert thair ledar be:  
 With him Adam young lord off Ricardtoun,  
 And Somerwaill a squier off renoun.  
 The thrid thousand in [the] rerward he dycht,  
 Till Waltir gaiff off Newbyggyn the knyght;  
 With him Tynto that douchty wes in deid,  
 And Dau son off Schyr Waltir, to leid.  
 Behynd thaim ner, the fute men gert he be;  
 And bade thaim bid, quhill thai thar tyme mycht se:  
 "Ye want wapynnys and harnes in this tid;  
 The fyrst cowntir ye may nocht weill abid."  
 Wallace gert sone the chyftaynis till him call;  
 This charg he gaiff, for chance that mycht befall,  
 Till tak no heid to ger, nor off pylage,  
 "For thai will fle as wod [men] in a rage.  
 "Wyne fyrst the men, the gud syne ye may haiff;  
 "Than tak na tent off cowatyss to craiff.  
 "Throuch cowatyss sum lossis gud and lyff;  
 "I commaund yow forber sic in our stryff.  
 "Luk that ye saiff na lord, capteyne, nor knyght;  
 "For worschipe wyrk, and for our eldris ryght.  
 "God blyss ws, [that] may we in sic wiage  
 "Put thir falss folk out off our heretage."  
 Than thai inclynd all with a gudly will;  
 His playne commaund thai hecht for to fullfill.  
 On the gret ost thir partice fast can draw,  
 Cumand to thaim, out off the south, thai saw:  
 Thre hundreth men, in till thair armour cler,  
 The gaynest way to thaim approchit ner.  
 Wallace said sone, thai war na Inglissmen;  
 For by this ost the gatis weyll thai ken.  
 Thom Haliday thai men he gydyt rycht;  
 Off Anadderdaill he had thaim led that nycht.  
 His twa gud sonnis, Wallas and Rudyrfurd,  
 Wallace was blyth fra he had hard thair wound;  
 So was the laiff off his gud chewalry.  
 Jarden thar come in till thair company;  
 And Kyrkpatrik, befor in Esdaill was;  
 A weying thai war in Wallace ost to pass.  
 The Ingliss wach, that nycht had beyne on steir,  
 Drew to thair ost rycht as the day can per.  
 Wallace knew weill, for he befor had seyne,  
 The kings palyon, quhar it was buskit beyne.  
 Than with rych horss the Scottis vpon thaim raid:  
 The fyrst cownter so gret abaysing maid,  
 That all the ost was stunyst of that sight;  
 Full mony ane derffly to ded was dicht.  
 Feill off thaim was as than out off aray;

The mair haisté and awfull was the fray.  
 The noyis rouschit throuch straikis that thai dang.  
 The rewmour raiss so rudly thaim amang,  
 That all the ost was than in poynt to fle.  
 The wyss lordis, fra thai the perell se,  
 The fellone fray, all rasyt wes about;  
 And how thar king stud in so mekill dout;  
 Till his palyone, how mony thousand socht,  
 Him to reskew be ony way thai mocht!  
 The erle of Kent that nycht [had] waland beyne,  
 With fyve thousand off men in armour cleyne;  
 About the king full sodandly thai gang,  
 And traistis weyll, the sailye wes rycht strang.  
 All Wallace folk in wyss off wer was gud,  
 In to the stour sone lychtyt quhar thai stud.  
 Quham euir thai hyt, na harnes mycht thaim stynt,  
 Fra thai on fute semblit with suerdis dynt;  
 Off manheid thai in hartis cruell was,  
 Thai thoct to wyn, or neur thine to pass.  
 Feill Inglissmen before the king thai slew.  
 Schir Jhon the Grayme come with his power new  
 Amang the ost; with the mydwart he raid;  
 Gret martyrdome on Sotheroun men thai maid.  
 The rerward than set on sa hardely,  
 With Newbyggyn, and all the chewalry;  
 Palyone rapys thai cuttyt in to sowndyr,  
 Borne to the ground, and mony smoryt owndir.  
 The fute men come, the quhilk I spak off ayr,  
 On fräyt folk set strakis sad and sayr:  
 Thoct thai befor wantyt bath horss and ger,  
 Anewch thai gat, quhat thai wald wail to wer.  
 The Scottis power than all to gyddir war;  
 The kingis palyon brymly doun thai bar.  
 The erle off Kent, with a gud ax in hand,  
 Into the stour full stoutly couth he stand  
 Befor the king, makand full gret debait:  
 Quha best did than, he had the heast stait.  
 The felloun stour so stalwart was and strang,  
 Thar to contened marwalusly and lang.  
 Wallace him saw, full sadly couth persew,  
 And at a straik the cheiff chyftayne he slew.  
 The Sotheron folk fled fast, and durst nocht byd;  
 Horssit thair king and off the feild couth ride  
 Agaynis his will, for he was laith to fle;  
 In to that tyme he thoct nocht for to de.  
 Off his best men four thousand thar was dede,  
 Or he couth fynd to fle and leiff that stede.  
 Twenty thousand with him fled in a staill.  
 The Scottis gat horss, and folowit that battaill  
 Throuch Cultir hope; or tyme thai wan the hycht,  
 Feill Sotheroun folk was marryt in thair mycht,  
 Slayne be the gait as thair king fled away.  
 Bathe fair, and brycht, and rycht cler was the day,  
 The sone ryssyn, schynand our hill and daill.  
 Than Wallace kest quhat was his grettest waill,  
 The fleand folk, that off the feild fyrst past,  
 In to thair king agayne releiffit fast.  
 Fra athir sid so mony semblit thar,  
 That Wallace wald lat folow thaim no mar;  
 Befor he raid, gart his folk turn agayne.  
 Off Inglissmen sewyn thousand thar was slayne.  
 Than Wallace ost agayne to Beggar raid,  
 Quhar Inglissmen gret purwians had maid.  
 The jowalré, as it was thiddir led,  
 Palyonis and all thai leiffit quhen thai fled.  
 The Scottis gat gold, gud, ger, and othir wage;  
 Relewyt thai war, at partit that pilage.  
 To meit thai went, with myrthis and plesance;  
 Thai sparyt nocht king Eduuardis purweance.  
 With solace syne a litill sleyp thai ta;  
 A prewa wach he gart amang thaim ga.  
 Twa kukis fell, thair lyffis for to saiff,  
 With dede corssys that lay wnputt in graiff;

Quhen thai saw weyll the Scottis war at rest,  
 Out off the feild to steill thaim thocht it best.  
 Full law thai crap, quhill thai war out off sicht;  
 Eftir the ost syne ran in all thair mycht.  
 Quhen that the Scottis had slepyt bot a quhill,  
 Than raisa thai wp, for Wallace dredyt gyll.  
 He said to thaim; "The Sotherone may persewe  
 "Agayne to ws, for thai ar folk enew.  
 "Quhar Ingliss men provisoune makis in wer,  
 "It is full hard to do thaim mekill der.  
 "On this playne feild we will thaim nocht abid;  
 "To sum gud strenth my purpos is to ryd."  
 The purweance, that left was in that stede,  
 To Ropis Bog he gert serwandis it lede,  
 With ordinance at Sothroun broucht in thar.  
 He with the ost to Dawis schaw can far;  
 And thar ramaynede a gret space off the day.  
 Off Ingliss men yeit sum thing will I say.  
 As king Eduuart throuch Cultir hoppis socht,  
 Quhen he persawit the Scottis folowed nocht,  
 In Jhonnys greyne he gert the ost ly still;  
 Feill fleand folk assemblit sone him till.  
 Quhen thai war met, the king ner worthis mad,  
 For his der kyn that he thar lossyt had;  
 His twa emys in to the feild was slayne,  
 His secund sone that mekill was off mayne.  
 His brothir Hew was kelyt thar full cald;  
 The erle off Kent, that cruell berne and bald.  
 With gret worschip tuk ded befor the king;  
 For him he murnyt, als lang as he mycht ryng.  
 At this semlay as thai in sorow stand,  
 The twa kukis come sone in at his hand,  
 And tald till him how thai enchapyt war:  
 "The Scottis all as swyne lyis droukyn thar,  
 "Off our wycht wyne ye gert ws thidder led;  
 "Full Weill we may be wengit off thar ded.  
 "A payne our lywis, it is suth that we tell:  
 "Raturne agayne, ye sall fynd thaim your sell."  
 He blamyt thaim; and said, na witt it was,  
 That he agayne for sic a taill sud pass.  
 'Thar chyftayne is rycht marwalus in wer;  
 'Fra sic perell he can full weill thaim ber.  
 'To sek him mar as now I will nocht ryd;  
 'Our meit is lost, tharfor we may nocht byd.'  
 The hardy duk off Longcastell and lord,  
 "Souerane," he said, "till our consaill concord.  
 "Gyff this be trew, ye haiff the mar awaill;  
 "We may thaim wyne, and mak bot lycht trawaill.  
 "War yon folk ded, quha may agayne ws stand?  
 "Than neid we nocht for meit to leiff the place."  
 The king ansuerd; 'I will nocht rid agayne,  
 'As at this tyme, my purpos is in playne.'  
 The duk said; "Schir, gyff ye conternyt be,  
 "To mowff yow mor it afferis nocht for me.  
 "Commaund power agayne with me to wend;  
 "And I off this sall se a finaill end."  
 Ten thousand haill he charygt for to ryd;  
 'Her in this strenth all nycht I sall yow bid.  
 'We may get meit off bestiall in this land;  
 'Gud drynk as now we can nocht bryng to hand.'  
 Off Westmorland the lord had mett him thar,  
 On with the duk he graithit him to fair.  
 At the fyrst straik with thaim he had nocht beyne;  
 With him he led a thousand weill beseyne.  
 A Pykart lord was with a thousand bowne;  
 Off king Edward he kepyt Calyss toun.  
 This twelf thousand on to the feild can fair.  
 The twa captans sone mett thaim at Beggair,  
 With the haill stuff off Roxburch and Berweike.  
 Schir Rawff Gray saw at thai war Sotheron leik,  
 Out off the south approchit to thair sicht;  
 He knew full weill with thaim it was nocht rycht.  
 Amer Wallange with his power come als,

King Eduuardis man, a tyrand knycht and fals.  
 Quhen thai war mett thai fand nocht ellis thar,  
 Bot dede corssis, and thai war spulyeit bar.  
 Than marueld thai quhar at the Scottis suld be;  
 Off thaim about perance thai couth nocht se:  
 Bot spyis thaim tald, that come with Schyr Amar,  
 In Dawis schaw thai saw thaim mak repair.  
 The fers Sotheroun sone passit to that place;  
 The wach wes war, and tald [it] to Wallace.  
 He warnd the ost out off that wood to ryd,  
 In Roppis bog he purpost for to byd.  
 A litill schaw wpon the ta syd was,  
 That men on fute mycht off the bog out pass.  
 Thar horss thai left in to that litill hauld.  
 On fute thai thocht the moss that thai suld hauld.  
 The Ingliss ost had weill thar passage seyne,  
 And folowed fast with cruell men and keyne.  
 Thai trowit that bog mycht mak thaim litill waill,  
 Growyn our with reyss, and all the sward was haill.  
 On thaim to ryd thai ordand in gret ire;  
 Off the formest a thousand, in the myre,  
 Off horss with men, was plungyt in the deipe.  
 The Scottis men tuk off thair cummyng kepe;  
 Upon thaim set with strakis sad and sar,  
 Yeid nane away off all that entrit thar.  
 Lycht men on fute apun thaim derffly dang;  
 Feill wndyr horss was smoryt in that thrang,  
 Stampyt in moss, and with rud horss ourgayne.  
 The worthy Scottis the dry land than has tayne.  
 Apon the laiff fechtand full wondyr fast,  
 And mony groyme thai maid full sar agast.  
 Than Inglissmen, that besy was in wer,  
 Assailyeit sar thaim fra the moss to ber,  
 On athir syd; bot than it was no but.  
 The strenth thai held rycht awfully on fut,  
 Till men and horss gaiff mony grewous wound;  
 Feyll to the dede thai stekit in that stound.  
 The Pykart lord assailyeit scharply thar,  
 Vpon the Grayme, with strakis sad and sar.  
 Schir Jhone the Grayme, with a staff suerd off steill,  
 His brycht byrneis he persyt euirilkdeill,  
 Throuch all the stuff, and stekit him in that sted:  
 Thus off his dynt the bauld Pykart is ded.  
 The Ingliss ost tuk playne purpos to fle;  
 In thar turnyng the Scottis gert mony de.  
 Wallace wald fayne at the Wallang haiff beyne;  
 Off Westmorland the lord was thaim betweyne:  
 Wallace on him he set ane awfull dynt,  
 Throuch basnet stuff, that na steill mycht it stynt;  
 Derffly to dede he left him in that place.  
 The fals knycht thus eschapit throuch this cace.  
 And Robert Boid has with a captayne mett  
 Off Berweik, than a sad straik on him set  
 Awkwart the crag, and kerwynt the pissane,  
 Throuch all his weid in sondyr straik the bane.  
 Feill horssyt men fled fast, and durst nocht byd;  
 Raboytit ewill, on to thar king thai rid.  
 The duk him tald off all thair jorney haill:  
 His hart for ire bolnyt for byttir baill;  
 Haill he hecht he suld neuyr London se,  
 On Wallace deid quhill he rawengit be,  
 Or loss his men agayne as he did ayr.  
 Thus socht he south with gret sorow and cair;  
 At the Byrkill a litill tary maid;  
 Syne throuch the land but rest our Sulway raid.  
 The Scottis ost a nycht ramanyt still;  
 Apon the morn thai spulyete, with gud will,  
 The dede corssis; syne couth to Braid wood fayr,  
 At a consaill thre dayis soiernyt thar.  
 At Forest kyrk a metyng ordand he;  
 Thai chesd Wallace Scottis wardand to be,  
 Traistand he suld thair paynfull sorow cess.  
 He rasawyt all that wald cum till his pess.

Schir Wilyham come that lord off Douglas was,  
 Forsuk Eduuard, at Wallace pess can ass;  
 In thair thrillage he wald no langar be:  
 Trewbut befor till Ingland payit he.  
 In contrar Scottis with thaim he neuir raid;  
 Fer bettir cher Wallace tharfor him maid.  
 Thus tretim he, and cheryst wondyr fair  
 Trew Scottis men that fewté maid him thar;  
 And gaiff gretly feill gudis at he wan;  
 He warndit nocht till na gud Scottis man.  
 Quha wald rebell, and gang contrar the rycht,  
 He punyst sar, war he squier or knycht.  
 Thus marwalusly gud Wallas tuk on hand;  
 Lykly he was, rycht fair and weill farrand,  
 Mandly and stout, and tharto rycht liberall,  
 Plesand and wiss in all gud gouernall.  
 To sla, forsuth, Sotheroun he sparyt nocht;  
 To Scottis men full gret profyt he wrocht.  
 In to the south sone efftir passit he;  
 As him best thoct he rewlyt that contré.  
 Schirrais he maid that cruell was to ken,  
 And captans als, off wiss trew Scottis men.  
 Fra Gamlis peth the land obeyt him haill,  
 Till Ur wattir, bath strenth, forest, and daill.  
 Agaynis him in Galloway hous was nayne,  
 Except Wigtoun, byggyt off lyme and stayne.  
 That captayne hard the reullis off Wallace;  
 Away be sey, he staw out off that place,  
 Lewyt all waist, and couth in Ingland wend.  
 Bot Wallace sone a kepar till it send,  
 A gud squier; and to nayme he was cald  
 Adam Gordone, as the storie me tald.  
 A strenth thar was on the wattir off Cre,  
 With in a roch, rycht stalwart wrocht off tre;  
 A gait befor mycht no man to it wyn,  
 But the consent off thaim that duelt within.  
 On the bak sid a roch and wattir was;  
 A strait entré forsuth it was to pass.  
 To wesyt Wallace him selff sone went;  
 Fra he it saw, he kest in his entent  
 To wyn that hauld; he has chosyne a gait,  
 That thai with in suld mak litill debait.  
 His power haill he gerd bid out off sycht,  
 Bot thre with him qwhill tyme that it was nycht.  
 Than tuk he twa, quhen that the nycht was dym,  
 Stewyn off Irland, and Kerlé, that couth clyme  
 The wattir wnder; and clame the roch so strang:  
 Thus entrit thai the Sothron men amang.  
 The wach befor tuk na tent to that syd:  
 Thir thre in feyr sone to the port thai glid.  
 Gud Wallace than straik the portar him sell;  
 Dede our the roch in to the dik he fell;  
 Leit down the brig, and blew his horne on hycht.  
 The buschement brak, and come in all thar mycht;  
 At thair awne will sone entrit in that place;  
 Till Inglissmen thai did full litill grace.  
 Sixty thai slew; in that hald was na ma,  
 Bot ane auld preist, and sympill wemen twa.  
 Gret purweance was in that roch to spend;  
 Wallace baid still quhill it was at ane end:  
 Brak doune the strenth, bath bryg, and bulwark all;  
 Out our the roch thai gert the temyr fall;  
 Wndid the gait, and wald no langar bid.  
 In Carrik syne thai bownyt thaim to rid;  
 Haistit thaim nocht, bot sobyrlly couth fair  
 Till Townbery; thar captane was at Ayr  
 With lord Persie, to tak his consaill haill:  
 Syne fyrd the yett, na succour mycht awaill.  
 A prest thar was, and gentill wemen with in,  
 Quhilk for the fyr maid hiddewis noyis and dyn.  
 “Mercy,” thai cryit, “for him that deit on tre!”  
 Wallace gert slaik the fyr, and leit thaim be.  
 To mak defens na ma was lewynt thar:

He thaim commaund out off the land to far;  
 Spulyeit the place, and spilt all at thai mocht.  
 Apon the morn in Cumno sone thai socht;  
 To Laynrik syne, and set a tyme off ayr,  
 Mysdoaris feill he gert be punyst thar.  
 To gud trew men he gaiff full mekill wage;  
 His brothir sone put to his heretage;  
 To the blak crag in Cumno past agayne;  
 His houshould set with men off mekill mayne.  
 Thre monethis thar he duellyt in gud rest;  
 Suttell Sotheroune fand weill it was the best  
 Trewis to tak; for till encheu a chans  
 To furthir this, thai send for knycht Wallans.  
 Bothwell yeit that tratour kepyt still;  
 And Ayr all haill was at the Perseis will;  
 The byschope Beik in Glaskow duellyt thar,  
 Throucht gret supple off the captayne off Ayr.  
 Erll off Stamffurd, was chanslar off Ingland,  
 With Schyr Amar this trawaill tuk on hand,  
 To procur pess be ony maner off cace.  
 A saiff condyt thai purchest off Wallace.  
 In Ruglen kyrk the tryst than haiff thai set,  
 A promes maid to meit Wallace but let.  
 The day off this approchit wondyr fast;  
 The gret chanslar and Amar thidder past:  
 Syne Wallace come, and his men weill beseyn,  
 With him fyfty arayit all in the greyne.  
 Ilkane off thaim a bow and arrowis bar,  
 And lang suerdis, the quhilk full scharpy schar.  
 In to the kyrk he gert a preyst rewess;  
 With humyll mynd rycht mekly hard a mess:  
 Syne wp he raiss and till ane alter went,  
 And his gud men full cruell off entent.  
 In ir he grew, that traitour quhen he sawe;  
 The Inglissmen off his face stud gret aw.  
 Witt reullyt him, that he did no owtrage.  
 The erlle beheld fast till his hye curage;  
 Forthocht sum part that he come to that place,  
 Gretlye abaysit for the vult off his face.  
 Schir Amer said; “This spech ye mon begyne;  
 “He will nocht bow to na part off your kyn.  
 “Sufferyt ye ar, I trow ye may spek weill.  
 “For all Ingland he will nocht brek adeyll  
 “His saiff cwndyt, or quhar he makis a band.”  
 The chanslar than approfferit him his hand.  
 Wallace stud still, and couth na handis ta;  
 Friendschipe to thaim na liknes wald he ma.  
 Schir Amar said; ‘Wallace, yhe wndyrstand,  
 ‘This is a lord, and chanslar off Ingland;  
 ‘To salus him ye may be propyr skill.’  
 With schort awyss he maid ansuer him till;  
 “Sic salusyng I oyss till Ingliss men  
 “Sa sall he haiff, quhar euir I may him ken  
 “At my power; that God I mak awow,  
 “Out off souerance gyff that I had him now.  
 “Bot for thi lyff, and all his land so braid,  
 “I will nocht brek this promess that is maid.  
 “I had leuir at myn awn will haiff the,  
 “With out condyt, that I mycht wrokyne be  
 “Off thi fals deid, thou dois in this regioun,  
 “Than off pur gold a kingis gret ransoune.  
 “Bot, for my band, as now I will lat be.  
 “Chanslar, schaw furth quhat ye desyr of me.”  
 The chanslar said; ‘The most causs of this thing,  
 ‘To procur peess I am send fra our king,  
 ‘With the gret seill, and voice off hys parliament;  
 ‘Quhat I bynd her oure barnage sall consent.’  
 Wallace ansuerd; “Our litill mendis we haiff,  
 “Syne off oure rycht ye occupy the laiff.  
 “Quytcleyme our land, and we sall nocht deny.”  
 The chanslar said; ‘Off na sic chargis haiff I;  
 ‘We will gyff gold, or oure purpos suld faill.’  
 Than Wallace said; “In waist is that trawaill.

"Be fauour gold we ask nayne off your kyn;  
 "In wer off you we tak that we may wyn."  
 Abaissid he was to mak ansuer agayne.  
 Wallace said; "Schyr, we jangill bot in wayne.  
 "My consell gyffis, I will na fabill mak,  
 "As for a yer a finaill pess to tak.  
 "Nocht for my self, that I bynd to your seill,  
 "I can nocht trow that euir ye will be leill;  
 "Bot for pur folk gretlye has beyne supprisyt,  
 "I will tak peess, quhill forthir we be awisit."  
 Than band thai thus; thar suld be no debait,  
 Castell and towne suld stand in that ilk stait,  
 Fra that day furth, quhill a yer war at end:  
 Sellyt this pess, and tuk thar leyff to wend.  
 Wallace fra thine passit in to the west,  
 Maid playne repair quhar so him likit best;  
 Yeit sar he dred or thai suld him dissaiff.  
 This endentour to Schyr Ranald he gaiff,  
 His der wncle, quhar it mycht kepit be;  
 In Cumno syne till his duellyng went he.  
 EXPLICIT LIBER SEXTUS,  
 INCIPIIT SEPTIMUS.

### BUKE SEWYND.

In Feueryher befell the sammyn cace,  
 That Inglissmen tuk trewis with Wallace.  
 This passyt our till Marche till end was socht.  
 The Inglissmen kest all the wayis thai mocht,  
 With suddelté and wykkit illusione,  
 The worthi Scottis to put to confusioun.  
 In Aperill the king off England come  
 In Cvmmyrland fro Pumfrat his home;  
 In to Carleill till a consell he yeid,  
 Quhar off the Scottis mycht haiff full mekill dreid.  
 Mony captane that was off England born,  
 Thidder thai past, and semblit thar king befor;  
 Na Scottis man to that consell thai cald,  
 Bot Schyr Amer, that traytour was off ald.  
 At him thai sperd, how thai suld tak on hand  
 The rychtwyss blud to scour out off Scotland.  
 Schir Amer said; "Thair chyftayne can weill do,  
 "Rycht wyss in wer, and has gret power to;  
 "And now this trew gyffis thaim sic hardyment,  
 "That to your faith thai will nocht all consent.  
 "Bot wald ye do rycht as I wald yow ler,  
 "This pess to thaim it suld be sald full der."  
 Than demyt he, the fals Sotheroun amang,  
 How thai best mycht the Scottis barownis hang.  
 For gret bernys that tyme stud in till Ayre,  
 Wrocht for the king, quhen his luyng wes thar;  
 Byggyt about, that no man entir mycht,  
 Bot ane at anys, nor haiff off othir sicht.  
 Thar ordand thai thir lordis suld be slayne;  
 A justice maid, quhilk wes of mekill mayne.  
 To lord Persye off this mattir thai laid.  
 With sad awyss agayne to thaim he said;  
 "Thai men to me has kepit treuth so lang,  
 "Desaitfully I may nocht se thaim hang.  
 "I am thar fa, and warn thaim will I nocht;  
 "Sa I be quytt, I rek nocht quhat yhe wrocht.  
 "Fra thine I will, and towart Glaskow draw,  
 "With our byschope to her off his new law."  
 Than chesyt thai a justice fers and fell,  
 Quhilk Arnwlff hecht, as my auctour will tell,  
 Off South hantoun, that huge hie her and lord;  
 He wndretuk to pyne thaim with the cord.  
 Ane othir ayr in Glaskow ordand thai,  
 For Cliddisdaill men, to stand that sammyn day:  
 Syne chargyt thaim, in all wayis ernystfully,  
 Be no kyn meyne Wallace suld nocht chaip by.  
 For weill thai wyst, and thai men war ourthrawn,  
 Thai mycht at will bruk Scotland as thair awin.

This band thai cloiss wndre thair seillis fast;  
 Syne south our mur agayn king Edward past.  
 The new justice rasawit was in Ayre:  
 The lord Persye can on to Glaskow fayr.  
 This ayr was set in Jun the auchtand day,  
 And playnly cryt, na fre man war away.  
 The Scottis marweld, and pess tane in the land,  
 Quhy Inglissmen sic maistir tuk on hand.  
 Schir Ranald set a day befor this ayr,  
 At Monkoun kyrk; his freyndis mett him thar.  
 Wilyham Wallace on to the tryst couth pass,  
 For he as than wardane off Scotland was.  
 This maistir Jhone a worthi clerk was thar;  
 He chargyt his kyne for to byd fra that ayr.  
 Rycht weill he wyst, fra Persey fled that land,  
 Gret perell was till Scottis apperand.  
 Wallace fra thaim [in] to the kyrk he yeid;  
 Pater Noster, Aue, he said, and Creid.  
 Syne to the grece he lenyt him sobyrlly;  
 Apon a sleip he slaid full sodandly.  
 Kneland folowed, and saw him fallyn on sleip;  
 He maid na noyis, bot wysly couth him kepe.  
 In that slummir, cummand him thoct he saw  
 Ane agit man, fast towart him couth draw;  
 Sone be the hand he hynt him haistelé,  
 "I am," he said, "in wiage chargit with the."  
 A suerd him gaiff off burly burnist steill;  
 "Gud sone," he said, "this brand thou sall bruk weill."  
 Off topastone him thoct the plumat was;  
 Baith hilt and hand all glitterand lik the glas.  
 "Der sone," he said, "we tary her to lang;  
 "Thow sall go se quhar wrocht is mekill wrang."  
 Than he him led till a montane on hycht;  
 The world him thoct he mycht se with a sicht.  
 He left him thar, syne sone fra him he went.  
 Tharoff Wallace studiit in his entent;  
 Till se him mar he had still gret desyr.  
 Tharwith he saw begyne a fellowne fyr,  
 Quhilk braithly brynt on breid throu all the land,  
 Scotland atour, fra Ross to Sulway sand.  
 Than sone till him thar descendyt a qweyne,  
 Inlumyt lycht, schynand full brycht and scheyne.  
 In hyr presens apperyt so mekill lycht,  
 At all the fyr scho put out off his sycht;  
 Gaiff him a wand off colour reid and greyne,  
 With a saffyr sanyt his face and eyne.  
 "Welcum," scho said, "I cheiss the as my luff.  
 "Thow art grantyt, be the gret God abuff,  
 "Till help pepill that sufferis mekill wrang;  
 "With the as now I may nocht tary lang.  
 "Thou sall return to thi awne oyss agayne;  
 "Thi derrast kyne ar her in mekill payne.  
 "This rycht region thow mon redeme it all:  
 "Thi last reward in erd sall be bot small.  
 "Let nocht tharfor, tak redress off this myss:  
 "To thi reward thou sall haiff lestand blyss."  
 Off hir rycht hand scho betaucht him a buk;  
 Humyly thus hyr leyff full sone scho tuk;  
 On to the cloud ascendyt off his sycht.  
 Wallace brak vp the buk in all his mycht.  
 In thre partis the buk weill writyn was;  
 The fyrst writtyng was gross letteris off bras,  
 The secound gold, the thrid was siluer scheyne.  
 Wallace merueld quhat this writyng suld meyne.  
 To rede the buk he besyet him so fast,  
 His spreit agayne to walkand mynd is past;  
 And wp he raiss, syne sodandly furth went.  
 This clerk he fand, and tald him [his] entent  
 Off this wisioun, as I haiff said befor,  
 Completly throuch. Quhat nedis wordis mor?  
 "Der sone," he said, "my witt vnabill is  
 "To runsik sic, for dreid I say off myss.  
 "Yeit I sall deyme, thoct my cunnynge be small:

“God grant na chargis efftir my wordis fall!  
 “Saynet Androw was, gaiff the that suerd in hand;  
 “Off sanctis he is wovar off Scotland.  
 “That montayne is, quhar he the had on hycht,  
 “Knowlage to haiff off wrang that [thow] mon rycht.  
 “The fyr sall be fell tithingis, or ye part,  
 “Quhilk will be tald in mony syndry art.  
 “I can nocht witt quhat qweyn at it suld be,  
 “Quhethir fortoun, or our lady so fre.  
 “Lykly it is, be the brychtnes scho brocht,  
 “Modyr off him that all this world has wrocht.  
 “The prety wand, I trow be myn entent,  
 “Assignes rewille and cruell jugément.  
 “The red colour, quha graithly wndrestud,  
 “Betaknes all to gret battaill and blud:  
 “The greyn, curage that thow art now amang,  
 “In strowbill wer thou sall conteyne full lang.  
 “The saphyr stayne, scho blissit the with all,  
 “Is lestand grace, will God, sall to the fall.  
 “The thrynfald buk is bot this brokyn land,  
 “Thou mon rademe be worthines off hand.  
 “The bras lettris betakynns bot to this,  
 “The gret oppress off wer and mekill myss,  
 “The quhilk thow sall bryng to the rycht agayne;  
 “Bot thou tharfor mon suffer mekill payne.  
 “The gold takynnis honour and worthinas,  
 “Wictour in armys, that thou sall haiff be grace.  
 “The siluer schawis cleyne lyff, and hewynys blyss;  
 “To thi reward that myrth thou sall nocht myss.  
 “Dreid nocht tharfor, be out off all dispayr.  
 “Forthir as now her off I can no mair”  
 He thankit hym, and thus his leyff has tayne;  
 Till Corsbé syne with his wncle raid hayme.  
 With myrthis thus all nycht thai soioirnyt thar.  
 Apon the morn thai graith thaim to the ar;  
 And furth thai ryd, quhill thai come to Kingace.  
 With dreidfull hart thus sperit wicht Wallace  
 At Schyr Ranald, for the charter off pees.  
 “Neuo,” he said, “thir wordis ar nocht les.  
 “It is lewynt at Corsbé, in the kyst  
 “Quhar thou it laid; tharoff na othyr wist.”  
 Wallace ansuerd; ‘Had we it her to schaw,  
 ‘And thai be falss, we suld nocht entir awe.’  
 “Der sone,” he said, “I pray the pass agayne;  
 “Thocht thou wald send, that trawaill war in wayne:  
 “Bot thou, or I, can nane it bryng this tid.”  
 Gret grace it was maid him agayne to ryd.  
 Wallace raturnd, and tuk with him bot thre;  
 Nane off thaim knew this endentour bot he.  
 Wnhap him led, for bid him couth he nocht;  
 Off fals dissayt this gud knyght had na thocht.  
 Schir Ranald raid but restyng to the town,  
 Wittand na thing off all this falss tresown.  
 That wykked syng so rewled the planait;  
 Saturn was than in till his heast stait.  
 Aboune Juno in his malancoly,  
 Jupiter, Mars, ay cruell off inwy,  
 Saturn as than awansyt his natur.  
 Off terandry he power had and cur;  
 Rebell renkis in mony seir regioun;  
 Trubbill weddyr makis schippis to droune,  
 His drychyn is with Pluto in the se;  
 As off the land, full off iniquité,  
 He wahnys wer, waxyng off pestilence,  
 Fallyng off wallis with cruell wioleence,  
 Pusoun is ryff, amang thir othir thingis;  
 Sodeyn slauchter off empriouris and kingis.  
 Quhen Sampson powed to grond the gret pillar,  
 Saturn was than in till the heast sper.  
 At Thebes als off his power thai tell,  
 Quhen Phiorax sank through the erd till hell.  
 Off the Troianis he had full mekill cur,  
 Quhen Achilles at Troy slew gud Ectur,

Burdeous schent, and mony citeis mo;  
 His power yeit it has na hap to ho.  
 In braid Brytane feill wengeance has beyne seyne;  
 Off this and mar, ye wait weill quhat I meyn.  
 Bot to this hous, that stalwart wes and strang,  
 Schir Ranald come, and mycht nocht tary lang.  
 A bawk was knyt all full of rapys keyne;  
 Sic a towboth sen syn was neur seyne.  
 Stern men was set the entré for to hald;  
 Nayne mycht pass in, bot ay as thai war cald.  
 Schir Ranald fyrst, to mak féwté for his land,  
 The knyght, went in, and wald na langar stand:  
 A rynnand cord thai slewynt our his hed,  
 Hard to the bawk, and hangyt him to ded.  
 Schyr Bryss the Blayr next with his eyme in past;  
 On to the ded thai haistyt him full fast,  
 Be he entrit, hys hed was in the swar;  
 Tytt to the bawk, hangyt to ded rycht thar.  
 The third entrit, that peté was for thy,  
 A gentill knyght, Schyr Neill off Mungumry;  
 And othir feill off landit men about.  
 Mony yeid in, bot na Scottis com out.  
 Off Wallace part, thai putt to that derff deid,  
 Mony Craufurd sa endyt in that steid.  
 Off Carrik men Kennadyss slew thai als;  
 And kynd Cambellis, that neur had beyne falss.  
 Thir rabellit nocht contrar thair rychtwiss croun;  
 Sotheroun for thi thaim putt to confusioun;  
 Berklaiss, Boidis, and Stuartis off gud kyn:  
 Na Scott chapyt that tyme that entrit in.  
 Vpon the bawk thai hangit mony par,  
 Be sid thaim ded in the nuk kest thaim thar.  
 Sen the fyrst tyme that ony wer wes wrocht,  
 To sic a dede so mony sic yeid nocht  
 Vpon a day, through curssit Saxons seid:  
 Vengeance off this through out that kynrik yeid.  
 Grantyt wes fra God in the gret hewyn,  
 Sa ordand he that law suld be thair stewyn.  
 To falss Saxons, for thair fell jugément,  
 Thar wykkydnes our all the land is went.  
 Yhe nobill men, that ar off Scottis kind,  
 Thar petous dede yhe kepe in to your mynd;  
 And ws rawenge, quhen we ar set in thrang.  
 Dolour it is her on to tary lang.  
 Thus auchtene scor to that derff dede thai dycht,  
 Off barronis bald, and mony worthi knyght.  
 Quhen thai had slayne the worthiast that was thar,  
 For waik peple thai wald na langar spar:  
 In till a garth kest thaim out off that sted,  
 As thai war born, dispulyeit, bar, and ded.  
 Gud Robert Boid on till a tawern yeid,  
 With twenty men that douchty war in deid,  
 Off Wallace houss, full cruell off entent;  
 He gouernyt thaim quhen Wallace was absent.  
 Kerlé turnyt with his mastir agayne,  
 Kneland and Byrd, that mekill war off mayne.  
 Stewyn off Irland went furth; apon the streit  
 A trew woman full sone with him couth meit.  
 He speryt at hir, quhat hapnyt in the ayr.  
 “Sorou,” scho said, “is nothing ellis thar.”  
 Ferdly scho ast, “Allace! quhar is Wallace?”  
 ‘Fra ws agayne he passait at Kingace.’  
 “Go warn his folk, and haist thaim off the toun;  
 “To kepe him selff I sall be reddi boun.”  
 With hir as than no mar tary he maid;  
 Till his falowis he went with outyn baid.  
 And to thaim tald off all this gret mysfair.  
 To Laglane wood thai bownyt with outyn mar.  
 Be this Wallace wes cummand wondir fast;  
 For his freyndis he was full sar agast.  
 On to the bern sadly he couth persew  
 Till entir in, for he na perell knew.  
 This woman than apon him loud can call;

"O fers Wallace, feill tempest is befall.  
 "Our men ar slayne, that peté is to se,  
 "As bestiall houndis hangit our a tre;  
 "Our trew barrounis be twa and twa past in."  
 Wallace wepyt for gret loss off his kyne.  
 Than with wness apon his horss he baid;  
 Mair for to sper to this woman he said;  
 'Der nece,' he said, 'the trewth giff thou can tell,  
 'Is my eyne dede, or hou the cace befell?"  
 "Out off yon bern," scho said, "I saw him borne,  
 "Nakit, laid law on cald erd, me befor.  
 "His frosty mouth I kissit in that sted;  
 "Rycht now manlik, now bar, and brocht to ded.  
 "And with a claith I couerit his licaym;  
 "For in his lyff he did neur woman schame.  
 "His systir sone thou art, worthi and wicht;  
 "Rawenge thar dede, for Goddis saik, at thi mycht:  
 "Als I sall help, as I am woman trew."  
 'Der wicht,' he said, 'der God, sen at thou knew  
 'Gud Robert Boid, quhar at thou can him se;  
 'Wilyham Crawford als giff he lyffand be.  
 'Adam Wallace wald help me in this striff,  
 'I pray to God send me [thaim] all in liff;  
 'For Marys saik bid thaim sone cum to me.  
 'The justice innys thow spy for cheryté;  
 'And in quhat feir that thai thair luygne mak.  
 'Son efftir that we will our purpos tak  
 'In to Laglane, quhilk has my succour beyne.  
 'Adew market, and welcum woddis greyne!  
 Her off as than till hir he spak no mair;  
 His brydill turnyt, and fra hir can he fair:  
 Sic murnyng maid for his der worthi kyn,  
 Him thoct for bail his breyst ner bryst in twyn.  
 As he thus raid in gret angryr and teyne,  
 Off Inglistmen thar folowed him fyfteen,  
 Wicht, wallyt men, at towart him couth draw,  
 With a maser, to tach him to the law.  
 Wallace raturnd in greiff and matelint;  
 With his suerd drawyn amang thaim sone he went.  
 The myddyll off ane he mankit ner in twa;  
 Ane othir thar apon the hed can ta;  
 The thrid he straik, and through the cost him claiff;  
 The ferd to ground rycht derffly ded down he draiff;  
 The fyft he hit with gret ire in that sted;  
 With out reskew dreidles he left thaim ded.  
 Than his thre men had slayn the tothir fyve.  
 Fra thaim the laiff eschapid in to lyff;  
 Fled to thair lord, and tald him off this cass.  
 To Laglane wode than ridis wicht Wallas.  
 The Sotheroun said, quhat ane that he hit rycht,  
 With out mercy, dreidles, to ded wes dycht.  
 Merwell thai had sic strenth in ane suld be;  
 Ane off thair men at ilk straik he gert de.  
 Than demyt thai, it suld be Wallace wicht.  
 To thar langage maid ansuer ane ald knyght;  
 "Forsuth," he said, "be he chapyt this ayr,  
 "All your new deid is eking off our cair."  
 The justice said, quhen thar sic murmur raiss;  
 'Yhe wald be ferd, and thar come mony faiss,  
 'That for a man me think yow lik to fle,  
 'And wait nocht yeit in deid gyff it be he.  
 'And thoct it be, I cownt him bot full lycht;  
 'Quha bidis her, ilk gentill man sall be knyght:  
 'I think to deill thair landis haill to morn  
 'To yow about, that ar off England born.'  
 The Sotheron drew to thar luyng bot mar;  
 Four thousand haill that nycht was in till Ayr.  
 In gret bernys, biggyt with out the toun,  
 The justice lay, with mony bald barroun.  
 Than he gert cry about thai waynys wide,  
 Na Scottis born amang thaim thar suld bid.  
 To the castell he wald nocht pass for eyss,  
 Bot soiornd thar with thing that mycht him pleyss.

Gret purwians be se to thaim was bocht,  
 With Irland ayle, the mychteast couth be wrocht.  
 Na wach wes set, be caus thai had na dout  
 Off Scottis men that leiffand was with out.  
 Lawberand in mynd thai had beyne all that day,  
 Off ayle and wyne yneuch chosyne haiff thai:  
 As bestly folk tuk off thaim self no keip;  
 In thair brawnys sone slaid the sleuthfull sleip;  
 Throuch full gluttré in swarff swappyt lik swyn.  
 Thar chyftayne than was gret Bachus off wyn.  
 This wyss woman besy amang thaim was;  
 Feill men scho warnd and gart to Laglayne pass,  
 Hyr self formest, quhill thai with Wallace met.  
 Sum comfort than in till his mynd was set;  
 Quhen he thaim saw, he thankit God off nicht.  
 Tithandis he ast; the woman tald him rycht;  
 "Slepan as swyn ar all yone fals menyhe;  
 "Na Scottis man is in that cumpané."  
 Than Wallace said; 'Giff thai all droukyn be,  
 'I call it best with fyr sor thaim to se.'  
 Off gud men than thre hundreth till him socht;  
 The woman had tald thre trew burges, at brocht  
 Out off the toun, with nobill aile and breid,  
 And othir stuff, als mekill as thai mycht leid.  
 Thai eit and drank, the Scottis men at mocht.  
 The noblis than Jop has to Wallace brocht.  
 Sadly he said; "Der freyndis, now you se,  
 "Our kyn ar slayne, tharoff is gret peté;  
 "Throuch feill murthyr, the gret dispite is mor;  
 "Now sum rameid I wald we set tharfor.  
 "Suppos that I was maid wardane to be,  
 "Part ar away sic chargis put to me;  
 "And ye ar her, cummyn off als gud blud,  
 "Als rychtwis born be aventur, and als gud,  
 "Alss forthwart, fair, and als likly off persoun,  
 "As euir was I; tharfor till conclusioun,  
 "Latt ws cheyss fyve off this gud company;  
 "Syne caflis cast quha sall our master be."  
 Wallace and Boyd, and Craufurd off renoun,  
 And Adam als than lord off Ricardtoun;  
 His fadyr than wes weseyd with seknes,  
 God had him tayne in till his lestand grace;  
 The fyft Awchinkle, in wer a nobill man;  
 Caflis to cast about thir fyve began.  
 It wald on him, for ocht thai cuth dewyss,  
 Continually, quhill thai had castyn thriss.  
 Than Wallace raiss, and out a suerd can draw;  
 He said, "I wow to the Makar off aw,  
 "And till Mary, his modyr wirgyne cler,  
 "My wnclis dede now sall be sauld full der,  
 "With mony ma off our der worthi kyn.  
 "Fyrst, or I eit or drynk, we sall begyn;  
 "For sleuth nor sleip sall nayne remayne in me,  
 "Off this tempest till I a wengence se."  
 Than all inclynd rycht humyll off accord,  
 And him resawit as chyftayne and thair lord.  
 Wallace a lord he may be clepyt weyll,  
 Thoct ruryk folk tharoff haft litill feill;  
 Na deyme na lord, bot landis be thair part.  
 Had he the warld, and be wrachit off hart,  
 He is no lord as to the worthines;  
 It can nocht be, but fredome, lordlyknes.  
 At the Roddis thai mak full mony ane,  
 Quhilk worthy ar, thoct landis haiff thai nane.  
 This discussyng I leiff herroldis till end;  
 On my mater now briefly will I wend.  
 Wallace commaunde a burgess for to get  
 Fyne cawke enuech, that his der nece mycht set  
 On ilk yeit, quhar Sotheroun wer on raw.  
 Than twenty men he gert fast wetheis thraw,  
 Ilk man a pair, and on thair arme thaim threw;  
 Than to the toun full fast thai cuth persew.  
 The woman past befor thaim suttelly;

Cawkit ilk yett, that thai neid nocht gang by.  
 Than festnyt thai with wetheis duris fast,  
 To stapill and hesp, with mony sekыр cast.  
 Wallace gert Boid ner hand the castell ga,  
 With fyfté men, a jeperté to ma.  
 Gyff ony ischet, the fyr quhen that thai saw,  
 Fast to [the] yett he ordand thaim to draw.  
 The laiff with him about the bernys yheid.  
 This trew woman thaim seruit weill in deid,  
 With lynt and fyr, that haistely kendill wald;  
 In euir ilk nuk thai festnyt blais bald.  
 Wallace commaund till all his men about,  
 Na Sotheron man at thai suld lat brek out:  
 Quhat euir he be, reskewis off that kyn  
 Fra the rede fyr, him selff sall pass tharin.  
 The lemand low sone lannsyt apon hycht.  
 “Forsuth,” he said, “this is a plessand sycht;  
 “Till our hartis it suld be sum radress:  
 “War thir away, thar power war the less.”  
 On to the justice him selff loud can caw;  
 “Lat ws to borch our men fra your fals law,  
 “At leyffand ar, that chapyt fra your ayr.  
 “Deyll nocht thar land, the wnlaw is our sayr.  
 “Thou had no rycht, that sall be on the seyne.”  
 The rewmour raiss with cairfull cry and keyne.  
 The bryme fyr brynt rycht braithly apon loft;  
 Till slepand men that walkand was nocht soft.  
 The sycht with out was awfull for to se:  
 In all the world na grettar payne mycht be,  
 Than thai with in, insufferit sor to duell,  
 That euir was wrocht, bot purgatory or hell.  
 A payne off hell weill ner it mycht be cauld,  
 Mad folk with fyr hampryt in mony hauld.  
 Feill byggyns brynt, that worthi war and wicht;  
 Gat nane away, knaiff, capitane, nor knycht.  
 Quhen brundis fell off raftreis thaim amang,  
 Sum rudly raiss in byttir paynys strang;  
 Sum nakyt brynt, bot beltless all away;  
 Sum neur raiss, bot smoryt quhar thar lay;  
 Sum ruschyt fast, till Ayr gyff thai mycht wyn,  
 Blyndyt in fyr, thar deidis war full dym.  
 The reik mellyt with fylth off carioune,  
 Amang the fyr, rycht foull off offensioune.  
 The peple beryt lyk wyld bestis in that tyd,  
 Within the wallis, rampand on athir sid;  
 Rewmyd in reuth, with mony gryslly grayne;  
 Sum grymly gret, quhill thar lyff dayis war gayne.  
 Sum durris socht the entré for to get;  
 Bot Scottis men so wysly thaim beset,  
 Gyff ony brak, be awntur, off that steid,  
 With suerdis sone bertnyt thai war to dede;  
 Or ellys agayne beforce drewyn in the fyr:  
 Thar chapyt nayne bot brynt wp bayne and lyr.  
 The stynk scalyt off ded bodyis sa wyde,  
 The Scottis abhord ner hand for to byd;  
 Yeid to the wynd, and leit thaim ewyn allayne,  
 Quhill the rede fyr had that fals blude ourgayne.  
 A frer Drumlay was priour than off Ayr;  
 Sewyn scor with him that nycht tuk herbry thar,  
 In his innys; for he mycht nocht thaim let.  
 Till ner mydnycht a wach on thaim he set;  
 Him selff wouk weyll quhill he the fyr saw ryss:  
 Sum mendis he thocht to tak off that suppryss.  
 Hys brethir sewyn till harnes sone thai yeid,  
 Hym selff chyftayne the ramanand to leid.  
 The best thai waill off armour and gud ger;  
 Syne wapynnys tak, rycht awfull in affer.  
 Thir aucht freris in four partis thai ga,  
 With suerdis drawyn, till ilk houss yeid twa.  
 Sone entriet thai quhar Sotheroun slepand war,  
 Apon thaim sett with strakis sad and sar.  
 Feill frekis thar thai freris dang to dede,  
 Sum nakit fled, and gat out off that sted,

The wattir socht, abaissit out off slepe.  
 In the furd weill, that was bath wan and depe,  
 Feyll off thaim fell, that brak out off that place,  
 Dowkit to grounde, and deit with outyn grace.  
 Drownyt and slayne war all that herbryt thar,  
 Men callis it yeit, “The Freris blyssyng off Ayr.”  
 Few folk off waill was lewynt apon cace  
 In the castell; lord Persye fra that place,  
 Befor the ayr, fra thine to Glaskow drew;  
 Off men and stuff it was to purwa new.  
 Yeit thai within, saw the fyr byrnand stout,  
 With schort awiss ischet, and had na dout.  
 The buschement than, as weryouris wyss and wicht,  
 Leit thaim allayne, and to the houss past rycht.  
 Boyd wan the port, entryt and all his men;  
 Keparis in it was left bot nyne or ten.  
 The formast sone hym selff sesyt in hand,  
 Maid quyt off hym, syne slew all at thai fand.  
 Off purwyaunce in that castell was nayne;  
 Schort tyme befor Persye was fra it gayne.  
 The erll Arnulff had rasawit that hauld,  
 Quhilk in the toune was brynt to powder cauld.  
 Boyd gert ramayn off his men twenty still,  
 Him selff past furth to witt off Wallace will,  
 Kepand the toune, quhill nocht was lewynt mar  
 Bot the woode fyr, and beyldis brynt full bar.  
 Off lykly men, that born was in England,  
 Be suerd and fyr, that nycht deit fyve thousand.  
 Quhen Wallace men was weill to gydder met,  
 “Gud freyndis,” he sayd, “ye know that thar wes set  
 “Sic law as this now in to Glaskow toune,  
 “Be byschope Beik, and Persye off renoun.  
 “Tharfor I will in haist we thidder fair;  
 “Off our gud kyn [sum] part ar lossyt thair.”  
 He gert full sone the burges till him caw,  
 And gaiff commaund in generall to thaim aw.  
 In keypyng thai suld tak the houss off Ayr,  
 And “hald it haill quhill tyme that we her mayr;  
 “To byd our king castellys I wald we had;  
 “Cast we doun all, we mycht be demyt our rad.”  
 Thai gart meit cum, for thai had fastyt lang;  
 Litill he tuk, syne bownyt thaim to gang.  
 Horsis thai cheyss, that Sotheroun had brocht thar,  
 Anew at will; and off the toune can fair.  
 Thre hundreth haill was in his cumpany.  
 Rycht wondir fast raid this gud chewalry  
 To Glaskow bryg, that byggyt was off tre;  
 Weyll passit our or Sotheroun mycht thaim se.  
 Lorde Persye wycht, that besy wes in wer,  
 Semblyt his men fell awfull in affer.  
 Than demyt thai that it was wicht Wallace,  
 He had befor chapyt throw mony cace.  
 The byschope Beik, and Persye that was wicht,  
 A thousand led off men in armyss brycht.  
 Wallace saw weill quhat nowmyr semblit thar,  
 He maid his men in twa partis to fair;  
 Graithit thaim weill without the townys end.  
 He callit Awchinkle, for he the passage kend.  
 “Wncle,” he said, “be besy in to wer.  
 “Quhethir will yhe the byschoppys taill wpber,  
 “Or pass befor, and tak his benysone?”  
 He ansuerd hym, with rycht schort provision,  
 ‘Wnbyschoppyt yeit, for suth I trow ye be;  
 ‘Your selff sall fyrst his blyssyng tak for me:  
 ‘For sekырly ye seruit it best the nycht.  
 ‘To ber his taill we sall in all our mycht.’  
 Wallace ansuerd; “Sen we mon sindry gang,  
 ‘Perell thar is and ye bid fra ws lang;  
 “For yone ar men will nocht sone be agast.  
 “Fra tyme we meit, for Goddis [saik] haist yow fast.  
 “Our disseueryng I wald na Sotheroun saw;  
 “Behynd thaim cum, in [throw] the Northeast raw.  
 “Gud men off wer ar all Northummyrland.”

Thai partand thus tuk othir be the hand.  
 Awchinklek said; 'We sall do at we may;  
 'We wald ilk ill to byd oucht lang away.  
 'A boustous staill betwix ws sone mon be;  
 'Bot to the rycht all mychty God haiff E!  
 Adam Wallace and Awchinklek was boune,  
 Sewyn scor with thaim, on the baksid the toune.  
 Rycht fast thai yeid, quhill thai war out off sycht:  
 The tothir part arrayit thaim full rycht.  
 Wallace and Boid the playne streyt wp can ga.  
 Sotheroun marweld be causs thai saw na ma;  
 Thar senyhe cryit vpon the Persys syde,  
 With byschop Beik that baudly durst abide.  
 A sayr semlay was at that metyng seyne,  
 As fyr on flynt it ferryt thaim betweyne.  
 The hardy Scottis rycht awfully thaim abaid;  
 Brocht feill to grounde throuch weid that weill was maid;  
 Perssytt plattis with poyntis stiff off steill;  
 Befors off hand gert mony cruell kneill.  
 The strang stour raiss, as reik, vpon thaim fast,  
 Or myst, throuch sone, vp to the clowdis past.  
 To help thaim selff ilkayne had mekill neid.  
 The worthy Scottis stud in fellone dreid;  
 Yeit forthwart ay thai pressit for to be,  
 And thai on thaim, gret wondyr was to se.  
 The Perseis men, in wer was oysit weill,  
 Rycht fersly faucht, and sonyeit nocht adeill.  
 Adam Wallace and Awchinklek com in,  
 And partyt Sotheron rycht sodeynly in twyn;  
 Raturnd to thaim as noble men in wer.  
 The Scottis gat rowme, and mony down thai ber;  
 The new cowntir assailyeit thaim sa fast,  
 Throuch Inglissmen maid sloppys at the last.  
 Than Wallace selff, in to that fellounne thrang,  
 With his gud swerd, that hewy was and lang,  
 At Perseis face with a gud will he bar;  
 Bath bayne and brayne the forgyt steill throw schair.  
 Four hundred men, quhen lord Persie was dede,  
 Out off the gait the byschope Beik thai lede,  
 For than thaim thoct it was no tyme to bid,  
 By the Frer kyrk, till a wode fast besyd.  
 In that forest forsuth thai taryit nocht;  
 On fresche horss to Bothwell sone thai socht.  
 Wallace folowed with worthi men and wicht;  
 Forfouchtyn thai war and trawald all the nycht.  
 Yeit feill thai slew in to the chace that day;  
 The byschope selff and gud men gat away.  
 Amar Wallang reskewit him in that place;  
 That knyght full oft did gret harme to Wallace.  
 Wallace began off nycht ten hours in Ayre;  
 On day be nyne in Glaskow semlyt thair;  
 Be ane our nowne at Bothwell yeit he was,  
 Repreiffit Wallang or he wald forthir pass;  
 Syne turnd agayne, as weyll witnes the buk;  
 Till Dundaff raid, and thar restyng he tuk;  
 Tald gud Schyr Jhon off thair tithandis in Ayre;  
 Gret mayne he maid he was nocht with him thar.  
 Wallace soiornd in Dundaff at his will,  
 Fyve dayis out, quhill tithandis come him till,  
 Out off the hycht, quhar gud men was forlorn;  
 For Bouchane raiss, Adell, Menteth, and Lorn,  
 Apon Argyll a fellone wer thai mak;  
 For Eduuardis saik thus can thai wndirtak.  
 The knyght Cambell in Argyll than wes still,  
 With his gud men, agayne king Eduuardis will;  
 And kepyt fre Lowchow his heretage:  
 Bot Makfadyan than did him gret outrage.  
 This Makfadyan till Inglissmen was suorn;  
 Eduuard gaiff him bath Argill and Lorn.  
 Falss Jhon off Lorn to that gyft can concord;  
 In Ingland than he was new maid [ane] lord.  
 Thus falssly he gaiff our his heretage,  
 And tuk at London off Eduuard grettar wage.

Dunkan off Lorn yeit for the landis straiff,  
 Quhill Makfadyan ourset him with the laiff;  
 Put him off force to gud Cambell the knyght,  
 Quhillk in to wer was wyss, worthi, and wicht.  
 Thus Makfadyan was entrit in to Scotland,  
 And marwalusly that tyrand tuk on hand,  
 With his power, the quhillk I spak off ayr.  
 Thai four lordschippis all semlyt till him thair.  
 Fyftene thousand off curssytt folk in deid,  
 Off all gaddryn, in ost he had to leid:  
 And mony off thaim was out off Irland brocht,  
 Barnyss nor wyff thai peple sparyt nocht;  
 Waistyt the land als fer as thai mycht ga;  
 Thai bestly folk couth nocht bot byrn and sla.  
 In to Louchow he entryt sodeynly.  
 The knyght Cambell maid gud defens for thi;  
 Till Crag Vuyn with thre hundir he yeid;  
 That strenth he held, for all his cruell deid;  
 Syne brak the bryg, quhar thai mycht nocht out pass,  
 Bot throuch a furd, quhar narow passage was.  
 Abandonunly Cambell agayne thaim baid,  
 Fast vpon Aviss that was bathe depe and braid.  
 Makfadyane was apon the tothir syd,  
 And thar on force behuffit him for to byd;  
 For at the furde he durst nocht entir out,  
 For gud Cambell mycht set him than in dout.  
 Makfadyane socht, and a small passage fand;  
 Had he lasar, thai mycht pass off that land,  
 Betuix a roch and the gret wattir sid,  
 Bot four in front; na ma mycht gang nor rid.  
 In till Louchow wes bestis gret plenté;  
 A quhill he thoct thar with his ost to be,  
 And othir stuff that thai had with thaim brocht.  
 Bot all his crafft awayleit him rycht nocht.  
 Dunkane off Lorn has seyne the sodeyne cace;  
 Fra gud Cambell he went to seik Wallace,  
 Sum help to get off thar turment and teyne.  
 To gydder before in Dundé thai had beyne,  
 Lerand at scule in to thair tendyr age.  
 He thoct to slaik Makfadyanis hie curage.  
 Gylmychell than with Dunkan furth him dycht;  
 Agyd he was, and fute man wondyr wicht.  
 Sone can thai witt quhar Wallace luyt was;  
 With thair complaynt till his presence thai pass.  
 Erll Malcom als the Lennox held at ess;  
 With his gud men to Wallace can he press.  
 Till him thar come gud Rychard off Lundy;  
 In till Dundaff he wald no langar ly.  
 Schir Jhon the Graym als bowynyt him to ryd.  
 Makfadyanis wer so grewit thaim that tid,  
 At Wallace thoct his gret power to se,  
 In quhat aray he reullyt that cuntré.  
 The Rukbé than he kepit with gret wrang  
 Stirlyng castell, that stalwart wes and strang.  
 Quhen Wallace come be sowth it in a waill,  
 Till erll Malcome he said he wald assaill.  
 In diuerss partis he gert seuer thar men,  
 Off thair power that Sotheroun suld nocht ken.  
 Erll Malcome baid in buschement out off sicht.  
 Wallace with him tuk gud Schyr Jhone the knyght,  
 And a hundred off wyss wer men but dout;  
 Throuch Stirlyng raid, gyff ony wald ysche out.  
 Towart ye bryg the gaynest way thai pass.  
 Quhen Rukbé saw quhat at thair power was,  
 He tuk sewyn scor off gud archaris was thar,  
 Wpon Wallace that folowed wondyr sayr;  
 At fell bykkyr thai did thaim mekill der.  
 Wallace in hand gryppyt a nobill sper;  
 Agayne raturnd and has the formast slayne.  
 Schir Jhon the Grayme, that mekill was off mayne,  
 Amang thaim raid with a gud sper in hand.  
 The fyrst he slew that he befor him fand;  
 Apon a nothir his sper in sowndyr yeid;

A suerd he drew quhilk helpyt him in neid.  
 Yngliss archaris apon thaim can renow,  
 That his gud horss with arrowis sone thai slew;  
 On fute he was. Quhen Wallace has it seyne,  
 He lychtyt sone, with men off armys keyne,  
 Among the rout fechtand full wondyr fast.  
 The Inglistmen raturnyt at the last.  
 At the castell thai wald haiff [beyne] full fayne;  
 Bot erl Malcome, with men off mekill mayne,  
 Betuix the Sotheroun and the yettis yeid;  
 Mony thai slew that douchty wes in deid.  
 In the gret press Wallace and Rukbé met;  
 With his gud suerd a straik apon him set;  
 Derffly to dede the ald Rukbé he draiff  
 His twa sonnys chapyt among the laiff.  
 In the castell be awentur thai yeid,  
 With twenty men; na ma chapyt that dreid.  
 The Lennox men, with thair gud lord at was,  
 Fra the castell thai said thai wald nocht pass:  
 For weill thai wist it mycht nocht haldyn be,  
 On na lang tyme; forthi thus ordand he.  
 Erl Malcom tuk the houss, and kepyt that tyd.  
 Wallace wald nocht fra his fyrst purpos bid;  
 Instance he maid to this gud lord and wyss,  
 Fra thine to pass he suld on nakyn wyss,  
 Quhill he had tane Stirlyng the castell strang;  
 Trew men him tald he mycht nocht hald it lang.  
 Than Wallace thocht was maist on Makfadyane;  
 Off Scottis men he had slayne mony ane.  
 Wallace awowide, that he suld wrokyn be  
 On that rebald, or ellis tharfor to de.  
 Off tyrandry king Eduuard thocht him gud;  
 Law born he was, and off law simpill blud.  
 Thus Wallace was sar grewyt in his entent;  
 To this jornay rycht ernystfully he went.  
 At Stirlyng bryg assemlyt till hym rycht  
 Twa thowsand men, that worthi war and wycht.  
 Towart Argyll he bownyt him to ryd;  
 Dunkan off Lorn was thair trew sekryr gid.  
 Off ald Rukbé, the quhilk we spak off ayr,  
 Twa sonnys on lyff in Stirlyng lewit thair:  
 Quhen thai brethir consawit weill the rycht,  
 This houss to hald that thai na langyr mycht,  
 For causs quhi thai wantyt men and meit,  
 With erl Malcome thai kest thaim for to treit.  
 Grace off thair lyff, and thai that with thaim [was];  
 Gaiff our the houss, syne couth in Ingland pass,  
 On the thrid day that Wallace fra thaim raid.  
 With king Eduuard full mony yer thai baid;  
 In Brucis wer agayne come in Scotland;  
 Stirlyng to kepe the toune off thaim tuk on hand.  
 Mencione off Bruce is oft in Wallace buk;  
 To fend his rycht full mekill payne he tuk.  
 Quhar to suld I her off tary ma?  
 To Wallace furth now schortlye will I ga.  
 Dunkan off Lorne Gilmychall fra thaim send,  
 A spy to be, for he the contré kend.  
 Be our party was passit Straithfulan,  
 The small fute folk began to irk ilkane;  
 And horss, off fors, behuffyt for to faill.  
 Than Wallace thocht that cumpany to wail.  
 “Gud men,” he said, “this is nocht meit for ws;  
 “In brokyn ray and we cum on thaim thus,  
 “We may tak scaith, and harme our fayis bot small;  
 “To thaim in lik we may nocht semble all.  
 “Tary we lang, a playne feild thai will get;  
 “Apon thaim sone sa weill we may nocht set.  
 “Part we mon leiff ws folowand for to be;  
 “With me sall pass our power in to thre.”  
 A hundyr fyrst till him self he has tayne,  
 Off westland men, was worthi knawin ilkane.  
 To Schyr Jhon Grayme als mony ordand he,  
 And fyve hundreth to Rychard off Lundye

In that part was Wallace off Ricardtoun;  
 In all gud deid he was ay redy boun.  
 Fyve hundreth left, that mycht nocht with thaim ga,  
 Supposs at thai to byd was wondyr wa.  
 Thus Wallace ost began to tak the hicht;  
 Our a montayne sone passit off thar sicht.  
 In Glendowchar thair spy met thaim agayn,  
 With lord Cambell; than was our folk rycht fayn.  
 At that metyng gret blithnes mycht be seyne;  
 Thre hundreth he led that cruell was and keyne.  
 He comford thaim, and bad thaim haiff no dreid:  
 “Yon bestly folk wantis wapynnys and weid;  
 “Swne thai will fle, scharply and we persew.”  
 Be Louchdouchyr full sodeynly thaim drew.  
 Than Wallace said; “A lyff all sall we ta;  
 “For her nayne will fra his falow ga.”  
 The spy he send, the entré for to se;  
 Apon the moss a scurrour sone fand he.  
 To scour the land Makfadyane had him send;  
 Out off Cragmor that day he thoct to wend.  
 Gylmychall fast apon him folowed thar,  
 With a gud suerd, that weill and scharply schar;  
 Maid quyt off him, at tithandis tald he nane:  
 The out spy thus was lost fra Makfadyhane.  
 Than Wallace ost apon thair fute thai lycht;  
 Thar horss thai left, thoct thai war neuir so wicht;  
 For moss and crag thai mycht no langar dre.  
 Than Wallace said; “Quha gangis best lat se.”  
 Throug out the moss delyuerly thai yeid;  
 Syne tuk the hals, quharoff thai had most dreid.  
 Endlang the schoir ay four in frownt thai past,  
 Quhill thai with in assemblit at the last.  
 Lord Cambell said; “We haiff chewyss this hauld;  
 “I trow to God thair wakynning sall be cauld.  
 “Her is na gait to fle yone peple can,  
 “Bot rochis heich, and wattir depe and wan.”  
 Auchtene hundreth off douchty men in deid  
 On the gret ost, but mar process, thai yeid,  
 Fechtand in frount, and mekill maistry maid;  
 On the frayt folk buskyt with outyn baid.  
 Rudly till ray thai ruschit thaim agayne;  
 Gret part off thaim wes men off mekill mayne.  
 Gud Wallace men sa stowtly can thaim ster,  
 The battaill on bak fyve akyr breid thai ber;  
 In to the stour feill tyrandis gert thai kneill.  
 Wallace in hand had a gud staff off steyll;  
 Quhom euir he hyt to ground brymly thaim bar;  
 Romde him about a large rude and mar.  
 Schir Jhon the Grayme in deid was rycht worthy;  
 Gud Cambell als, and Rychard off Lundy,  
 Adam Wallace, and Robert Boid in feyr,  
 Among thair fayis, quhar deidis was sald full der.  
 The felloun stour was awfull for to se;  
 Macfadyane than so gret debait maid he,  
 With Yrage men, hardy and curageous,  
 The stalwart stryff rycht hard and peralous;  
 Boundance of blud fra woundis wid and wan;  
 Stekit to deid on ground lay mony man.  
 The ferfast thar ynewch off fechtyn fand;  
 Twa houris large into the stour thai stand,  
 At Jop him self weill wist nocht quha suld wyn.  
 Bot Wallace men wald nocht in sowndyr twyn;  
 Till help thaim self thai war off hardy will;  
 Off Yrage blud full hardely thai spill;  
 With feyll fechtyn maid sloppys throug the thrang.  
 On the fals part our wicht wer men sa dang,  
 That thai to byd mycht haiff no langar mycht.  
 The Irland folk than maid thaim for the flycht;  
 On craggis clam, and sum in wattir flett;  
 Twa thousand thar drownyt with outyn lett.  
 Born Scottis men baid still in to the feild;  
 Kest wappynys [fra] thaim, and on thar kneis kneild:  
 With petouss woice thai cryt apon Wallace,

For Goddis saik to tak thaim in his grace.  
 Grewyt he was; bot rewth off thaim he had,  
 Resauit thaim fair with contenance full sad.  
 “Off our awne blud we suld haiff gret peté;  
 “Luk yhe sla nane off Scottis will yoldyn be.  
 “Off outland men lat nane chaip with the liff.”  
 Makfadyane fled, for all his felloun stryff,  
 On till a cave, within a clyff off stayne,  
 Wndyr Cragmor, with fyftene is he gayne.  
 Duncan off Lorn his leyff at Wallace ast;  
 On Makfadyane with worthi men he past.  
 He grantyt him to put thaim all to ded:  
 Thai left nane quyk, syne brocht Wallace his hed;  
 Apon a sper through out the feild it bar.  
 The lord Cambell syne hynt it by the har;  
 Heich in Cragmor he maid it for to stand,  
 Steild on a stayne for honour off Irland.  
 The blessit men, that was off Scotland borne,  
 Fwnde at his faith Wallace gert thaim be sworn;  
 Restorit thaim to thar landis, but less:  
 He leit sla nayne that wald cum till his pes.  
 Efftir this deid in Lorn syne couth he fayr;  
 Reullyt the land had beyne in mekill cayr.  
 In Archatan a consell he gert cry,  
 Quhar mony man socht till his senyory.  
 All Lorn he gaiff till Duncan, at was wicht,  
 And bad him hald [in] Scotland with the rycht:  
 “And thow sall weill bruk this in heretage.  
 “Thi brothir sone at London has grettar wage;  
 “Yeit will he cum, he sall his landis haiff.  
 “I wald tyne nayne that rychtwisnes mycht saiff.”  
 Mony trew Scot to Wallace couth persew;  
 At Archatan fra feill strenthis thai drew.  
 A gud knycht come, and with him men sexté;  
 He had beyn oft in mony strang jeperté  
 With Inglissmen, and sonyeid nocht adeill.  
 Ay fra thar faith he fendyt him full weill;  
 Kepynt him fre, thocht king Eduuad had suorne;  
 Schir Jhon Ramsay, that rychtwyss ayr was borne  
 Off Ouchterhous, and othir landis was lord,  
 And schirreff als, as my buk will record;  
 Off nobill blud, and als haill ancestré;  
 Contenynt weill with worthi chewalré.  
 In till Straithern that lang tyme he had beyne,  
 At gret debait agaynys his enemys keyne;  
 Rycht wichtly wan his lewing in to wer;  
 Till him and his Sotheroun did mekill der;  
 Weill eschewit, and sufferyt gret distress.  
 His sone was calld the flour of courtlyness;  
 As witnes weill in to the schort tretty  
 Eftir the Bruce, quha redis in that story.  
 He rewllit weill bathe in to wer and pess;  
 Alexander Ramsay to nayme he hecht, but less.  
 Quhen it was wer, till armes he him kest;  
 Wndir the croun he wes ane off the best:  
 In tyme off pees till courtlynes he yeid;  
 Bot to gentrice he tuk nayne othir heid.  
 Quhat gentill man had nocht with Ramsay beyne;  
 Off courtlynes thai cownt him nocht a preyne.  
 Fredome and truth he had as men would ass;  
 Sen he begane na bettyr squier was.  
 Roxburch hault he wan full manfully;  
 Syne held it lang, quhill tratouris tresonably  
 Causit his dede, I can nocht tell yow how;  
 Off sic thingis I will ga by as now.  
 I haiff had blayme to say the suthfastnes;  
 Tharfor I will bot lychtly ryn that cace,  
 Bot it be thing that playnly sclanderit is;  
 For sic I trew thai suld deyme me no myss.  
 Off gud Alexander as now I spek no mar.  
 His fadyr come, as I tald off before:  
 Wallace off hym rycht full gud comfort hais;  
 For weill he coud do gret harmyng till his fais.

In wer he was rycht mekill for to pryss;  
 Besy and trew, bath sobyr, wicht, and wyss.  
 A gud prelat als to Archatan socht;  
 Off his lordschip as than he brukyt nocht.  
 This worthi clerk, cummyn off hie lynage,  
 Off Synclar blude, nocht fortyr yer off age,  
 Chosyne he was be the Papis consent;  
 Off Dunkell lord was maid with gud entent.  
 Bot Inglissmen, that Scotland gryppit all,  
 Off benyface thai leit him bruk bot small.  
 Quhen he saw weill tharfor he mycht nocht mwte,  
 To saiff his lyff thre yer he duelt in But;  
 Leifyde as he mycht, and kepyt ay gud part,  
 Wndir saifté off Jamys than lord Stewart,  
 Till gud Wallace, quhill Scotland wan with payne,  
 Restord this lord till his leyffing agayne;  
 And mony ma, that lang had beyne ourthrawn,  
 Wallace thaim put rychtwisly to thair awin.  
 The small ost als, the quhillk I spak off ayr,  
 In to the hycht that Wallace lewynt thar,  
 Come to the feild quhar Makfadyane had beyne,  
 Tuk at was left, baithe weid and wapynnys scheyne;  
 Throw Lorn syne past als gudly as thai can:  
 Off thair nowmyr thai had nocht lost a man.  
 On the fyft day thai wan till Archatan,  
 Quhar Wallace baid with gud men mony ane.  
 He welcummyt thaim apon a gudly wyss,  
 And said thai war rycht mekill for to pryss.  
 All trew Scottis he honourit in to wer;  
 Gaiff that he wan, hym self kepynt no ger.  
 Quhen Wallace wald no langar soimn thar,  
 Fra Archattan throu out the land thai far  
 Towart Dunkell, with gud men off renoun;  
 His maist thocht than was hail on Sanct Jhonstoune.  
 He calld Ramsai, that gud knycht off gret waill;  
 Sadly awysyt, besocht him off consaill:  
 “Off Saynct Jhonstoun now haiff I in remembrance;  
 “Thar I haiff beyne, and lost men apon chance:  
 “Bot ay for ane we gert ten off thaim de.  
 “And yeit me think that is no mendis to me;  
 “I wald assay, off this land or we gang,  
 “And lat thaim witt thai occupy her with wrang.”  
 Than Ramsay said; “That toune thai may nocht kep;  
 “The wallis ar laych, supposs the dyk be depe.  
 “Ye haiff enewch, that sall thaim cummyr sa;  
 “Fyll wp the dyk, that we may playnly ga  
 “In haill battaill, a thowsand our at anys:  
 “Fra this power thai sall nocht hald yon wanyis.”  
 Wallace was glaid that he sic comfort maid;  
 Furth talkand thus on to Dunkell thai raid.  
 Four dayis thar thai lugyt with plesance,  
 Quhill tyme thai had forseyne thair ordinance.  
 Ramsay gert byg strang bestials off tre,  
 Be gud wrychtis the best in that contré:  
 Quhan thai war wrocht, betaucht thaim men to leid  
 The wattir doun, quhill thai come to that steid.  
 Schir Jhon Ramsay rycht gudly was thair gid,  
 Rewillyt thaim weill at his will for to bid.  
 The gret ost than about the willage past;  
 With erd and stayne thai fillit dykis fast.  
 Flaikis thai laid on temyr lang and wicht;  
 A rowme passage to the wallis thaim dycht.  
 Feill bestials rycht starkly wp thai raiis;  
 Gud men of armys sone till assailye gais.  
 Schir Jhon the Grayme, and Ramsay that was wicht.  
 The turat bryg segyt with all thair mycht;  
 And Wallace self, at mydsid off the toune,  
 With men of armys thai was to bargane bown.  
 The Sotheron men maid gret defens that tid,  
 With artailye, that felloune was to bid.  
 With awblaster, gaynye, and stanys fast,  
 And hand gunnys rycht brymly out thai cast;  
 Pwnyeid with speris men off armys scheyn.

The worthi Scotts, that cruell war and keyne,  
 At hand strakis fra thai to gidder met,  
 With Sotheroun blud thair wapynns sone thai wet.  
 Yeit Inglissmen, that worthi war in wer,  
 In to the stour rycht bauldly can thaim ber.  
 Bot all for nocht awaiyeid thaim thar deid;  
 The Scottis throw force apon thaim in thai yeid.  
 A thousand men our wallis yeid hastely;  
 In to the toun rais hidwiss noyis and cry.  
 Ramsay and Graym the turat yet has wown,  
 And entrit in, quhar gret striff has begown.  
 A trew squier, quhilk Rwan hecht be nayme,  
 Come to the salt, with gud Schyr Jhon the Grayme;  
 Thretty with him off men that prewit weill,  
 Among thair fais with wapynns stiff off steill.  
 Quhen at the Scottis semblyit on athir sid,  
 Na Sotheroun was that mycht thair dynt abid.  
 Twa thousand sone, was fulyied vnder feit,  
 Off Sotheroun blud, lay stekit in the streit.  
 Schir Jhon Sewart saw weill the toun was tynt;  
 Tuk him to flycht, and wald no langar synt;  
 In a lycht barge, and with him men sexté,  
 The water doun, socht succour at Dundé.  
 Wallace baid still, quhill the ferd day at morn;  
 And left nane thar that war off Ingland born.  
 Riches thai gat off gold and othir gud;  
 Plenyst the toun agayne with Scottis blud.  
 Rwan he left thair capteyn for to be;  
 In heretage gaiff him office to fee  
 Off all Straithern, and schirreiff off the toun;  
 Syne in the north gud Wallace maid him boune.  
 In Abyrdeyn he gert a consaill cry,  
 Trew Scottis men suld semble hastely.  
 Till Cowper he raid to wesey that abbay;  
 The Ingliss abbot fra thine was fled away.  
 Bischoep Synclar, with out langar abaid,  
 Met thaim at Glammyss, syne furth with thaim he raid.  
 In till Breichyn thai lugyt all that nycht;  
 Syne on the morn Wallace gert graith thaim rycht,  
 Displayed on breid the baner off Scotland  
 In gud aray, with noble men at hand;  
 Gert playnly cry, that sawfé suld be nayne  
 Off Sotheroun blud, quhar thair mycht be ourtayn.  
 In playne battaill through out the Mernys thair rid.  
 The Inglissmen, at durst thaim nocht abid,  
 Befor the ost full ferdly furth thai fle  
 Till Dwnottar, a snuk within the se.  
 Na ferrar thai mycht wyn out off the land.  
 Thai semblit thar quhill thai war four thousand;  
 To the kyrk rane, wend gyrth for till haiff stayne,  
 The laiff ramaynd apon the roch off stayne.  
 The byschope than began tretty to ma  
 Thair lyffis to get, out off the land to ga.  
 Bot thai war rad, and durst nocht weill affy;  
 Wallace in fyr gert set all haistely,  
 Brynt wp the kyrk, and all that was tharin,  
 Atour the roch the laiff ran with gret dyn.  
 Sum hang on craggis rycht dulfully to de,  
 Sum lap, sum fell, sum floteryt in the se.  
 Na Sotheroun on lyff was lewynt in that hauld,  
 And thaim with in thai brynt in powdir cauld.  
 Quhen this was done, feill fell on kneis doun,  
 At the byschope askit absolution.  
 Than Wallace lewch, said; "I forgyff yow all;  
 "Ar ye wer men, rapentis for sa small?  
 "Thai rewid nocht ws in to the toun off Ayr;  
 "Our trew barrownis quhen that thai hangyt thar."  
 Till Abyrdeyn than haistely thai pass,  
 Quhar Inglissmen besyly flittand was.  
 A hundreth schippis, that ruther bur and ayr,  
 To turss thair gud, in hawyn was lyand thar.  
 Bot Wallace ost come on thaim sodeynlye;  
 Thar chapyt nane off all that gret menyhe;

Bot feill serwandis, in thaim lewynt nane.  
 At ane eb se the Scottis is on thaim gayne;  
 Tuk out the ger, syne set the schippys in fyr;  
 The men on land thai bertynyt bayne and lyr.  
 Yeid nane away bot preistis, wyffis and barnys;  
 Maid thai debait, thai chapyt nocht bot harmys.  
 In to Bowchane Wallace maid him to ryd,  
 Quhar lord Bewmound was ordand for to bid.  
 Erl he was maid off bot schort tyme befor;  
 He brukit [it] nocht for all his boustous schor.  
 Quhen he wyst weill that Wallace cummand was,  
 He left the land, and couth to Slany's pass;  
 And syne be schip in Ingland fled agayne.  
 Wallace raid throw the northland in to playne.  
 At Crummadé feill Inglissmen thai slew.  
 The worthi Scottis till hym thus couth persew.  
 Raturnd agayne, and come till Abirdeyn,  
 With his blith ost, apon the Lammess ewyn;  
 Stablyt the land, as him thoct best suld be.  
 Syne with ane ost he passit to Dundé,  
 Gert set a sege about the castell strang.  
 I leyff thaim thar, and forthir we will gang.  
 Schir Amar Wallang haistit him full fast,  
 In till Ingland with his haill houshold past;  
 Bothwell he left, was Murrays heretage,  
 And tuk him than bot till King Eduuardis wage:  
 Thus his awne land forsuk for euirmar;  
 Off Wallace deid gret tithandis tald he thar.  
 Alss Englissmen sair murnyt in thar mude,  
 Had lossyt her bathe lyff, landis, and gud.  
 Eduuard as than couth nocht in Scotland fair;  
 Bot Kertyingame, that was his tresorair,  
 With him a lord, than erl was off Waran,  
 He chargyt thaim, with nowmeris mony ane  
 Rycht weill beseyn, in Scotland for to ryd.  
 At Stirlyng still he ordand thaim to bid,  
 Quhill he mycht cum with ordinance off Ingland:  
 Scotland agayne he thoct to tak in hand.  
 This ost past furth, and had bot litill dreid;  
 The erle Patrik rasauit thaim at Tweid.  
 Malice he had at gud Wallace befor  
 Lang tyme by past, and than inCESSYT mor:  
 Bot through a cass that hapnyt off his wyff,  
 Dunbar scho held fra him in to thair striff,  
 Through the supplé off Wallace in to playne:  
 Bot he be meyne gat his castell agayne  
 Lang tyme or than, and yeit he couth nocht cess;  
 Agayne Wallace he prewit in mony press;  
 With Inglissmen suppleit thaim at his mycht.  
 Contrar Scotland thai wrocht full gret wnrycht.  
 Thar mustir than was awfull for to se;  
 Off fechtand men thousandis thai war sexté.  
 To Stirlyng past, or thai likit to bid,  
 To erl Malcome a sege thai laid that tid;  
 And thoct to kep the commaund off thar king:  
 Bot gud Wallace wrocht for ane othir thing.  
 Dundé he left, and maid a gud chyftane,  
 With twa thousand, to kepe that houss off stayne,  
 Off Angwiss men, and duellaris off Dundé;  
 The samyn nycht till Sanct Jhonstoun went he.  
 Apon the morn till Schirreff mur he raid;  
 And thar a quhill, in gud aray, thai baid.  
 Schir Jhon the Grayme, and Ramsay that was wicht,  
 He said to thaim; "This is my purpos rycht;  
 "Our mekill it is to proffer thaim battaill  
 "Apon a playne feild, bot we haiff sum awail"  
 Schir Jhon the Grayme said; 'We haiff wndirtayn,  
 'With less power, sic thing that weill is gayn.'  
 Than Wallace said; "Quhar sic thing cummys off neid,  
 "We suld thank God that makis ws for to speid.  
 "Bot ner the bryg my purpos is to be,  
 "And wyrk for thaim sum suttell jeperté."  
 Ramsay ansuerd: 'The brig we may kepe weill;

'Off way about Sotheroun has litill feill.'  
 Wallace sent Jop the battaill for to set,  
 The Twysday next to fetch with outyn let.  
 On Setterday on to the bryg thai raid,  
 Off gud playne burd was weill and junctly maid;  
 Gert wachis wait that nane suld fra thaim pass.  
 A wricht he tuk, the suddellast at thar was,  
 And ordand him to saw the burd in twa,  
 Be the myd streit, that nane mycht our it ga;  
 On charnaill bandis nald it full fast and sone,  
 Syne fyld with clay as na thing had beyne done.  
 The tothir end he ordand for to be,  
 How it suld stand on thre rowaris off tre,  
 Quhen ane war out, that the laiff doun suld fall;  
 Him self wndyr he ordand thar with all,  
 Bownd on the trest in a credill to sit,  
 To louss the pyne quhen Wallace leit him witt.  
 Bot with a horn, quhen it was tyme to be,  
 In all the ost suld no man blaw bot he.  
 The day approachit off the gret battaill;  
 The Inglissmen for power wald nocht faill.  
 Ay sex thai war agayne ane off Wallace;  
 Fyfty thousand maid thaim to battaill place.  
 The ramaynand baid at the castell still;  
 Baithe feild and houss thai thocht to tak at will.  
 The worthi Scottis, apon the tothir side,  
 The playne feild tuk, on fute maid thaim to bid.  
 Hew Kertyngayme the wantgard ledis he,  
 With twenty thousand off likly men to se.  
 Thretty thousand the erll off Waran had;  
 Bot he did than as the wyssman him baid;  
 All the fyrst ost befor him our was send.  
 Sum Scottis men, that weill the maner kend,  
 Bade Wallace blaw, and said thai war enew.  
 He haistyt nocht, bot sadly couth persew,  
 Quhill Warans ost thik on the bryg he saw.  
 Fra Jop the horn he hyntyt and couth blaw  
 Sa asprely, and warned gud Jhon Wricht:  
 The rowar out he straik with gret rycht;  
 The laiff yeid doun, quhen the pynnys out gais.  
 A hidwyss cry among the peple rais;  
 Bathe horss and men in to the wattir fell.  
 The hardy Scottis, that wald na langar duell,  
 Set on the laiff with strakis sad and sar,  
 Off thaim thar our as than souerit thai war.  
 At the forbrest thai prewit hardely,  
 Wallace and Grayme, Boid, Ramsay, and Lundy;  
 All in the stour fast fechtand face to face.  
 The Sotheron ost bak rerit off that place  
 At thai fyrst tuk, fyve akyr breid and mar.  
 Wallace on fute a gret scharp sper he bar;  
 Among the thickest off the press he gais.  
 On Kertyngaym a straik chosyn he hais  
 In the byrnes, that polyst was full brycht.  
 The punyeand hed the plattis persyt rycht,  
 Through the body stekit him but reskew;  
 Derffly to dede that chyftane was adew.  
 Baithe man and horss at that strak he bar doun.  
 The Ingliss ost, quhilk war in battaill boun,  
 Comfort thai lost quhen thair chyftayne was slayn;  
 And mony ane to fle began in playne.  
 Yeit worthi men baid still in to the sted,  
 Quhill ten thousand was brocht on to thair dede.  
 Than fled the laiff, and mycht no langar bid;  
 Succour thai socht on mony diuerss sid,  
 Sum est, sum west, and sum fled to the north.  
 Sewyn thousand large at anys flottryt in Forth,  
 Plungyt the depe, and drownd with out mercy;  
 Nayne left on lyff off all that feill menyhe.  
 Off Wallace ost na man was slayne off wail,  
 Bot Androw Murray, in to that strang battaill.  
 The south part than, saw at thar men was tynt,  
 Als fersly fled as fyr dois off the flynt.

The place thai left, castell, and Stirlyng toun;  
 Towart Dunbar in gret haist maid thaim boune.  
 Quhen Wallace ost had won that feild through mycht,  
 Tuk wp the bryg, and loussit gud Jhone Wricht;  
 On the flearis syne folowed wondyr fast.  
 Erll Malcom als out off the castell past,  
 With Lennox men, to stuff the chace gud speid.  
 Ay be the way thai gert feill Sotheroun bleid;  
 In the Torwod thai gert full mony de.  
 The erll off Waran, that can full fersly fle,  
 With Corspatrik, that graithly was his gyd,  
 On changit horss throuh out the land thai rid,  
 Strawcht to Dunbar, bot few with thaim thai led;  
 Mony was slayne our sleuthfully at fled.  
 The Scottis horss that had rown wondyr lang,  
 Mony gaiff our, that mycht no forthyr gang.  
 Wallace and Grayme euir to giddy baid;  
 At Hathyntoun full gret slauchtir thai maid  
 Off Inglissmen, quhen thair horss tyrty had.  
 Quhen Ramsay come, gud Wallace was full glad;  
 With him was Boid, and Richard off Lundy,  
 Thre thousand haill was off gud chewalry;  
 And Adam als Wallace off Ricardtoun,  
 With erll Malcome, thai fand at Hathyntoun.  
 The Scottis men on slauchtir taryt was;  
 Quhill to Dunbar the twa chyftanys couth pass,  
 Full sitfully, for thar gret contrar cass.  
 Wallace folowed till thai gat in that place.  
 Off thair best men, and Kertyngaym off renoune,  
 Twenty thousand was dede but redemptione.  
 Besyd Beltoun Wallace raturnd agayn,  
 To folow mar as than was bot in wayn.  
 In Hathyntoun luyng thai maid that rycht;  
 Apon the morn to Stirling passit rycht.  
 Assumptioun day off Marye fell this cass;  
 Ay lowyt be our lady off hir grace!  
 Conuoyar offt scho was to gud Wallace,  
 And helpyt him in mony syndry place.  
 Wallace in haist, sone efftir this battaill,  
 A gret aith tuk off all the barrons haill,  
 That with gud will wald cum till his presens;  
 He hecht thaim als to bid at thar defens.  
 Schir Jhon Menteth, was than off Aran lord,  
 Till Wallace come, and maid a playne record;  
 With witnes thar be his ayth he him band,  
 Lauta to kep to Wallace and Scotland.  
 Quha with fre will till rycht wald nocht apply,  
 Wallace with force pwnyst [thaim] rygorusly;  
 Part put to dede, part set in prysone strang;  
 Gret word off him throuh bathe thir regions rang.  
 Dundé thai gat sone be a schort treté,  
 Bot for thar lywes, and fled away be se.  
 Ingliss capdans, that houss had in to hand,  
 Left castellis fre, and fled out off the land.  
 Within ten dayis efftir this tyme was gayne,  
 Ingliss captanys in Scotland left was nayne,  
 Except Berweik, and Roxburch castell wicht;  
 Yeit Wallace thocht to bryng thai to the rycht.  
 That tyme thar was a worthi trew barroun,  
 To nayme he hecht gud Cristall off Cetoun.  
 In Jedwort wod for saiffgard he had beyne,  
 Agayne Sotheroun full weill he couth opteyn.  
 In wtlaw oyss he lewit thar but let;  
 Eduuard couth nocht fra Scottis faith him get.  
 Herbottell fled fra Jedwort castell wicht,  
 Towart Ingland; thar Cetoun met him rycht.  
 With forty men Cristall in bargane baid  
 Agayne aucht scor, and mekill mastir maid;  
 Slew that captane, and mony cruell man;  
 Full gret ryches in that jornay he wan,  
 Houshald and gold, as thai suld pass away,  
 The quhilk befor thai kepit mony day.  
 Jedwort thai tuk; and Ruwan lewit he,

At Wallace will captane off it to be.  
 Bauld Cetoun syne to Lothiane made repair:  
 In this storye ye ma her off him mair,  
 And in to Bruce quha likis for to rede;  
 He was with him in mony cruell deid.  
 Gud Wallace than full sadly can dewyss  
 To rewilt the land with worthi men and wyss;  
 Captans he maid, and schirreffis that was gud,  
 Part off his kyn, and off trew othir blud.  
 His der cusing in Edynburgh ordand he,  
 The trew Crawford, that ay was full worthé,  
 Kepar off it, with noble men at wage;  
 In Mannuell than he had gud heretage.  
 Scotland was fre, that lang in baill had beyne,  
 Throw Wallace won fra our fals enemys keyn.  
 Gret gouvernour in Scotland he couth ryng,  
 Wayttand a tyme to get his rychtwiss king  
 Fra Ingliss men, that held him in bandoune,  
 Lang wrangwysly fra his awn rychtwis croun.  
 EXPLICIT LIBER SEPTIMUS,  
 ET INCIPIT OCTAVUS.

## BUKE AUCHT.

Fywe monethis thus Scotland stud in gud rest;  
 A consell cryit, thaim thoct it wes the best  
 In Sanct Jhonstoun at it suld haldyn be;  
 Assemblit thar clerk, barown, and bowrugie.  
 Bot Corspatrik wald nocht cum at thair call,  
 Baid in Dunbar, and maid scorn at thaim all.  
 Thai spak off him feill wordis in that parlyment.  
 Than Wallace said; “Will ye her to consent,  
 “Forgyff him fre all thing that is bypast;  
 “Sa he will cum and grant he has trespass,  
 “Fra this tyme furth kepe lawta till our croune?”  
 Thai grant tharto, clerk, burgess, and barroune:  
 With haill consent thar writyng till him send;  
 Rycht lawly thus till him thaim commend;  
 Besocht him fair, as a peyr off the land,  
 To cum and tak sum gouernaill on hand.  
 Lychtly he lowch, in scorn as it had beyn,  
 And said; “He had sic message seyldyn seyne,  
 “That Wallace now as gouvernour sall ryng:  
 “Her is gret faute off a gud prince or kyng.  
 “That king off Kyll I can nocht wnderstand;  
 “Off him I held neurir a fur off land.  
 “That bachiller trowis, for fortoun schawis hyr quhell,  
 “Thar with to lest; it sall nocht lang be weill.  
 “Bot to yow, lordis, and ye will wnderstand,  
 “I mak yow wyss, I aw to mak na band.  
 “Als fre I am in this regioun to ryng,  
 “Lord off myn awne, as eyur was prince or king.  
 “In Ingland als gret part off land I haiff;  
 “Manrent tharoff thar will no man me craiff.  
 “Quhat will ye mar? I warne yow, I am fre;  
 “For your somoundis ye get no mar off me.”  
 Till Sanct Jhonstone this wryt he send agayne,  
 Befor the lordis was manifest in playne.  
 Quhen Wallace herd the erll sic ansuer mais,  
 A gret hate ire throu curage than he tais;  
 For weyll he wist thar suld be bot a king  
 Off this regioun, at anys for to ryng;  
 “A king off Kyll!” for that he callyt Wallace.  
 “Lordis,” he said, “this is ane wncouth cace.  
 “Be he sufferyt, we haiff war than it was.”  
 Thus raiss he wp, and maid him for to pass.  
 “God has ws tholyt to do so for the laiff:  
 “In lyff or dede, in faith, him sall we haiff,  
 “Or ger him grant quhom he haldis for his lord;  
 “Or ellis war schaym in story to racord.  
 “I wow to God, with eyss he sall nocht be  
 “In to this realme, bot ane off ws sall de;  
 “Less than he cum, and knaw his rychtwiss king.

“In this regioun weill bathe we sall nocht ryng.  
 “His lychtly scorn he sall rapent full sor,  
 “Bot power faille, or I sall end tharfor.  
 “Sen in this erd is ordand me no rest,  
 “Now God be juge, the rycht he kennys best.”  
 At that consaill langar he tary nocht,  
 With twa hundreth fra Sanct Jhonston he socht;  
 To the consaill maid instans or he yeid,  
 Thai suld conteyn, and off him haiff na dreid.  
 “I am bot ane, and for gud caus I ga.”  
 Towart Kyngorn the gaynest way thair ta;  
 Apon the morn atour Forth south thai past;  
 On this wyage thai haistit wondyr fast.  
 Robert Lauder at Mussilburgh met Wallace,  
 Fra Inglissmen he keypt weill his place;  
 Couth nayne him trette, knycht, squier, nor lord,  
 With king Eduuard to be at ane accord.  
 On erll Patrik to pass he was full glaid;  
 Sum said befor the Bass he wald haiff haid.  
 Gud men come als with Crystell off Cetoun;  
 Than Wallace was four hundreth off renoun.  
 A squier Lyll, that weill that cuntré knew,  
 With twenty men to Wallace couth persew,  
 Besyd Lyntoun; and to thaim tald he than.  
 The erll Patrik, with mony likly man,  
 At Coburns peth he had his gaderyng maid,  
 And to Dunbar wald cum with outyn baid.  
 Than Lawder said, “It war the best, think me,  
 “Faster to pass, in Dunbar or he be.”  
 Wallace ansuerd; “We may at laysar ryd;  
 “With yon power he thinkis bargane to bid.  
 “And off a thing ye sall weill wnderstand,  
 “A hardyar lord is nocht in to Scotland:  
 “Mycht he be maid trew stedfast till a king.  
 “Be wit and force he can do mekill thing;  
 “Bot willfully he likis to tyne him sell.”  
 Thus raid thai furth, and wald na langar duell,  
 Be est Dunbar, quhar men him tald on cass,  
 How erll Patrik was warnyt off Wallace:  
 Ner Ennerweik chesyt a feild at waill,  
 With nyne hundreth off likly men to waill.  
 Four hundreth was with Wallace in the rycht,  
 And sone onon approchit to thair sicht.  
 Gret fawte thar was of gud tetry betweyn,  
 To mak concord, and that full sone was seyne.  
 With out raherss off actioun in that tid,  
 On athir part to gydder fast thai rid.  
 The stour was Strang, and wondyr peralous,  
 Contenynt lang with dedis chewalrous;  
 Mony thar deit off cruell Scottis blud.  
 Off this tetry the mater is nocht gud;  
 Tharfor I cess to tell the destructioun;  
 Peté it was, and all off a natione.  
 Bot erll Patrik the feild left at the last,  
 Rycht few with him; to Coburns peth thai past;  
 Agrewit sar that his men thus were tynt.  
 Wallace raturnd, and wald no langar synt,  
 Towart Dunbar, quhar suthfast men him tald,  
 Na purweance was left in to that hald.  
 Nor men off fens; all had beyne with thair lord.  
 Quhen Wallace hard the sekyr trew record,  
 Dunbar he tuk all haill at his bandoun;  
 Gaiff it to kepe to Crystell off Cetoun,  
 Quhilk stuffit it weill with men and gud wictall.  
 Apon the morn, Wallace that wald nocht faille,  
 With thre hundreth, to Coburns peth he socht:  
 Erll Patrik wschyt, for bid him wald he nocht.  
 Sone to the park Wallace a range has set;  
 Till Bonkill wood Corspatrik fled but let,  
 And out off it till Noram passit he.  
 Quhen Wallace saw it mycht na bettir be.  
 Till Caudstreyrn went and lugit him on Tweid.  
 Erll Patrik than, in all haist can him speid,

And passit by, or Wallace power raiss;  
 With out restyng, in Atrik forrest gais.  
 Wallace folowed, bot he wald nocht assaill;  
 A rang to mak as than it mycht nocht wail:  
 Our few he had, the strenth was thik and strang,  
 Sewyn myill on breid, and tharto twyss so lang,  
 In till Gorkhelm erll Patrik leiffit at rest.  
 For mar power Wallace past in the west.  
 Erll Patrik than him graithit hastelye,  
 In Ingland past to get him thar supplye:  
 Out through the land rycht ernystfully couth pass;  
 Tald Anton Beik that Wallace cummand was.  
 Wallace him put out off Glaskow befor,  
 And slew Persye; thair malice was the mor.  
 The byschope Beik gert sone gret power ryss,  
 Northumyrland apon ane awfull wyss.  
 Than ordand Bruce in Scotland for to pass,  
 To wyn his awne; bot ill dissauit he was:  
 Thai gart him throw that Wallace was rabell,  
 And thocht to tak the kynryk to hym sel.  
 Full fals thai war, and euir yeit has beyne;  
 Lawta and trouth was ay in Wallace seyn;  
 To fend the rycht all that he tuk on hand,  
 And thocht to bryng the Bruce fre till his land.  
 Off this mater as now I tary nocht.  
 With Strang power Sotheroun to gidder socht;  
 Fra Owys watter assemblit hailt to Tweid.  
 Thar land ost was thretty thousand in deid.  
 Off Tynnys mouth send schippis be the se,  
 To kep Dunbar, at nayne suld thaim supplé.  
 Erll Patrik, with twenty thousand but lett,  
 Befor Dunbar a stalwart sege he sett.  
 The bischope Beik and Robert Bruce baid still,  
 With ten thousand, at Noram at thair will.  
 Wallace be this, that fast was lauborand,  
 In Lothyane com with gud men fyve thowsand,  
 Rycht Weill beseyn, all in to armyss brycht;  
 Thocht to reskew the Cetoun bauld and wycht.  
 Undyr Yhester that fyrst nycht lugit he.  
 Hay com till him with a gud chewalré;  
 In Duns forest all that tyme he had beyne;  
 The cummyng thar off Sotheroun he had seyne.  
 Fyfty he had off besy men in wer;  
 Thai tald Wallace off Patrikis gret affer.  
 Hay said; "Forsuth, and ye mycht him our set,  
 "Power agayne rycht sone he mycht nocht get,  
 "My consaill is, that we giff him battaill."  
 He thankit him off comfort and consaill,  
 And said; "Freynd Hay, in this causse that I wend,  
 'Sa that we wyn, I rek nocht for till end.  
 'Rycht suth it is that anys we mon de:  
 'In to the rycht quha suld in terrour be?'"  
 Erll Patrik than a messynger gert pass,  
 Tald Anton Beik that Wallace cummand was.  
 Off this tithingis the byschope was full glaid,  
 Amendis off him full fayne he wald haiff haid.  
 But mar prolong through Lammernur thai raid,  
 Ner the Spot mur in buschement still he baid;  
 As erll Patrik thaim ordand for to be.  
 Wallace off Beik wnwarnyt than was he.  
 Yeit he befor was nocht haisty in deid;  
 Bot than he put bathe him and his in dreid.  
 Apon swyft hors scurouris past betweyn.  
 The cummyng than off erll Patrik was seyn:  
 The houss he left, and to the mur is gayn,  
 A playne feild thar with hiss ost he has tayn.  
 Gud Cetoun syne wschet with few menyhe;  
 Part off his men in till Dunbar left he;  
 To Wallace raid, was on the rychtwyss sid;  
 In gud aray to the Spot mur thai ryd.  
 Sum Scottis dred, the erll sa mony wass,  
 Twenty thousand agayn sa few, to pass.  
 Quhen Jop persauit, he bad Wallace suld bid:

"Tyne nocht thir men, bot to sum strenth ye ryd,  
 "And I sall pass to get yow power mar;  
 "Thir ar our gud thus lychtly for to war."  
 Than Wallace said; 'In trewth I will nocht fle  
 'For four off his, ay ane quhill I may be.  
 'We ar our ner, sic purpos for to tak;  
 'A danger chace thai mycht vpon ws mak.  
 'Her is twenty, with this power, to day,  
 'Wald him assay, suppos I war away.  
 'Mony thai ar, for Goddis luff be we strang;  
 'Yon Sotheron folk in stour will nocht bid lang.'  
 The brym battaill, braithly on athir sid,  
 Gret rerd thar raiss all sammyn quhar thai ryd.  
 The sayr semblé, quhen thai to gidder met,  
 Feill strakis thar sadly on athir set.  
 Punyeand speris through plattis persit fast;  
 Mony off hors to the ground down thair cast;  
 Saidlys thai teym off horss bot maistris, thar;  
 Off the south sid fyve thousand down thai bar.  
 Gud Wallace ost the formast kumraid sa,  
 Quhill the laiff was in will away to ga.  
 Erll Patrik baid, sa cruell off entent,  
 At all his ost tuk off him hardiment.  
 Agayne Wallace in mony stour was he.  
 Wallace knew weill, that his men wald nocht fle  
 For na power that leiffand was in lyff,  
 Quhill thai in heill mycht ay be ane for fyfe.  
 In that gret stryff mony was handlyt hate;  
 The feill dyntis, the cruell hard debait,  
 The fers steking, maid mony grewound wound,  
 Apon the erd the blud did till abound.  
 All Wallace ost in till a cumpaiss baid;  
 Quhar sa thai turnd full gret slauchtyr thai maid.  
 Wallace and Grayme, and Ramsay full worthi,  
 The bauld Cetoun, and Richard off Lundy,  
 [And] Adam, als Wallace, off Ricardtoun,  
 Bathe Hay and Lyll, with gud men off renoun,  
 Boyde, Bercla, Byrd, and Lauder, that was wycht,  
 Feill Inglissmen derffly to ded thai dycht.  
 Bot erll Patrik full fersly faucht agayn;  
 Through his awin hand he put mony to payn.  
 Our men on him thrang forthwart in to thra.  
 Maide through his ost feill sloppis to and fra.  
 The Inglissmen began playnly to fle;  
 Than byschope Beik full sodeynly thai se;  
 And Robert Bruce, contrar his natiff men:  
 Wallace was wa, fra tyme he couth him ken.  
 Off Brucis deid he was agrewit far mar  
 Than all the laiff that day at semblit thar.  
 The gret buschement at anys brak on breid,  
 Ten thousand hailt that douchty war in deid,  
 The flearis than with erll Patrik relefd  
 To fecht agayn, quhar mony war myscheifd.  
 Quhen Wallace knew the buschement brokyn was,  
 Out off the feild on hors thai thocht to pass.  
 Bot he saw weill his ost sownd in thair weid;  
 He thought to fray the formast or thai yeid.  
 The new cummyng ost befor thaim semblit thar,  
 On athir sid with strakis sad and sar.  
 The worthi Scottis sa fersly faucht agayne,  
 Off Antonys men rycht mony haiff thai slayne:  
 Bot that terand so wit was in wer,  
 On Wallace ost thai did full mekill der.  
 And the bauld Bruce sa cruelly wrocht he,  
 Through strenth off hand feill Scottis he gert de.  
 To resist Bruce Wallace him pressit fast,  
 Bot Inglissmen so thik betuixt thaim past:  
 And erll Patrik, in all the haist he moucht,  
 Through out the stour to Wallace sone he socht;  
 On the thé pess a felloun strak him gaiff,  
 Kerwit the plait, with his scharp groundyn glaiff,  
 Through all the stuff, and woundyt him sumdeill.  
 Bot Wallace thocht he suld be wengit weill,

Than ane Mawthland rakless betwix thaim past:  
 Apon the heid gud Wallace has him tane,  
 Throuch hat and brawn in sondyr bryst the bane;  
 Dede at that straik doun to the ground him drawe.  
 Thus Wallace was disseuriyt fra the lawe  
 Off hys gud men, amang thaim him allane.  
 About him socht feill enemyss mony ane,  
 Stekit his horss; to ground behufid him licht,  
 To fend him selff as wysly as he mycht.  
 The worthy Scottis, that mycht na langar bid,  
 With sair hartis out off the feild thai ryd.  
 With thaim in feyr thai wend Wallace had beyne,  
 On fute he was amang his enemyss keyn.  
 Gud rowme he maid about him in to breid;  
 With his gud suerd that helpyt him in neid.  
 Was nayne sa strang, that gat off him a strak,  
 Eftir agayne maid neur a Scot to waik.  
 Erll Patrik than, that had gret crafft in wer,  
 With speris ordand gud Wallace doun to ber.  
 Anew thai tuk was haill in to the feild;  
 Till him thai yeid, thocht he suld haiff no beild;  
 On athir sid fast poyntand at his ger.  
 He hewid off hedys, and wysly coud him wer.  
 The worthy Scottis off this full litill wyst;  
 Socht to gud Graym quhen thai thair chyftane myst.  
 Lauder, and Lyle, and Hay, that was full wicht,  
 And bauld Ramsay, quhilk was a worthy knycht;  
 Lundy, and Boid, and Crystell off Cetoun,  
 With fyve hundreth, that war in bargane boun,  
 Him to reskew full rudly in thai raid,  
 About Wallace a large rowme thai maid.  
 The byschop Beik was braithly born till erd;  
 At the reskew thar was a glamorous red.  
 Or he gat wp, feill Sotheroun thai slew.  
 Out off the press Wallace thai couth raskew;  
 Sone horssit him apon a coursour wicht;  
 Towart a strenth ridis in all thair mycht,  
 Rycht wysly fled, reskewand mony man.  
 The erll Patrik to stuff the chace began.  
 On the flearis litill harm than he wrocht:  
 Gud Wallace folk away to giddyr socht.  
 Thir fyve hundreth, the quhilk I spak off ayr,  
 Sa awfully abawndownd thaim sa sar,  
 Na folowar durst out fra his falow ga;  
 The gud flearis sic raturnyng thai ma.  
 Four thousand haill had tane the strenth befor,  
 Off Wallace ost, his comfort was the mor;  
 Off Glaskadane that forrest thocht till hauld.  
 Erll Patrik twrnd, thocht he was neir sa bauld,  
 Agayne to Beik, quhen chapyt was Wallace,  
 Curssand fortoun off his myschansit cace.  
 The feild he wan, and sewyn thowsand thai lost,  
 Dede on that day, for all the byschoppis bost.  
 Off Wallace men fyve hundreth war slayne, I gess;  
 Bot na chyftayne, his murnyng was the less.  
 Ner ewyn it was, bot Beik wald nocht abid;  
 In Lammermur thai trauentyt that tid;  
 Thair luyng tuk quhar him thocht maist awaill;  
 For weyll he trowit the Scottis wald assaill.  
 Apon the feild, quhar thai gaiff battaill last,  
 The contré men to Wallace gaderyt fast.  
 Off Edynburch, with Crawford that was wicht,  
 Thre hundreth come in till thar armour brycht.  
 Till Wallace raid, be his lugeyng was tayne.  
 Fra Tawydaill come gud men mony ane,  
 Out off Jedwart, with Ruwane, at that tyd  
 To giddyr socht fra mony diuerss sid.  
 Schir Wilyham Lang, that lord was off Douglas,  
 With him four scor that nycht come to Wallace.  
 Twenty hundreth off new men met that nycht,  
 Apon thair fais to weng thaim at thair mycht.  
 At the fyrst feild thir gud men had nocht beyne.  
 Wallace wachis thair aduersouris had seyn,

In to quhat wiss thai had thair lugeyng maid.  
 Wallace bownyt eftir soupper, but baid,  
 In Lammermur thai passit hastily;  
 Sone till aray yheid this gud chewalry.  
 Wallace thaim maid in twa partis to be.  
 Schir Jhon the Graym and Cetoun ordand he,  
 Lawder and Hay, with thre thousand to ryd;  
 Hym selff the layff tuk wysly for to gid;  
 With him Lundy, bathe Ramsay and Douglace,  
 Berkla and Boid, and Adam gud Wallace.  
 Be this the day approachit wondyr neir,  
 And brycht Titan in presens can apper.  
 The Scottis ostis sone semblit in to sycht  
 Off thair enemyss, that was nocht redy dycht;  
 Owt off aray feill off the Sotheroun was.  
 Rycht awfully Wallace can on thaim pas.  
 At this entray the Scottis so weill thaim bar,  
 Feill off thair fais to dede was berntyt thar.  
 Redles thai raiss, and mony fled away;  
 Sum on the ground war smoryt quhar thai lay.  
 Gret noyis and cry was raissit thaim amang.  
 Gud Grayme come in, that stalwart was and strang:  
 For Wallace men was weill to gyddyry met.  
 On the south part sa aufully thai set,  
 In contrar thaim the frayt folk mycht nocht stand;  
 At anys thar fled off Sotheroun fyve thousand.  
 The worthi Scottis wrocht apon sic wyss,  
 Jop said hym selff, thai war mekill to pryss.  
 Yeit byschope Beik, that felloun tyrand strang,  
 Baid in the stour rycht awfully and lang.  
 A knycht Skelton, that cruell was and keyn,  
 Befor him stud in till his armour scheyn,  
 To fend his lord full worthely he wrocht.  
 Lundy him saw, and sadly on him socht;  
 With his gud suerd an awkward straik him gaiff,  
 Throuch pesan stuff his crag in sondyr draiff;  
 Quhar off the layff astunynt in that sted,  
 The bauld Skelton off Lundyis hand is dede.  
 Than fled thai all, and mycht no langar bid;  
 Patrik and Beik away with Bruce thai ryd.  
 Fyve thousand held in till a slop away  
 Till Noram houss, in all the haist thai may.  
 Our men folowed, that worthi war and wicht;  
 Mony flear derffly to dede thai dycht.  
 The thre lordis on to the castell socht;  
 Full feill thai left, that was off England brocht.  
 At this jorney twenty thousand thai tynt,  
 Drownyt and slayn be sper and suerdis dynt.  
 The Scottis at Tweid haistyt thaim sa fast,  
 Feill Sotheroun men in to wrang furdis past.  
 Wallace raturnd, in Noram quhen thai war;  
 For worthi Bruce his hart was wondyr sar;  
 He had leuer haiff had him at his large,  
 Fre till our croun, than off fyne gold to carge,  
 Mar than in Troy was fund, at Grekis wan.  
 Wallace than passit, with mony awfull man,  
 On Patrikis land, and waistit wondyr fast;  
 Tuk out gudis, and placis doun thai cast.  
 His stedis sewyn, that mete hamys was cauld,  
 Wallace gert brek thai burly byggyngis bauld,  
 Baithe in the Merss, and als in Lothiane;  
 Except Dunbar, standand he lewit nane.  
 Till Edynburgh apon the auchtand day;  
 Apon the morn, Wallace with out delay  
 Till Pert he passit, quhar the consaill was set;  
 To the barrownis he schawit with outyn let,  
 How his gret wow rycht weill eschewyt was.  
 Till a maister he gert erll Patrik pass,  
 Be causs he said off Scotland he held nocht:  
 Till king Eduuard, to get supplé, he socht.  
 The lordis was blyth, and welcummyt weill Wallas,  
 Thankand gret God off this fair happy chass.  
 Wallace tuk state to govern all Scotland;

The barnage haill maid him ane oppyn band.  
 Than delt he land till gud men him about,  
 For Scotlandis rycht had set their lyff in dought.  
 Stantoun he gaiff to Lauder in his wage;  
 The knycht Wallang aucht it in heretage.  
 Than Birgeane cruk he gaiff Lyle that was wicht;  
 Till Scrymgeour als full gud reward he dycht.  
 Syne Wallace toun, and othir landis thartill,  
 To worthi men he delt with nobill will.  
 Till hys awne kyn heretage nayne gaiff he,  
 Bot office haill, at [euer] ilk man mycht se,  
 For cowatice thar couth na wicht him blayme;  
 He baid reward quhill the king suld cum hayme.  
 Off all he dyd, he thought to bid the law  
 Be for his king, master quhen he him saw.  
 Scotland was blyth, in dolour had beyne lang;  
 In ilka part to gud laubour thai gang.  
 Be this the tyme off October was past;  
 Ner Nouember approachit wondyr fast.  
 Tithandis than come, king Eduuard grewit was,  
 With his power in Scotland thoct to pass;  
 For erll Patrik had gyffyn hym sic consaill.  
 Wallace gat wit, and semblit power haill,  
 Fourty thousand on Roslyn mur thar met.  
 "Lordis," he said, "thus is King Eduuard set,  
 "In contrar rycht to sek ws in our land.  
 "I hecht to God, and to yow, be my hand,  
 "I sall him meit, for all his gret barnage,  
 "With in England, to fend our heretage.  
 "His falss desyr sall on him self be seyn;  
 "He sall ws fynd in contrar off his eyne.  
 "Sen he with wrang has ryddyn this regioun,  
 "We sall pass now in contrar off his crown.  
 "I will nocht bid gret lordis with ws fayr;  
 "For myn entent I will playnly declar.  
 "Our purpuss is othir to wyn or de;  
 "Quha yeildis him, sall neuir ransownd be."  
 The barrons than him ansuerd worthely,  
 And said, thai wald pass with thair chewalry.  
 Him self and Jop prowidyt that menyhé;  
 Twenty thousand off waillit men tuk he,  
 Harnes and hors he gert amang thaim waill;  
 Wappynnys enew, at mycht thaim weill awaill;  
 Grathyt thar men, that cruell wes and keyn;  
 Bettir in wer in world coud nocht be seyn.  
 He bad the laiff on laubour for to bid.  
 In gud aray fra Roslyn mur thai ryd.  
 At thair muster gud Wallace couth thaim ass,  
 Quhat mysteryt ma in a power to pass?  
 "All off a will, as I trow, set ar we,  
 "In playne battaill can nocht weill scumfit be.  
 "Our rewme is pur, waistit be Sotheroun blud;  
 "Go wyn on thaim tresour, and othir gud."  
 The ost inlynd all in till humyll will,  
 And said, thai suld his commandment fulfill.  
 The erll Malcome with thir gud men is gayne;  
 Bot nayme off rewill on him he wald tak nayne.  
 Wallace him knew a lord and full worthi;  
 At his consaill he wrocht full stedfastly.  
 Starkar he was, gyff thai had battaill seyn;  
 For he befor had in gud jorney beyn.  
 A man off strenth, that has gud wit with all,  
 A haill regioun may comfort at his call:  
 As manly Ectour wrocht in till his wer;  
 Agayn a hundreth cowntyt was his sper.  
 Bot that was nocht through his strenth anerly;  
 Sic rewill he led off worthi chewalry.  
 Thir ensampyllis war noble for to ken.  
 Ectour I leiff, and spek furth off our men.  
 The knycht Cambell maid hime to that wiage,  
 Off Louchow cheiff, that was his heretage.  
 The gud Ramsay furth to that jorney went;  
 Schir Jhone the Grayme, forthwart in his entent;

Wallace cusyng, Adam, full worthi was,  
 And Robert Boid; full blythly furth thai pass.  
 Baith Awchynlek, and Richard off Lundy,  
 Lawder and Hay, and Cetoun full worthy.  
 This ryall ost, but restyng, furth thai rid,  
 Till Browis feild, and thar a quhill thai bid.  
 Than Wallace tuk with him fourty, but less,  
 Till Roxburgh yett raid sone, or he wald cess.  
 Sotheroun marueld giff it suld be Wallace,  
 With out souerance come to persew that place.  
 Off Schyr Rawff Gray sone presence couth he ass;  
 And warnd him thus, forthwart [or] he wald pass.  
 "Our purpuss is in England for to ryd;  
 "No tyme we haiff off segyng now to bid.  
 "Tak tent and her off our cummyng agayne;  
 "Gyff our the houss, send me the keyis in playn.  
 "Thus I commaund befor this witnes large,  
 "Gyff thow will nocht, ramayne with all the charge.  
 "Bot this be done, through force and I tak the,  
 "Out our the wall thow sall be hyngit hye."  
 With that he turnd, and till his ost can wend.  
 This ilk commaund to Berweik sone he send,  
 With gud Ramsay, that was a worthi knycht.  
 The ost but mar full awfully he dycht;  
 Began at Tweid, and spard nocht at thai fand;  
 Bot brynt befor through all Northummyrland.  
 All Duram toun thai brynt wp in a gleid.  
 Abbays thai spard, and kyrkis quhar thai yeid.  
 To York thai went but baid, or thai wald blyn;  
 To byrn and sla off thaim he had na syne.  
 Na syn thai thoct, the samyn thai leit ws feill;  
 Bot Wilyam Wallace quyt our quarell weill.  
 Fortrace thai wan, and small castellis kest down;  
 With aspre wapynnys payit thair ransoune.  
 Off presonaris thai likit nocht to kep;  
 Quhom thai our tuk, thai maid thair freyendis to wepe.  
 Thai sawft na Sotheroun for thair gret riches;  
 Off sic koffre he callit bot wretchitnes.  
 On to the yettis and faboris off the toun  
 Braithly thai brynt, and brak thair byggyngis down;  
 At the wallys assayed fyfetene dayis;  
 Till king Eduuard send to thaim, in this wayis,  
 A knycht, a clerk, and a squier of pes;  
 And prayit him fayr off byrnyng [for] to cess;  
 And hecht battaill, or fourty dayis war past,  
 Souerance so lang, gyff him likit, till ass.  
 And als he sperd, quhy Wallace tuk on hand  
 The felloun stryff, in defens off Scotland.  
 And said, he merweld on his wyt for thy,  
 Agayn Inglande was off so gret party;  
 "Sen ye haiff maid mekill off Scotland fre.  
 "It war gret tym for to lat malice be."  
 Wallace has herd the message say thair will;  
 With manly wytt rycht thus he said thaim till:  
 'Yhe may know weill that rycht ynewch we haiff;  
 'Off his souerance I kep nocht for to craiff.  
 'Be caus I am a natyff Scottis man,  
 'It is my dett to do all that I can  
 'To fend our kynrik out off dangeryng.  
 'Till his desyr we will grant to sum thing;  
 'Our ost sall cess, for chans that may betid,  
 'Thir fourty dayis, bargane for till bid.  
 'We sall do nocht, less than it mowe in yow;  
 'In his respyt my self couth neuir trow.'  
 King Eduardis wrytt wndir his seill thai gaiff,  
 Be fourty dayis that thai suld battaill haiff.  
 Wallace thaim gaiff his credence off this thing.  
 Thair leyff thai tuk, syne passit to the king,  
 And tauld him haill how Wallace leit thaim feill,  
 "Off your souerance he rekis nocht adeill;  
 "Sic rewlyt men, sa awfull off offer,  
 "Ar nocht crystynyt, than he ledis in wer."  
 The king ansuerd, and said; 'It suld be kend,

'It cummys off witt enemyss to commend.  
 'Thai ar to dreid rycht gretly in certane;  
 'Sadly thai think off harmys thai haiff tane.'  
 Leyff I thaim thus at consell with thair king,  
 And off the Scottis agayne to spek sum thing.  
 Wallace tranountyt on the second day;  
 Fra York thai passyt rycht in a gud aray.  
 Northwest thai past in battaill buskyt boun,  
 Thar lugeyng tuk besyd Northallyrtoun,  
 And cryit his pess, thar market for till stand,  
 Thai fourty dayis, for pepill off Ingland,  
 Quha that likyt ony wyttaill till sell.  
 Off all thair fer was mekill for to tell.  
 Schyr Rawff Rymunt, captane off Maltoun was,  
 With gret power ordand he nycht to pass  
 On Wallace ost, to mak sum jeperté.  
 Feyll Scottis men, that duelt in that cuntré,  
 Wyst off this thing, and gaderyt to Wallace;  
 Thai maid him wyss off all that suttell cace.  
 Gud Lundy than till hym he callit thar,  
 And Hew the Hay, off Louchowort was ayr.  
 With thre thousand that worthely had wrocht,  
 Syne prewaly out fra the ost he socht.  
 The men he tuk, that come till hym off new,  
 Gydys to be, for thai the contré knew.  
 The ost he maid in gud quyvet to be;  
 A space fra thaim he buschyt prewalé.  
 Schyr Rawff Rymunt with sewyn thousand com in,  
 On Wallace ost a jeperté to begyn.  
 The buschement brak, or thai the ost come ner;  
 On Sotheroun men the worthi Scottis thair ster.  
 Thre thousand haill was braithly brocht to ground;  
 Jornay thai socht, and sekrylly has found.  
 Schyr Rawff Rymunt was stekit on a sper;  
 Thre thousand slayn, that worthi war in wer.  
 The Sotheroun wyst quhen thair chyftayn was dede;  
 To Maltoun fast thai fled, and left that sted.  
 Wallace folowed with his gud chawalry;  
 Amang Sotheroun thai entrit sodeynly,  
 Ingliss and Scottis in to the toun at anys.  
 Sotheroun men schot, and braithly kest down stanys,  
 Off thar awn rycht feyll thair haiff thai slayn.  
 The Scottis about, that war off mekill mayn,  
 On grecis ran, and cessyt all the toun.  
 Derffly to dede the Sotheroun was dongyn down.  
 Gud Wallace thair has found full gud ryches,  
 Jowellis and gold, bathe wapynnys and harnes;  
 Spoulyeid the toun off wyn, and off wittaill;  
 All off send with caryagis off gret waill.  
 Thre dayis still with in the toun thai baid;  
 Syn brak down werk that worthely was maid.  
 Wyffis and childre thai put owt off the toun;  
 Na man he sawft that was off that nacioun.  
 Quhen Scottis had tane to turss at thair desyr,  
 Wallis thai brak, syn set the layff in fyr,  
 The temir werk thai brynt wp all in playn,  
 On the ferd day till his ost raid agayn,  
 Gert cast a dyk that mycht sum strythyng be,  
 To kepe the ost fra sodeyn jeperté.  
 Than Inglissmen was rycht gretly agast,  
 Fra north and south in to thair king that past,  
 At Pomfray lay, and held a parlement.  
 To gyff battaill the lordis couth nocht consent,  
 Less Wallace war off Scotland crownyt king.  
 Thar consaill fand it war a peralous thing;  
 For thocht thai wan, thai wan bot as thair war;  
 And gyff thai tynt, thai lossyt Ingland for euirmar,  
 A payn war put in to the Scottis hand.  
 And this decret thar wit amang thaim fand;  
 Gyff Wallace wald apon him tak the croun,  
 To gyff battaill thai suld be redy boun.  
 The sammyn message till him thai send agayn;  
 And thar entent thai tald him in to playn.

Wallace thaim chargyt his presens till absent;  
 His consaill callyt, and schawit thaim his entent.  
 He and his men desyrit battaill till haiff,  
 Be ony wayis, off Ingland our the laiff.  
 He said; "Fyrst, it war a our hie thing,  
 "Agayne the faith to reyyf my rychtwis king.  
 "I am his man, born natiff of Scotland;  
 "To wer the croun I will nocht tak on hand.  
 "To fend the rewm it is my dett be skill;  
 "Lat God abowe reward me as he will."  
 Sum bad Wallace apon him tak the croun.  
 Wyss men said; 'Nay, it war bot derysioun,  
 'To croun him king bot woice off the parlyment.'  
 For thai wyst nocht gyff Scotland wald consent.  
 Othir sum said, it was the wrangwis place.  
 Thus demyt thai on mony diuerss cace.  
 This knycht Cambell, off witt a worthi man,  
 As I said ayr, was present with thaim than,  
 Herd and ansuerd, quhen mony said thair will;  
 "This war the best, wald Wallace grant thar till,  
 "To croun him king solemply for a day,  
 "To get ane end off all our lang delay."  
 The gud erll Malcome said, that Wallace mycht.  
 As for a day, in fens off Scotlandis rycht,  
 Thocht he refusyt it lestandly to ber,  
 Resawe the croun, as in a fer off wer.  
 The pepill all till him gaiff thair consent:  
 Malcome off auld was lord off the parlyment.  
 Yeit Wallace tholyt, and leit thaim say thair will.  
 Quhen thai had demyt be mony diuerss skill,  
 In his awne mynd he abhorryt with this thing.  
 The commounis cryit, 'Mak Wallace crownyt king.'  
 Than smylyt he, and said; "It suld nocht be:  
 "At termys schort, ye get no mar for me.  
 "Wndyr colour we mon our ansuer mak;  
 "Bot sic a thing I will nocht on me tak.  
 "I suffer yow to say that it is sa.  
 "It war a scorn the croun on me to ta."  
 Thai wald nocht lat the message off Ingland  
 Cum thaim amang, or thai suld wndirstand.  
 Twa knychtis passit to the message agayn,  
 Maid thaim to throw Wallace was crownyt in playn;  
 Gart thaim traist weill that this was suthfast thing.  
 Delyuyrit thus, thai passit to thair king;  
 To Pomfrait went, and tald that thai had seyn  
 Wallace crownyt, quharoff the lordis was teyn,  
 In barrate wox, in parlement quhar thai stud.  
 Than said thai all; "Thir tithingis ar nocht gud.  
 "He did so weyll in to thir tymys befor,  
 "And now thair king, he will do mekill mor.  
 "A fortontyt man, no thing gois him agayn.  
 "To gyff battaill we sall it rew apayn."  
 And othir said; 'And battaill will he haiff,  
 'Or stroy our land; na tresour may ws saiff.  
 'In his conquest, sen fyrst he coud begyn,  
 'He sellis nocht, bot takis at he may wyn.  
 'For Inglissmen he settis no doym bot ded;  
 'Pryce off pennys may mak ws no ramed.'  
 And Wodstok said; "Yhe wyrk nocht as the wyss,  
 "Gyff that ye tak the awnter, off supprice:  
 "For thocht we wyn that ar in till Ingland,  
 "The laiff ar stark agaynys ws for to stand.  
 "Be Wallace saiff, othir thai cownt bot small.  
 "For thi me think this war the best off all,  
 "To kepe our stryngth off castell and off wall toun,  
 "Swa sall we fend the fek off this regioun.  
 "Thocht north be brynt, bettir off sufferans be,  
 "Than set all Ingland on a jeperté."  
 Thai grantyt all, as Wodstok can thaim say;  
 And thus thai put the battaill on delay;  
 And kest thaim haill for othir gouernance,  
 Agayn Wallace to wyrk sum ordinance.  
 Thus Wallace has in playn discumfyt haill,

Agayn king Eduuard, all his strang battaill;  
 For throucht falsheid, and thar subtilité,  
 Thai thocht he suld, for gret necessité,  
 And faute off fude, to steyll out off the land.  
 And this decret thair wytt amang thaim fand;  
 Thai gert the king cry all thar merket doun,  
 Fra Trent to Tweid off throcht fayr and fre toun,  
 That in thai boundis na man suld wittaill leid,  
 Sic stuff, nor wyn, on na less payn bot deid.  
 This ilk decret thai gaiff in thar parlement.  
 Off Scottis forsuth to spek is myne entent.  
 Wallace lay still, quhill fourty dayis was gayn,  
 And fyve atour; bot perance saw he nayn  
 Battaill till haiff, as thair promys was maid.  
 He gert display agayne his baner braid;  
 Rapreiffyt Eduuard rycht gretlye off this thing;  
 Bawchillyt his seyll, blew out on that fals king,  
 As a tyrand; turnd bak, and tuk his gait.  
 Than Wallace maid full mony byggyng hayt.  
 Thai rassyt fyr, brynt wp Northallyrtoun,  
 Agayn throucht Yorkschyr bauldly maid thaim boun;  
 Dystroyed the land, als fer as eur thair rid;  
 Sewyn myle about thai brynt on athir sid.  
 Palyce thai spylt, gret towris can confound;  
 Wrocht the Sotheroun mony werkand wound.  
 Wedowis wepyt with sorow in thair sang;  
 Madennys murnyt with gret menyng amang.  
 Thai sparyt nocht bot wemen and the kyrk.  
 Thir worthy Scottis off laubour wald nocht yrk.  
 Abbayis gaiff thaim rycht largly to thair fud;  
 Till all kyrk man thai did no thing bot gud.  
 The temporall land thai spoulyeit at thair will,  
 Gud gardens gay, and orchartis gret thair spill.  
 To York thai went, thir wermen oft renoun;  
 A sege thai set rycht sadly to the toun.  
 For gret defens thai garnest thaim within:  
 A felloun salt with out thai can begyn;  
 Gert woid the ost in four partis about,  
 With wachys feyll, that no man suld wsche out.  
 Abowne the toune, apon the southpart sid,  
 Thar Wallace wald, and gud Lundy, abid.  
 Erll Malcom syne at the west yett abaid;  
 With him the Boid, that gud jornays had maid.  
 The knyght Cambell, off Louchow [that] was lord,  
 At the north yett, and Ramsay, maid thaim ford.  
 Schyr Jhon the Grayn, that worthy was in wer,  
 Awchinkle, Crawford, with full manlik offer,  
 At the est part bauldly thai bowne to bid.  
 A thousand archaris apon the Scottis sid  
 Disseueryt thaim amang the four party.  
 Fyve thousand bowemen in the toun forthi,  
 With in the wallis, arayit thaim full rycht,  
 Twelf thousand and ma that sembly was to sycht.  
 Than said Wallace; "Thar yond apon a playn,  
 "In feild to fecht me think we suld be bayn."  
 Than sailyeit thai rycht fast on ilka sid.  
 The worthy Scottis that bauldly durst abid,  
 With sper and scheild, for gownnys had thair nayn,  
 Within the dykys thai gert feill Sotheroun grayn.  
 Arowys thai schot, als fers as ony fyr,  
 Atour the wall, that flawmyt in gret ire,  
 Throuch byrneis brycht, with hedys fyn off steyll.  
 The Sotheroun blud thai leyt no frendschip feyll;  
 Our schefferand harnes schot the blud so scheyn.  
 The Inglissmen, that cruell was and keyn,  
 Kepyth thar toun, and fendyt thar full fast.  
 Fagaldys off fyr amang the ost thai cast;  
 Wp pyk and ter on feyll sowys thai lent;  
 Mony was hurt or thai fra wallys went.  
 Stanys and spryngaldis thai cast out so fast,  
 And gaddys off irne, maid mony goym agast:  
 Bot neuirtheles, the Scottis that was with out,  
 The toun full oft thai set in to gret dout;

Thar bulwerk brynt rycht brymly off the toun;  
 Thar barmkyn wan, and gret gerrettis kest doun.  
 Thus sailyeit thai, on ilk sid, with gret mycht.  
 The day was gayn, and cummyn was the nycht.  
 The wery ost than drew thaim fra the toun,  
 Set owt wachis, for restyng maid thaim boun;  
 Wysche woundis with wyn, off thaim that was wnsound;  
 For nayn wes dede; in gret myrth thaim abound.  
 Feyll men was hurt, bot na murnyng thaim maid;  
 Confermyt the sege, and stedfastly abaid.  
 Quhen that the son on morow raiss wp rycht,  
 Befor the chyftanys semblyt thaim full rycht;  
 And mendis thocht off the toun thaim suld tak,  
 For all the fens that the Sotheroun mycht mak.  
 Arayit agayn, as thaim began afor,  
 About the toun thaim sailye wondyr sor,  
 With felloun schot atour the wall so scheyn.  
 Feill Inglissmen, that cruell was and keyn,  
 With schot was slayn, for all thar targis strang;  
 Byrstyt helmys, mony to erd thaim dang.  
 Brycht byrmand fyr thaim kest till eurilrk yet;  
 The entress thus in perall oft thaim set.  
 The defendouris was off so fell defens,  
 Kepyth thar toun with strenth and excellens.  
 And thus the day thaim dryff on to the nycht;  
 To palyounnys bownyt mony wery wycht.  
 All yrk off wer; the toun was strang to wyn,  
 Off artailye, and nobill men with gyn.  
 Quhen that thaim trowyt the Scottis was all at rest,  
 For jeperté the Inglissmen thaim kest.  
 Schyr Jhon Nortoun was knawyn worthy and wycht,  
 Schyr Wilyham off Leis, graithit thaim that nycht,  
 With fyve thowsand welle garnest and sawage;  
 Apon the Scottis thaim tocht to mak scrymmage;  
 And at [the] yet wschynt owt haistely  
 On erll Malcom, and his gud chewalry.  
 To chak the wache Wallace and ten had beyne  
 Rydand about, and has thair cummyng seyn.  
 He gert ane blaw, was in his company;  
 The redy men arayit thaim hastely.  
 Feill off the Scottis ilk nycht in harnes baid,  
 Be ordinance, for thaim sic rewl had maid.  
 With schort awyss to gyddyr ar thaim went,  
 Apon thair fais, quhar feill Sotheroun was schent.  
 Wallace knew weill the erll to haisty was;  
 For thi he sped him to the press to pass.  
 A suerd off wer in till his hand he bar;  
 The fyrst he hyt, the crag in sondyr schar.  
 Ane othir awkward apon the face tuk he;  
 Wysar and frount bathe in the feild gert fle.  
 The hardy erll befor his men furth past,  
 In to the press, quhar feill war fechtand fast;  
 A scherand suerd bar drawyn in his hand;  
 The fyrst was fey that he befor him fand.  
 Quhen Wallace and he was to gidder set,  
 Thair lestyt nayn agayn thaim that thaim met,  
 Bot othir dede, or ellis fled thaim fray.  
 Be this the ost, all in [a] gud aray,  
 With the gret scry assemblit thaim about;  
 Than stud the Sotheroun in a felloun dout.  
 Wallace knew weill the Inglissmen wald fle;  
 For thi he preyst in the thickest to be,  
 Hewand full fast on quhat sege that he socht;  
 Agaynys hys dynt fyn steyll awailyeit nocht.  
 Wallace off hand, sen Arthour, had na mak;  
 Quhom he hyt rycht was ay dede off a strak.  
 That was weyll knawin in mony place; and thar  
 Quhom Wallace hyt he deryt the Scottis no mar.  
 Als all his men did cruelly and weyll,  
 At com to strak; that mycht the Sotheroun feill.  
 The Inglissmen fled, and left the feild playnly.  
 The worthy Scottis wroucht so hardely,  
 Schyr Jhon off Nourtoun in that place was dede,

And twelf hundreth, with outyn ony ramede.  
 Thar mony was left in to the feild and slayn:  
 The layff raturnyt in to the toun agayn,  
 And rwytt full sar that euyr thai furth coud found;  
 Among thaim was full mony werkand wound.  
 The ost agayn ilkane to thar ward raid,  
 Comaundytt wachis, and no mayr noyis maid,  
 Bot restyt still quhill that the brycht day dew.  
 Agayne began the toun to sailye new.  
 All thus thai wrocht with full gud worthines,  
 Assailyeit sayr with witt and hardines.  
 The ostis wictaill worth scant, and failyeit fast.  
 Thus lay thai thair, quhill diuerss dayis war past;  
 The land waistyt, and meit was fer for to wyn:  
 Bot that wyst nocht the stuff that was within;  
 Thai dred full sar for thair awn warysoun.  
 For souerance prayed the power off the toun,  
 To spek with Wallace thai desyrytt fast;  
 And he aperyt, and speryt quhat thai ast.  
 The mayr ansuerd, said; “We wald gyff ransoun,  
 “To pass your way, and der no mayr the toun.  
 “Gret schaym it war that we suld yoldyn be,  
 “And townys haldyn off less power than we.  
 “Yhe may nocht wyn ws suthlie, thocht ye bid;  
 “We sall gyff gold, and yhe will fra ws rid.  
 “We may gyff battaill, durst we for our king;  
 “Sen he has left, it war ane our hie thing  
 “Till ws to do, with out his ordinance;  
 “This toun off him we hald in gouernance.”  
 Wallace ansuerd; ‘Off your gold rek we nocht;  
 ‘It is for battaill that we hydder socht.  
 ‘We had leuir haiff battaill off England,  
 ‘Than all the gold that gud king Arthour fand  
 ‘On the mont Mychell, quhar he the gyand slew.  
 ‘Gold may be gayn, bot worschip is ay new.  
 ‘Your king promyst that we suld battaill haiff;  
 ‘His wrytt tharto undyr his seyll he gaiff.  
 ‘Lettir nor band, ye se, may nocht awaill  
 ‘Ws; for this tyme he hecht to gyff battaill.  
 ‘Me think we suld on his men wengit be;  
 ‘Apon our kyn mony gret wrang wrocht he:  
 ‘His dewillyk deid he did in to Scotland.  
 The mayr said; “Schyr, rycht thus we wnderstand:  
 “We haiff no charge quhat our king gerris ws do;  
 “Bot in this kynd we sall be bundyn yow to,  
 “Sum part off gold to gyff you with gud will,  
 “And nocht efftyr to wait yow with na ill,  
 “Be no kyn meyn, the power off this town;  
 “Bot gyff our king mak him to battaill boun.”  
 Into the ost was mony worthi man  
 With Wallace, ma than I now rekyn can.  
 Bettir it was, for at his will thai wrocht,  
 Thocht he wes best, no nothir lak we nocht;  
 All seruit thank to Scotland euirmar,  
 For manlyk wit, the quhilk thai schawit thar.  
 The haill consaill thus demytt thaim among,  
 The toun to sege thaim thocht it was to lang;  
 And nocht a payn to wyn it be no slycht.  
 The consaill fand it was the best thai mycht  
 Sum gold to tak, gyff that thai get no mar;  
 Syne furth thar way in thar wiage thai far.  
 Than Wallace said; “My self will nocht consent;  
 “Bot gyff this toun mak us this playne content;  
 “Tak our baner, and set it on the wall,  
 “(For thar power our rewme has ridyn all.)  
 “Yoldyn to be, quhen we lik thaim to tak,  
 “In till England residence gyff we mak.”  
 This ansuer sone thai send in to the mair.  
 Than thai consent, the ramayn that was thar,  
 The baner tuk, and set it in the toun,  
 To Scotland was hie honour and renoun.  
 That baner thar was fra aucht houris to none;  
 Thar finance maid, delyuerit gold full sone.

Fyve thousand pund, all gud gold off England,  
 The ost rasawit, with wictaill haboundand.  
 Baith breid and wyne rycht gladly furth thai gaiff,  
 And othir stuff at thai likit to haiff.  
 Twenty dais owt the ost remaynit thar;  
 Bot want off wictaill gert thaim fra it far.  
 Yeit still off pees the ost lugyt all nycht,  
 Quhill on the morn the sone was ryssyn on hycht.  
 In Aperill among the schawis scheyn,  
 Quhen the paithment was cled in tendyr greyn,  
 Plesand war it till ony creatur,  
 In lusty lyff that tym for till endur.  
 Thir gud wermen had fredome largely;  
 Bot fude was scant, thai mycht get nayn to by.  
 Tursyt tentis, and in the contré raid;  
 On Inglissmen full gret herschipe thai maid;  
 Brynt and brak doun byggyngis, sparyt thai nocht;  
 Rycht worthi wallis full law to ground thai brocht.  
 All Mydlame land thai brynt wp in a fyr,  
 Brak parkis doun, distroyit all the schyr;  
 Wyld der thai slew, for othir bestis was nayn;  
 Thir wermen tuk off venysoune gud wayn.  
 Towart the south thai turnyt at the last,  
 Maid byggyngis bar als fer as euir thai past.  
 The commons all to London ar thai went,  
 Befor the king, and tald him thar entent;  
 And said, thai suld, bot he gert Wallace cess,  
 Forsaik thair faith, and tak thaim till his pess.  
 Na herrald thar durst than to Wallace pass,  
 Quharoff the king gretly agrewit was.  
 Thus Eduuard left his pepill in to bail,  
 Contrar Wallace he wald nocht giff battaill;  
 Nor byd in feild for nocht that thai mycht say;  
 Gayff our the causs, to London past his way.  
 At men off wit this questioun her I ass,  
 Among noblis gyff euyr ony thar was,  
 So lang throw force in England lay on cass,  
 Sen Brudus deit, but battaill, bot Wallace.  
 Gret Julius, the empyr had in hand,  
 Twyss off force he was put off England.  
 Wycht Arthour als, off wer quhen that he prewit,  
 Twyss thai fawcht, suppos thair war myschewit.  
 Awfull Eduuard durst nocht Wallace abid  
 In playn battaill, for all England so wid.  
 In London he lay, and tuk him till his rest;  
 And brak his vow. Quhilk hald ye for the best?  
 Deyme as ye lest, gud men off discrecioun;  
 Rycht clayr it is to ransek this questioun:  
 To my sentence breyffly will I pass.  
 Quhen Wallace thus throw Yorkschyr jowrnat was,  
 Wictaill as than was nayne left in the land,  
 Bot in houssis quhar it mycht be warrand.  
 The ost heroff abaissit was to bid;  
 Fra fude scantyt na plesance was that tid.  
 Sum bald ryd haym, sum bald ryd forthermar:  
 Wallace callit Jop, and said till him rycht thar;  
 “Thow knawis the land, quhar most abundance is,  
 “Be thow our gyd, and than we sall nocht myss  
 “Wictaill to fynd, that wait I wondir weill:  
 “Thow has, I traist, off England mekill feill.  
 “The kyng and his to stark strenthis ar gayn;  
 “Bot jeperté, now perell haiff we nayn.”  
 Than Jop said; ‘[Schir,] be ye gydyt be me,  
 ‘The bowndandest part off England ye sall se.  
 ‘Off wyn and quheytt thar is in Rychmwnt schyr,  
 ‘And othir stuff off fud that ye desyr;  
 ‘Quharoff I trow ye sall be weyll content.’  
 The ost was glaid and thiddyrtwart thai went.  
 Mony trew Scot was semblyt in that land,  
 To Wallace com weill ma than nyne thowsand;  
 Off presone part, sum had in lawbour wrocht,  
 Fra athir part hill fast till him thai socht.  
 Wallace was blyth off our awn natiff kyn,

That come till him off bail that thai war in:  
 And all the ost off comfode was the blythar,  
 Fra thair awn folk was multipliand the mar.  
 In Richmwnt schyr thai fand a gret boundans,  
 Breid, ayl and wyn, with othir purweans;  
 Brak parkis down, slew bestis mony ane,  
 Off wild and tayme, forsoth thai sparyt nane.  
 Throuh owt the land thai past in gud aray;  
 A sembyl place so fand thai in thar way,  
 Quhilk Ramswaith hecht, as Jop him self thaim tald;  
 Fehew was lord and captayne in that hald.  
 A hundreth men was semblit in that place,  
 To sawe thaim self and thar gud fra Wallace;  
 A ryoll sted, fast by a forest sid,  
 With turrettis fayr, and garrettis off gret prid,  
 Beildyt about, rycht lykly to be wicht,  
 Awfull it was till ony mannis sicht;  
 Feill men aboun on the wallis buskyt beyn,  
 In gud armour, that burnyst was full scheyn.  
 The ost past by, and bot wesyt that place;  
 Yeit thai within on lowd defyit Wallace,  
 And trumpattis blew with mony werlik soun.  
 Than Wallace said; "Had we yon gallandis down,  
 "On the playn ground, thai wald mor sobyr be."  
 Than Jop said; 'Schyr, ye gart his brodyr de,  
 'In harrold weid, ye wait, on Tynto hill.'  
 Wallace ansuerd; "So wald I with gud will,  
 "Had I him self; bot we may nocht thaim der;  
 "Gud men mon thoill off harlottis scorn in wer."  
 Schir Jhon the Graym wald at a bykkyr beyn:  
 Bot Wallace sone, that gret perell has seyn,  
 Commaundit him to lat his seruice be.  
 "We haiff no men to waist in sic degré.  
 "Wald ye thaim harm, I knaw ane othir gait,  
 "How we throuh fyr within sall mak thaim hait.  
 "Fyr has beyn ay full felloun in to wer,  
 "On sic a place it ma do mekill der.  
 "Thar awld bulwerk I se off wydderyt ayk;  
 "War it in fyr, thai mycht nocht stand a straik.  
 "Houssis and wod is her enewch plenté;  
 "Quha hewis best off this forest lat se.  
 "Pow houssis down, we sall nocht want adeill;  
 "The auld temyr will ger the greyn byrn weill."  
 At his commaund full besyly thai wrocht,  
 Gret wod in haist about the houss thai brocht.  
 The bulwerk wan thir men off armys brycht,  
 To the barmkyn had temyr apon hycht.  
 Than bowmen schot to kep thaim fra the cast;  
 The wall about had festnyt firis fast.  
 Women and barnys on Wallace fast thair cry;  
 On kneis thai fell, and askit him mercy.  
 At a quartar, quhar fyr had nocht ourtayn,  
 Thai tuk thaim out fra that castell off stayn;  
 Syn bet the fyr with brwndys brym and bauld;  
 The rude low raiss full heych aboun that hauld.  
 Barrellis off pyk for the defens was hungyn thar;  
 All strak in fyr, the myscheiff was the mar.  
 Quhen the brym fayr atour the place was past,  
 Than thai with in mycht nothir schwt no cast.  
 Als bestiall, as horss and nowt, within,  
 Amang the fyr thai maid a hidwyss dyn.  
 The armyt men in harnes was so hait,  
 Sum down to ground duschit but mar debait;  
 Sum lap, sum fell in to the felloun fyr,  
 Smoryt to dede, and brynt bathe bayn and lyr.  
 The fyr brak in at all opynnys about;  
 Nayn baid on loft, so felloun was the dout.  
 Fehew him self lap rudly fra the hycht;  
 Throuh all the fyr can on the barmkyn lycht.  
 With a gud suerd Wallace strak off his hed,  
 Jop hynt it wp, and turst [it] fra that sted.  
 Fyve hundreth men, that war in to that place,  
 Gat nayne away, bot dede with outyn grace.

Wallace baid still with his power that nycht;  
 Apon the morn the fyr had failieit mycht.  
 Beffor the yett, quhar it was brynt on breid,  
 A red thai maid, and to the castell yeid,  
 Strak down the yett, and tuk that thai mycht wyn,  
 Jowellys and gold, gret riches was tharin;  
 Spulyeit the place, and left nocht ellis thar,  
 Bot bestis, brynt bodyis, and wallis bar.  
 Than tuk thai hyr, that wyff was to Fehew;  
 Gaiff this commaund, as scho was women trew,  
 To turs that hed to London to king Eduuard.  
 Scho it rasawyt with gret sorow on hart.  
 Wallace him self thir chargis till hyr gaiff;  
 "Say to your king, bot gyff I battaill haiff,  
 "At London yettis we sall assailie sayr;  
 "In this moneth we think for to be thair.  
 "Trastis, in treuth, will God, we sall nocht fail;  
 "Bot I rasyt throw chargis off our consaill.  
 "The southmaist part off England we sall se;  
 "Bot he sek pess, or ellis bargan with me.  
 "Apon a tym he chargyt me on this wyss,  
 "Rycht boustously to mak till him seruice:  
 "Sic sall he haiff, as he ws causs has maid."  
 Than mowit thai with out langer abaid.  
 Deliuerit scho was fra this gud chewalry,  
 Towart London scho socht rycht ernstfully;  
 On to the tour, but mar process, scho went,  
 Quhar Eduuard lay sayr murnand in his entent.  
 His newois hede, quhen he saw it was brocht,  
 Sa gret sorow sadly apon him socht,  
 With gret wness apon his feit he stud,  
 Wepand for wo for his der tendyr blud.  
 The consaill raiss, and prayit him for to cess;  
 "We loss England, bot gyff ye purches pess."  
 Than Wodstok said; 'This is my best consaill;  
 'Tak pees in tyme as for our awn awaill,  
 'Or we tyne mar, yeit slaik off our curage;  
 'Ereft ye may get help to your barnage.'  
 The king grantyt, and bad thaim message send;  
 Na man was thar that durst to Wallace wend.  
 The queyn apperyt, and saw this gret distance;  
 Weill born scho was off the rycht blud off France;  
 Scho browit weill tharfor to speid the erar,  
 Hyr self purpost in that message to far.  
 Alss scho forthocht that the king tuk on hand,  
 Agayn the rycht, so oft to reiff Scotland;  
 And feill said, the wengeance hapnyt thar,  
 Off gret murthyr his men maid in till Ayr.  
 Thus demyt thai the consaill thaim amang.  
 To this effect the queyn bownyt to gang.  
 Quhen scho has seyn ilk man forsak this thing,  
 On kneis scho fell, and askyt at the king;  
 "Souerane," scho said, "gyff it your willis be,  
 "At I desyr yon chyftayn for to se.  
 "For he is knawin bath hardy, wyss, and trew;  
 "Perchance he will erar on wemen rew,  
 "Than on your men; yhe haiff don him sic der,  
 "Quhen he thaim seis, it mowis him ay to wer.  
 "To help this land I wald mak my trawaill;  
 "It ma nocht scaith, supposs it do na waill."  
 The lordis all off hir desir was fayn;  
 On to the king thai maid instans in playn,  
 That scho mycht pass. The king, with aukwart will,  
 Half in to yr, has [giffyn] consent thar till.  
 Sum off thaim said, the queyn luffyt Wallace,  
 For the gret voice off his hie nobilnes.  
 A hardy man, that is lykly with all,  
 Gret fawour will off fortoun till him fall,  
 Anent wemen is seyne in mony place.  
 So hapnyt it in his tyme with Wallace.  
 In his rysyng he was a luffar trew,  
 And chesyt ane, bot Inglissmen hir slew,  
 Yeit I say nocht, the queyn wald on hir tak,

All for his luff, sic trawail for to mak.  
 Now luff or leiff, or for help off the land,  
 I mak raherss as I in scriptour fand.  
 Scho graithit hir apon a gudlye wiss,  
 With gold, and ger, and folk at hir dewiss;  
 Ladyis with hir, nane othir wald thai send,  
 And ald preystis, that weill the cuntré kend.  
 Lat I the queyn to message redy dycht,  
 And spek furth mar off Wallace trawail rycht.  
 The worthy Scottis amang thar enemyss raid;  
 Full gret destructioun amang the Sotheron thai maid;  
 Waistit about the land on athir sid:  
 Na wer men than durst in thar way abid.  
 Thai ransoun nane, bot to the dede thaim dycht;  
 In mony steid maid fyris braid and brycht.  
 The ost was blith, and in a gud estate,  
 Na power was at wald mak thaim debate;  
 Gret ryches wan off gold and gud thaim till,  
 Leyffing enewch to tak at thar awn will.  
 In awfull fer thai trawail through the land,  
 Maid byggnis bar that thai befor thaim fand;  
 Gret barmkynnys brak off stedis stark and strang;  
 Thir wicht wermen off trawail thocht nocht lang.  
 South in the land rycht ernystfully thai socht,  
 To Sanct Awbawmys; bot harm thar did thai nocht.  
 The pryour send thaim wyn and wenesoun,  
 Refreschyt the ost with gud in gret fusioun.  
 The nycht apperyt quhen thai war at the place;  
 Than herbreyt thaim fra thine a littil space;  
 Chesyt a sted quhar thai suld bid all nycht,  
 Tentis on ground, and palyonis proudly pycht;  
 In till a waill, be a small rywer fayr,  
 On athir sid quhar wyld der maid repayr;  
 Set wachis owt, that wysly couth thaim kepe,  
 To souppar went, and tymysly thai slepe.  
 Off meit and sleip thai cess with suffisiance.  
 The nycht was myrk, our drayff the dyrkfull chance.  
 The mery day sprang fra the oryent,  
 With bemys brycht enlumynyt the occident.  
 Eftir Titan, Phebus wp rysyt fayr;  
 Heich in the sper, the signes maid declayr.  
 Zepherus began his morow cours,  
 The swete vapour thus fra the ground resourss;  
 The humyll breyth down fra the hewyn awaill,  
 In euery meide, bathe fyrth, forrest, and daill;  
 The cler rede amang the rochis rang,  
 Through greyn branchis quhar byrdis blythly sang,  
 With joyus woice in hewynly armony.  
 Than Wallace thocht it was no tyme to ly;  
 He croyssit him, syne sodeynli wp rais;  
 To tak the ayr out off his palyon gais.  
 Maister Jhon Blar was redy to rawess;  
 In gud entent syne bownyt to the mess.  
 Quhen it was done, Wallace can him aray,  
 In his armour, quhilk gudly was and gay.  
 His schenand schoys, that burnyst was full beyn,  
 His leg harnes he clappyt on so clene;  
 Pullane greis he braissit on full fast;  
 A closs byrny, with mony sekyr clasp;  
 Breyst plait, brasaris, that worthy was in wer;  
 Besid him furth Jop couth his basnet ber;  
 His glytterand glowis grawin on athir sid.  
 He semyt weill in battaill till abid;  
 His gud gyrdyll, and syne his burly brand;  
 A staff off steyll he gryppyt in his hand.  
 The ost him blyst, and prayit God, off his grace,  
 Him to conwoy fra all mystymyt cace.  
 Adam Wallace and Boid furth with him yeid,  
 By a reuir, throu out a floryst meid.  
 And as thai walk atour the feyldis greyn,  
 Out off the south thai saw quhar at the queyn,  
 Towart the ost, come ridand sobyrlly;  
 And fyfty ladyis was in hyr cumpany,

Wallyt off wit, and demyt off renoun,  
 Sum wedowis war, and sum off religioun;  
 And sewyn preistis that entrit war in age.  
 Wallace to sic did neuir gret owtrage,  
 Bot gyff till him thai maid a gret offens.  
 Thus prochyt thai on towart thar presens.  
 At the palyoun, quhar thai the lyoun saw;  
 To ground thai lycht, and syne on kneis can faw;  
 Prayand for pece thai cry with petous cher.  
 Erl Malcom said; “Our chyftayn is nocht her.”  
 He bad hyr ryss, and said it was nocht rycht,  
 A queyn on kneis till ony lavar wycht.  
 Wp by the hand the gud erll has hyr tayn;  
 Atour the bent to Wallace ar thai gayn.  
 Quhen scho him saw, scho wald haiff knelyt doune;  
 In armys sone he caught this queyn with croun,  
 And kyssyt hyr with outyn wordis mor;  
 Sa dyd he neuir to na Sotheron befor.  
 “Madem,” he said, “rycht welcum mot ye be;  
 “How plessis yow our ostyng for to se?”  
 ‘Rycht weyll,’ scho said, ‘off frendschip haiff we neid;  
 ‘God grant ye wald off our nessim to speid.  
 ‘Suffyr we mon, supposs it lik ws ill;  
 ‘Bot trastis weyll, it is contrar our will.’  
 “Ye sall remayn, with this lord I mon gang;  
 “Fra yow presens we sall nocht tary lang.”  
 The erll and he on to the palzyon yeid,  
 With gud awyss to deym mar off this deid.  
 Till consell son Wallace gart call thaim to:  
 “Lordys,” he said, “ye wait quhat is ado.  
 “Off thar cummyng my selff has na plesance;  
 “Herfor mon we wyrk with ordinance.  
 “Wemen may be contempnyng in to wer,  
 “Amang fullis that can thaim nocht forber.  
 “I say nocht this be thir, nor yeit the queyn;  
 “I trow it be bot gud that scho will meyn.  
 “Bot sampyll tak off lang tym passit by;  
 “At Rownsywaill the tresoun was playnly  
 “Be wemen maid, that Ganyelon with him brocht,  
 “And Turké wyn; forber thaim couth thai nocht.  
 “Lang wss in wer gert thaim desyr thair will,  
 “Quhilk brocht Charlis to fellon loss and ill.  
 “The flour off France, withoutyn redempcioun,  
 “Through that foull deid, was brocht to confusioun.  
 “Commaund your men tharfor in priway wyss,  
 “Apayn off lyff thai wyrk nocht on sic wyss;  
 “Nane spek with thaim, bot wysmen off gret waill,  
 “At lordis ar, and sworn to this consaill.”  
 Thir chargis thai did als wysly as thai mocht;  
 This ordynance throw all the ost was wrocht.  
 He and the erll bathe to the queyn thai went,  
 Rasawyt hyr fayr, and brocht hyr till a tent;  
 To dyner bownyt als gudly as thai can;  
 And serwit was with mony likly man.  
 Gud purwyance the queyn had with hyr wrocht;  
 A say scho tuk off all thyng at thai brocht.  
 Wallace persawyt, and said; “We haiff no dreid:  
 “I can nocht trow ladyis wald do sic deid,  
 “To poysoun men, for all England to wyn.”  
 The queyn ansuerd; ‘Gyff poysoun be tharin,  
 ‘Off ony thyng quhilk is brocht her with me,  
 ‘Apon my selff fyrst sorow sall ye se.’  
 Sone aftir meit, a marchell gart [all] absent,  
 Bot lordis, and thai at suld to consaill went.  
 Ladyis apperyt in presens with the queyn.  
 Wallace askyt, quhat hyr cummyng mycht meyn.  
 ‘For pess,’ scho said, ‘at we haiff to yow socht;  
 ‘This byrnand wer in baill has mony brocht.  
 ‘Ye grant ws pees, for him that deit on tre.’  
 Wallace ansuerd; “Madeym, that may nocht be.  
 “England has doyne sa gret harmys till ws,  
 “We may nocht pass, and lychtly leiff it thus.”  
 ‘Yeiss,’ said the queyne, ‘for crystyn folk we ar.

'For Goddis saik, sen we desyr no mar,  
 'We awcht pess.' "Madeym, that I deny.  
 "The perfyrt causs I sall yow schaw for quhy;  
 "Ye seke na pess bot for your awn awaill.  
 "Quhen your fals king had Scotland grippyt haill,  
 "For nakyn thing that he befor him fand,  
 "He wald nocht thoill the rycht blud in our land;  
 "Bot reft thar rent, syn put thaim selff to ded:  
 "Ransoun off gold mycht mak [us] na ramed.  
 "His fell fals wer sall on him selff be seyn."  
 Than sobyrly till him ansuerd the queyn;  
 'Off thir wrangis amendis war most fair.'  
 "Madeym," he said, "off him we ask no mar,  
 "Bot at he wald byd ws in to battaill;  
 "And God be juge, he kennys the mater haill."  
 'Sic mendis,' scho said, 'war nocht rycht gud, think me:  
 'Pess now war best, and it mycht purchest be.  
 'Wald yhe grant pess, and trwys with ws tak,  
 'Through all Inghland we suld gar prayeris mak  
 'For yow, and thaim at in the wer war lost.'  
 Than Wallace said; "Quhar sic thing cummys throuch bost,  
 "Prayer off fors, quhar so at it be wrocht,  
 "Till ws helpis [othyr] litill, or ellis nocht."  
 Warly scho said; "Thus wyssmen has ws kend,  
 'Ay efftir wer pees is the finall end.  
 'Quharfor ye suld off your gret malice cess;  
 'The end off wer is cheryté and pess.  
 'Pees is in hewyn, with blyss and lestandnas.  
 'We sall beseke the Pape, off his hie grace,  
 'Till commaund pess, sen we may do na mar.'  
 "Madeym," he said, "or your purches cum thar,  
 "Mendys we think off Inghland for to haiff."  
 'Quhat set yow thus,' scho said, 'so God yow saiff,  
 'Fra violent wer at ye lik nocht to duell?'"  
 "Madem," he said, "the suth I sall yow tell.  
 "Eftir the dayt off Alexandris ryng,  
 "Our land stud thre yer desolate but king,  
 "Kepyt full weyll at concord in gud stait.  
 "Throuch twa clemyt, thar hapnyt gret debait,  
 "So ernystfully, accord thaim nocht thai can.  
 "Your king thai ast for to be thair ourman.  
 "Slely he slayd throuch strenthis off Scotland;  
 "The kynryk syne he tuk in his awn hand.  
 "He maid a kyng agayn our rychtwyss law;  
 "For he off him suld hald the regioun aw.  
 "Contrar this band was all the haill barnage,  
 "For Scotland was yeit neur in to thrillage.  
 "Gret Julius, that tribut gat off aw,  
 "His wynnyng was in Scotland bot full smaw.  
 "Than your fals king, wndyr colour bot mar,  
 "Throuch band he maid till Bruce that is our ayr,  
 "Throuch all Scotland with gret power thai raid,  
 "Wndyr that king quhilk he befor had maid.  
 "To Bruce sen syne he kepit na connand:  
 "He said, he wald nocht ga and conquess land  
 "Till othir men; and thus the cass befell.  
 "Than Scotland throuch he demayned him sell;  
 "Slew our elderis, gret peté was to se.  
 "In presoune syne lang tyme thai pynit me,  
 "Quhill I fra thaim was castyn out for ded.  
 "Thankit be God he send me sum remed!  
 "Wengyt to be I prewynt all my mycht;  
 "Feyll off thair kyn to dede syn I haiff dycht.  
 "The rage off youth gert me desyr a wyff;  
 "That rewit I sayr, and will do all my liff.  
 "A tratour knyght but mercy gert hyr de,  
 "Ane Hessilryg bot for dispit off me.  
 "Than rang I furth in cruell wer and payn,  
 "Quhill we redemyt part off our land agayn.  
 "Than your curst king desyrt off ws a trew;  
 "Quhilk maid Scotland full rathly for to rew.  
 "In to that pess thai set a suttell ayr,  
 "Than auchtene scor to dede thai hangit thar,

"At noblis war, and worthi off renoun;  
 "Off cot armys eldest in that regioun.  
 "Thar dede we think to weng in all our mycht.  
 "The woman als, that dulfully was dycht,  
 "Out off my mynd that dede will neur bid,  
 "Quhill God me tak fra this fals world so wid.  
 "Off Sotheroun syn I can no peté haiff;  
 "Your men in wer I think neur mor to saiff."  
 The breith teris, was gret payn to behald,  
 Bryst fra his eyn, be he his taill had tald.  
 The queyn wepyt for peté off Wallace.  
 'Allace,' scho said, 'wa worth the curssyt cace.'  
 'In waryit tym that Hesilryg was born!  
 'Mony worthi throuch his deid ar forlorn.  
 'He suld haiff payn, that sailkes sic ane sleuch;  
 'Inghland sen syn has boucht it der enewch,  
 'Thocht scho had beyn a queyn or a prynsace.'  
 "Madem," he said, "as God giff me gud grace,  
 "Prynsace or queyn, in quhat stait so thai be,  
 "In till hir tym scho was als der to me."  
 'Wallace,' scho said, 'off this talk we will cess;  
 "The mendis heroff is gud prayer and pess."  
 "I grant," he said, "off me as now na mayr;  
 "This is rycht nocht bot ekyng off our cayr."  
 The queyn fand weyll, langage no thing hyr bet;  
 Scho trowit with gold that he mycht be our set.  
 Thre thousand pound, off fynest gold so red,  
 Scho gert be brocht to Wallace in that sted.  
 "Madeym," he said, "na sic tribut we craiff;  
 "A nothir mendis we wald off Inghland haiff,  
 "Or we raturm fra this regioun agayn,  
 "Off your fals blud that has our elderis slayn.  
 "For all the gold and ryches ye in ryng,  
 "Ye get no pess, but desir off your king."  
 Quhen scho saw weill, gold mycht hyr nocht releiff,  
 Sum part in sport scho thought him for to preiff.  
 'Wallace,' scho said, 'yhe war clepyt my luff:  
 'Mor baundounly I maid me for to slak;  
 'Traistand tharfor your rancour for to slak;  
 'Me think ye suld do sum thing for my saik.'  
 Rycht wysly he maid ansuer to the queyn;  
 "Madem," he said, "and verité war seyn,  
 "That ye me luffyt, I awcht yow luff agayn.  
 "Thir wordis all ar no thing bot in wayn.  
 "Sic luff as that is nothing till awance,  
 "To tak a lak, and syne get no plesance.  
 "In spech off luff suttell ye Sotheroun ar;  
 "Ye can ws mok, suppos ye se no mar."  
 'In London,' scho said, 'for yow I sufferyt blaym;  
 'Our consall als will lauch quhen we cum haym;  
 'So may thai say, wemen ar ferss off thoct  
 'To sek frendship, and syne can get rycht nocht!'  
 "Madem," he said, "we wait how ye ar send;  
 "Yhe trow we haiff bot litill for to spend.  
 "Fyrst with your gold, for ye ar rych and wyss,  
 "Yhe wald ws blynd, sen Scottis ar so nyss:  
 "Syn plesand wordis off yow and ladyis fayr,  
 "As quha suld dryff the byrdis till a swar  
 "With the small pype, for it most fresche will call.  
 "Madeym, as yit ye ma nocht tempt ws all.  
 "Gret part off gud is left amang our kyn;  
 "In Inghland als we fynd enewch to wyn."  
 Abayssyt scho was to mak ansuer him till.  
 'Der schyr,' scho said, 'sen this is at your will;  
 'Wer or pess, quhat so yow likis best,  
 'Lat your hye witt and gud consail degest.'  
 "Madem," he said, "now sall ye wndirstand  
 "The resoone quhy that I will mak na band.  
 "With yow, ladyis, I can na trewis bynd;  
 "For your fals king he eftir sone wald fynd,  
 "Quhen he saw tyme, to brek it at his will;  
 "And playnly say, he grantyt nocht thartill.  
 "Than had we nayn bot ladyis to repruff.

“That sall he nocht, be God that is abuff.  
 “Vpon wemen I will na wer begyn;  
 “On you in faith no worschip is to wyn.  
 “All the haill pass apon him self he sall tak,  
 “Off pees or wer quhat hapnyt we to mak.”  
 The queyn grantyt his ansuer sufficient;  
 So dyd the layff in place that was present.  
 His deliuerance thai held off gret awaill,  
 And stark enewch to schaw to thair consaill.  
 Wa was the qweyn hyr trawaill helpyt nocht.  
 The gold scho tuk, that thai had with hyr brocht;  
 On to the ost rycht frely scho it gayff.  
 Till euiryk man that likyt for till haiff.  
 Till menstraillis, harroldis, scho delt haboundandlé,  
 Besekand thaim hyr frend at thai wald be.  
 Quhen Wallace saw the fredom off the queyn,  
 Sadly he said; “The suth weyll has beyn seyn,  
 “Wemen may tempt the wysest at is wrocht.  
 “Your gret gentrice it sall neur be for nocht.  
 “We [yow] assure, our ost sall mwff na thing,  
 “Quhyll tym ye may send message fra your king.  
 “Gyff it be sa, at he accord and we,  
 “Than for your saik it sall the bettir be.  
 “Your harroldys alss sall saiffly cum and ga;  
 “For your fredom we sall trowbill na ma.”  
 Scho thankit him off his grant mony syss,  
 And all the ladyis apon a gudly wyss.  
 Gladly thai drank, the queyn and gud Wallace;  
 Thir ladyis als, and lordis in that place.  
 Hyr leyff scho tuk with out langar abaid;  
 Fyve myle that nycht south till a nonry raid.  
 Apon the morn till London passit thai,  
 In Westmenster, quhar at the consaill lay:  
 Wallace ansuer scho gart schaw to the king.  
 It nedis nocht her raherss mar off this thing.  
 The gret commend that scho to Wallace gaiff,  
 Befor the king, in presens off the laiff,  
 Till trew Scottis it suld gretly appless,  
 Thocht Inglissmen tharoff had litill ess;  
 Off worschip, wyt, manheid, and gouernans,  
 Off fredom, trewth; key off remembrans  
 Scho callyt him thar in to thair hye presens;  
 Thocht contrar thaim he stud at his defens.  
 “So chyftaynlik,” scho said, “as he is seyn,  
 “In till Inglande, I trow, has neur beyn.  
 “Wald ye off gold gyff him this rewmys rent,  
 “Fra honour he will nocht turn his entent.  
 “Sufferyt we ar, quhill ye may message mak;  
 “Off wyss lordis sumpart I reid yow tak,  
 “To purchess peess, with outyn wordis mar;  
 “For all Ingland may rew his raid full sayr.  
 “Your harroldys als to pass to him has leyff,  
 “In all his ost thar sall no man thaim greiff.”  
 Than thankit thai the queyn for hir trawaill;  
 The king, and lordis that was off his consaill.  
 Off hyr ansuer the king applessit was;  
 Than thre gret lordys thai ordand for to pass.  
 Thar consaill haill has fownd it was the best  
 Trewis to tak, or ellis thai get no rest.  
 A harrold went, in all the haist he may,  
 Till Tawbane waill, quhar at the Scottis lay,  
 Condeyt till haiff, quhill thai haiff said thar will.  
 The consaill sone [ane] condeyt gaiff him till.  
 Agayn he past with souerance till his king.  
 Than chesyt thai thre lordis for this thing.  
 The keyn Clyffurd, was than thar warden haill,  
 Bewmont, Wodstok, all men off mekill waill;  
 Quhat thir thre wrocht the layff suld stand thar till;  
 The kingis seyll was gyffyn thaim at thair will.  
 Sone thai war brocht to spekyng to Wallace.  
 Wodstok him schawit mony suttell cace.  
 Wallace he herd the sophammis euiredeill;  
 “As yeit,” he said, “me think ye meyn bot weill.

“In wrang ye hald, and dois ws gret owtrage,  
 “Off houssis part that is our heretage.  
 “Owt off this pees, in playn I mak thaim knawin,  
 “Thaim for to wyn, sen that thai ar our awin;  
 “Roxburch, Berweik, at ouris lang tym has beyn  
 “In to the handis off you fals Sotherone keyn.  
 “We ask her als, be wertu off this band,  
 “Our ayris, our king, be wrang led off Scotland.  
 “We sall thaim haiff, with outyn wordis mar.”  
 Till his desyr the lordis grantis thair;  
 Rycht at his will thai haiff consentit haill;  
 For nakyn thing the pees thai wald nocht faill.  
 The yong Randell, at than in London was,  
 The lord off Lorn in this band he can ass;  
 Erll off Bowchane, bot than in tendyr age;  
 Eftir he grew a man off hycht, wyss and large.  
 Cummyn and Soullis he gart deliuer als,  
 Quhilk eftir was till king Robert full fals.  
 Wallang fled our, and durst nocht bid that mute,  
 In Pykardté; till ass him was na bute.  
 Bot Wallace wald erar haff had that fals knycht,  
 Than ten thousand off fynest gold so brycht.  
 The Bruce he askyt, bot he was had away,  
 Befor that tym, till Calyss, mony day.  
 King Eduuard prewyt that thai mycht nocht hym get;  
 Off Glosestir his wncle had him set,  
 At Calyss than had haly in kepyn.  
 Wallace that tym gat nocht his rychtwyss king.  
 The erll Patrik fra London alsua send,  
 Wyth Wallace to mak, as weill befor was kend,  
 Off his mater a fynail gouernance;  
 Till king Eduuard gaiff up his legeance,  
 And tuk till hald off Scotland euirmar.  
 With full glaid hart Wallace resauit him thar;  
 Thai honowryt him rycht reuerendly as lord:  
 The Scottis was all reiosyt off that conford.  
 A hundreth hors, with yong lordis off renoune,  
 Till Wallace com, fred out off that presoune.  
 Wndyr his seill, king Eduuard thaim gert send  
 For till gyff our, and mak a fynail end,  
 Roxburch, Berweik, quhilk is off mekill waill,  
 To Scottissmen, and all the boundis haill.  
 To fyve yer trew thai promyst be thar hand.  
 Than Wallace said; “We will pass ner Scotland,  
 “Or ocht be seld; and tharfor mak ws boun  
 “Agayn we will besid Northallyrtoun,  
 “Quhar king Eduuard fyrst battaill hecht to me.  
 “As it began, thar sall it endyt be.  
 “Gret weyll your queyn,” he chargyt the message,  
 “It is for hyr at we leyff our wiage.”  
 A day he set, quhen he suld meik him thar,  
 And seill this pees, with outyn wordis mar,  
 Apon the morn the ost, but mar awyss,  
 Tranountyt north apon a gudlye wyss,  
 To the set tryst that Wallace had thaim maid.  
 The Ingliss message com but mar abaid;  
 Thai seylyt the pess with out langar delay.  
 The message than, apon the second day,  
 Till London went in all the haist thai can.  
 The worthi Scottis, with mony gudly man,  
 Till Bambwrch com with all the power haill,  
 Sexté thousand, all Scottis off gret waill.  
 Ten dayis befor All Halow ewyn thai fur:  
 On Lammess day thai lycht on Caram mur.  
 Thar luyt thai with plesance as thai mocht;  
 Quhill on the morn at preistis to thaim socht,  
 In Caram kyrk, and sessyt in his hand  
 Roxburch keyis, as thai had maid connand;  
 And Berweik als, quhilk Sotheroun had so lang.  
 Thai frede the folk, in Ingland for to gang,  
 For thar lyffis wschet off athir place;  
 Thai durst nocht weill bid rekynnyng off Wallace.  
 Capdane he maid, in Berweik, off renoun

That worthy was, gud Crystell off Cetoun.  
 Kepar he left till Roxburch castell wicht  
 Schir Jhon Ramsay, a wyss and worthi knyght;  
 Syne Wallace selff, with erll Patrik in playn,  
 To Dunbar raid, and restoryt him agayn,  
 In his castell, and all that heretage,  
 With the consent off all that haill barnage.  
 Quhen Wallace was agrëit and this lord,  
 To rewill the rewm he maid him gudly ford.  
 Scotlande atour, fra Ross till Soloway sand,  
 He raid it thyrss, and statut all the land.  
 In the Leynhouss a quhyll he maid repayr;  
 Schyr Jhon Menteth that tym was captane thar.  
 Twyss befor he had his gossep beyn;  
 Bot na frendschip betwix thaim syn was seyn.  
 Twa monethis still he duelt in Dunbertane;  
 A houss he foundyt apon the roch off stayne;  
 Men left he thar till bygg it to the hycht.  
 Syn to the March agayn he rydis rycht.  
 In to Roxburch thai chesyt him a place,  
 A gud tour thar he gert byg in schort space.  
 The kynrik stud in gud worschip and ess;  
 Was nayn so gret durst his nychtbour displiss.  
 The abill ground gert laubour thryftely;  
 Wittail and froyte thar grew aboundandly.  
 Was neur befor, sen this was callyt Scotland,  
 Sic welth and pess at anyss in the land.  
 He send Jop twyss to Bruce in Huntyngtoun,  
 Besekand him to cum and tak his croune.  
 Conseill he tuk at fals Saxionis, allace!  
 He had neur hap in lyff to get Wallace.  
 Thre yer as thus the rewm stud in gud pess.  
 Off this sayn, me worthis for to cess:  
 And forthyr furth off Wallace I will tell,  
 In till his lyff quhat aventur yeit fell.  
 A ryoll king than ryngyt in to France,  
 Gret worschip herd off Wallace gouernance,  
 Off prowis, pryss, and off his worthi deid,  
 And forthwart fair, commendede off manheid;  
 Bathe humyll, leyll, and off his priwytt pryss,  
 Off honour, trewth, and woid off cowatiss.  
 The nobill king, ryngand in ryolté,  
 Had gret delyte this Wallace for to se;  
 And knew rycht weill schortly to wndyrstand  
 The gret suppryss and ourset off Ingland.  
 Als marueld he off Wallace small power,  
 That but a king tuk sic a rewm to ster,  
 Agayn Ingland, and gert thair malice cess,  
 Quhill thai desyryt with gud will to mak pess.  
 And rycht onon a herrold gert he call,  
 In schort termys he has rehersit him all  
 Off his entent completely till ane end;  
 Syn in Scotland he bad him for to wend.  
 And thus he wrait than in till gret honour,  
 To Wilyham Wallace as a conquerour.  
 "O lowit leid, with worschip wyss and wicht;  
 "Thow werray help in haldyn off the rycht;  
 "Thou rycht restorer off thi natyff land;  
 "With Goddis grace agayn thi fais to stand  
 "In thi defens, helpar of rychtwyss blud.  
 "O worthi byrth, and blyssyt be thi fud!  
 "As it is red in prophecy befor,  
 "In happy tym for Scotland thow was born.  
 "I the besek, with all humylité,  
 "My closs lettir thow wald consaiff and se,  
 "As your brodyr, I crystyn king off France,  
 "To the berer ye her and gyff credance."  
 The herrold bownd him, and to the schip is gone:  
 In Scotland sone he cummyn is onon,  
 Bot harrold lyk he sekis his presens.  
 On land he went, and maid no residens  
 In ony steid, quhar he presumyt thar.  
 So on a day he fand him in to Ayr,

In gud affer, and manlik cumpany.  
 The harrold than, with honour reuerendly,  
 Has salust him apon a gudly maner.  
 And he agayn, with humyll hamly cher,  
 Rasaut him in to rycht gudly wyss.  
 The harrold than, with worschip to dewyss,  
 Be tuk till him the kingis wryt off France.  
 Wallace on kne, with lawly obeysance,  
 Rycht reuerendly, for worschip off Scotland.  
 Quhen he it red, and had it wndirstand,  
 At this herrold he askyt his credence,  
 With aspre spech, and manly contenance.  
 And he him tald, as I haiff said befor,  
 The kingis desyr; quhat nedis wordis mor?  
 "The hye honour, and the gret nobilnes  
 "Off your manheid, weill knawin in mony place,  
 "Him likis als weill your worschip till awance,  
 "As yhe war born a liege man off France.  
 "Sen his regioun is flour off rewmys seyn;  
 "Als the gret band off kindnes yow betweyn;  
 "It war worschip his presens for to se,  
 "Sen at this rewm standis in sic degre."  
 Wallace consawit, with outyn taryng,  
 The gret desyr off this gud nobill king;  
 Syn till him said; 'As God off hewin me sawe,  
 'Her eftir sone ye sall ane ansuer hawe  
 'Off your desyr, that ye hawe schawit me till:  
 'Welcum ye ar with a fre hartly will.'  
 The harrold baid, on to the twenty day,  
 With Wallace still, in gud weillfayr and play;  
 Contende the tyme with worschip and plesance;  
 Be gud awyss maid his deliuerance.  
 With his awn hand he wrait on to the king  
 All his entent, as twyching to this thing.  
 Rycht rych reward he gaiff the harrold tho,  
 And him conwoyde, quhen he had leyff to go,  
 Out off the toun with gudly cumpanye,  
 His leyff he tuk, syn went on to the se.  
 Gud Wallace than has maid his prouidance;  
 His purpos was to se the king off France.  
 Erest in weyr to Sanct Jhonstoun couth fair;  
 A consaill than he had gert ordane thar.  
 In till his sted he chesyt a gouernour  
 To kep the land, a man off gret walour,  
 Jamys gud lord, the stewart off Scotland,  
 Quhillk fadyr was, as storys beris on hand,  
 To gud Waltre that was off hye parage,  
 [Marjory] the Bruce syne gat in mariage.  
 Tharoff to speik as now I haiff no space;  
 It is weill knawin, thankit be Goddis grace:  
 And to the harrold, with outyn residens,  
 How he approchyt to the kingis presens.  
 Fra the Rochell the land sone has he tayn.  
 Atour the landis he graithit him to gayn,  
 Sekand the king, als gudly as he may.  
 So to the court he passit on a day;  
 To Paryss went, was peirles off renoun.  
 The king that tym held palace in that toun.  
 Quhen he hym saw, graithly has wndirstand,  
 He speryt tithingis, and weyllfayr off Scotland.  
 The herrold said, in to thair termys schort,  
 That all was gud; he had the mar comfort.  
 "Saw thow Wallace, the chyftayn off Scotland?"  
 And he said; 'Ya; that I dar tak on hand,  
 'A worthyar this day lyffand is nayn,  
 'In way off wer, als fer as I haiff gayn.  
 "The hie worschip, and the gret nobilnes,  
 "The gud weillfair, plesande and worthines,  
 "The rych reward was mychty for to se,  
 "That for your saik he kythyt apon me;  
 'And his ansuer in wryt he has yow send.'  
 The king rasaut it with a lycht attend,  
 This hie affect and dyt off his wrytyng,

“O ryoll roy, and rychtwyss crownyt king,  
 “The know this weill, be othir ma than me,  
 “How that our rewlm standis in perplexité.  
 “The fals nacioun, that we ar nychtbouris to,  
 “Quhen plessis thaim, thai mak ws ay ado;  
 “Thar may na band be maid so sufficians,  
 “Bot ay in it thai fynd a warians.  
 “To wait a tym, will God at it may be,  
 “With in a yer I sall your presens se.”  
 Off this ansuer weill plessyt was the king.  
 Leyff I him thus in ryolté to ryng,  
 And glaid comford rycht as I haiff yow tald:  
 Off Wallace furth I will my process hald.  
 EXPLICIT LIBER OCTAUS,  
 ET INCIPIT NONUS.

## BUKE NYNTE.

In Aperill the one and twenty day,  
 The hie calend, thus Cancer, as we say,  
 The lusty tym off Mayus fresche cummyng,  
 Celestiall gret blythnes in to bryng;  
 Pryncypaill moneth forsuth it may be seyn,  
 The hewynly hewis apon the tendyr greyn,  
 Quhen old Saturn his cloudy cours had gon,  
 The quhilk had beyn bath best and byrdis bon:  
 Zepherus ek, with his suet vapour,  
 He comfort has, be wyrking off natour,  
 All fructuouss thing in till the erd adoun,  
 At rewlyt is wndyr the hie region:  
 Sobyry Luna, in flowyng off the se,  
 Quhen brycht Phebus is in his chemagé,  
 The Bulys courss so takin had his place,  
 And Jupiter was in the Crabbis face:  
 Quhen conryet the hot syng coloryk,  
 In to the Ram, quhilk had his rowwnys ryk,  
 He chosyn had his place and his mansioun,  
 In Capricorn, the sygn off the Lioun:  
 Gentill [Jupiter,] with his myld ordinance,  
 Bath erb and tre reuertis in plesance;  
 And fresch Flora hir floury mantill spreid,  
 In euery waill, bath hop, hycht, hill, and meide:  
 This sammyn tym, for thus myn auctor sayis,  
 Wallace to pass off Scotland tuk his wayis.  
 Be schort awyss he schup him to the se,  
 And fyfty men tuk in his cumpané.  
 He leit no word than walk off his passage,  
 Or Inglissmen had stoppit him his wiage:  
 Nor tuk na leiff at the lordis off the parlement;  
 He wyst full weill thai wald nocht all consent  
 To suffyr him out off the land to go.  
 For thi onon, with outyn wordis mo,  
 He gart forsé, and ordand weill his schip.  
 And thir war part past in his falowship;  
 Twa Wallace, was his kynnys men full ner,  
 Craufurd, Kneland, was haldyn till him der.  
 Off Kyrkubré he purpost his passage;  
 Semen he feyt, and gaiff thaim gudlye wage:  
 Thai wantyt nocht off wyn, wittail nor ger;  
 A fair new barge rycht worthi wrocht for wer.  
 With that thai war a gudly cumpany  
 Off waillit men, had wrocht full hardely.  
 Bonalais drank rycht glaidly in a morow,  
 Syn leiff thai tuk, and with Sanct Jhon to borow.  
 Bottis was schot, and fra the roch thaim sent;  
 With glaid hartis, at anys in thai went;  
 Wpon the schip thai rowit hastely.  
 The seymen than, walkand full besuly,  
 Ankyrs wand in wysly on athir syd;  
 Thair lynys kest, and waytyt weyll the tyd;  
 Leyt salys fall, and has thair courss ynom:  
 A gud gay wynd out off the rycht art com.  
 Frekis in forstame, rewllit weill thar ger,

Ledys on luff burd, with a lordlik fer:  
 Lansys laid out, to [luik] thar passage sound.  
 With full sayll thus fra Scotland furth thai found;  
 Salyt [haill] our the day and als the nycht.  
 Apon the morn, quhen [that] the son rais brycht,  
 The ship master on to the top he went;  
 Sowthest he saw, that trublyt his entent,  
 Sexten salis arayit all on raw,  
 In colour reid, and towart him couth draw.  
 The gliterand son apon thaim schawit brycht,  
 The se about enlumynyt with the lycht.  
 This mannis spreit was in ane extasy,  
 Doun went he sone, and said full sorowfully;  
 “Allace,” quoth he, “the day that I was born!  
 “With out rameid our lywys ar forlorn.  
 “In cursyt tym I tuk this cur on hand;  
 “The best chyftayn, and reskew off Scotland,  
 “Our raklesly I haiff tayn vpon me,  
 “With waik power to bryng him throw the se.  
 “It forsynt nocht, wald God I war torment,  
 “So Wallace mycht with worschip chaip wnschent.”  
 Quhen Wallace saw, and hard this mannys mon,  
 To comfort him in gud will is he gon.  
 ‘Maister,’ he said, ‘quhat has amowit the?’  
 “Nocht for my selff, this man said petuislé.  
 “Bot off a thing I dar weill wndirtane,  
 “Thocht all war heyr the schippis off braid Bertane,  
 “Part suld we loss, set fortoun had it suorn.  
 “The best wer man in se is ws befor,  
 “Leffand this day, and king is off the se.”  
 Wallace sone sperd, ‘Wait yow quhat he may be?’  
 “The Red Reffayr thai call him in his still.  
 “That I him saw euyr, waryt worth that quhill!  
 “For myn awn lyff I wald no murnyng mak;  
 “Is na man born that yon tyran will tak.  
 “He savis nayn, for gold, nor othir gud,  
 “Bot slayis and drownys all derffly in the flud;  
 “He gettis no grace, thoht he war king or knycht.  
 “This sextene yer he has doyn gret wnrycht.  
 “The power is so strang he has to ster,  
 “May non eschaip that cummys in his danger.  
 “Wald we him burd, na but is to begyn;  
 “The lakeist schip, that is his flot within,  
 “May sayll ws doun on to a dulfull ded.”  
 Than Wallace said; ‘Sen yow can no ramed,  
 ‘Tell me his feyr, and how I sall him know;  
 ‘Quhat is hys oyss; and syn go luge the law.’  
 The schipman sayis; ‘Rycht weill ye may him ken,  
 “Throu graith takynnyis, full clerly by his men.  
 “His cot armour is seyn in mony steid,  
 “Ay battaill boun, and riwell ay off reid.  
 “This formest schip, that persewis yow so fast,  
 “Hym selff is in, he will nocht be agast.  
 “He wyll yow hayll, quhen that he cummys yow ner;  
 “With out tary than mon yhe stryk on ster.  
 “Hym selff will entir fyrst full hardely.  
 “Thir ar the syngnys that ye sall know him by;  
 “A bar off blew in till his schenand sheild,  
 “A bend off greyn desyren ay the feild.  
 “The rede betakynnyis blud and hardyment,  
 “The greyn, curage, encressand his entent;  
 “The blew he beris, becauss he is a Crystyn man.”  
 Sadly agayn Wallace ansuerd than;  
 ‘Thocht he be crystynyt, this war no godlyk deid.  
 ‘Go wndyr loft; Sanct Androw mot ws speid!’  
 Bathe schip maistir, and the ster man also,  
 In the holl but baid, he gert thaim go.  
 His fyfty men with outyn langar rest,  
 Wallace gart ray in to thar armour prest;  
 Fourty and aucht on luffburd laid thaim law.  
 Wylyham Craufurd than till him gert he caw,  
 And said; “Thow can sumpart off schipman fair;  
 “Thi oyss has beyn oft in the toun off Ay.

"I pray the tak this doctryn [weill] off me;  
 "Luk at thow stand strekly be this tre,  
 "Quhen I bid stryk, to seruice be thow bayne;  
 "Quhen I the warn, lat draw the saill agayne.  
 "Kneland, cusyng, cum tak the ster on hand;  
 "Her on the wail ner by the I sall stand.  
 "God gyd our schip! as now I say na mar."  
 The barge, be that, with a full werlik far;  
 Him selff on loft [was] with a drawyn suord,  
 And bad his ster man lay thaim langis the bourd;  
 On loude he cryit; 'Stryk, doggis, ye sall de.'  
 Crawford leit draw the saill a litill we,  
 The capdane sone lap in, and wald nocht stynt.  
 Wallace in haist be the gorget him hynt,  
 On the our loft kest him quhar he stud,  
 Quhill neyss and mowth all ruschit out off blud.  
 A forgyt knyff, but baid, he bradis out.  
 The wer schippis was lappyt thaim about.  
 The mekill barge had nocht thaim clypyt fast;  
 Crawford drew saill, skewyt by, and off thaim past.  
 The Reiffar cryt, with petous woice and cler,  
 Grace off hys lyff, "for him that bought yow der!  
 "Mercy," he said, "for him that deit on rud,  
 "Layser to mend! I haiff spilt mekill blud.  
 "For my trespas I wald mak sum ramed."  
 Wallace wüst weyll, thoct he war brocht to ded;  
 And off his lyff sum reskew mycht he mak.  
 A bettir purpos sone he can to tak;  
 And als he rewyt him, for his lyff was ill.  
 In Latyn tong rycht thus he said him till;  
 'I tuk neur man, that enemy was to me:  
 'For Goddis saik thi lyff I grant to the.'  
 Bathe knyff and suerd he tuk fra him onon;  
 Wp be the hand, and as presoner, has him ton:  
 And on his suerd scharly he gert him suer,  
 Fra that day furth he suld him neur der.  
 'Commaund thi men,' quoth Wallace, 'till our pess;  
 'Thar schot off gown, that was nocht eith, to cess.'  
 The cast it was rycht awfull on athir sid.  
 The Rede Reiffar commaundyth thaim to bid;  
 Held out a gluff, in takyn off the trew.  
 His men beheld, and weyll that senye knew,  
 Left off thar schot, that sygn quhen that thai saw,  
 His grettast barge towart him couth [he] draw.  
 "Lat be your wer, thir ar our freyndis at ane;  
 "I traist to God our werst dayis ar gane."  
 He ast Wallace to do quhat was his will.  
 With schort awyss rycht thus he said him till;  
 'To the Rochell I wald ye gert thaim saill;  
 'For Inglissmen I wait nocht quhat may aill.  
 'For thar, God will, is our purpos to be.  
 'Skour weyll about for scoukaris in the se.'  
 His commaund thai did in all the haist thai can.  
 Wallace desyryt to talk mor with this man,  
 Sadly he sperd; "Off quhat land was thou born?"  
 'Off France,' quoth he, 'and my eldris befor;  
 'And thar we had sumpart off heretage:  
 'Yet fers fortoun thus brocht me in a rage.'  
 Wallace sperd; "How com thow to this lyff?"  
 'Forsuth,' he said, 'bot throw a sudan stryff.  
 'So hapnyt me, in to the kingis presens,  
 'Our raklesly to do our gret offens.  
 'A nobill man, off gud fame and renoun,  
 'That throw my deid was put to confusioun,  
 'Dede off a straik; quhat nedis wordis mor?  
 'All helpyt nocht, thoct I repentyt full sor.  
 'Throw freyndys off the court I chapyt off that place,  
 'And neur sen syn couth get the kingis grace:  
 'For my saik mony off my kyn gert thai de.  
 'And quhen I saw it mycht no bettir be,  
 'Bot leyff the land that me behuffyt o neid,  
 'Apon a day to Burdeous I yeid.  
 'Ane Ingliss schip so gat I on a nycht,

'For sey lawbour that ernystfully was dycht.  
 'To me thar semblyt misdoaris, and weill mo;  
 'And in schort tym we multiplyt so,  
 'That thar wes few our power mycht withstand.  
 'In tyranny thus haiff we rongyn lang.  
 'This sexten yer I haiff beyn on the se,  
 'And doyn gret harm; tharfor full wa is me.  
 'I savit nayn, for gold nor gret ransoun,  
 'Bot slew and drownyt in to the se adoun.  
 'Fawour I did till folk off syndry land;  
 'Bot Franchmen no frendship with me fand,  
 'Thai gat no grace als fer as I mycht ryng.  
 'Als on the se I clypyt was a king.  
 'Now se I weyll that my fortoun is went,  
 'Vincust with ane; that gerris me sair rapent.  
 'Quha wald haiff said, this sammyn day at morn,  
 'I suld with ane thus lychtly doun be born.  
 'In gret hething my men it wald haiff tayne.  
 'My selff trowit till [haiff] machit mony ane:  
 'Bot I haiff found the werray playn contrar.  
 'Her I gyff our roubry for euirmar;  
 'In sic mysrewll I sall neur armes ber,  
 'Bot gyff it be in honest oyss to wer.  
 'Now haiff I told part off my blyss and payn;  
 'For Goddis saik sum kyndnes kyth agayn.  
 'My hart will brek, bot I wyt quhat thou be,  
 'Thus outrageously that has rabutyt me.  
 'For weill I wend that leyffand had beyn non,  
 'Be fors off strenth mycht me as presoner ton,  
 'Except Wallace, that has rademyt Scotland,  
 'The best is callyt this day beltyt with brand.  
 'In till his wer war worschip for to wak,  
 'As now in world I trow he has no mak.'  
 Tharat he smylit, and said; "Freind, weill may be,  
 "Scotland had mystir off mony sic as he.  
 "Quhat is thi naym? tell me; so haiff thow seill!"  
 'Forsuth,' he said, 'Thomas off Longaweill.'  
 "Weyll bruk thow it! all thus stentis our stryff:  
 "Schaip to pleyss God in mendyng off thi lyff.  
 "Thi faithfull freynd my selff thinkis to be;  
 "And als my nayme I sall sone tell to the.  
 "For chans off wer thou suld no murnyng mak;  
 "As werd will wyrk, thi fortoun mon thou tak.  
 "I am that man that you awanss so hie;  
 "And bot schort tym sen I come to the se:  
 "Off Scotland born, my rycht name is Wallace."  
 On kneis he fell, and thankit God of grace;  
 'I dar awow, that yoldyn is my hand  
 'To the best man that beltis him with brand.  
 'Forsuth,' he said, 'this blythis me mekill mor,  
 'Than off floryng ye gaiff me sixty scor.'  
 Wallace ansuerd; "Sen thou art her throw chance,  
 "My purpos is, be this wiage, in France;  
 "And to the king sen I am boun to pass,  
 "To my reward thi peess I think to ass."  
 'Pess I wald haiff [fane] of my rychtwiss king;  
 'And no langar in to that realm to ryng,  
 'Than to tak leyff, and cum off it agayn.  
 'In thi seruice I think for to ramayn.'  
 "Seruice," he said, "Thomas, that may nocht be,  
 "Bot gud frendship, as I desir off the:"  
 Gart draw the wyn, and ilk man mery maid;  
 Be this the schippis was in the Rochell raid.  
 The rede blasonys thai had born in to wer;  
 The toun was sone in till a sudane fer.  
 The Rede Reiffar thai saw as at thair hand,  
 The quhilk throu strenth mycht nayn agayne him stand.  
 Sum schippis fled, and sum the land has tayn,  
 Clariownys blew, and trumpattis mony ane.  
 Quhen Wallace saw the pepill was on ster,  
 He gaiff commaund na schip suld ner apper;  
 Bot his awin barge in to the hawyn gart draw.  
 The folk was fayn quhen thai that senye saw;

Rycht weyll thai knew in gold the rede lioun,  
 Leit wp the port, rasauit him in the toun,  
 And sufferyt thaim, for all that he had brocht.  
 The rede nawyn in to the hawyn thai socht;  
 On land thai went, quhar thai likit to pass.  
 Rycht few thar wyst quhat Scottisman Wallace was;  
 Bot weyll thai thoct he was a gudly man,  
 And honouryt him in all the craft thai can.  
 Bot four dayis still Wallace ramaynyt thar;  
 Thir men he callyt, quhen he was boun to fair.  
 He thaim commaundyt apon that cost to bid,  
 Quhill he thaim fred for chans at mycht betid.  
 “Ber yow ewyn; quhat gud that euir yhe spend,  
 “Leiff on your awin; quhill tithandis I yow send.  
 “Ger sell thir schippis, and mak yow men off pes;  
 “It war gud tym off wykkitness to cess.  
 “Your captane sall pass to the king with me,  
 “Throu help off God I sall his warrand be.”  
 He gert graith him in soit with his awin men;  
 Was no man thar that mycht weill Thomas ken.  
 Lykly he was, manlik off contenance,  
 Lik to the Scottis be mekill gouernance,  
 Saiff off his tong, for Ingliss had he nane;  
 In Latyn weill he mycht suffice for ane.  
 Thus past his court in all the haste thai may.  
 To Paris toun thai went apon a day.  
 Tythingis was brocht off Wallace to the king;  
 So gret desyr he had off na kyn thing,  
 As in that tym quhill he had seyn Wallace.  
 To meyt him selff he waytit apon cace  
 In a gadyng, quhar he gart thaim be brocht.  
 Till his presence with manly feyr thai socht,  
 Twa and fyfty at anys kneland doun,  
 And salust him, as ryoll off most renoun,  
 With rewlyt spech in so gudly awyss,  
 All France couth nocht [mair] nurtour tham dewyss.  
 The queyn had leiff, and com in hyr effer;  
 For mekill scho herd off Wallace deid in wer.  
 Quhat nedis mor off curtassy to tell?  
 Thai kepyt weill that to the Scottis befell.  
 Off kingis fer I dar mak no rahers;  
 My feblit mynd, my trublyt spreit rewers.  
 Off rich seruice quhat nedis wordis mor?  
 Mycht non be found bot it was present thor.  
 Sone eftir meit the king to parlour went,  
 With gudly lordis; thar Wallace was present.  
 Than commound thai off mony syndry thing;  
 To spek with him gret desyr had the king.  
 At hym he speryt off wer the gouernance.  
 He ansuerd him, with manly contenance,  
 Till euery poynt, als fer as he had feill,  
 In Latyn tong rycht naturaly and weill.  
 The king consauit, sone throu his hie knowlage,  
 Quhat wermen oysyt be reyff in thar passage.  
 In till his mynd the Rede Reiffar than was;  
 Merwell he had how he leit Wallace pass.  
 Till him he said; “Ye war sum thing to blaym;  
 “Ye mycht haiff send, be our harrold fra haym,  
 “Eftir power, to bryng yow throu the se.”  
 ‘God thank yow, schyr, ynewch tharoff had we.  
 ‘Feill men may pass, quhar thai fynd na perell;  
 ‘Rycht few may kep, quhar nayn is to assaill.’  
 “Wallace,” he said, “tharoff merwell haiff I;  
 “A tyran ryngis, in ire full cruelly,  
 “Apon the se, that gret sorow has wrocht;  
 “Mycht we him get, it suld not be for nocht.  
 “Born off this land, a natyff man to me;  
 “Tharfor on ws the grettar harme dois he.”  
 Than Thomas quok, and changyt contenans;  
 He hard the king his ewill deidis awans.  
 Wallace beheld, and fenyeyt in a part;  
 ‘Forsuth,’ he said, ‘we fand nane in that art,  
 ‘That proffryt ws sic wnkyndlynes.

‘Bot with your leiff I spek in haymlynes,  
 ‘Trow ye be sycht ye couth that squier knaw?’  
 “Full lang it war sen tym that I him saw.  
 “Bot thir wordis off him ar bot in wayn;  
 “Or he com her, rycht gud men will be slayn.”  
 Than Wallace said; ‘Her I haiff brocht with me,  
 ‘Off likly men that was in our countré:  
 ‘Quhill off all thir wald ye call him most lik?’  
 Amang thaim blent that ryoll roy most ryk,  
 Wesyit thaim weill, bathe statur and curage,  
 Maner, makdome, thar fassoun and thar wesage.  
 Sadly he said, awysit sobyrlly;  
 “That largest man, quhill standis next yow by,  
 “Wald I call him, be makdome to deice.  
 “Thir ar no thing bot wordis off offyce.”  
 Befor the king on kneis fell gud Wallace:  
 ‘O ryoll roy, off hie honour and grace,  
 ‘With waist wordis I will nocht yow trawail;  
 ‘Now I will spek sum thing for myn awail.  
 ‘Our barnat land has beyn our set with wer,  
 ‘With Saxonis blud that dois ws mekill der,  
 ‘Slayn our eldris, distroyit our rychtwys blud,  
 ‘Waistyt our realm off gold and othir gud.  
 ‘And ye ar her, in mycht and ryolté,  
 ‘Yow suld haiff ey till our aduersité,  
 ‘And ws support, throu kyndnes off the band,  
 ‘Quhill is conserwyt betuix yow and Scotland.  
 ‘As I am her, at your charge, for plesance,  
 ‘My lyflat is bot honest chewysance.  
 ‘Flour off realmys forsuth is this regioun;  
 ‘To my reward I wald haiff gret gardoun.’  
 “Wallace,” he said, “now ask quhat ye wald haiff.  
 “Gud gold or land sall nocht be lang to craiff.”  
 Wallace ansuerd; ‘So ye it grant to me,  
 ‘Quhat I wald haiff it sall sone chosyn be.’  
 “Quhat euir yhe ask, that is in this regioun,  
 “Ye sall it haiff, except my wyff and croun.”  
 He thankit hym off his gret kyndlynes.  
 ‘My reward all sall be askyng off grace,  
 ‘Pees to this man I broucht with me throu chans;  
 ‘Her I quytleym all othir gyfftis in Frans;  
 ‘This samyn is he, gyff ye knaw him weill,  
 ‘That we off spak, Thomas off Longaweill;  
 ‘Be rygour ye desyryt he suld be slayn;  
 ‘I him restor in to your grace agayn.  
 ‘Rasaiff him fayr, as liege man off your land.’  
 The king marweld, and couth in study stand;  
 Perfytly knew that it was Longaweill;  
 He him forgaiff his trespas euirilkdeill,  
 Bot for his saik that had him hydder brocht;  
 For gold or land ellis he gat it nocht.  
 “Wallace,” he said, “I had leuir off gud land,  
 “Thre hundreth pund haiff sesyt in thi hand.  
 “That I haiff said sall be grantyt in plain;  
 “Her I restor Thomas to pes agayn,  
 “Derer to me than eyr he was befor,  
 “All for your saik, thoct it war mekill mor.  
 “Bot I wald wyt how that merwell brocht.  
 Wallace ansuerd; ‘The trewth I sall yow tell.’  
 Than he rahersyt quhat hapnyt on that day,  
 As ye befor in my autor hard say.  
 Quhen the gud king had herd this sudan cass  
 Apon the se, be forsicht off Wallace,  
 The king him held rycht worthi till awans;  
 He saw in hym manheid and gouernans.  
 So did the queyn, and all thir othir lordis;  
 Ilk wicht off hym gret honour than recordis.  
 He purchest pes, for all the power haill,  
 Fyfteyn hundreth was left in the Rochail;  
 Gert cry thaim fre, trew serwandis to the king,  
 And neuir agayn fautynt in sic thing.  
 Quhen Thomas was restoryt to his rycht,  
 Off hys awin hand the king has maid him knycht.

Eftir he gaiff stayt to his nerrest ay;  
 And maid him selff with Wallace for to fayr.  
 Thus he was brocht fra naym off reyff, throu cace,  
 Be sudand chans off him and wicht Wallace.  
 Thus leyff I thaim in worschip and plesance,  
 At liking still with the gud king off France.  
 Thai thretty dayis he lugyt in to rest;  
 So to ramayn he thoct it nocht the best.  
 Still in to pes he couth nocht lang endur;  
 Wncorduall it was till his natur.  
 Rycht weyll he wyst that Inglissmen occupyit  
 Gyane that tym; tharfor he has aspyit  
 Sum jeperté apon thaim for to mak.  
 A gudly leyff he at the kyng couth tak.  
 Off Franchmen he wald nayne with him call,  
 At that fyrst tym for auentur mycht fall;  
 Bot Schyr Thomas that seruce couth persew,  
 He wyst nocht weyll gyff all the layff was trew.  
 Off Scottis men thai semblyt hastily  
 Nyne hundyr sum off worthi chawalry;  
 In Gyan land full haistely couth ryd,  
 Raissyt feill fyr, and waistyt wonnyngis wid:  
 Fortrass thai brak, and stalwart byggyngis wan;  
 Derffly to dede brocht mony Sotheron man.  
 A werlik toun so fand thai in that land,  
 Quhilk Schenown hecht, that Inglissmen had in hand.  
 Towart that steid full sadly Wallace wrocht,  
 Be ony wyss assailye gyff he mocht,  
 Bargane till haiff and he mycht get thaim out.  
 Gret strenth off wod that tym was thar about;  
 This toun [stud] als apon a wattir sid.  
 In till a park, that was bath lang and wyd,  
 Thai buschit thaim, quhill passit was the nycht.  
 Quhen the sone raiss, four hundreth men he dycht;  
 The laiff he gert Craufurd in buschement tak,  
 Gyff thai myster, a reskew for to mak.  
 Than Longaweill, that ay was full sawage,  
 With Wallace past, as ane to that scrymmage.  
 Thir four hundreth rycht wondyr weyll arayit,  
 Befor the toun the playn baner displayit.  
 This was nocht to thaim weill knawyn in that contré,  
 The lyoun in gold rycht awfull for to se;  
 A forray kest, and sessit mekill gud.  
 Wermen with in, that playnly wndrestud,  
 Sone wschit forth the pray for to reskew.  
 The worthy Scottis feill Inglissmen thai slew;  
 The laiff for dreid fled to the toun agayn.  
 The forray tuk the pray, and past the playn,  
 Towart the park; bot power off the toun  
 Wschyt agayn in awfull battaill boun,  
 A thousand hayle wyth men off armys strang;  
 Few baid tharin that mycht to bargane gang.  
 Than Wallace gert the forreouris leyff the pray;  
 Assembled sone in till a gud aray.  
 A cruell conterans at that metyng was seyn,  
 Off wicht wermen in to thair armour cleyn.  
 Feyll lessyt thar lyff apon the Sotheroun sid,  
 Bot nocht for thi rycht bauldly thai abyd.  
 Off the Scottis part worthi men thai slew.  
 Wylyham Craufurd, that weyll the perell knew,  
 Out off the park he gert the buschement pas,  
 In to the feild quhar feyll men fechtand was.  
 At thair entré thai gert full mony de.  
 The Inglissmen was wondyr laith to fle;  
 Full worthely thai wrocht in to that place.  
 Baid neuir sa few so lang agayn Wallace,  
 Wyth sic power as he that day was thar.  
 On athir syd assailyeit ferly sayr.  
 In to the stour so fellonly thai wrocht,  
 Rycht worthy men derffly to dede thai brocht;  
 Wyth poyntis persyt through platis burnyst brycht.  
 Wallace hym selff, and gud Thomas [the] knycht,  
 Quhom that thai hyt maid neuir mor debait.

The Sotheron part was handlyt thar full hayt.  
 In to that place thai mycht no langar byd;  
 Out off the feyld with sar hartis thai ryd:  
 On to the toun thai fled full haistely.  
 Wallace folowit, and his gud chawalry,  
 Fechtand so fast in to that thykkest thrang,  
 Quhill in the toun he enterit thaim amang;  
 With him Crawfurd, and Longaweill off mycht,  
 And Rychard als, Wallace his cusyng wicht;  
 Fyfteyn thai war off Scottis company.  
 Thus hapnyt thai amang the gret party.  
 A cruell portar gat apon the wall,  
 Powit out a pyn, the portculys leit fall.  
 Inglissmen saw that entrit was na ma;  
 Apon the Scottis full hardly thai ga:  
 Bot tyll a wall thai haiff thar bakkis set,  
 Sad strakys and sayr bauldly about thaim bet.  
 Rychard Wallace the turngreys weill has seyn;  
 He folowit fast apon the portar keyn,  
 A tour the wall dede in the dyk him draiff,  
 Tuk wp the port, and leit in all the layff.  
 Quhen Wallace men had thus the entré won,  
 Full gret slauchtir agane thai haiff begon;  
 Thai savit nayn apon the Sotheroun syd,  
 That wapynnys bar, or harnes in that tid.  
 Wemen and barnys, the gud thai tuk thaim fra,  
 Syn gaiff thaim leyff in to realm to ga;  
 And preystis als, that war nocht in the feild.  
 Off agyt men, quhilk mycht na wapynnys weild,  
 Thai slew nayn sic, so Wallace chargis was;  
 Bot maid thaim fre, at thair largis to pass.  
 Ryches off gold thai gat in gret plenté,  
 Harnes and horsse, that mycht thaim weill supplé;  
 Wyth Franch folk plenyst the toun agayn;  
 On the tend day the feyld thai tuk in playn;  
 The river down in to the land thai socht,  
 On Sotheron men full mekill maister thai wrocht.  
 Quhen to [the] king trew men had tald this taill,  
 Off Franchmen thai semblyt a battaill;  
 Twenty thousand [off] lele legis off France;  
 Hys brothir thaim led, was duk of Orlans.  
 Throu Gyan land in rayid battaill thai raid,  
 To folow Wallace, and maid but litill baid  
 For Frans supplé, to help thaim in thair rycht.  
 Ner Burdeous, or thai our tuk him mycht,  
 Gud Wallace was, and Thomas had in playn;  
 For sum men tald, that Burdeous, with gret mayn,  
 With in schort tym thoct battaill for to geyff.  
 Bot fra thai wyst that Franch folk couth raleiff,  
 Wyth gret power, with helpyng off Wallace,  
 Wthyr purpos thai tuk in to schort space.  
 In Pykarté sone message thai couth send;  
 Off Wallace com thai tald it till ane end.  
 Off Glosister, captane off Calyss was,  
 The hardy erll; and maid him for to pass  
 In Ingland sone; and syne to London went.  
 Off Wallace deid he tald in the parlement.  
 Sum playnly [said] that Wallace brak the pess.  
 Wysmen said Nay, and prayit thaim for to cess.  
 Lord Bowmont said; "He tuk bot for Scotland,  
 "And nocht for Frans, that sall ye wndyrstand.  
 "Gyff our endentour spekis for ony mair,  
 "He has doyne wrang, the suth ye may declar."  
 Wodstok ansuerd; 'Schyr, ye haiff spokyn weill.  
 'Bot contrar resone that taill is euirilkeidell:  
 'Gyff yon be he that band for him and his,  
 'May na man say bot he has wrocht amysse.  
 'For pryncipaly he band with ws the trew,  
 'And now agayn begynnys a malice new.  
 'Schyr king,' he said, 'gyff ye think euir to mak  
 'On Scotland wer, on hand now ye sall tak,  
 'Quhill he is out, or ellis it helpis nocht.'  
 As Wodstok said, the haill consaill has wrocht;

Power thai raissyt on Scotland for to ryd,  
 Be land and se; thai wald no langar byd.  
 Thar land ost thai rayit weyll in deid;  
 Thar wantgard tuk the hardy erl to leid  
 Off Glosister, that off wer had gret feill;  
 Off Longcastell the duk demanyt weill  
 The mydillward; on to the se thai send  
 Schyr Jhon Sewart, that weyll the northland kend.  
 The knycht Wallang befor the ost in raid;  
 In sic a way wyth ewyll Scottis men he maid,  
 Mony castellis he gert sone yoldin be  
 Till Inglissmen, with outyn mar mellé.  
 Or the best wyst, that it was wer in playn,  
 Entryt he was in to Bothwell agane.  
 Schyr Jhon Sewart, that com in be the se,  
 Sanct Jhonstoun sone gat throw a jeperté.  
 Dundé thai tuk, and putt Scottismen to dede;  
 In Fyff fra thaim was nocht kepyt a sted;  
 And all the south, fra Cheuyot to the se.  
 In to the west thar mycht na succour be;  
 The worthy lord, that suld haiff gouernyt this,  
 God had hym tayn, we throw, in lestand blyss:  
 Hys son Walter, that bot a child than was,  
 Trew men him tuk, and couth in Arrane pass.  
 Adam Wallace than wyst off no supplé,  
 Till Rawchlé went, and Lindsay off Craggé;  
 Gud Robert Boid maid no residens;  
 For haisty desait, thai tuk thaim to defens.  
 Schyr Jhon the Graym in Dundaff mycht nocht bid,  
 Succour he socht in to the forest off Clid.  
 The knycht Sewart, a schyrreff maid in Fyff  
 Schyr Amer Brim; and gaiff, for term off lyff,  
 The landis haill that Wallang aucht befor.  
 Rychard Lundy had gret dreid off thar schoyr;  
 He likyt nocht for to cum to thar pess,  
 For thi in Fyff thai wald nocht lat him cess.  
 To pass our Tay as than it mycht nocht be,  
 For Inglissmen so rewlyt that cuntré.  
 Owt off the land he staw away be nycht,  
 Auchtene with him that worthy war and wycht;  
 And als his sone, that was off tendyr eild;  
 Bot eftir sone he couth weill wapynnys weild.  
 At Sterlyng bryg, quhar at the wach wes set,  
 Thar passyt he away with outyn let.  
 In Dundaff mur Schyr Jhon the Graym he socht;  
 A woman tald, as than befor was wrocht;  
 And till a strenth he drew him on the morn.  
 Laynrik was tayn with young Thomas off Thorn;  
 So Lundy thair mycht mak no langar remayn:  
 Besouth Tynto lugis thai maid in playn.  
 Schyr Jhon the Graym gat wit that he was thair;  
 Till him he past with outyn wordis mar.  
 Wallang gart bryng fra Carlele cariage,  
 To stuff Bothwell with wyn and gud warnage.  
 Lundy and Graym gat wyt off that awaill,  
 Rycht sudanly thai maid thaim till assaill:  
 Fyfty thai war off nobill chewalry,  
 Agayn four scor off Ingliss company.  
 Ane Skelton than kepyt the careage,  
 All Brankstewart that was his heretage.  
 Lundy and Graym met with the squier wicht;  
 Feill Inglissmen to ded derffly thai dycht.  
 Sexté was slayn apon the tothir sid,  
 And fyve off Scottis, so bauldly thai abid.  
 Gret gud thai wan, bath gold and othir ger,  
 Wittayll and horss that hapnyt in that wer.  
 Syn thai haiff seyn weyll lang thai mycht nocht lest  
 In to that land, tharfor thai thoct it best  
 To seik sum place, in strenth that thai mycht bid,  
 For Sotheron men had plenyst on ilk sid.  
 Lundeis luge thai left upon a nycht;  
 In the Lennox the way thai passyt rycht  
 Till erll Malcom, that kepyt that cuntré

Fra Inglissmen, with help off thar supplé.  
 Cetoun and Lyll in to the Bass thai baid;  
 For Sotheroun folk so gret mastyrss had maid,  
 That all the south was tayn in to thar hand.  
 Gud Hew the Hay was send in to Ingland,  
 And vthir ayris, to presoune at thar will.  
 The northland lordis, saw na help cum thaim till,  
 A squier Guthré amang thaim ordand thai,  
 To warn Wallace in all the haist he may.  
 Out off Arbroth he passit to the se.  
 And at the Slus, land takyn son had he;  
 In Flandrys land no residens he maid;  
 In Frans he past; bot Wallace weill abaid  
 On his purpos in Gyan at the wer:  
 On Sotheroun men he had doyn mekill der.  
 Quhill gud Guthré had gottyn his presens,  
 He haistyt him sone, and maid no residens;  
 He has him tald, with Scotland how it stud.  
 Than Wallace said; "Thai tithingis ar nocht gud.  
 "I had exampill, off tym that is by worn,  
 "Trewys to bynd with thaim that was maynsuorn:  
 "Bot I as than couth nocht think on sic thing.  
 "Be causs that we tuk this pess with thar king.  
 "Be thar chansler the tothir pess was bwn,  
 "And that full sair our forfadris has fwn;  
 "Wndyr that trew auchtene scor thai gart de,  
 "At noblis war, the best in our cuntré!  
 "To the gret God my wow now her I mak,  
 "Pess with that king I think neur for to tak.  
 "He sall repent, that thai this wer began."  
 Thus mowit he, with mony ryoll man,  
 On to the king, and tauld him his entent.  
 Till lat him pass the king wald nocht consent.  
 Quhill [Wallace] thar maid promysse be his hand,  
 Gyff euir agayn he thoct to leyff Scotland,  
 To cum till him; his gret seyll he him gaiff  
 Off quhat lordschip that he likit till haiff.  
 Thus at the king haisty leiff tuk he.  
 Na ma with him he brocht off that cuntré,  
 Bot his awn men, and Schyr Thomas the knycht.  
 In Flawndrys land thai past with all thar mycht.  
 Guthreis barg was at the Slus left styll;  
 To se thai went wyth ane full egr wyll.  
 Bath Forth and Tay thai left and passyt by  
 On the north cost, [gud] Guthré was thar gy.  
 In Munross hawyn thai brocht hym to the land;  
 Till trew Scottis it was a blyth tithand.  
 Schyr Jhon Ramsay, that worthi was and wycht,  
 Fra Ochtyrhous the way he chesyt rycht,  
 To meite Wallace with men off armes strang;  
 Off his duellyng thai had thoct wondyr lang.  
 The trew Ruwan come als with outyn baid;  
 In Barnan wod he had his luyng maid.  
 Barklay be that to Wallace semblyt fast;  
 With thre hundred to Ochtyrhous he past.  
 The later day off August fell this cace;  
 For the reskew, thus ordanyt wicht Wallace,  
 Off Sanct Jhonstoun, that Sothroun occupyit.  
 Fast towart Tay thai passyt and aspyit;  
 Or it was day wndyr Kynnowll thaim laid.  
 Out off the toun, as Scottis men till hym said,  
 That serwandys oysyt with cartis hay to leid;  
 So was it suth, and hapnyt in to deid.  
 Saxsum thar com, and brocht bot cartis thre.  
 Quhen thai off hay was ladand most byssé,  
 Guthré with ten in handys has thaim tayn,  
 Put thaim to dede, off thaim he sawyt nayn.  
 Wallace gert tak in haist thar humest weid,  
 And sic lik men thai waillyt, weill gud speid;  
 Four was rycht rud, Wallace hym self tuk ane,  
 A rwssyt klok, and with him gud Ruwane.  
 Guthré with that, and als gud yemen twa,  
 In that ilk soit thai graithit thaim to ga.

Full sutelly thai coueryt thaim with hay,  
 Syne to the toun thai went the gaynest way.  
 Fyfteyn thai tuk off men in armes wicht,  
 In ilk cart fyve thai ordanyt owf off sycht.  
 Thir cartaris had schort suerdis, off gud steill,  
 Wndyr thar weidis, callyt furth the cartis weill.  
 Schyr Jhon Ramsay baid with a buschement still,  
 Quhen mystir war to help thaim with gud will.  
 Thir trew cartaris past with outyn lett,  
 A tour the bryg, and entryt throu the yet;  
 Quhen thai war in, thar clokis kest thaim fra,  
 Gud Wallace than the mayster portar can ta  
 Wpon the hed, quhill dede he has him left;  
 Syn othir twa the lyff fra thaim has left.  
 Guthré, be that, did rycht weyll in the toun;  
 And Ruwan als dang off thar famen doune.  
 The armyt men, was in the cartis brocht,  
 Raiss wp, and weil thar dawery has wrocht;  
 Apon the gait thai gert feill Sothroun de.  
 The Ramsais spy, has seyn [thaim] get entré,  
 The buschement brak, bathe bryg and port has won:  
 Into the toun gret stryff thar was begon.  
 Thai twenty men, or Ramsay come in playn,  
 Within the toun had saxté Sotheroun slayn.  
 The Inglissmen on till aray was gayn;  
 The Scottis as than layser lett them get nayn;  
 Fra gud Ramsay with his men entryt in,  
 Thai sawit nayn was born off Ingliss kyn.  
 Als Longaweill, the wycht knycht Schyr Thomas,  
 Prewyt weill than, and in mony othir place.  
 Agayn his dynt few Inglissmen mycht stand;  
 Wallace with him gret faith and kyndnes fand.  
 The Sotheroun part saw weill the toun was tynt,  
 Fersly thai fled, as fyr dois out off flynt.  
 Sum fled, some fell in to draw dykis deip,  
 Sum to the kyrk, thar lywys giff thai mycht keip;  
 Sum fled to Tay, and in small wescheill yeid;  
 Sum derffly deit and drownyt in that steid,  
 Schir Jhon Sewart at the west port owf past;  
 Till Meffen wod he sped him wondyr fast.  
 A hundreth men the kyrk tuk for succour,  
 Bot Wallace wald no grace grant in that hour.  
 He slay bad all off cruell Sotheroun keyn;  
 And said thai had to Sanct Jhonstoun enemys beyn.  
 Four hundreth men in to the toun war ded.  
 Sewyn scor with lyff chapyt out off that sted.  
 Wyffis and barnys thai maid thaim fre to ga;  
 With Wallace wyll he wald sla nayn off tha.  
 Riches thai fand, that Inglissmen had brocht new,  
 Syn plenyst the toun with worthi Scottis trew.  
 Schyr Jhon Sewart left Meffen forest strang,  
 Went to the Gask with feyll Sotheroun amang;  
 And syn in Fyff, quhar Wallang schirreff was;  
 Send currowris sone out throw the land to pass,  
 And gaderyt men, a stalwart cumpany.  
 Till Ardargan he drew him prewaly;  
 Ordand thaim in bargan reddy boune.  
 Agayn he thoct to sailye Sanct Jhonstoun,  
 Quhar Wallace lay, and wald no langar rest,  
 Rewllyt the toun as that him likyt best.  
 Schyr Jhon Ramsay gret captane ordand he,  
 Ruwan schirreff, at ane accord for to be.  
 This charge he gaiff, gyff men thaim warnyng maid,  
 To cum till him with outyn mor abaid:  
 And so that did, quhen tithingis was thaim brocht.  
 With a hundreth Wallace furth fra thaim socht.  
 To Fyfe he past, to wesey that cuntré,  
 Bot wrangwarnyt off Inglissmen was he.  
 Schyr Jhon Sewart, quhen thai were passyt by,  
 Fra the Ochell he sped him haistely;  
 Vpon Wallace folowit in all his mycht,  
 In Abyrnethy tuk lugyng that fyrst nycht.  
 Apon the morn, with fyftene hundreth men,

Till Black Irnsyde his gydys couth them ken.  
 Thar Wallace was, and mycht no message send  
 Till Sanct Jhonstoun, to mak this jorney kend;  
 For Inglissmen, that full sutell has beyn,  
 Gart wachis walk, that nayn mycht pass betweyn.  
 Than Wallace said, "This mater payis nocht me."  
 He cald till him the squier gud Guthré,  
 And Beset als, that knew full weyll the land;  
 And ast at thaim, quhat deid was best on hand,  
 "Message to mak, our pouer for to get;  
 "With Sotheroun sone we sall be wndirset.  
 "And wykke Scottis, that knawis this forest best,  
 "Thai ar the causs that we may haiff no rest.  
 "I dred fer mar Wallang, that is thair gyd,  
 "Than all the layff that cummys on that syd."  
 Than Guthré said; 'Mycht we get ane or tway  
 'To Saynct Jhonstoun, it war the gaynest way;  
 'And warn Ramsay, we wald get succour sone.  
 'Our suth it is, it can nocht now be don.  
 'Rycht weyll I wait, wescheill is lewynt nayn,  
 'Fra the Wood hawyn, to the ferry cald Aran.'  
 Than Wallace said; "The water cald it is;  
 "My selff can swym, I trow, and fall na myss.  
 "But currowris oyss, that gaynys nocht for me;  
 "And I leyff yow her, yet had I leuir de.  
 "Throw Goddis grace we sall bettir eschew;  
 "The strenth is stark, als we haiff men inew.  
 "In Elchoch park, bot fourty thar war we,  
 "For sewyn hundreth, and gert feill Sothron de;  
 "And chapyt weill in mony wnlikly place;  
 "So sall we her, throw help off Goddis grace.  
 "Quhill men may fast, thir woddis we may hauld still;  
 "For thi, ilk man be off trew hardy will;  
 "And at we do so nobill in to deid,  
 "Off ws be found no lak eftir to reid.  
 "The rycht is ouris, we suld mor ardent be;  
 "I think to freith this land, or ellis de."  
 His waillyt spech, with wit and hardyment,  
 Maid all the layff so cruell off entent;  
 Sum bad tak feild, and giff battaill in playn.  
 Wallace said; "Nay, thai wordis are in wayn:  
 "We will nocht leyff that may be our wantage;  
 "The wod till ws is worth a yeris wage."  
 Off hewyn temyr in haist he gert thaim tak  
 Syllys off ayk, and a stark barrés mak,  
 At a foyr frount, fast in the forest syd,  
 A full gret strenth, quhar thai purpost to bid;  
 Stellyt thaim fast till treis that growand was,  
 That thai mycht weyll in fra the barrés pass;  
 And so weill graithit on athir sid about;  
 Syn com agayn, quhen thai saw thaim in dout.  
 Be that the strenth arayit was at rycht,  
 The Inglis ost approchynt to thair sycht.  
 Than Sewart com, that way for till haiff wend,  
 As thai war wount; so his gydis thaim kend.  
 At that entré thai thoct till haiff passage;  
 But sone thai fand that maid thaim gret stoppage.  
 A thousand he led off men in armes strang,  
 With fyve hundreth he gert Jhon Wallang gang  
 With out the wod, that nayn suld pass thaim fra.  
 Wallace with him had fourty archarys thra;  
 The layff was speris, full nobill in a neid:  
 On thair enemys thai bykkyr with gud speid.  
 A cruell cwntyr was at the barrés seyn.  
 The Scottis defens so sykkyr was and keyn,  
 Sotheroun stud aw to enter thaim amang;  
 Feill to the ground thai our threw in that thrang.  
 A rowm was left, quhar part in frount mycht fayr;  
 Quha entrit in, agayn yeid neuimmar.  
 Fourty thai slew, that formast wald haiff past.  
 All dysarayit the ost was, and agast;  
 And part off hors throw schot to dede was brocht,  
 Brak to a playn, the Sotheroun fra them socht.

The Sewart said; "Allace, how [may] this be;  
 "And do no harm? Our gret rabut haiff we."  
 He tald Wallang, and askyt his consaill;  
 "Schyrreff thou art, quhat may be our awaill?  
 "But few thai ar that makis this gret debait."  
 John Wallang said; "This is the best I wait,  
 "To cess her off, and remayn her besyd;  
 "For thai may nocht lang in this forest byd;  
 "For fawt off fud, thai mon in the cuntré;  
 "Than war mar tym on thaim to mak mellé.  
 "Or thai be won be fors, in to this stryff  
 "Feyll at ye leid sall erar loss the lyff."  
 Than Sewart said; "This reid I will nocht tak:  
 "And Scottis be warnyt, reskew sone will they mak.  
 "Off this dispyt amendys I think to haiff,  
 "Or de thar for in nowmyr with the laiff.  
 "In till a rang myselff on fut will fayr."  
 Aucht hundreth he tuk off liklyest that was thair;  
 Syn bad the layff bid at the barrés still  
 With Jhon Wallang, to rewyll thaim at his will.  
 "Wallang," he said, "be forthwart in this cace;  
 "In sic a swar we couth nocht get Wallace.  
 "Tak hym or sla; I promess the be my lyff,  
 "That king Edwart sall mak the erll off Fyff.  
 "At yon est part we think to enter in;  
 "I bid no mar, might ye this barress wyn.  
 "Fra thai be closyt graithly amang ws sa,  
 "Bot merwell be, thai sall na ferrer ga.  
 "Assailye sayr, quhen ye wit we cum ner;  
 "On athir sid we sall hald thaim on ster."  
 Thus semlyt thai apon ane awfull wyss.  
 Wallace has seyn quhat was thair haill dewyss.  
 "Gud men," he said, "wndirstud ye this deid,  
 "Forsuth thai ar rycht mekill for to dreid.  
 "Yon Sewart is a nobill worthy knycht;  
 "Forthwart in wer, rycht worthy, wyss and wicht.  
 "His assailye he ordannys wondyr sayr  
 "Ws for to harm, no mannys wyt can do mar.  
 "Plesand it is to se a chyftane ga  
 "So chyftanlyk; it suld recomfort ma  
 "Till his awn men, and thai of worschip be,  
 "Than for to se ten thousand cowartis fle.  
 "Sen we ar stad with enemyss on ilk syd,  
 "And her on fors mon in this forest bid,  
 "Than fray the fyrst, for Goddis saik, cruellye,  
 "That all the layff off ws abayssyt be."  
 Crawford he left, and Longaweill the knycht,  
 Fourty with thaim, to kepe the barrés wicht:  
 With him saxté off worthy men in weid,  
 To meit Sewart with hardy will thai yeid.  
 A maner dyk in to that wod wes maid,  
 Off thuortour ryss, quhar bauldly thai abaid;  
 A downwith waill the Sothroun to thaim had.  
 Son semlyt thai with strakis sar and sad:  
 Scharp sperys, fast duschand on athir sid,  
 Throw byrnys brycht maid woundis deip and wid.  
 This wantage was, the Scottis thaim dantyt swa,  
 Nayn Inglissman durst fra his feris ga,  
 To brek aray, or formast entyr in.  
 Off crystyn blud to se it was gret syn,  
 For wrangwis caus; and has beyn mony day.  
 Feyll Inglissmen in the dyk deid thai lay.  
 Speris full sone all in to splendrys sprang;  
 With scharp suerdys thai hew on in that thrang:  
 Blud byrstyt out throw fyn harnes off mail.  
 Jhon Wallang als full scharply can assaill  
 Apon Crawford, and the knycht Longaweill,  
 At thar power kepyt the barrés weill;  
 Maid gud defens, be wyt, manheid, and mycht;  
 At the entré feyll men to dede thai dycht.  
 Thus all at anys assailyeit in that place,  
 Nayn that was thar durst turn fra the barrage  
 To help Wallace, nor none of his durst pass

To reskew thaim, so feyll the fechtynge was.  
 At athir ward thai handelyt thaim full hat;  
 Bot do or de, na succour ellis thai wayt.  
 Wallace wes stad in to that stalwart stour;  
 Guthré, Besat, with men off gret walour,  
 Rychard Wallace, that worthi was off hand.  
 Sewart merweillyt, that contrar thaim mycht stand,  
 That euyr so few mycht byd in battaill place,  
 Agaynys thaim, metyng face for face.  
 He thoct him self to end that mater weill;  
 Fast pressyt in with a gud suerd off steill;  
 Into the dyk a Scottis man gert he de.  
 Wallace tharoff in hart had gret pyté;  
 Amendis till haiff he followit on him fast,  
 But Ingliss men so thick betwex thaim past,  
 That apon him a strak get mycht he nocht:  
 Wthyr worthy derfly to dede he brocht.  
 Slopyps thai maid throu all that chewalry,  
 The worthy Scottis thai wrocht so worthely.  
 Than Sothron saw off thar gud men so drest,  
 Langar to bid thai thoct it nocht the best.  
 Four scor was slayn, or thair wald leyff that steid,  
 And fyfty als was at the barrage deid.  
 A trumpet blew, and fra the wod thai draw;  
 Wallang left off, that sycht fra that he saw.  
 To sailye mar thaim [thocht] it was no speid,  
 Withowt the wod to consaill son thai yeid,  
 The worthy Scottis to rest thaim was full fayn;  
 Feyll hurtis had, bot few off thaim was slayn.  
 Wallace thaim bad of all gud comfort be;  
 "Thankit be God, the fayrer part haiff we!  
 "Yon knycht Sewart has at gret jornay beyn;  
 "So fair assay I haiff bot seildyn seyn.  
 "I had leuir off Wallang wrokyn be,  
 "Than ony man that is off yon menyhe."  
 The Scottis all on to the barress yeid,  
 Stanchit woundis that couth full braithly bleid.  
 Part Scottis men had bled full mekill blud;  
 For faut off drynk, and als wantyng off fud,  
 Sum feblyt fast, that had feill hurtis thar.  
 Wallace tharfor sichit with hart full sar.  
 A hat he hynt, to get water is gayn;  
 Othir refut as than he wyst off nayn.  
 A litill strand he fand, that ran hym by;  
 Off cler watter he brocht haboundandy,  
 And drank him self, syn said, with sobyr mud;  
 "The wyn off Frans me thoct nocht halff so gud."  
 Than off the day thre quartaris was went.  
 Schir Jhon Sewart has castyn in his entent,  
 To sailye mar as than he couth nocht preiff;  
 Quhill on the morn that mar men couth raleiff;  
 And kep thaim in, quhill tha, for hungyr sor,  
 Cum in his will, or ellis de tharfor.  
 "Wallange," he said, "I charge the for to bid,  
 "And kep thaim in; I will to Coupar rid.  
 "Thow sall remayn, with fyve hundreth at thi will,  
 "And I the morn sall cum with power the till."  
 Jhon Wallange said; "This charg I [her] forsaike;  
 "Eftir this day all nycht I may nocht waik.  
 "For, trastis weill, thai will ische to the playn,  
 "Thocht ye bid als, or ellis de in the payn."  
 Sewart bad him byd, or wndyrly the blaym;  
 "I the commaund, on gud king Eduuardis naym.  
 "Or thar to God a wow I mak beforin,  
 "And thai brek out, to hyng the heych to morn."  
 Off that commaund Jhon Wallang had gret dreid;  
 Sewart went fra thaim with nyne scor in to deid  
 Next hand the wod, and his gud men off Fyff,  
 That with him baid in all term off thair lyff.  
 Wallace drew ner, his tym quhen that he saw,  
 To the wod syd, and couth on Wallang caw;  
 "Yon knycht to morn has hecht to hyng the hie.  
 "Cum in till ws, I sall thi warand be

"In contrar him, and all king Eduuardis mycht.  
 "Tak we hym quyk, I sall him hyng on ychyt;  
 "And gud lordschip I sall gyff the hereft  
 "In this ilk land, that thi brothir has left."  
 Wallange was wyss, full sone couth wndrestand,  
 Be lyklynes Wallace suld wyn the land;  
 And bettir him war in to the rycht to bid,  
 Than be in wer apon the Sotheroun sid.  
 With schort wysment to Wallace in thai socht.  
 Than Sewart cryt, and said; "That beis for nocht;  
 'And fals off kynd thow art in heretage;  
 'Eduuard on the has waryt ewill gret wage.  
 'Her I sall byd, my purpos to fulfill,  
 'Othir to de, or haiff the at my will."  
 For all his spech, to pass he wald nocht spar;  
 Wyth full glaid hart Wallace resawyt thaim thar.  
 Be that, Ruwan and Ramsay off renown,  
 Be a trew Scot, that past to Sanct Jhonstoun,  
 Thaim warynyng maid, that Sewart folowit fast  
 Apon Wallace; than war thai sayr agast.  
 Owt off the toun thai wschit with all thair mycht,  
 With thre hundreth, that worthi war and wicht;  
 Till Black Irnsid assemblyt in that place,  
 As Wallang was gayne in to gud Wallace.  
 The knycht Sewart has weill thair cummyng seyn;  
 A fayr playn feild he chesyt thaim betwene.  
 Elewyn hundreth and four scor than had he;  
 The Scottismen war fyve hundreth and saxté.  
 Thai war bot few, a playn feild for to tak.  
 Out of the wod gud Wallace can thaim mak;  
 He wyst no thing off thaim that cummyng was;  
 Mar hardement was fra the strenth to pass.  
 Bot quhen thai hard Ruwan and Ramsay cry,  
 Off Ochtyrhou, blyth was that chewalry.  
 Mycht thai off gold haiff brocht a kingis rent,  
 To gud Wallace mycht nocht so weyll content.  
 Than till aray thai yeid on athir sid,  
 In cruell ire, in battaill bown to byd.  
 Worthiar men than Sewart semblyt thar,  
 In all his tym, Eduuard had neuirmar.  
 Bot Sewart saw his nowmyr was fer ma;  
 Hys power sone he gart dewyd in twa;  
 To fecht at anys, rycht knychtlik he thaim kend,  
 In that jornay othir to wyn or end.  
 The worthi Scottis ruschyt on thaim, in gret ire,  
 With cruell strakis, that flawmyt fers as fyr.  
 Wallace and his, als Sotheroun that was thar,  
 Few speris had, for feyll fechtynge and sar  
 In to the wod at sailye all the day:  
 Bot new cummyng men weill waillyt speris had thai.  
 In to the stour thai gart feill Sotheroun de;  
 Thar cruell deid gret merwell was to se.  
 Thai worthi Scottis, that fyrst amang thaim baid,  
 Full gret slauchtir on Inglissmen thai maid;  
 In to the wod befor had prewynt weill,  
 Than on the playn thai sonyeit nocht adeill;  
 In curage grew, as thai war new begon;  
 Schort rest thai had fra ryssyng off the son.  
 Be that Ramsay, and with him gud Ruwan,  
 Throw owt the thykkest off the pres is gan;  
 Sloppis thai maid throw out the Inglissmen;  
 Deseueryt thaim be twenty and by ten,  
 Quhen speris war gayn, with suerdys off metall cler.  
 Till Inglissmen thar cummyng was sauld full der.  
 Wallace and his, be worthines off hand,  
 Feyll Sotheroun blud gart [licht] wpon the land.  
 The twa feildys togiddyr relyt than  
 Schyr Jhon Sewart, with mony nobill man,  
 To help thair lord; thre hundreth in [a] place  
 About hym stud, and did thair besines;  
 Defendand him, with mony awfull dynt,  
 Quhill all the owtwart off the feild was tynt.  
 Off comowns part into the forest fled

Succour to sek, thair men had thaim so led.  
 The Scottis, has seyn so mony in a rout  
 With Sewart stand, na warrant thaim about,  
 Apon all syd assailyeit wondyr sayr;  
 Throu polyt platis with poyntis persyt thair.  
 The Sotheroun made defens full cruelly;  
 All occupyit was this gud chewalry.  
 Schyr Jhon Ramsay wald thai had yoldyn beyn.  
 Wallace said; "Nay, it is all wrang ye meyn.  
 "Ranson to mak we can nocht now begyn.  
 "On sic awyss this land we may nocht wyn.  
 "Yon knycht off auld our enemy has beyn.  
 "So fell till ws off thaim I haiff nocht seyn.  
 "Now he sall de, with help off Goddis grace;  
 "He com to pay his ranson in this place."  
 The Sotheroun wust all playnly for to de;  
 Reskew was nayn, suppos at thai wald fle.  
 Freschlye thai faucht as thai [had] entryt new;  
 Apon our sid part worthy men thai slew.  
 Than Sewart said; 'Alace, throw wrangwis thing  
 'Our lywys we loss, throu desyr off our king.'  
 The felloun knycht dowtyt his dede rycht nocht;  
 Amang the Scottis full manfully he wrocht;  
 Besat he straik to dede with outyn mar.  
 Wallace prest in, with his suerd burnyst bar,  
 At Sewart hals he etlyt in gret ire,  
 Throu pissanis stuff in sondyr strak the swyr;  
 Dede to the ground he duschit for all his mycht:  
 Off Wallace hand thus endyt this gud knycht.  
 The ramaynard with out mercy thai sla;  
 For gud Besat the Scottis was wondyr wa.  
 In handis sum thai straik with out remed;  
 Na Sotheroun past with lyff out off that sted.  
 Than to the wod, for thaim that left the feild,  
 A rang [thai] set; thus thai may get na beild.  
 Yeid nayn away was contrar our punyoun.  
 Gud Ruwan past agayn to Sanct Jhonstoun.  
 Schyr Jhon Ramsay to Couper castell raid;  
 That hous he tuk, for defens nayn was maid.  
 Wallace, Crawford, and with thaim gud Guthré,  
 Rychard Wallace had lang beyn in mellé,  
 And Longaweill, in to Lundoris baid still;  
 Fastyt thai had to lang agayn thar will.  
 Wallange thai maid thair stwart for to be;  
 Off meit and drynk thai fand abundandlé.  
 The priour fled, and durst na reknynge bid;  
 He was befor apon the tothir syd.  
 Apon the morn to Sanct Androwis thai past,  
 Owt off the toun that byschop turnyt fast.  
 The king off England had him hydder send;  
 The rent at will he gaiff hym in commend.  
 His kingis charge as than he durst nocht hald:  
 A wrangwys pape that tyrand mycht be cald.  
 Few fled with him, and gat away be see;  
 For all Scotland he wald nocht Wallace se.  
 As than off him he maid bot lycht record.  
 Gert restor him that thar was rychtwyss lord.  
 The worthy knycht, that in to Coupar lay,  
 Gart spulye it apon the second day,  
 Syn ordand men, at commaund off Wallace,  
 But mar process, for to cast doun that place.  
 Mynouris sone thai gert press throw the wall,  
 Syn pounciounis fyryt, and to the ground kest all.  
 Schyr Jhon Ramsay syne to the kyrk can fayr;  
 Sotheroun was fled, and left bot wallis bayr:  
 Efter Sewart thai durst nocht tary lang.  
 The Scottis at large [out] throu all Fyff thai rang.  
 Off Inglissmen nayn left in that cuntré.  
 Bot in Lochlewyn thair lay a cumpané,  
 Apon that inch, in a small hous thai dycht;  
 Castell was nayn, bot wallyt with water wicht.  
 Besyd Carraill thai semblyt Wallace befor;  
 His purpos was for till assay Kyngorn.

A knycht, hecht Gray, than captane it was;  
 Be schort awyss purpos he tuk to pas.  
 Erar he wald bid chalans off his king,  
 Than with Wallace to rakyn for sic a thing.  
 That houss thai tuk, and litill tary maid.  
 Vpon the morn, with outyn mar abaid,  
 Atour the mur, quhar thai a tryst had set,  
 Ner Scotlandis Well thair luyng tuk but let.  
 Eftir souper Wallace bad thaim ga rest:  
 “My selff will walk, me think it may be best.”  
 As he commaundyt, but gruching thai haiff don.  
 In to thar slep Wallace him graithit son,  
 Past to Lochlewyn as it was ner mydnycht,  
 Auchtene with him, at he hed warnyt rycht;  
 Thir men wend weill he come to wesy it.  
 “Falows,” he said, “I do yow weill to wyt;  
 “Considyr weill this place, and wnderstand,  
 “That it may do full gret scaith to Scotland.  
 “Out off the south and power cum thaim till,  
 “Thai may tak in, and kep it at thair awn will.  
 “Apon yon inche rycht mony men may be,  
 “And syn wsche out, thair tym quhen at thai se.  
 “To bid lang her we may nocht wpon chans,  
 “Yon folk has fud, trast weill, at sufficians.  
 “Wattir fra thaim forsuth can nocht be set;  
 “Sum wthyr wyill ws worthis to get.  
 “Yhe sall remayn her at this port all still,  
 “And I my selff the boit sall bryng yow till.”  
 Thair with in haist his weid off castis he:  
 “Apon yon sid na wachman can I se;”  
 Held on his sark, and tuk his suerd so gud  
 Band on his nek, and syn lap in the flud,  
 And our he swam; for lattyng fand he nocht.  
 The boit he tuk, and till hys men it brocht;  
 Arayit him weill, and wald no langar bid,  
 Bot passyt in, rowit to the tothir sid.  
 The inch thai tuk with suerdis drawyn in hand,  
 And sparyt nayn that thai befor thaim fand;  
 Strak duris wp, stekyt men quhar thai lay;  
 Apon the Sothroun thus sadly semblyt thai.  
 Thretty thai slew, that was in that samyn place;  
 To mak defens the Inglissmen had no space.  
 Thar women fyve Wallace send off that sted;  
 Woman nor barne he gart neur put to dede.  
 The gud thai tuk, as it had beyn thair awyn.  
 Than Wallace said; “Falowis, I mak yow knawin,  
 “The purwyance, that is with in this knawis,  
 “We will nocht tyne; ger sembyll all at anys,  
 “Gar warn Ramsay, and our gud men ilkane;  
 “I will remayn quhill this warnstor be gane.”  
 Send furth a man, thair horsis put to kep,  
 Drew wp the boit, syne beddys tuk to sleip.  
 Wallace power, quhilk Scotland Well ner lay,  
 Befor the son thai myssyt him away.  
 Sum menyng maid, and merweyllt off that cace.  
 Ramsay bad, ‘Cess, and murn nocht for Wallace.  
 ‘It is for gud at he is fra us went;  
 ‘It sall ye se, trast weill, in werrament.  
 ‘My hed to wed, Lochlewyn he past to se:  
 ‘Bot that is thar, no Inglissman knaw we  
 ‘In all this land, betwix thir watters left;  
 ‘Tithandis off hym ye sall se son hereft.’  
 As thai about was talkand on this wyss,  
 A message com, and chargyt thaim to ryss.  
 “My lord,” he said, “to dyner has yow cald  
 “In till Lochlewyn, quhilk is a ryoll hald.  
 “Ye sall fair weyll, tharfor put off all sorow.”  
 Thai graithit thaim rycht ayryl on the morow;  
 And thidder past, off Wallace will to wytt.  
 Thus semblyt thai in a full blyth falowship.  
 Thai luyt thar till aucht dayis was at end;  
 Off meit and drynk thai had inewch to spend;  
 Turssyt furth ger, that Sothroun had brocht thar;

Gert byrn the boit, till Sanct Jhonstoun thai fair.  
 Byschop Synclar, that worthy was and wyss,  
 Till Wallace com, and tald him his awyss;  
 Thus he desyryt Wallace suld with him ryd,  
 And in Dunkell soirn that wynter tyd.  
 Bot he said; “Nay, that hald I nocht the best,  
 “And Scotland thus; in pess we can nocht rest.”  
 The byschop said, ‘Playnly ye may nocht wend;  
 ‘In to the north for men I rede yow send.’  
 “I grant,” quoth he, “and cheissit a messynger.”  
 The worthi Jop, was with the byschop ther;  
 And maister Blair to Wallace cam bot baid,  
 With that gud lord that nobill cher thaim maid.  
 Wallace send Blayr, in [to] his priestis weid,  
 To warn the west, quhar freyndys had gret dreid  
 How they suld pass, or to gud Wallace wyn,  
 For Inglissmen that held thaim lang in twyn.  
 Adam Wallace, and Lyndsay that was wycht,  
 Rawchlé thai left, and went away be nycht.  
 Throu out the land to the Lennox thair cair,  
 Till erll Malcom, that welcumyt thaim full fair.  
 Maister Jhon Blair was blith off that semblé;  
 Gud Graym was thair, and Richard off Lunde;  
 Als Robert Boid, that out off But thaim socht.  
 Had thai Wallace, off no thing ellis thai roucht;  
 Bot Inglissmen betuix thaim was so strang,  
 That thai in playn mycht nocht weyll to him gang.  
 Jop passit north, for leiching wald nocht let:  
 Gret power thar as than he couth nocht get;  
 The lord Cwmyn, that erll off Bouchane was,  
 For auld inwy he wald [let] na man pass  
 That he mycht let, in gud Wallace supplé;  
 For erll Patrik a playn feild kepyt he.  
 Yeit pur men com, and prewyt all thair mycht  
 To help Wallace, in fens off Scotlandis rycht.  
 The gud Randell in tendyr age was kend,  
 Part off men out off Murray he [did] send.  
 Jop past agayn, and com in presens sone  
 Befor Wallace, and tauld how he had don.  
 Bot maister Blayr so gud tithingis him brocht,  
 That off Cwmyn Wallace full litill roucht.  
 Als Inglissmen had than full litill dreid;  
 Fra Fyff was tynt, the war thai trowyt to sped.  
 The duk and erll, that in Scotland thaim led,  
 Captanys thai maid, in England syn thaim sped.  
 Wallace hym bownyt, qwhen he thoct tym suld be,  
 Off Sanct Jhonstoun, and with him tuk fyfté.  
 Stewin off Irland, and Kerlé that was wicht,  
 For Inglissmen thai had haldyn the hycht  
 In wachman lyff, and fayndyt thaim rycht weill:  
 Till gud Wallace thai war as trew as steill;  
 To folow him thai twa thoct neyr lang.  
 Throucht the Ochell thai maid thaim for to gang.  
 Off mar power he taryt nocht that tyd;  
 To kep the land he gert the laiff abid.  
 To Styrling bryg as than he wald nocht pass,  
 For strang power of Inglissmen thar was.  
 Till Erth ferry thai passit prewaly;  
 And buschit thaim in a dern sted tharby.  
 A cruell captane intill Erth duelt thar,  
 In England born, and hecht Thomlyn off Wayr.  
 A hundreth men was at his ledyng still;  
 To bruk that land thai did power and will.  
 A Scottis fyschar, quhilk thai had tain befor,  
 Contrar his will gert him be to thaim suorn.  
 In thar seruce thai held him day and nycht.  
 Befor the son Wallace gart Jop him dycht,  
 And send him furth the passage for to spy.  
 On that fyschar he hapnyt sodandly,  
 All him allayn, bot a boy that was thar;  
 Jop hynt hym son, and for no dreid wald spar,  
 Be the collar, and owt a knyff hynt he.  
 For Goddis saik this man askit mercé.

Jop sperd sone; "Off quhat nacioun art thou?"  
 'A Scot,' he said, 'bot Sothroun gart me bow.  
 'In thair seruice, agayn my will full sayr,  
 'Bot for my lyff that I remaynit thair.  
 'To sek fysch I com on this north sid.  
 'Be ye a Scott, I wald fayn with yow bid'  
 Than he him brocht in presens to Wallace.  
 The Scottis was blyth quhen thai haiff seyn this cace,  
 For with his bait thai mycht weill passage hawe;  
 For fery craft na fraucht he thoct to cawe.  
 Apon that syd langar thai taryed nocht,  
 Till the south land with glaid hartis thai socht;  
 Syn brak the bait, quhen thai war landyt thair;  
 Seruice off it Sotheroun mycht haiff no mayr.  
 Than through the moss thai passit full gud speid  
 Till the Torwod, this man with thaim thai leid.  
 The wedow thar brocht tithandis to Wallace,  
 Off his trew eyne that duelt at Dunypace.  
 Thomlyn off Wayr in presoun had him set,  
 For mar tresour na he befor mycht get.  
 Wallace said; "Deym, he sall weill lowsyt be  
 "Be none to morn, or ma tharfor sall de."  
 Scho gat thaim meit, and in quiet thai baid  
 Quhill it was nycht, syn redy sone thaim maid;  
 Towart Arth hall rycht sodeynly thaim drew.  
 A strenth thar was, that weyll the fyschar knew,  
 Off draw dykis, and full off watter wan;  
 Wysly tharoff has warnyt thaim this man.  
 On the baksid he led thaim prewalé,  
 Fra the watter, as wont to cum was he,  
 Our a small bryg. Gud Wallace entryt in  
 In to the hall, hym self thoct to begyn;  
 Fra the sowper as thai war bown to ryss,  
 He salust thaim apon ane awfull wyss.  
 His men hym folowit sodanly at anys,  
 Haisty sorow was rassyt in thai wanyis;  
 With scherand suerdis scharply about thaim dang;  
 Feyll on the flur was fellyt thaim amang.  
 With Thomlyn Wayr Wallace hym self has met;  
 A felloun strak sadly apon him set,  
 Throcht hede and swyr all throucht the cost him claiff.  
 The worthy Scottis fast stekit off the layff;  
 Kepynt duris, and dullyfully thaim dycht;  
 To chaip away the Sotheroun had no mycht.  
 Sum wyndowys socht for till haiff brokyn out,  
 Bot all for nocht, full fey was maid that rout.  
 About the fyr bruschiit the blud so red,  
 A hundreth men was slayn in to that sted.  
 Than Wallace socht quhar his wnle suld be;  
 In a dyrk cawe he was set dulfullé,  
 Quhar watter stud, and he in yrnys strang.  
 Wallace full sone the brassis wp he dang;  
 Off that myrk holl brocht him with strenth and lyst.  
 Bot noyis he hard, off no thing ellis he wyst;  
 So blyth befor in warld he had nocht beyn,  
 As thair with sycht, quhen he had Wallace seyn.  
 In dykys owt the dede bodyis thai kest;  
 Graithyt the place as at thaim likyt best;  
 Maid still gud cher, and wyss wachis gert set;  
 Quhill ner the day thai slepe with outyn let;  
 Quhen thai had lycht, spulyeid the place in hy,  
 Fand gaynand ger, baithe gold and jewelry:  
 Our all that day in quiet held thaim still.  
 Quhat Sothroun come, thai rasawyt with gud will;  
 In that laubour the Scottis was full bayn:  
 Inglissmen com, bot nayn yeid owt agayn.  
 Women and barnys put in the presonys cawe;  
 So thai mycht mak no warnyng to the lawe.  
 Stewyn off Irland, and Kerlé, that wes wicht,  
 Kepynt the port apon the secund nycht.  
 Befor the day the worthy Scottis rayss,  
 Turssyt gud ger, and to the Torwod gayss;  
 Remaynyt thar quhill nycht was cummyn on hand,

Syn bownyt thaim in quiet through the land.  
 The wedowis son, fra thai had passit dout,  
 A serwand send, and leit the women out,  
 To pass fra Arth quhar at thaim likit best.  
 Now spek off thaim that went in to the west.  
 Wallace hym self was sekyr gyd that nycht;  
 Till Dunbertane the way he chesyt rycht.  
 Or it was day, for than the nycht was lang,  
 On to the toun full prewaly thai gang.  
 Mekill off it Inglissmen occupyit.  
 Gud Wallace sone throu a dyrk garth hym hyit,  
 And till a houss, quhar he was wont to ken,  
 A wedow duelt was frendfull till our men.  
 Abone hyr bed, on the baksid, was maid  
 A dern wyndow, was nothir lang nor braid;  
 Thar Wallace cauld, and son fra scho him knew,  
 In haist scho rayss, and prewaly thaim in drew  
 Till a closs bern, quhar thai mycht kepyt be:  
 Baith meit and drynk scho brocht in gret plenté.  
 A gudly gyft to Wallace als scho gaiff,  
 A hundreth pownd and mar, atour the layff.  
 Nyne sonnys scho had, was lykly men and wicht;  
 Ane ayth till him scho gart thaim swer full rycht.  
 In peess thai duelt, in trubyll that had beyn,  
 And trewbut payit till Ingliss capdanis keyn.  
 Schir Jhon Menteth the castell had in hand:  
 Bot sum men said, thar was a prewa band  
 Till Sotheroun maid, be menys off that knycht,  
 In thar supplé to be in all his mycht.  
 Tharoff as now I will no process mak.  
 Wallace that day a schort purpos can tak;  
 Quhen it was nycht he bad the wedow pass,  
 Merk all the duris quhar Sotheroun duelland was.  
 Syn efftir this, he and his chawalry  
 Graithyt thaim weill, and wapynnys tuk in hy;  
 Went on the gayt, quhen Sotheroun was on slep,  
 A gret oystre our Scottis tuk to kep.  
 Ane Ingliss captane was sittand wp so lait,  
 Quhill he and his with drynk was maid full mait.  
 Nyn men was thar, now set in hye curage;  
 Sum wald haiff had gud Wallace in that rage;  
 Sum wald haiff bound Schyr Jhone the Grayme throucht strenth;  
 Sum wald haiff had Boyd at the suerdis lenth;  
 Sum wyst Lundy, that chapyt was off Fyff;  
 Sum wychtar was na Cetoun in to stryff.  
 Quhen Wallace hard the Sotheroun maid sic dyn,  
 He gart all byd, and hym allayn went in;  
 The layff remaynyt to her off thar tithans.  
 He salust thaim with sturdy contenance.  
 "Falowis," he said, "sen I com last fra haym,  
 "In trawail I was our land and wncouth fame.  
 "Fra south Ireland I com in this cuntré,  
 "The [new] conquest off Scotland for to se.  
 "Part off your drynk, or sum gud I wald haiff."  
 The captane [than] a schrewed ansuer him gaiff;  
 "Thow semys a Scot wnlkly, ws to spy;  
 "Thow may be ane off Wallace company:  
 'Contrar our king he is ryssyn agane;  
 "The land off Fyff he has rademyt in plane.  
 "Thou sall her byd quhill we wyt how it be;  
 'Be thow off his, thou sall be hyngyt hye.'  
 Wallace than thoct it was na tym to stand;  
 His nobill suerd he gryppyt son in hand;  
 Aukwart the face drew that captane in teyn,  
 Straik all away that stud abowne his eyne.  
 Ane othir braithly in the breyst he bar;  
 Baith brawn and bayn the burly blaid throcht schar.  
 The layff ruschynt wp to Wallace in gret ire;  
 The thryd he feld full fersly in the fyr,  
 Stewyn off Irland, and Kerlé, in that thrang,  
 Kepynt na charge, bot entryt thaim amang;  
 And othir ma that to the dur can press;  
 Quhill thai him saw thar coud no thing thaim cess,

The Sotheroun men full sone was brocht to ded.  
 The blyth hosteler bad thaim gud ayle and breid.  
 Wallace said; "Nay, till we haiff laysar mar.  
 "To be our gyd thow sall befor ws fayr;  
 "And begyn fyr quhar at the Sotheroun lyis."  
 The hostellar son, apon a hasty wyss,  
 Hynt fyr in hand, and till a gret hous yeid,  
 Quhar Inglissmen was in full mekill dreid.  
 For thai wyst nocht quhill that the rud low raiss;  
 As wood bestis among the fyr than gays,  
 With paynis fell ruschyt full sorowfully.  
 The layff with out, off our gud chewalry,  
 At ilka houss, quhar the hostillar began,  
 Kepynt the duris, fra thaim chapyt na man.  
 For all thair mycht, thocting king Eduard had suorn,  
 Gat nayn away that was off England born,  
 Bot othir brynt, or but reskew was slayn,  
 And sum throucht force drywyn in the fyr agayn.  
 Part Scottis folk, in service thaim amang,  
 Fra ony payn frely thai let thaim gang.  
 Thre hundreth men was to Dunbertan send,  
 To kep the land, as thair lordis thaim keneid.  
 Skaithless off thaim for ay was this regioun.  
 Wallace or day maid him out off the toun;  
 On to the coyff off Dunbartane thai yeid;  
 And all that day [thar] sojourn out off dreid.  
 Baith meit and drynk the hostillar gert be brocht.  
 Quhen nycht was cummyn, in all the haist thai mocht,  
 Towart Rossneth full ernystfully thai gang;  
 For Inglissmen was in that castell strang.  
 On the Garlouch thai purpost thaim to bid,  
 Betwix the kyrk, that ner was thar besyd;  
 And to the castell full prewaly thai draw.  
 Wndyr a bray thai buschyt thaim rycht law,  
 Lang the watty, quhar comoun oyss had thai,  
 The castellis stuff, on to the kyrk ilk day.  
 A maryage als that day was to begyn.  
 All wschyt owt, and left na man with in,  
 At fens mycht mak, bot serwandis in that place;  
 Thus to that tryst thai passyt wpon cace.  
 Wallace and his drew thaim full prewaly  
 Nerhand the place, quhen thai war passyt by,  
 With in the hault; and thoct to kep that steid  
 Fra Sotheroun men, or ellys tharfor be deid.  
 Compleit was maid the mariage in to playn;  
 On to Rossneth thai raturnyt agayn.  
 Four scor and ma was in that cumpany,  
 Bot nocht arayit as was our chewalry;  
 To the castell thai weynd to pass but let.  
 The worthy Scottis so hardly on thaim set,  
 Fourtye at anys derffly to ground thai bar;  
 The ramaynand affrayit was so sayr,  
 Langar in feild thai had no mycht to bid,  
 Bot fersly fled fra thaim on athir sid.  
 The Scottis thar has weyll the entré woun,  
 And slew the layff that in that houss was foun;  
 Syn on the flearis folowid wondyr fast,  
 Na Inglissman with lyff thar fra thaim past.  
 The wemen sone thai seysyt in to hand,  
 Kepynt thaim closs, for warnyng off the land.  
 The dede bodyes all out off sycht thai kest:  
 Than at gud ess thai maid thaim for to rest.  
 Off purwians sewyn dayis thai luyt thar  
 At rud costis, to spend thai wald nocht spar.  
 Quhat Sotheroun come, thai tuk all glaidly in,  
 Bot owt agayn thai leit nane off that kyn.  
 Quha tithandis send to the captane off that steid,  
 Thai seruitouris the Scottis put to ded,  
 Spulyeid the place, and left na gudis thar,  
 Brak wallis down, and maid that byggyng bar.  
 Quhen thai had spilt off stayne werk at thai mocht,  
 Syn kendillyt fyr, and fra Rossneth thai socht.  
 Quhen thai had brynt all tre werk in that place,

Wallace gert freith the wemen, off hys grace;  
 To do thaim harm neur his purpos was  
 Than to Faslan the worthy Scottis can pass,  
 Quhar erll Malcom was bidand at defence;  
 Rycht glaid he was off Wallace gud presence.  
 Than he fand thar a nobill cumpany,  
 Schir Jhon the Graym, and Richard off Lundy,  
 Adam Wallace, that worthy was and wyss,  
 Berklay and Boid, with men mekill to pryss.  
 At Cristinmess thar Wallace sojornyt still;  
 Off his modyr tithandis was brocht him till,  
 That tym befor scho had left Elrislé;  
 For Inglissmen in it scho durst nocht be.  
 Fra thine dysgysyt scho past in pilgrame weid,  
 Sum gyर्थ to sek to Dunfermlyn scho yeid.  
 Seknes hyr had so socht in to that sted,  
 Decest scho was, God tuk hir spreit to leid.  
 Quhen Wallace hard at that tithandis was trow,  
 How sadness so in ilk sid can persew;  
 In thank he tuk, be causs it was naturail,  
 He lowyt God with sekyr hart and haill.  
 Bettyr him thoct, that it was hapnyt sa,  
 Na Sotheroun suld hyr put till othir wa.  
 He ordand Jop, and als the maister Blayr,  
 Thiddyr to pass, and for no costis spayr,  
 Bot honour do the corp till sepulture.  
 At his commaund thai seruit ilka hour,  
 Doand thar to as dede askis till haw:  
 With worschip was the corp graithit in grawe.  
 Agayn thai turnyt, and schawit him off hir end.  
 He thankit God quhat grace that euir he send;  
 He seis the world sa full off fantasie,  
 Confort he tuk, and leit all murnyng be;  
 His most desyr was for to freith Scotland.  
 Now will I tell quhat new cass com on hand.  
 Schyr Wilyam lang off Douglass daill was lord;  
 Off his fyrst wyff, as rycht was to record,  
 Decest or than out off this worldlyr cair,  
 Twa sonnys he had with hyr, that leyffyt thar,  
 Quhilk likly war, and abill in curage,  
 To sculle was send in to thair tendre age;  
 James and Hew, so hecht thir brethyr twa.  
 And eftir sone thar wncle couth thaim ta,  
 Gud Robert Keth, had thaim fra Glaskow toun;  
 Atour the se in Frans he maid thaim boun.  
 At study syn he left thaim in to Parys,  
 With a maister that worthy was and wyss.  
 The king Eduuaird tuk thair fadyr that knyght,  
 And held him thar, thoct he was neur so wicht,  
 Till tym he had assentit till his will.  
 A mariage als thai gert ordane him till,  
 The lady Ferss, off power and hye blud:  
 Bot tharoff com till his lyff litill gud.  
 Twa sonnys he gat on this lady but mar.  
 With Eduuairdis will he tuk his leiff to far;  
 In Scotland com, and broucht hys wyff on pes,  
 In Douglass duelt; forsuth this is no les.  
 Kyng Eduuaird trowyt that he had stedfast beyn,  
 Fast to thair faith; bot the contrar was seyn:  
 Ay Scottis blud remaynyt in to Douglass,  
 Agayn England he prewyt in mony place.  
 The Sanchar was a castell fayr and strang;  
 Ane Ingliss capdane, that dyd feyll Scottis wrang,  
 In till it duelt, and Bewffurd he was cauld,  
 That held all waist fra thine to Douglass hault.  
 Rycht ner off kyn was Douglass wiff and he;  
 Tharfor he trowyt in pess off hym to be.  
 Schyr Wylyham saw at Wallace raiss agayn,  
 And rycht likly to freyth Scotland off payn.  
 Till help him part in till hys mynd he kest;  
 For in that lyff rycht lang he coud nocht lest.  
 He thought na charge to brek apon England;  
 It was throucht force that euir he maid thaim band.

A young man than, that hardy was and bauld,  
 Born till him selff, and Thom Dycson was cauld.  
 "Der freynd," he said, "I wald preyff at my mycht,  
 "And mak a fray to fals Bewfurd the knycht,  
 "In Sanchar duellys, and dois full gret owtrage."  
 Than Dycson said; 'My selff in that wiage  
 'Sall for yow pass, with Anderson to spek,  
 'Cusyng to me; frendship he will noch brek.  
 'For that ilk man thar wod ledys thaim till;  
 'Throucht help off him purpos ye may fullfill.'  
 Schyr Wilyham than, in all the haist he mycht,  
 Thretty trew men in this wiage he dycht;  
 And tauld his wyff till Drumfress he wald fayr,  
 A tryst, he said, off Ingland he had thair.  
 Thus passyt he quhar that na Sotheroun wyst,  
 With thir thretty throw waist land at his lyst.  
 Quhill nycht was cummyn, he buschit thaim full law  
 In tyll a clewch ner the wattyr off Craw.  
 To the Sanchar Dykson allayn he send;  
 And he son maid with Anderson this end;  
 Dicson suld tak bathe his hors and his weid,  
 Be it was day, a drawcht off wod to leid.  
 Agayn he past, and tauld the gud Dowglace,  
 Quhilk drew him sone in till a preway place.  
 Anderson tauld quhat stuff thar was tharin  
 Till Thom Dicson, that was ner off his kyn:  
 "Fourty thai ar off men off mekill wail;  
 "Be thai on fute, thai will yow sayr assayll.  
 "Gyff thow hapnys the entré for to get,  
 "On thi rycht hand a stalwart ax is set,  
 "Thar with thow may defende the in a thrang;  
 "Be Douglace wyss he bydis noch fra the lang."  
 Anderson yeid to the buschement in hy;  
 Ner the castell he drew thaim prewaly  
 In till a schaw; Sotheroun mystraystit noch.  
 To the next wode, wyth Dycson, syn he socht,  
 Graithyt him a drawcht, on a braid slyp and law,  
 Chargyt a horss, and to the housc can caw.  
 Arayt he was in Andersonnis weid,  
 And bad haiff in. The portar com gud speid;  
 "This hour," he said, "thow mycht haiff beyn away;  
 "Wntymys thow art, for it is scantly day."  
 The yet yeid wp, Dicson gat in but mar;  
 A thourtour bande, that all the drawcht wpbar,  
 He cuttyt it; to ground the slyp can ga,  
 Cumryt the yet, stekyng thai mycht noch ma.  
 The portar son he hynt in to that stryff,  
 Twyss through the hede he stekit him with a knyff.  
 The ax he gat, that Anderson off spak;  
 A bekyn maid, tharwith the buschement brak.  
 Douglace him selff was formest in that press,  
 In our the wod entryt, or thai wald cess.  
 Thre wachmen sa, off wallis was cummyn new,  
 With in the closs the Scottis son thaim slew.  
 Or ony scry was raissyt in that stour,  
 Douglace had tane the yet off the gret tour;  
 Rane wp a grece, quhar at the capdane lay.  
 On fut he gat, and wald haiff beyn away.  
 Our lait it was; Dowglace strak up the dur,  
 Bewfurd he fand in to the chawmyr flour;  
 With a styff suerd to dede he has him dycht.  
 His men folowit, that worthy was and wycht.  
 The men thai slew, that was in to thai wanys;  
 Syn in the closs thai semblit all at anys.  
 The hous thai tuk, and Sotheroun put to ded;  
 Gat nane, bot ane, with lyff out off that sted,  
 For that the yet so lang wnstekit was.  
 This spy he fled, till Durisder can pass;  
 Tauld that captane, that thai had hapnyt sa.  
 Ane other he gert in to the Enoch ga;  
 And Tybris mur was warnyt off this cass;  
 And Louchmaban all semblyt to that place.  
 The cuntré raiss, quhen thai herd off sic thing,

To sege Douglace, and hecht thai suld him hyng.  
 Quhen Douglace wyst na wayis fra thaim [to] chaip,  
 To sailye him he trowyt thai wald thaim schaip,  
 Dicson he send, apon a cursour wycht,  
 To warn Wallace, in all the haist he mycht.  
 Off Lewynhouss Wallace had tain in playn,  
 Witht thre hundreth gud men off mekill mayn;  
 Kylsith a castell, he thoct to wesye it,  
 Ane Rawynsdail held; bot trew men leit him wyt,  
 That he was out that tym off Cummyrnauld;  
 Lord Cumyn duelt on tribut in that hauld.  
 Quhen Wallace wyst, he gert erll Malcom ly  
 With twa hundreth in a buschement ner by,  
 To kep the hous, that nayn till it suld fayr;  
 He tuk the layff, and in the wod ner thar  
 A scurrou set, to warn quhen he saw ocht.  
 Son Rawynsdail com, off thaim he had na thoct.  
 Quhen he was cummyn the twa buschemenis betweyn,  
 The scurrou ward the cruell men and keyn;  
 Than Wallace brak, and folowit on thaim fast.  
 The Sotheroun fled, for thai war sar agast.  
 Rawynsdail had than bot fyfye men;  
 Amang the Scottis thar deidis was litill to ken.  
 Quhen erll Malcom had bard thaim fra the place,  
 Na Sotheroun yeid with lyff that thai did grace.  
 Part Lennox men thai left the horss to ta;  
 On spulyeyng than thai wald na tary ma.  
 To sege the hous than Wallace coud noch bid;  
 Throu out the land in awfull feyr thai ryd.  
 Than Lithquow toun thai brynt in to thair gayt;  
 Quhar Sotheroun duelt, thai maid thair byggyngis hayt.  
 The peyll thai tuk, and slew that was tharin;  
 Off Sotheroun blud the Scottis thoct na syn.  
 Syn on the morn brynt Dawketh in a gleid;  
 Than till a strenth in Newbottyll wod thai yeid.  
 Be that Lawder, and Crystall off Cetoun.  
 Com fra the Bass, and brynt Northallyrtoun;  
 For Inglissmen suld thar na succour get:  
 Quham thai ourtuk, thai slew with outyn let.  
 To meit Wallace thai past with all thair mycht,  
 A hundreth with thaim off men in armes brycht.  
 A blyth metyng that tym was thaim betweyn,  
 Quhen erll Malcom and Wallace has thaim seyn.  
 Thom Dycson than was met with gud Wallace,  
 Quhilk grantyt sone [for] to reskew Douglace,  
 "Dicson," he said, "wait thow thair multiplé?"  
 "Thre thousand men thair power mycht noch be."  
 Erll Malcom said; "Thocht thai war thousandys fyffe,  
 "For this actioun me think that we suld stryff."  
 Than Hew the Hay, that duelt wndyr trewage,  
 Off Inglissmen son he gaiff our the wage;  
 Mar for to pay as than he likyt noch.  
 With fyfté men with Wallace furth he socht;  
 To Peblis past, bot no Sotheroun thar baid,  
 Thar at the croice a playn crya thai maid.  
 Wallace commaund, quha wald cum to his pess,  
 And byd tharat, reward suld haiff but les.  
 Gud Ruthirfurd, that euir trew has beyn,  
 In Atryk wode, agayn the Sotheroun keyn,  
 Bydyn he had, and done thaim mekill der;  
 Saxté he led off nobill men in wer.  
 Wallace welcumyt quha com in his supplé  
 With lordly feyr, and chyftaynlik was he.  
 Thaim till aray thai yeid with out the toun;  
 Thar nowmyr was sex hundreth off renoun,  
 In byrneis brycht, all men off mekill wail;  
 With glaid hartis thai past in Clyddisdaill.  
 The sege be than was to the Sanchar set;  
 Sic tithingis com, quhilk maid tharin a let.  
 Quhen Sotheroun hard that Wallace was so ner,  
 Throw haisty fray the ost was all on ster;  
 Na man was thar wald for ane othir byd,  
 Purpos thai tuk in Ingland for to ryd.

The chyftane said, sen thair king had befor  
 Fra Wallace fled, the causis was the mor.  
 Fast south thai went; to bid it was gret waith.  
 Douglace as than was quyt [thus] off thair scaith.  
 In Crawford mur be than was gud Wallace,  
 Quhen men him tauld, that Sotheroun apone cace  
 Was fled away, and durst nocht him abid.  
 Thre hundreth than he chessyt with him to rid,  
 In lycht harnes, and hors at thai wald wail.  
 The erll Malcom he bad byd with the staill.  
 To folow thaim, a bakgard for to be,  
 To stuff a chace in all haist bownyt he.  
 Throw Durisder he tuk the gaynest gayt;  
 Rycht fayn he wald with Sotheroun mak debait.  
 The playnest way abone Mortoun thai hald,  
 Kepand the hycht, gyff that the Sotheroun wald  
 Houss to persew, or turn to Lochmaban.  
 Bot tent thar to the Inglissmen tuk nan;  
 Doune neth thai held, graith gydys can thaim leyr,  
 Abon Closburn Wallace approchyt ner.  
 In ire he grew, quhen thai war in his sycht;  
 To thaim thai sped with wyll and all thair mycht.  
 On a out part the Scottis set in that tyd;  
 Sewyn scor at erd thai had sone at a syd.  
 The Sotheroun saw that it was hapnyt sa,  
 Turnyt in agayn [sum] reskow for to ma.  
 Quhen thai trowyt best agayn Scotland to stand,  
 Erll Malcom com [than] rycht ner at thair hand.  
 The hayll power tuk playn purpos to fle.  
 Quha was at erd Wallace gert lat thaim be;  
 Apon the formest folowit in all his mycht.  
 The erll and his apon the layff can lycht,  
 Dyd all to ded wnhorssyt was that tyd.  
 Feyll men was slayn apon the Sotheroun sid.  
 Fyve hundreth larg, or thai past Dawswyntoun,  
 On Sotheroun sid to ded was brocht adoun.  
 The Scottis horss mony began to tyr,  
 Supposs thaim selff was cruell fers as fyr.  
 The flearis left bathe wode and watterys haill;  
 To tak the playn thai thocht it most awaill.  
 In gret battaill away full fast thai raid;  
 In to strenthtis thai thocht to mak na bid.  
 Ner Louchmaban and Lochyrmos thai went,  
 Besyd Crouchmaid, quhar feyll Sotheroun was schent.  
 Rycht mony horss, at ronnyng had so lang,  
 And trawalyt sayr, thai mycht no forthir gang.  
 Schyr Jhon the Graym apon his fut was set;  
 Than Wallace als lychtyt with outyn let.  
 Thir twa on fute among the enemyss yeid;  
 Was nayn, bot hors, mycht fra thaim [pas] throw speid.  
 On Inglissmen so cruelly thai socht,  
 Quhom thai ourtuk agayn harmyt ws nocht.  
 To Wallace com a part off power new,  
 On restyt horss, that partly couth persew;  
 Adam Corré, with gud men off gret wail,  
 And Jhonstoun als, that duelt in [to] Housdaill;  
 And Kyrkpatrik was in that cumpany,  
 And Halyday, quhilke semblyt sturdely.  
 Quhar thai entryt, the sailye was so sayr,  
 Dede to the ground feill frekis doun thai bayr.  
 Sewyn scor was haill off new cummyn men in deid;  
 The south party off thaim had mekill dreid.  
 Wallace was horssyt apon a cursour wicht,  
 At gud Corré had brocht in to thair sycht,  
 To stuff the chas with his new chewalry.  
 He commaundyt Graym, and all his men for thi,  
 To gydder byd, and folow as thai mycht.  
 Thre capdanys thar full son to dede he dycht.  
 That restyt horss so wondyr weill him bayr,  
 Quhom he our tuk agayn raiss neur mar.  
 Raithly he raid, and maid full mony wound,  
 Thir thre capdanis he stekit in that stound,  
 Off Durisdeyr, Enoch, and Tybyr mur.

Lord Clyffurd is eym away to Clyffurd fur,  
 The quhilke befor that kepyt Lowchmaban;  
 Na landyt man chapyt with him bot ane.  
 For Maxwell als, out off Carlauerok com,  
 On to the Sotheroun the gaynest wayis nom.  
 In to the chass so wysly thai rid,  
 Few gat away that com apon that sid.  
 Besyd Cokpull full feyll fechtand thai fand;  
 Sum drownyt was, sum slayn wpon the sand;  
 Quha chapyt was, in Ingland fled away.  
 Wallace returnd; na presoner tuk thai.  
 In Carlauerok restyng that nycht thai maid,  
 Apon the morn till Drumfres blythly raid.  
 Thar Wallace cryid, quha wald cum to his pes,  
 Agayn Sotheroun, thar malice for to cess.  
 Till trew Scottis he ordand warysoun;  
 Quha fawtyt had, he grantyt remissoun.  
 In Drumfres than he wald no langer byd.  
 The Sotheroun fled off Scotland on ilk sid,  
 Be sey and land, without langar abaid.  
 Off castellys, townys, than Wallace chyftanys maid  
 Rewlyt the land, and put it to the rest,  
 With trew keparys, the quhilke he traistyt best.  
 The trew Douglace, that I yow tauld off ayr,  
 Kepar was maid fra Drumlanryk till Ayr.  
 Becauss he had on Sotheroun sic thing wrocht,  
 Hyss wyff was wraith; but it scho schawit nocht,  
 Wndyr cowart hyr malice hid perfyt,  
 As a serpent watis hyr tym to byt.  
 Till Douglace eft scho wrocht full mekill cayr;  
 Off that as now I leyff quhilke forthimar.  
 Bot Sotheroun men durst her no castell hald,  
 Bot left Scotland, befor as I yow tald,  
 Saiff ane Morton, a capdane fers and fell,  
 That held Dundé. Than Wallace wald nocht duell;  
 Thidder he past, and lappyt it about.  
 Quhen Morton saw, that he was in sic dout,  
 He askyt leyff with thar lywys to ga.  
 Wallace denyit, and said; "It beis nocht sa;  
 "The last capdane off Ingland that her was,  
 "I gayff him leyff with his men for to pass.  
 "Thow sall forthink sic maister for to mak;  
 "All Ingland sall of the exemple tak.  
 "Sic men [I wend] fra thine now to haiff worn;  
 "Thow sall be hangyt, supposs thi king had suorn."  
 He gert commaund na Scottis suld to thaim spek;  
 "Conferme the sege, and so we sall ws wreke  
 "On Inglissmen, has sic will off Dundé."  
 Scrymiour he maid thar constable for to be.  
 A ballingar off Ingland, that was thar,  
 Past out off Tay, and com to Whitbé far,  
 Till London send, and tauld off all this cace;  
 Till hyng Morton wowyt had Wallace.  
 Befor this tym Eduuard with power yeid  
 To wer on Frans, for than he had no dreid;  
 Before he trowyt Scotland suld be his awn.  
 Quhen thai him warnyt how his men was ourthrawn,  
 Agayn he turnyt till Ingland haistely,  
 And left his deid all fykit in to fy.  
 Gascon he clemyt as in to heretage,  
 He left it thus, for all his gret barnage;  
 And Flandris als he thocht till tak on hand;  
 And thir he left, and come to reiff Scotland.  
 Quhen that this king in Ingland was cummyn hayme,  
 Sowmoundis thai maid, and chargyt Bruce be nayme,  
 And all wthir, that leyffyt wndir his croun,  
 Byschop, barroun, to cum at thair sowmoun.  
 Quhen Wallace twyss, throw grace, had fred Scotland,  
 This tyran king tuk playnly wpon hand,  
 For sic desyr that he mycht haiff no rest,  
 He thocht till hym of it to mak conquest.  
 In cowatice he had rongyn so lang,  
 Chyftanis he maid; at thai suld nocht pas wrang,

Gydis thai chessyt, fra strenthis thaim to ghy,  
 Thai thoct no mor to byd at juperty.  
 In playn battaill, and thai mycht Wallace wyn,  
 He trowyt off wer thai wald no mor begyn.  
 Lat I this king makand hys ordinans;  
 My purpos is to spek sum thing off Frans.  
 The Inglissmen, that Ghyan held at wer,  
 Till Franch folk thai did full mekill der.  
 King and consaill sone in thar wyttis kest,  
 To get Wallace thai thoct it was the best.  
 For Gyan land the Inglissmen had thai;  
 Thai schup thaim thus in all the haist thai may:  
 For thai traistyt, and Scotland war weill stad,  
 Wallace wald cum, as he thaim promyst had.  
 The sammyn harrald, befor in Scotland was,  
 Thai him commaundyt, and ordand he suld pas  
 In to Scotland, with out langar delay,  
 Out off the Slus, as gudly as he may.  
 Redy he was, in schip he went on cace,  
 In Tayis mowth the hawyn but baid he tais,  
 Quhar Wallace was than at the saylye still;  
 And he rasawyt the harrold with gud will.  
 Thar wryt he raid, and said him on this wyss,  
 Ane ansuer sone he couth thaim nocht dewyss.  
 Till honest in the harrold than he send,  
 On Wallace cost rycht boundandly to spend,  
 Quhyll tym he saw how [othir] materis yeid;  
 Ane ansuer he suld hawe with outyn dreid;  
 The wyt off Frans thoct Wallace to commend;  
 In to Scotland, with this harrold, thai send  
 Part off his deid, and als the discriptioun  
 Off him tane thar, be men off discretioun,  
 Clerkis, knychtis, and harroldys, that him saw;  
 Bot I hereoff can nocht reheress thaim aw.  
 Wallace statur, off gretnes, and off hycht,  
 Was jugyt thus, be discretioun off rycht,  
 That saw him bath dissembill and in weid;  
 Nyne quartaris large he was in lenth indeid;  
 Thryd part lenth in schuldrys braid was he,  
 Rycht ssembly, strang, and lusty for to se;  
 Hys lymmys gret, with stalwart paiss and sound,  
 Hys browys hard, his armes gret and round;  
 His handis maid rycht lik till a pawmer,  
 Off manlik mak, with naless gret and cler;  
 Proportionyt lang and fayr was his wesage;  
 Rycht sad off spech, and abill in curage;  
 Braid breyst and heych, with sturdy crag and gret;  
 His lyppys round, his noyss was squar and tret;  
 Bowand bron haryt, on browis and breis lycht,  
 Cler aspre eyn, lik dyamondis brycht.  
 Wndyr the chyn, on the left syd, was seyn,  
 Be hurt, a wain; his colour was sangweyn.  
 Woundis he had in mony diuerss place,  
 Bot fayr and weill kepyt was his face.  
 Off ryches he kepyt no propyr thing;  
 Gaiff as he wan, lik Alexander the king.  
 In tym off pes, mek as a maid was he;  
 Quhar wer approchyt the rycht Ector was he.  
 To Scottis men a gret credens he gaiff;  
 Bot knawin enemyss thai couth him nocht disayff.  
 Thir properteys was knawin in to Frans,  
 Off him to be in gud remembrans.  
 Maistir Jhon Blayr that patron couth rasaiff,  
 In Wallace buk brewyt it with the laiff.  
 Bot he her off as than tuk litill heid,  
 His lauborous mynd was all on othir deid.  
 At Dundé sege thus ernystfully thai lay;  
 Tithandis to him Jop brocht on a day,  
 How Eduuard king, with likly men to waill,  
 A hundyr thousand, com for to assail;  
 Than Scotland ground thai had [tane] apon cace.  
 In to sum part it grewyt gud Wallace.  
 He maid Scrymiour still at the hous to ly,

With twa thousand; and chargyt him forthi,  
 That nayn suld chaip with lyff out off that sted,  
 At Sotheroun war, bot do thaim all to ded.  
 Scrymgeour grantyt rycht faithfully to bid;  
 With aucht thousand Wallace couth fra him ryd  
 To Sanct Jhonstoun; four dayis he graithit him thar;  
 With sad awyss toward the south can fayr.  
 For king Eduuard that tym ordanit had  
 Ten thousand haill to pass, that was full glad,  
 With yong Wodstok, a lord off mekill mycht.  
 At Sterlyng bryg he ordand thaim full rycht,  
 And thar to byd, the entré for to wer;  
 Off Wallace than he trowit to haiff no der.  
 Thar leyff thai laucht, and passit bot delay,  
 Rycht far alyand, in a gud aray;  
 To Sterlyng com, and wald nocht thar abydy;  
 To se the north furth than can he ryd.  
 Sic new curage so fell in his entent,  
 Quhilk maid Sotheron full sar to rapent.  
 EXPLICIT LIBER NONUS,  
 ET INCIPIT DECIMUS.

### BUKE TEND.

This Wodstok raid in to the north gud speid;  
 Off Scottis as than he had bot litill dreid;  
 For weyll he trowyt for to reskew Dundé;  
 Thar schippys com to Tay in be the se.  
 His gydys said, thai suld him gyd in by  
 Saynct Jhonstoun, quhar passage was playnly.  
 The hycht thai tuk, and lukit thaim about,  
 So war thai war off Wallace and his rout.  
 In sum part than he remordyt his thoct,  
 The kingis commaund becauss he kepyt nocht:  
 Bot quhen he saw thai war fewar than he,  
 He wald thaim byd, and othir do or de.  
 Schyr Jhon Ramsay formest his power saw,  
 He said; "Yon is, that yhe se hydder draw,  
 "Othir Sotheroun, that cummys sa cruellye,  
 "Or ellis erll Malcom to sek yow for supplé."  
 Than Wallace smyld, and said; 'Ingliss thai ar;  
 'Ye may thaim ken rycht weyll, quhar euir thai far.'  
 On Schyrreff mur Wallace the feild has tane,  
 With aucht thousand, that worthy was in wane.  
 The Sotheroun was rycht douchty in thair deid,  
 To gydder straik, weyll stuffyt in steyll weid.  
 Than speris sone all in to splendrys sprent.  
 The hardy Scottis throw out the Sotheroun went;  
 In reddy battaill sewyn thowsand doun thai bar,  
 Dede on the bent, that recoueryt neuir mar.  
 With fell fechtynge off wapynnys groundyn keyn,  
 Blud fra byrneis was bruscht on the greyn.  
 The felloun stour, that awfull was and strang,  
 The worthy Scottis so felloun on thaim dang,  
 At all was dede within a litill stound;  
 Nane off that place had power for to found.  
 Yong Wodstok has bathe land and lyff forlorn.  
 The Scottis spulyeit off gud ger thaim beform,  
 Quhat thaim thoct best, off fyn harnes thai waill,  
 Bath gold and gud, and horss that mycht thaim waill.  
 To Sterlyng bryg, with out restyng, thai raid,  
 Or ma suld com; Wallace this ordinans maid;  
 Past our the bryg; Wallace gert wrychtis call,  
 Hewyt trastis; wndyd the passage all.  
 Sa tha sam folk he send to the dep furd,  
 Ger set the ground with scharp spykis off burd.  
 Bot nyne or ten he kest a gait befor,  
 Langis the schauld, maid it bath dep and schor.  
 Than Wallace said; "On a sid we sall be,  
 "Yon king and I, bot gyff he southwart fle."  
 He send Lawder, quhilk had in hand the Bass,  
 Langis the cost, quhar ony wesshell wass,  
 And men with him, that bysily couth luk;

Off ilka boyt a burd or twa out tuk.  
 Schippys thai brynt off strangearis that was thar,  
 Cetoun and he; to Wallace thus thai fayr,  
 In Sterlyng lay apon his purpos still,  
 For Inglistmen to se quhat way thai will.  
 The erll Malcom Sterlyng in kepyng had;  
 Till him he com with men off armes sad,  
 Thre hundreth haill, that sekyr war and trew,  
 Off Lennox folk, thair power to renew.  
 Schir John the Graym, fra Dundaff prewaly,  
 Till Wallace com with a gud chewalry;  
 Tithandis him brocht, the Sotheroun com at hand,  
 In Torfychan king Eduuard was lugeand;  
 Stroyand the place off purwiance that was thar;  
 Sanct Jhonys gud for thaim thai wald nocht spar.  
 The gud Stewart of But com to the land,  
 With him he ledys weill ma than twelf thowsand;  
 Till Cumyn past, was than in Cummyrnald.  
 Apon the morn bownyt the Stewart bald  
 Sone till aray, with men off armes brycht;  
 Twenty thowsand than semlyt to thair sycht.  
 The lord Stewart and Cumyn furth thai rid  
 To the Fawkyrk, and thar hecht to abid.  
 The Scottis chyftane than owt off Sterlyng past;  
 To the Fawkyrk he sped his ost full fast.  
 Wallace and his than till aray he yeid,  
 With ten thousand off douchty men in deid.  
 Quha couth behald thair awfull lordly wult,  
 So weill beseyn, so forthwart, stern, and stult;  
 So gud chyftanys, as with sa few thar beyn,  
 With out a king, was neur in Scotland seyn.  
 Wallace him selff, and erll Malcom that lord,  
 Schir Jhon the Graym, and Ramsay at accord,  
 Cetoun, Lawder, and Lundy that was wicht,  
 Adam Wallace to that jornay him dycht,  
 And mony gud, quhillk prewynt weill in press;  
 Thar namys all I may nocht her rehress.  
 Sotheroun or than off Torfychan fur,  
 Thar passage maid in to Slamanan mur;  
 In till a playn set tentis and palyon,  
 South hald Fawkyrk, a litill abon the ton.  
 And Jop him selff jugit thaim, be his sycht,  
 In haill nowmyr a hundyr thousand rycht.  
 Off Wallace com the Scottis sic confort tuk.  
 Quhen thai him saw, all raddour thair forsuk;  
 For off inwy was few thar at it wyst;  
 Tresonable folk thair mater wyrkis throu lyst.  
 Poyson sen syn at the Fawkyrk is cald,  
 Throu treson and corruption off ald.  
 Lord Cumyn had inwy at gud Wallace,  
 Fer erll Patrik that hapnyt vpon cace.  
 Cunttas off Merch was Cumyns sister der;  
 Wndyr colour he wroucht in this maner,  
 In to the ost had ordand Wallace dede,  
 And maid Stewart with him to fall in pled;  
 He said that lord, at Wallace had no rycht  
 Power to leid, and he present in sycht.  
 He bad him tak the wantgard for to gy;  
 So wyst he weyll that thai suld stryff forthi.  
 Lord Stewart ast at Wallace his consaill,  
 Said; "Schyrr, ye know quhat may ws maist awaill;  
 "Yon felloun king is awfull for to bid."  
 Rycht wnabasyt Wallace ansuerd that tyd;  
 'And I haiff seyn may twyss in to Scotland,  
 'With yon ilk king, quhen Scottismen tuk on hand  
 'With fewar men than now ar hydder socht,  
 'This realm agayn to full gud purpos brocht.  
 'Schyrr, we will fecht, for we haiff men inew,  
 'As for a day; sa that we be all trew.'  
 The Stewart said, he wald the wantgard haiff.  
 Wallace ansuerd, and said; "Sa God me saiff,  
 "That sall ye nocht, as lang as I may ryng;  
 "Nor no man ellis, quhill I se me rycht king.

"Gyff he will cum, and tak on him the croun,  
 "At his commaund I sall be reddy boun.  
 "Throw Goddis grace I reskewed Scotland twyss;  
 "I war to mad to leyff [it] on sic wyss,  
 "To tyn for bost that I haiff gowernd lang."  
 Thus halff in wraith frawart him can he gang.  
 Stewart tharwith all bolynt in to baill.  
 'Wallace,' he said, 'be the I tell a taill.'  
 "Say furth," quoth he, "off the farrest ye can."  
 Wnhapply his taill thus he began.  
 'Wallace,' he said, 'thow takis the mekill cur;  
 'So feryt it, be wyrkyng off natur,  
 'How a howlat complend off his fethrame,  
 'Quhill deym natur tuk off ilk byrd, bot blame,  
 'A fayr fethyr, and to the howlat gaiff;  
 'Than he throuch pryd reboytet all the laiff.  
 'Quhar off suld thow thi senye schaw so he?  
 'Thow thinkis nan her at suld thi falow be.  
 'This makis it, thow art cled with our men,  
 'Had we our awn, thin war bot few to ken.'  
 At thir wordis gud Wallace brynt as fyr;  
 Our haistely he ansuerd him in ire:  
 "Thow leid," he said; "the suth full oft has ben,  
 "Thar haiff I baid, quhar thow durst nocht be seyn  
 "Contrar enemys, na mar, for Scotlandis rycht,  
 "Than dar the howlat quhen that the day is brycht.  
 "That taill full meit thow has tauld be thi sell;  
 "To thi desyr thow sall me nocht compell.  
 "Cwmyn it is has gyffyn this consaill;  
 "Will God, ye sall off your fyrst purpos faill.  
 "That fals traytour, that I off danger brocht,  
 "Is wondyr lyk till bryng this realm till nocht.  
 "For thi ogart othir thow sall de,  
 "Or in presoun byd, or cownt lik to fle.  
 "Reskew off me thow sall get nane this day."  
 Tharwith he turnd, and fra thaim raid his way.  
 Ten thousand haill fra thaim with Wallace raid;  
 Nan was bettyr in all this world so braid,  
 As off sic men, at leiffand was in lyff.  
 Allace, gret harm fell Scotland throucht that stryff!  
 Past till a wod fra the Fawkyrk be est,  
 He wald nocht byd for commaund na request;  
 For charge off nan, bot it had ben his king,  
 At mycht that tym bryng him fra his etlyng.  
 The tothir Scottis, that saw this discensoun,  
 For disconford to leiff the feild was boun;  
 Bot at thai men, was natyff till Stwart,  
 Principaill off But, tuk hardement in hart.  
 Lord Stewart was at Cumyn grewyt thar,  
 Hecht, and he leiffd, he suld repent full sar  
 The gret trespace, that he, throw raklesnace,  
 Had gert him mak to Wallace in that place.  
 For thair debait it was a gret peté;  
 For Inglistmen than mycht na treté be,  
 Haistyt sa fast a bataill to the feild,  
 Thretty thowsand that weill coud wapynnys weild.  
 Erl off Harfurd was chosyn thair chyftane.  
 The gud Stewart than till aray is gane;  
 The feild he tuk, as trew and worthy knyght.  
 The Inglistmen come on with full gret mycht.  
 Thar fell metyng was awfull for to se,  
 At that countour thai gert feill Sotheroun de.  
 Quhen speris was spilt, hynt owt with suerdis son;  
 On athir sid full douchty deid was don.  
 Feill on the ground was fellyt in that place:  
 Stewart and his can on his enemys race;  
 Blud byrstyt out throuch maill and byrneis brycht.  
 Twenty thowsand, with drefull wapynnys dycht,  
 Off Sotheroun men derffly to ded thai dyng;  
 The remanand agayn fled to thair king.  
 Ten thousand thar, that fra the ded eschewyt,  
 With thair chyftane in to the ost relewynt.  
 Agayn to ray the hardy Stwart yeid.

Quhen Wallace saw this nobill worthi deid,  
 Held wp his handys, with humyll prayer prest,  
 To God he said; "Gyff yon lord grace to lest,  
 "And power haiff his worschip till attend,  
 "To wyn thir folk, and tak the haill commend.  
 "Gret harm it war at he suld be ourset;  
 "With new power thai will on him rebet."  
 Be that the Bruce ane awfull battaill baid,  
 And Byschop Beik, quhilk oft had been assayd,  
 Fourty thowsand, apon the Scottis to fair,  
 With fell affer; thai raissit wp rycht thair  
 The Bruce baner, in gold off gowlis cler.  
 Quhen Wallace saw battallis approchyt ner,  
 The rycht lyon agayn his awn kynryk,  
 "Allace," he said, "the world is contrar lik!  
 "This land suld be yon tyrandis heretage,  
 "That cummys thus to stroy his awn barnage.  
 "Sa I war fre off it that I said ayr,  
 "I wald forswer Scotland for euirmair;  
 "Contrar the Bruce I suld reskew thaim now,  
 "Or de tharfor, to God I mak a wow."  
 The gret debait in Wallace wit can waid,  
 Betwix kyndnes and wyllfull wow he maid.  
 Kyndnes him bad reskew thaim fra thair fa.  
 Than Wyll said; 'Nay, quhy, fuyll, wald thow do sa?  
 'Thow has na wyt with rycht thi self to leid;  
 'Suld thow help thaim that wald put the to deid?'  
 Kyndnes said; "Yha, thai ar gud Scottis men."  
 Than Will said; 'Nay; weryté thow may ken;  
 'Had thai bene gud, all anys we had ben.  
 'Be reson heyr the contrar now is seyn;  
 'For thai me hayt ma na Sotheroun leid.'  
 Kyndnes said; "Nay, that schaw thai nocht in deid.  
 "Thocht ane off thaim be fals in till his saw,  
 "For causs off him thow suld nocht loss thaim aw.  
 "Thai haiff done weill in to yon felloun stour;  
 "Reskew thaim now, and tak a hye honour."  
 Wyll said; 'Thai wald haiff reft fra me my lyff;  
 'I baid for thaim in mony stalwart stryff'  
 Kyndnes said; "Help, thair power is at nocht;  
 "Syn wreik on hym that all the malice wrocht."  
 Wyll said; "This day thai sall nocht helpyt be;  
 'That I haiff said, sall ay be said for me  
 'Thai ar bot dede; God grant thaim off his blys!  
 'Inwy lang syn has done gret harme bot this.'  
 Wallace tharwith turnyt for ire in teyn,  
 Braith teris for baill byrst out fra bathe his eyn.  
 Schyr Jhon the Graym, and mony worthi wicht,  
 Wepyt in wo for sorow off that sycht.  
 Quhen Bruce his battaill apon the Scottis straik,  
 Thair cruell com maid cowardis for to quaik;  
 Lord Cwmyn fled to Cummyrnauld away.  
 About the Scottis the Sotheroun lappyt thay.  
 The men off But befor thair lord thai stud,  
 Defendand him, quhen fell stremys off blud  
 Wer thaim about in flothis quhar thai yeid.  
 Bathid in blud was Bruce suerd and his weid,  
 Throw fell slauchtyr off trew men off his awn.  
 Son to the dede the Scottis was ourthrawn;  
 Syn slew the lord, for he wald nocht be tayn.  
 Quhen Wallace saw quhen thir gud men was gayn,  
 "Lordis," he said, "quhat now is your consaill?  
 "Twa choys thar is, the best I rede ws waill.  
 "Yondyr the king this ost abandonand;  
 "Heyr Bruce and Beyk, in yon battaill to stand.  
 "Yon king in wer has wyss and felloun beyn;  
 "Thar capdans als full cruell ar and keyn;  
 "Bettyr off hand is nocht leiffand, I wyss,  
 "In tyrandry; ye trow me weill off this.  
 "Than Bruce and Beik to quhat part thai be set,  
 "We haiff a choiss, quhilk is full hard bot let.  
 "And we turn est, for strenth in Lowthiane land,  
 "Thai stuff a chass rycht scharp, I dar warrand.

"Tak we the mur, yon king is ws befor.  
 "Thar is bot this, with outyn wordis mor;  
 "To the Torwod; for our succour is thar.  
 "Through Brucis ost forsuth fyrst mon we far;  
 "Amang ws now thar nedis no debayt,  
 "Yon men ar dede, we will nocht stryff for stayt."  
 Thai consent haill to wyrk rycht as he will;  
 Quhat him thoct best thai grantyt to fullfill.  
 Gud Wallace than, that stoutly couth thaim ster,  
 Befor thaim raid in till his armour cler,  
 Rewellyt speris all in a nowmyr round;  
 "And we hawe grace for to pass throw thaim sound,  
 "And few be lost, till our strenth we will ryd.  
 "Want we mony, in faith we sall all byd."  
 Thai hardnyt horss fast on the gret ost raid;  
 The rerd at rayss, quhen sperys in sondyr glaid,  
 Duschyt in gloss, dewyt with speris dynt.  
 Fra forgyt steyll the fyr flew out but stynt.  
 The felloun thrang, quhen horss and men remowyt,  
 Wp drayff the dust quhar thai thair pichtis prowyt.  
 The tothir ost mycht nocht no deidis se,  
 For stour at raiss, quhill thai disseuyrit be.  
 The worthy Scottis aucht thousand doun thai ber;  
 Few war at erd at gud Wallace brocht thar.  
 The king cryt horss apon thaim for to ryd;  
 Bot this wyss lord gaiff him consaill to bid,  
 The erll off York, said; "Schyr, ye wyrk amys.  
 "To brek aray; yon men quyt throucht thaim is.  
 "Thai ken the land, and will to strenthis draw;  
 "Tak we the playn, we ar in perell aw."  
 The king consawyt at his consaill was rycht,  
 Rewlyt his ost, and baid still in thair sycht.  
 Or Bruce and Beik mycht retorn thair battaill,  
 The Scottis was throucht, and had a great awaill.  
 Wallace command the ost suld pass thair way  
 To the Tor wod, in all the haist thai may;  
 Hym self and Graym, and Lawdir, turnyt in  
 Betwex battaillys, pryss [and] prowys for to wyn;  
 And with thaim baid in that place hundrys thre  
 Off westland men was oysyt in jeperté.  
 Apon wycht horss that weselé coud ryd.  
 A slop thai maid, quhar thai set on a syd;  
 Na speris thai had, bot suerdys off gud steyll;  
 Thar with in stour thai leit thair enemys feill,  
 How thai full oft had prewyt beyn in press;  
 Off Inglissmen thai maid feill to decess.  
 Or Bruce tharoff mycht weill persawying haiff,  
 Thre hundreth thar was graithit to thair graiff.  
 The hardy Bruce ane ost abandonnyt;  
 Twenty thowsand he rewlyt be force and wit,  
 Wpon the Scottis men for to reskew:  
 Serwyt thai war with gud speris enew;  
 And byschop Beik a stuff till him to be.  
 Quhen gud Wallace thair ordinans coud se;  
 "Allace!" he said, "yon man has mekill mycht,  
 "And our gud will till wndo his awn rycht."  
 He bad his men towart his ost in ryd,  
 Thaim for to sayff he wald behynd thaim byd.  
 Mekill he trowys in God, and his awn weid;  
 Till sayff his men he did full douchty deid.  
 Wpon him self mekill trawaill he tais;  
 The gret battaill compleit apon him gais.  
 In the forbreyt he retornyt full oft:  
 Quham euir he hyt, thair sawchning was wnsoft.  
 That day in warld knawin was nocht his maik;  
 A Sotheroun man he slew ay at a straik.  
 Bot his a strenth mycht nocht agayn thaim be:  
 Towart his ost behwfyd for to fle.  
 The Bruce him hurt at the returnyng thair,  
 Wndyr the halss a deip wound and a sayr.  
 Blude byrstyt owt braithly at speris lenth;  
 Fra the gret ost he fled towart his strenth.  
 Sic a flear befor was neur seyn;

Nocht at Gadderis, off Gawdyfer the keyn,  
 Quhen Alexander reskewed the fyourouris,  
 Mycht till him be comperd in tha houris,  
 The fell turnyng on folowaris that he maid,  
 How bandounly befor the ost he raid:  
 Nor how gud Graym wyth cruell hardement,  
 Na how Lawder, amang thair fayis went:  
 How thaim allayn in to that stour thai stud,  
 Quhill Wallace was in stanchyng off his blud.  
 Be than he had stemmyt full weill his wound,  
 With thre hundreth in to the feild can found,  
 To reskew Graym and Lawder that was wicht.  
 Bot byschop Beik com with sic force and slycht,  
 The worthy Scottis weryt fer on bak.  
 Sewyn akyrbreid, in turnyng off thair bak.  
 Yeit Wallace has thir twa delyueryt weill  
 Be his awn strenth and his gud suerd off steill.  
 The awfull Bruce amang thaim with gret mayn,  
 At the reskew, thre Scottismen has he slayn:  
 Quham he hyt rycht, ay at a straik was ded.  
 Wallace preyst in tharfor to set ramied.  
 With a gud sper the Bruce was serwynt but baid:  
 With gret invy to Wallace fast he raid;  
 And he till him assoneyt nocht for thi.  
 The Bruce him myssyt as Wallace passyt by,  
 Awkwart he straik with his scharp groundyn glawe,  
 Sper and horsscrag in till sondyr he drave;  
 Bruce was at erd or Wallace turned about.  
 The gret battaill off thousandis stern and stout,  
 Thai horssyt Bruce with men off gret walour.  
 Wallace allayn was in that stalwart stour.  
 Graym pressyt in, and straik ane Ingliss knycht,  
 Befor the Bruce, apon the basnet brycht.  
 That seruall stuff, and all his othir weid,  
 Bathe bayn and brayn, the nobill suerd through yeid.  
 The knycht was dede; gud Graym retornet tyte.  
 A suttell knycht tharat had gret despyt,  
 Gramys byrny was to narow sumdeill,  
 Be neth the waist, that closs it mycht nocht be.  
 On the fyllat full sternly straik that sle,  
 Persyt the bak, in the bowalys him bar,  
 Wyth a scharp sper, that he mycht leiff no mar.  
 Graym turnd tharwith, and smate that knycht in teyn,  
 Towart the wesar, a litill be neth the eyne.  
 Dede off that dynt, to ground he duschyt down.  
 Schyr Jhon the Graym swonyt on his arsoun.  
 Or he our com, till pass till his party,  
 Feill Sotheroun men, that was on fute him by,  
 Stekit his horss, that he no forthir yeid;  
 Graym yauld to God his gud speryt, and his deid.  
 Quhen Wallace saw this knycht to dede was wrocht,  
 The pytuouss payn so sor thryllyt his thoct,  
 All out off kynd at alteryt his curage;  
 Hys wyt in wer was than bot a wod rage.  
 Hys horss him bur in feild quhar so him lyst;  
 For off him self as than litill he wylt.  
 Lik a wyld best that war fra reson rent,  
 As wytlace wy in to the ost he went,  
 Dingand on hard; quhat Sotheroun he rycht hyt,  
 Straucht apon horss agayn mycht neuir syt.  
 In to that rage full feill folk he dang down;  
 All hym about was reddynt a gret rowm.  
 Quhen Bruce persawyt with Wallace it stud sa,  
 He charyt men lang sperys for to ta,  
 And sla hys horss, sa he suld nocht eschaip.  
 Feyll Sotheroun than to Wallace fast can schaip,  
 Persyt hys hors with sperys on athir syd;  
 Woundys thai maid that was bathe deip and wyd.  
 Off schafftis part Wallace in sondyr schayr,  
 Bot fell hedys in till his horss left thair.  
 Sum wytt agayn to Wallace can radoun,  
 In hys awn mynd so rewlyt him resoun;  
 Sa for to de him thoct it no waslage.

Than for to fle he tuk no taryage;  
 Spuryt the horss, quhill ran in a gud randoun  
 Till his awn folk was bydand at Carroun.  
 The sey was in, at thai stoppyt and stud;  
 On loud he cryt and bad thaim tak the flud;  
 “To gyddydyr byd, ye may nocht loss a man.”  
 At his commaund the watter thai tuk than.  
 Hym returned, the entré for to kepe,  
 Quhill all his ost was passyt our the depe;  
 Syn passyt our, and dred his horss suld fail,  
 Hym self hewy cled in to plait off mail.  
 Set he couth swom, he trowit he mycht nocht weill.  
 The cler watter culyt the horss sumdeill;  
 Atour the flud he bur him to the land,  
 Syn fell down dede, and mycht no langar stand.  
 Kerlé full son a cursour till him brocht;  
 Than wp he lap, amang the ost he socht.  
 Graym was away, and fyftene othir wicht;  
 On Magdaleyn day thir folk to ded was dycht.  
 Thretty thousand off Ingliss men, for trew,  
 The worthy Scottis vpon that day thai slew.  
 Quhat be Stewart, and syn be wicht Wallace,  
 For all his prys, king Eduard rewyt that race.  
 To the Torwod he bad the ost suld ryd;  
 Kerlé and he past wpon Caroun syd,  
 Behaldand our wpon the south party.  
 Bruce formast com, and can on Wallace cry.  
 “Quhat art thou thar?” ‘A man,’ Wallace can say.  
 The Bruce ansuerd, “That has thou prewyt to day.  
 “Abyd,” he said, “thou nedis nocht now to fle.”  
 Wallace ansuerd; ‘I eschew nocht for the.  
 ‘Bot that power has thi awn ner fordon;  
 ‘Amendis off this, will God, we sall haiff son.’  
 “Langage off the,” the Bruce said, “I desyr.”  
 ‘Say furth,’ quoth he; ‘thow may for litill hyr.  
 ‘Ryd fra that ost, and gar thaim bid with Beik.  
 ‘I wald fayn her quhat thou likis to speik.’  
 The ost baid styll, the Bruce passyt thaim fra;  
 He tuk wyth him bot a Scot that hecht Ra.  
 Quhen that the Bruce out off thair heryng wer,  
 He turned in, and this question can sper:  
 “Quhy wyrkis thou thus, and mycht in gud pess be?”  
 Than Wallace said; ‘Bot in defawt off the.  
 ‘Throuth thi falsheid thin awn wyt has myskend.  
 ‘I cleyrn no rycht, bot wald this land defend,  
 ‘At thou wndoys throuth thi fals cruell deid.  
 ‘Thow has tynt twa had beyn worth fer mair meid,  
 ‘On this ilk day, with a gud king to found,  
 ‘Na fyve mylon off fynest gold so round,  
 ‘That euir was wrocht in werk or ymage brycht.  
 ‘I trow in warld was nocht a bettir knycht,  
 ‘Than was the gud Graym off trewth and hardement.’  
 Teris tharwith fra Wallace eyne down went.  
 Bruce said; “Fer ma on this day we haiff losyt.”  
 Wallace ansuerd; ‘Allace, thai war ewill cosyt,  
 ‘Throuth thi tresson, that suld be our rycht king,  
 ‘That willfully dystroyis thin awne off spryng.’  
 The Bruce askyt; “Will thou do my dewys?”  
 Wallace said; ‘Nay; thou leyffis in sic wyss.  
 ‘Thow wald me mak at Eduardis will to be;  
 ‘Yeit had I leuir to morn be hyngyt hye.’  
 “Yeit sall I say, as I wald consaill geyff;  
 “Than, as a lord, thou mycht at liking leiff,  
 “At thin awn will in Scotland for to ryng,  
 “To be in pece, and hald off Eduard king.”  
 ‘Off that fals king I think neuir wage to tak,  
 ‘Bot contrar him with my power to mak.  
 ‘I cleyrn no thing as be titill off rycht;  
 ‘Thocht I mycht reiff, sen God has lent me mycht,  
 ‘Fra the thi crowne off this regioun to wer;  
 ‘Bot I will nocht sic a charge on me ber.  
 ‘Gret God wait best, quhat wer I tak on hand  
 ‘For till kep fre that thou art gaynstandand,

'It mycht beyn said, off lang gone her off forn,  
 'In cursyt tym thow was for Scotland born.  
 'Schamys thow nocht, that thow neur yeit did gud,  
 'Thou renygat deorar off thi blud?  
 'I wou to God, ma I thi maistryr be  
 'In ony feild, thow sall fer werthar de  
 'Than sall a Turk, for thi fals cruell wer.  
 'Pagans till ws dois nocht so mekill der.'  
 Than lewch the Bruce at Wallace ernystfulnas,  
 And said; "Thow seis at thus standis the cass.  
 "This day thow art with our power our set,  
 "Agayn yon king warrand thow may nocht get."  
 Than Wallace said; 'We ar, be mekill thing,  
 'Starkar this day in contrar off yon king,  
 'Than at Beggar, quhar he left mony off his,  
 'And als the feild; so sall he do with this,  
 'Or de thar for, for all hys mekill mycht.  
 'We haiff nocht losyt in this feild bot a knycht:  
 'And Scotland now in sic perell is stad,  
 'To leyff it thus my selff mycht be full mad.'  
 "Wallace," he said, "it prochys ner the nycht,  
 "Wald thow to morn, quhen that the day is lycht,  
 "Or nyn off bell, meit me at this chapell,  
 "Be Dunypass, I wald haiff your consell."  
 Wallace said; 'Nay; or that ilk tyme be went  
 'War all the men, hyn till [the] orient,  
 'In till a will with Eduuard, quha had suorn,  
 'We sall bargane be nyne houris to morn;  
 'And for hys wrang reyyf othir he sall think schaym,  
 'Or de tharfor, or fle in Ingland haym.  
 'Bot and thow will, son be the hour off thre,  
 'At that ilk tryst, will God, thow sall se me.  
 'Quhill I may lest, this realme sall nocht forfar;  
 Bruce promest hym with twelf Scottis to be thar;  
 And Wallace said; 'Stud thow rychtwys to me,  
 'Cownter palyss I suld nocht be to the.  
 'I sall bryng ten, and, for thi nowmer ma,  
 'I gyff no force thocht thow be freynd or fa.'  
 Thus thai depertyt; the Bruce past his way,  
 Till Lithqwo raid, quhar that king Eduuard lay,  
 The feild had left, and luyt a south the toun,  
 To souper set; as Bruce at the palyoun  
 So entryt in, and saw wacand his seit.  
 No wattir he tuk, bot maid him to the meit.  
 Fastand he was, and had beyn in gret dreid;  
 Bludyt was all his wapynnys and his weid.  
 Sotheroun lordys scornyt him in termys rud,  
 And said; "Behald, yon Scot ettis his awn blud."  
 The king thocht ill thai maid sic derisioun,  
 He bad haiff watter to Bruce off Huntynoun.  
 Thai bad him wesche; he said, that wald he nocht:  
 "This blud is myn, that hurtis most my thocht."  
 Sadly the Bruce than in his mynd remordyt  
 Thai wordis suth that Wallace had him recordyt.  
 Than rewyte he sar, fra resoun had him knawin,  
 At blud and land suld all lik beyn his awin.  
 With thaim he was lang or he couth get away;  
 Bot contrar Scottis he faucht nocht fra that day.  
 Lat I the Bruce sayr mowyt in his entent:  
 Gud Wallace sone agane to the ost went,  
 In the Torwod quhillk had thair luyng maid.  
 Fyris thai bett, that was bath brycht and braid;  
 Off nolt and scheip thai tuk at sufficiens,  
 Tharoff full sone that get thaim sustinens.  
 Wallace slepyt bot a schort quhill and raisis;  
 To rewll the ost on a gud mak he gais  
 Till erll Malcom, Ramsay, and Lundy wicht;  
 With fyve thousand in a battaill thaim dycht.  
 Wallace, Lawder, and Crystell off Cetoun,  
 Fyve thousand led, and Wallace off Ricardtoun,  
 Full weyll arayit in till thair armour clen,  
 Past to the feild quhar that the chass had ben;  
 Among the ded men sekand the worthiast,

The corss off Graym, for quham he murned mast.  
 Quhen thai him fand, and gud Wallace him saw,  
 He lychtyt doun, and hynt him fra thaim aw  
 In armyss vp; behaldand his pail face,  
 He kyssyt him, and cryt full oft; "Allace!  
 "My best brothir in world that euir I had!  
 "My afald freynd quhen I was hardest stad!  
 "My hop, my heill, thow was in maist honour!  
 "My faith, my help, my strenthiast in stour!  
 "In the was wyt, fredom, and hardines;  
 "In the was treuth, manheid, and nobilnes;  
 "In the was rewll, in the was gouernans;  
 "In the was wertu with outyn warians;  
 "In the lawté, in the was gret largnas;  
 "In the gentrice, in the was stedfastnas.  
 "Thow was gret causs off wynnyng off Scotland;  
 "Thocht I began, and tuk the wer on hand.  
 "I wou to God, that has the world in wauld,  
 "Thi dede sall be to Sotheroun full der sauld.  
 "Martyr thow art for Scotlandis rycht and me;  
 "I sall the wenge, or ellis tharfor de."  
 Was na man thar fra wepyng mycht hym rafreyn  
 For loss off him, quhen thai hard Wallace pleyn.  
 Thai caryit him with worschip and dolour;  
 In the Fawkyrk graithit him in sepultour.  
 Wallace commaundyt his ost tharfor to byd;  
 Hys ten he tuk, for to meit Bruce thai ryd.  
 Sowthwest he past, quhar at the tryst was set;  
 The Bruce full son and gud Wallace is met.  
 For loss off Graym, and als for propyr teyn,  
 He grewyt in ire, quhen he the Bruce had seyn.  
 Thar salusyng was bot boustous and thrawin.  
 "Rewis thow," he said, "thow art contrar thin awin?"  
 'Wallace,' said Bruce, 'rabut me now no mar;  
 'Myn awin dedis has bet me wondyr sayr.'  
 Quhen Wallace hard with Bruce that it stud sua,  
 On kneis he fell, far contenans can him ma.  
 In armes son the Bruce has Wallace tane;  
 Out fra thair men in consalle ar thai gane.  
 I can nocht tell perfytly thair langage;  
 Bot this was it thair men had off knowlage:  
 Wallace him prayit; "Cum fra yon Sotheroun king."  
 The Bruce said; 'Nay, thar lattis me a thing.  
 'I am so boundyn with wytnes to be leill,  
 'For all Ingland I wald nocht fals my seill.  
 'Bot off a thing, I hecht to God and the,  
 'That contrar Scottis agayn I sall nocht be;  
 'In till a feild, with wapynnys that I ber,  
 'In thi purpos I sall the neur der.  
 'Gyff God grantis off ws ourhand till haiff,  
 'I will bot fle myn awin selff for to saiff;  
 'And Eduuard chaip, I pass with him agayn,  
 'Bot I throu force be othir tane or slayn.  
 'Brek he on me; quhen that my terme is out,  
 'I cum to the, may I chaip fra that dout.'  
 Off thair consaill I can tell yow no mar.  
 The Bruce tuk leyff, and can till Eduuard fayr,  
 Rycht sad in mynd for Scottis men that war lost.  
 Wallace in haist prouidynt son his ost.  
 He maid Crawford the erll Malcom to gid,  
 The lauch way till Enrawyn thai ryd;  
 For thar wachis [than] suld thaim nocht aspy.  
 The tothir ost him selff led haistely  
 Be south Manwell, quhillk that thai war betweyn;  
 Off the out watch thus chapyt thair wnseyn.  
 The erll Malcom on Lithquow entris in;  
 Our haistely a stryff thai can begyn.  
 Wallace was nocht all to the battaill boun,  
 Quhen that thai hard the scry raisis in the toun.  
 On Eduuardis ost thai set full sodandy:  
 Wallace and his maid litill noyis or cry,  
 Bot occupyd with wapynnys in that stour;  
 Feill fallen war ded that was with out armour.

All dysarayit the Inglis ost was than;  
 Amang palyounis the Scottis, quhar mony man  
 Cuttyt cordys, gart mony tennis fall.  
 Nayn soneyid than; at anys fechtand was all,  
 Bath Wallace ost, and erll Malcom, wyth mycht.  
 King Eduuard than, with awfull fer on hycht,  
 Cryit till aray, on Bruce, so stern and stout,  
 Twentye thousand in armys him about,  
 In to harness had biddyn all that nycht.  
 Bot frayit folk so dulfully was dycht,  
 On ilk tid thai fled for ferdnes off thar deid;  
 Wallace and his so rudly throw thaim yeid,  
 Towart the king, and fellyt feill to grounde:  
 Quha baid thaim thair, rycht fell fechtynghas found.  
 That awfull king rycht manfully abaid;  
 Till all his folk [a] gret conford he maid.  
 The worthy Scottis, agayn him in that stour,  
 Feill Sotheroun slew in to thair fyn armour;  
 So forthwartlye thai pressyt in the thrang,  
 Befor the king maid sloppis thaim amang.  
 Ingliss commounis than fled on athir sid;  
 Bot noble men nane other durst abid.  
 The Bruce as than to Scottis did no grewans;  
 A juge he was with fenyeid contenans:  
 Sa did he neur in na battaill ayr,  
 Nothyr yeit eftir, sic deid as he schew thar.  
 The erll Malcom be than in to the toun,  
 The erle Herfurd to fle thai had maid boun.  
 The Lennox men set thar luyng in fyr;  
 Then ferdly fled full mony Sotheroun syr.  
 The king Eduuard, that yeit was fechtand still,  
 Has seyn thaim fle; that likit him full ill.  
 The worthi Scottis fast towart him that press;  
 Hys brydyll ner assayit or thai wald cess.  
 His banerman Wallace slew in that place;  
 And sone to ground the baner doun he race.  
 The erll off York consaillyt the king to fle;  
 Than he ratornd, sen na succour thai se.  
 The Ingliss men has seyn thair banner fall;  
 Without confort, to fle thai purpost all.  
 Elewyn thousand in toun and feild was ded  
 Off Eduuardis folk, or his self left the sted.  
 Twentye thousand away to giddy raid;  
 King and chyftans na langar tary maid.  
 The Scottis in haist than to thair horss thaim yeid,  
 To stuff the chass with worthi men in weid.  
 The Lennox folk, that wantyt horss and ger,  
 Tuk thaim at will, to help thaim in that wer;  
 At stragyll raid quhat Scot mycht formost pas,  
 Off Sotheroun men quhar off gret slauchtyr was.  
 Wallace has seyn the Scottis wondrously  
 Thaim for to rewill, and all to gyddyr ryd;  
 Comaundyth thaim ilk ane suld othir bid.  
 “In to fleyng the Sotheroun suttaill ar,  
 “Se thai the tym thai wyll syt on ws sar;  
 “Feill scalyt folk to thaim will son ranew,  
 “For ye se weyll that thai ar men enew.”  
 The folowaris was rewlyt weill with skill;  
 In gud aray thai raid all at his will,  
 And slew doun fast; quhat Sotheroun thaim ourtak,  
 Contrar the Scottis com neur maistrice to mak.  
 In to the chaiss thaim haistyt thaim so ner,  
 Na Inglissman out fra the ost durst ster.  
 The frayit folk, at stragill that was fleand,  
 Drew to the king weill ma than ten thousand.  
 Thretty thousand in nowmyr than war thai;  
 In till aray to gyddyr passyt away.  
 Feill Scottis horss was drewyn in to trawaill,  
 Forrown that day so irkyt can defaill.  
 The Sotheroun was with horss serwyth full weill;  
 Off Wallace chaiss the lordis had gret feill:  
 Off horss thaim war purwaide in gret wayn;  
 The king changyt on syndry horss off Spayn.

Than Wallace said; “Lordis, ye may weill se,  
 “Yon folk ar now all that yon king may be.  
 “For falt off stuff we loiss our mekill thing,  
 “War we wyth horss to pass befor this king,  
 “We suld mak end off all this lang debait.  
 “Yeit sum off thaim sall handelyt be full hayt.  
 “Part off our horss ar haldyn fresche and wicht;  
 “Set on thaim sar quhill we ar in this mycht.”  
 Tharwith the Scottis so hard amang thaim drew,  
 Off the outward thre thousand thair thaim slew.  
 In Crawford mur mony man was slayn,  
 Eduuard gart call the Bruce mekill off mayn,  
 Than said he thus; ‘Gud erll off Huntynoutoun,  
 ‘Ye se the Scottis puttis feill to confusioun,  
 ‘Wald ye wyth men agayn on thaim raleiff,  
 ‘And mer thaim anys, I sall, quhill I may leiff,  
 ‘Low yow fer mar than ony othir knycht;  
 ‘And for all this sall put yow to your rycht.’  
 Than said the Bruce; “Schyr, loss me off my band;  
 “Than I sall turn, I hecht yow be my hand.”  
 The king full son consideryt in his mynd,  
 Quhen he hard Bruce ansuer him in sic kynd,  
 Fra Inglissmen the Brucis hart set is.  
 Than kest he thus, how he suld mend that myss;  
 And so he dyd, in England at his will  
 Na Scottis man he leit with Bruce bid still;  
 Bot quhar he past held him in subiectioun  
 Off Inglissmen, held him in gret bandoun.  
 He turned nocht, na na mar langage maid;  
 In raid battaill the king to Sulway raid,  
 With mekill payn, fast vpon England cost,  
 Fyfty thousand in that trawaill he lost.  
 Quhen Wallace saw he chapyt was away,  
 Vpon Annand agayn returnyt thaim  
 Till Edynburch, with outyn tary mor;  
 Put in Crawford that captane was befor;  
 Off heretage he had in Mannuell land.  
 Wallace commaund, ilk man suld hald in hand  
 Thair awin office, as thaim befor had had.  
 Thus in gud pece Scotland with rycht he stad.  
 On the tent day to Sanct Jhonstoun he went,  
 Semblyt lordis, syn schawyt thaim his entent.  
 Scrymgeour com, at than had woun Dundé;  
 Wallace commaund that tym weill kepyt he.  
 He sailyeid so, quhill strang hungyr thaim draiff;  
 Sa feblyst war, the hous til him thaim gaiff.  
 The wageourss sone he put to confusioun;  
 Syn brocht Mortoun, to mak a conclusion,  
 Befor Wallace; and son fra he him saw,  
 He gert hyng hym, for all king Eduuardis aw.  
 Masons, minouris, with Scrymgeour furth he send,  
 Kest down Dundé, and tharoff maid ane end.  
 Wallace, sadly quhen thair dedis war don,  
 The lordis he cald, and his will schawyt thaim son.  
 “Gud men,” he said, “I was your gouernour;  
 “My mynd was set to do yow ay honour,  
 “And for to bryng this realme to rychtwysnes;  
 “For it I passit in mony paynfull place.  
 “To wyn our awin my self I neur spard,  
 “At the Fawkyrk thaim ordand me reward.  
 “Off that reward ye her no mor throu me;  
 “To sic gyftis God will full weill haiff E.  
 “Now ye ar fre, throu the Makar off mycht;  
 “He grant yow grace weill to defend your rycht!  
 “Als I preswme, gyff harm be ordand me,  
 “Thai ar Scottis men at suld the wytkaris be.  
 “I haiff enewch off our ald enemys stryff;  
 “Me think our awin suld nocht inwy my lyff.  
 “My office our her playnly I resing;  
 “I think no mar to tak on me sic thing.  
 “In France I will, to wyn my leffying thar,  
 “As now awysd, and her to cum no mar.”  
 Lordis gaynstud, bot all that helpyt nocht;

For ony thar he did as him best thoct.  
 Byschop Synclar was wesyd with sekнас  
 In till Dunkell; and syn throu Goddis grace  
 He recoueryt, quhen Wallace past away;  
 Eftir the Bruce he leystyt mony day.  
 Gud Wallace thus tuk leiff in Sanct Jhonstoun.  
 Auchtene with him, till Dundé maid him boun.  
 Longaweill past, that douchty was indeid,  
 The barrounyss sone off Breichyn with him yeid.  
 Twa brethir als with thair wncle thaim dycht,  
 Symon Wallace, and Richard that was wicht.  
 Schir Thomas Gray, this preist can wyth thaim fair,  
 Eduuard Litill, gud Jop, and maister Blayr.  
 Amang merchandis gud Wallace tuk the se;  
 Pray we to God, that he thair ledar be!  
 Thai saylyt furth by part off England schor.  
 Till Hwmbyr mowth quhen at thai com befor,  
 Out off the south a gret rede saile thai se,  
 Into thar top the leopardis standand hye.  
 The merchandis than, that senye quhen thai saw  
 Cummand so neir, thai war discumfyt aw;  
 For weill thai wyst, that it was Jhon off Lyn,  
 Scottis to slay, he said, it was no syn.  
 Thir frayit folk yeid son to confessioun.  
 Than Wallace said; "Off sic deuotioun  
 "Yeit saw I neur in no place quhar I past.  
 "For this a schip me think yow all agast,  
 "Yon wood cattis sall do ws litill der;  
 "We saw thaim failt twyss in a grettar wer,  
 "On a fair feild; so sall thai on the se:  
 "Dispyt it is to se thaim stand so hye."  
 The ster man said; 'Schyr, will ye wndirstand,  
 'He saiffis nane that is born off Scotland.  
 'We may nocht fle fra yon barge wait I weill,  
 'Weyll stuff thai ar with gwn ganye off steill.  
 'Apon the se yon rewar lang has beyen;  
 'Till rychtwyss men he dois full mekill teyn.  
 'Mycht we be saiff, it forst nocht off our gud.  
 'This wyss he has, in schort, for to conclud;  
 'A flud he beris apon his cot armour,  
 'Ay drownand folk, so payntyt in figour.  
 'Supposs we murn, ye suld haiff no merwaill.'  
 Than Wallace said; 'Her is men off mar waill  
 "To sailt thi schip; tharfor in holl thow ga,  
 "And thi feris. Na mar cummyr ws ma."  
 Wallace and his than sone till harnes yeid.  
 Quhan thai war graithit in to thair worthi weid,  
 Him selff and Blayr, and the knycht Longaweill,  
 Thir thre has tane to kepe the myd schip weill.  
 Befor ws sewyn, and sex be eft ws kend;  
 Syn twa he chesd the top for to defend;  
 And Gray he maid thair sterman for to be.  
 The merchandis than saw thaim sa manfullé  
 To fend thaim selff; be causs thai had no weid,  
 Out off the howll thai tuk skynnys gud speid,  
 Ay betwix two stufft woll as thai mycht best,  
 Agayn the straik at thai suld sum part lest.  
 Than Wallace lewch, and commendyt thaim aw;  
 Off sic harness befor he neur saw.  
 Be than the barge com on thaim wondyr fast,  
 Sewyn scor in hyr, that was no thing agast.  
 Quhen Jhon off Lyn saw thaim in armour brycht,  
 He lewch, and said thir haltyn words on hycht;  
 'Yon glakyt Scottis can ws nocht wndyrstand;  
 'Fulys thai ar, is new cummyn off the land.'  
 He cryt, 'Stryk;' bot no ansuer thai maid.  
 Blayr with a bow schot fast with outyn baid;  
 Or thai clyppyt, he schot bot arowis thre,  
 And at ilk schot he gert a rewar de.  
 The brygandis than thai bykerit wondyr fast,  
 Amang the Scottis with schot and gownnys cast;  
 And thai agayn with speris hedyt weill,  
 Feill woundis maid throuch plattis off fyne steill.

Athir othir festynyt with clippys keyn;  
 A cruell cowntyr thar was on schipburd seyn.  
 The derff schot, draiff as thik as a haill schour,  
 Contende tharwith the space ner off ane hour.  
 Quhen schot was gayn, the Scottis gret confort had;  
 At hand strakys thai war sekryr and sad.  
 The merchandis als, with sic thing as thai mycht,  
 Prewyt full weill in defens off thair rycht.  
 Wallace and his, at ner strakis quhen thai be,  
 With scharp swerdys thai gert fell brygandis de;  
 Thai in the top so worthi wrocht with hand,  
 In the south top thar mycht no rewar stand.  
 All the mydschip off rewers was maid waist,  
 That to geiff our thai war in poynt almaist.  
 Than Jhon off Lyn was rycht gretly agast,  
 He saw his folk faillye about him fast:  
 With egyr will he wald haiff beyen away,  
 Bad wynd the saill in all the haist thai may;  
 Bot fra the Scottis thai mycht nocht than off skey  
 The clyp so sar on athir burd thai wey.  
 Thai saw nothing that mycht be to thaim ess;  
 Crawford on loft thair saill brynt in a bless.  
 Or Jhon off Lyn schup for to leyff that sted,  
 Off his best men saxté was brocht to ded.  
 Thar schip by owris a burd was mar off hycht.  
 Wallace lap in amang thai rewaris wycht;  
 A man he straik our burd in to the se;  
 On the our loft he slew son othir thre.  
 Longaweill entryt, and als the maistir Blair;  
 Thai gaiff no gyrrth to frek at thai fand thar.  
 Wallas him self with Jhon off Lyn was met;  
 At his coler a felloun straik he set;  
 Bathe helm and hed fra the schuldris he draiff;  
 Blayr our burd in the se kest the laiff  
 Off his body; and all the remaynand  
 Entryt, and slew the brygandis at thai fand.  
 The schip thai tuk, gret gold and othir ger  
 At thai reiffaris had gaderyt lang in wer;  
 Bot maister Blayr spak nothing off himsell,  
 In deid off armes quhat awentur he fell.  
 Schir Thomas Gray, was than preyst to Wallace,  
 Put in the buk how than hapnyt this cace  
 At Blayr was in, [and] mony worthi deid,  
 Off quhilk him selff had no plesance to reid.  
 Wallace rewlyt the schip with his awin men;  
 And saillyt furth the rycht cours for to ken.  
 In the Sloice hawyn quhill that thai entryt be,  
 The merchandis weill he keypt in sawfté;  
 Off gold and ger he tuk part at thai fand,  
 Gaiff thaim the schip, syn passyt to the land;  
 Throuch Flandrys raid vpon a gudly wyss,  
 Entryt in France, and socht vp to Paryss.  
 The glaid tithing at to the king was brocht  
 Off Wallace com, it conford all thair thoct.  
 Thai throwt be him to get redress off wrang  
 The Sotheroun had in Gyane wrocht so lang.  
 The peryss off France was still at thair parlement;  
 The king commaund with trew and haill entent,  
 Thai suld forcé a lordschip to Wallace.  
 The lordis all than demyt off this cace;  
 For Gyane was all haill owt off thair hand,  
 Thai thoct it best for to geiff him that land.  
 For weill thai throwt he had so wrocht befor,  
 He suld it wyn, or ellis de tharfor;  
 Alsua off it thai mycht no profyt haiff.  
 This was the causs to Wallace thai it gaiff.  
 This decret son thai schawit to the king;  
 Displessyd he was thai maid him sic a thing.  
 Off Gyane, thus, quhen Wallace hard a feill,  
 "No land," he said, "likit him halff so weill.  
 "My chance is thus for to be ay in wer;  
 "And Inglissmen has done our realme most der.  
 "It was weill knawin my defens rychtwyss thar;

“Rycht haiff I her, my confort is the mar.  
 “I thank your lordis, maid sic reward to me;  
 “Thar purpos is I sall nocht ydill be.”  
 The king bad him be duk off Gyan land:  
 To that commaund Wallace was gaynstandand,  
 Becauss that land, was haly [to] conqueace,  
 He thoct to wyn erar throw Goddis grace:  
 Bot neuyrtheless the king had maid him knycht,  
 And gaiff him gold for to maynteme his mycht;  
 Syn gaiff playn charge till his wermen off France,  
 Thai suld be haill at Wallace ordinaunce;  
 And als off him he bad him armes tak.  
 Wallace forsuk sic changing for to mak:  
 “Sen I began, I bar the reid loun;  
 “And thinkis to be ay trew man to that croun.  
 “I thank yow, schyr, off this mychty reward;  
 “Your gyft herfor sall nocht rycht lang be spard.  
 “I think to quyt sum part ye kith on me  
 “In your seruice, or ellis tharfor to de.”  
 Gud Wallace thoct, his tym he wald nocht waist;  
 On to the wer he graithit him in haist.  
 All Scottismen, that was in to that land,  
 Till him thai socht with thair fewtē and band.  
 Langaweill als a gret power can rass;  
 In Wallace help this gud knycht glaidly gais.  
 Ten thowsand haill off nobill men that war,  
 The braid baner off Scotland displayed thar.  
 Thir wermen sone apon Gyane thai fwr,  
 Brak byggyngs down quhilk had bene stark and stur.  
 Sotheroun thai slew, agayn thaim maid debait;  
 Braithly on breid thai rasyt fyris hait.  
 Schynnoun thai tuk, at Wallace fyrst had woun,  
 And slew all men off Sotheroun was thar foun.  
 In to that toun Wallace his duellyng maid;  
 All thar about he wan the contrē braid.  
 The worthy duk, off Orliance was lord,  
 Semblyt his folk in till a gud accord.  
 Twelf thousand than he had in armour brycht,  
 And thoct to help gud Wallace in his rycht.  
 Leyff I thaim thus, the duk and Wallace baithe,  
 And spek sum part how Scotland tuk gret scaithe.  
 The fals inwy, the wykkyt fell tresoun  
 Amang thaim selff brocht feill to confusioun.  
 The knycht Wallang in Scotland maid repair;  
 The fals Menteth, Schir Jhon, with outyn mair,  
 Betwix thaim twa was maid a prewa band;  
 So on a day thai met in till Annand.  
 Off the Leynhouss Schyr Jhon had gret desyr:  
 Schyr Amer hecht he suld it haiff in hyr  
 Till hald in fe, and othir landis to,  
 Off king Eduuard, so he wald pass him to.  
 Thus cordyt thai, and syn to London went;  
 Eduuard was glaid for to hald that payment.  
 Menteth was thar bound man to that fals king,  
 Till forthir him till Scotland in all thing;  
 Syn passyt haym, and Wallang with him fur,  
 Quhill he was brocht agayn our Carleill mur.  
 King Eduuard than in ire and fers outrage,  
 Be thretty dayis raissit his barnage;  
 In Scotland past, and thar na stoppyng fand,  
 Na chyftane thar that durst agayn him stand.  
 For Menteth tald, thai thoct to mak Bruce king;  
 All trew Scottis wald be plessyd off that thing.  
 Yeit mony fled and durst nocht bid Eduuard,  
 Sum in to Ross, and in the Ilis past part.  
 The byschop Synclar agayn fled in to But;  
 With that fals king he had no will to mut.  
 Thus, wyth out straik, the castellis off Scotland  
 King Eduuard haill has tane in his awin hand;  
 Deuidyt syn, to men that he wald lik,  
 Strenthis and toun to Ross through this kynrik.  
 Baith hycht and wail obeyed all till his will,  
 As he commaund thai purpos to fullfill.

The byschoprykis inclynyn till his croune,  
 Bathe temperalitē and all the religioune.  
 The Roman [bukis] that than was in Scotland,  
 He gart be brocht to scham, quhar thai thaim fand;  
 And, but radem, thai brynt thaim thar ilkan;  
 Salysbery oyss our clerkis than has tane.  
 The lordis he tuk, that wald nocht off him hald,  
 In Ingland send full nobill blud off ald.  
 Schyr Wilyam lang Douglace to Londe he send,  
 In strang presoun quhar throuch he maid his end.  
 The erll Thomas, that lord was off Murray,  
 And lord Frysail fra him he send away;  
 Als Hew the Hay, and othir ayris ma,  
 He gert Wallang with thaim in Ingland ga.  
 Na man was left all this mayn land within;  
 Fra Eduuardis peess, was knawin off ony kyn.  
 Cetoun, Lawder, duelt still in to the Bass,  
 With thaim Lundy, and men that worthi was.  
 The erll Malcom and Cambell past, but let,  
 In But, succour with Synclar for to get.  
 Schir Jhon Ramsay and Rowan than fled north,  
 To thair cusyng that lord was off Fyllorth.  
 Quhilk past with thaim throw Murray landis rycht;  
 Sa fand thai thar a gentill worthi knycht  
 At Climace hecht, full cruell ay had beyn,  
 And fayndyt weill amang his enemys keyn.  
 He thoct neur at Eduuardis faith to be;  
 In till his tym he gert feill Sotheroun de.  
 He led thir lordis in Ross with outyn mar;  
 At the Stokfurd a stark strenth byggit thar;  
 Kepyt that land rycht worthely be wer:  
 Till thair enemys thai did full mekill der.  
 Adam Wallace, and Lyndsay off Craggē,  
 Away thai fled be nycht apon the se;  
 And Robert Boid, quhilk was baith wyss and wicht;  
 Arane thai tuk to fend thaim at thair mycht.  
 The Corspatrik in to Dunbar baid still;  
 Fewtē full sone he had maid Eduuard till.  
 Abyrnethē, lord Soullis, and Cummyn als,  
 And Jhon off Lorn that lang had beyn full fals,  
 The lord Brechyn, and mony othir, baid  
 At Eduuardis faith, for gyftis he thaim maid.  
 Justene off pees for twenty dayis set he  
 Off Inglissmen in Lorn, at men mycht be  
 Playn to declayr; bot, for this causs, I wyss,  
 That all Scotland be conqueuss than was his.  
 The lordis than, and byschop gud Synclar.  
 Sone out off But thai maid a ballingar  
 To gud Wallace; tald him thair turment haill;  
 Than wrait thai thus to get bwte off thair baill.  
 “Our help, our heill, our hop, our gouernour,  
 “Our gudly gyd, our best chyftane in stour,  
 “Our lord, our luff, our strenth, our rychtwysnas,  
 “For Goddis saik radeym anys to grace,  
 “And tak the croun; till ws it war kyndar,  
 “To bruk for ay, or fals Eduuard it war.”  
 The wryt he gat; bot yeit suffer he wald,  
 For gret falsheid that part him did off ald.  
 Mekill dolour it did him in his mynd,  
 Off thair mysfayr; for trew he was and kynd.  
 He thoct to tak amendis off that wrang;  
 He ansuerd nocht, bot in his wer furth rang.  
 Off king Eduuard yeit mar furth will I meill,  
 In to quhat wyss that he couth Scotland deill.  
 In Sanct Jhonstoun the erll off York he maid  
 Capdane to be off all thai landis braid,  
 Fra Tay to Dee; and wndyr him Butlar.  
 His grantschyr had at Kynclewin endit thar,  
 His fadyr als; Wallace thaim bathe had slayn;  
 Eduuard tharfor maid him a man off mayn.  
 The lord Bewmound in to the north he send.  
 Thai lordschippys all thai gaiff him in commend.  
 To Sterlyn syn fra Sanct Jhonstoun he went,

Thair for to fulfill the layff off his entent.  
 The lord Clyffurd he gaiff than Douglace daill,  
 Rewllar to be off the south marchis haill;  
 All Galloway than he gaiff Cumyn in hand:  
 Wyst nayn bot God how lang that stait suld stand.  
 The gentill lord, gud byschop Lammyrtoun,  
 Off Sanct Andrewss, had Douglace off renoun.  
 Befor that tyme Jamys, wicht and wyss,  
 Till him was cummyn fra scullis off Paryss.  
 A prewa faouir the bischop till him bar;  
 Bot Inglissmen was so gret maisteris thar,  
 He durst nocht weill in playn schaw him kyndnes,  
 Quhill on a day he tuk sum hardines.  
 Douglace he cald, and couth to Sterlyng fayr,  
 Quhar king Eduuard was deland landis thair.  
 He proferd him in to the kingis seruice  
 To bruk his awin; fra he wist, in this wyss,  
 Douglace he was, than he forsuk planlé,  
 Swor be Sanct George; "He brukis na landis off me.  
 "His fadyr was in contrar off my crown;  
 "Tharfor as now he bidis in our presoun."  
 To the byschop nane othir grant he maid;  
 Bot as he plesd, delt furth thai landis braid.  
 To the lord Soullis all haill the Merss gaiff he,  
 And captane als off Berweik for to be.  
 Olyfant than, that he in Sterlyng fand,  
 Quhen he him had, he wald nocht kep his band,  
 The quhilk he maid or he him Sterlyng gaiff.  
 Desaitfully thus couth he him dissayff;  
 In till Ingland send him till presoun strang:  
 In gret distress he lewynt thar full lang.  
 Quhen Eduuard king had delt all this regioun,  
 His leyff he tuk, in Ingland maid him boun.  
 Out off Sterlyng southward as thai couth ryd,  
 Cumyn hapnyt ner hand the Bruce to bid.  
 Thus said he; "Schyr, and yhe couth keip consaill,  
 "I can schaw her quhilk may be your awaill."  
 The Bruce ansuerd; 'Quhat euir yhe say to me,  
 'As for my part sall weill conseillyt be.'  
 Lord Cumyn said; "Schyr, knaw ye nocht this thing.  
 "That off this realm ye suld be rychtwyss king?"  
 Than said the Bruce; 'Suppos I rychtwyss be,  
 'I se no tym to tak sic thing on me.  
 'I am haldin in to my enemyss hand,  
 'Wndyr gret ayth, quhen I com in Scotland,  
 'Nocht [to] part fra him for profyt nor request,  
 'Na for na strenth, bot gyff ded me arest.  
 'He hecht agayn to gyff this land to me;  
 'Now fynd I weill it is bot utleté:  
 'For thus thow seis he delys myn heretage,  
 'To Sotheroun part, and sum to traytouris wage.'  
 Than Cumyn said; "Will ye her to accord?  
 "Off my landys and ye lik to be lord,  
 "Ye sall thaim hawe, for your rycht off the croun:  
 "Or and ye lik, schyr, for my warisoun,  
 "I sall yow help with power at my mycht."  
 The Bruce ansuerd; 'I will nocht sell my rycht;  
 'Bot on this wyss, quhat lordschip thou will craiff  
 'For thy supplé, I hecht thou sall it haff.'  
 "Cum fra yon king, schyr, with sum jeperté;  
 "Now Eduuard has all Galloway geyffyn to me,  
 "My newo Soullis, that kepis Berweik toun,  
 "At your commaund his power sall be boun.  
 "My newo als, a man off mekill mycht,  
 "The lord off Lorn, has rowme in to the hycht.  
 "My third newo, a lord off gret renoun,  
 "Will ryss with ws, off Breichin the barroun."  
 Than said the Bruce: 'Fayr thar sa far a chance,  
 '[That we mycht get agayn Wallace fra France,]  
 'Be witt and force he couth this kynryk wyn.  
 'Allace, we haiff our lang beyn haldin in twyn!'  
 To that langage Cumyn maid na record;  
 Off ald deidis in till his mynd remord.

The Bruce and he completyt furth thar bandis;  
 Syn that samyn nycht thai sellyt with thar handis.  
 This ragment left the Bruce with Cumyn thar,  
 With king Eduuard haym in Ingland can far:  
 And thar remaynyt quhill this ragment war knawin,  
 Thre yer and mar, or Bruce persewynt his awin.  
 Sum men demys that Cwmyn that ragment send;  
 Sum men tharfor agaynys makis defend.  
 Nayn may say weill Cumyn was saklasing,  
 Becauss his wiff was Eduuardis ner cusing.  
 He serwynt dede be rycht law off his king,  
 So raklely myskepyt sic a thing.  
 Had Bruce past by but baid to Sanct Jhonstoun,  
 Be haill assent he had resawyt the croune;  
 On Cumyn syn he mycht haiff done the law.  
 He couth nocht thoill, fra tym that he him saw;  
 Thus Scotland left in hard perplexité.  
 Off Wallace mar in sum part spek will we.  
 EXPLICIT DECIMUS PASSUS,  
 ET INCIPIT VNDECIMUS PASSUS.

### BUKE ELEUENTH.

The sayr trawaill, the ernystfull besynes,  
 The feill labour had in mony place,  
 To wyn the land at the gud king him gaiff,  
 In till his ryng he wald no Sotheroun saiff.  
 In Gyan land Wallace was still at wer;  
 Off Scotlandis loss it did his hart gret der;  
 Off trew Scottis in mynd he had peté,  
 He thoct to help quhen he his tym mycht se.  
 Off set battaillis fyve he dyscumfyt haill,  
 But jeperté and mony strang assaill.  
 Syn thai forsuk, and durst him nocht abid;  
 The Sotheroun fled fra him on athir sid  
 To Burdeouss, in gret multiplye;  
 Than com thai stufft with wictaill be the se.  
 All Gyan land Wallace brocht till his peess;  
 To Burdeouss yit he past or he wald cess.  
 On out byggyngis full gret maister thai maid;  
 Still saxté dayis at sar sailye thai baid.  
 Fortrace, and werk that was with out the toun,  
 Thai brak, and brynt, and put to confusioun:  
 Hagis, alais, be laubour that was thar,  
 Fulyeit and spilt; thai wald no froitis spar.  
 The Inglissmen maid gret defens agayn  
 With schot and cast, for thai war mekill off mayn.  
 Off gownnys thai war, and ganyies, stufft weill,  
 All artailye and wapynnys off fyn steill;  
 With men and meit within war buskit beyn;  
 Thair gret capdane was wyss, cruell and keyn.  
 Off Glosyster that huge lord and her,  
 This erll had beyn weill vsyt in to wer,  
 Kepyt his men be wit and hardement;  
 With out the toun thar durst nane fra him went.  
 The landis with out wer ner waistynt away,  
 Wermen so lang in to the contré lay.  
 In Wallace ost so scantyt the wictaill,  
 Thai mycht nocht bid [na] langar till assaill.  
 Than this wiss lord, the duk off Orlyance,  
 To Wallace said; "Schyr, ye suld knaw this chance.  
 "It standis our weill with this fals Sotheroun blud;  
 "For on no ways we can nocht stop thair fud.  
 "The hawin thai haiff and schippis at thair will;  
 "Off Ingland cummys enewch off wittaill thaim till.  
 "This land is purd off fud that suld ws beild;  
 "And ye se weill als thai forsaik the feild.  
 "Thai will nocht fecht, thoct we all yher suld bid;  
 "Ye may off pess plenys thir landis wid.  
 "My consaill is in playn, anent this thing,  
 "At ye wald pass with worschip to the king.  
 "Be his assent, ye may at lasar waill  
 "With prouisioun agayn for till assaill."

Wallace inclynd, and thankit this wyss lord.  
 Than thai tranontyt all in a gud concord;  
 Past wp in France with honour to the king,  
 And schawit him hail the verité off this thing;  
 And he tharoff in hart was wondyr glad.  
 Franch men befor that hundreth yer nocht haid  
 Off Gyan halff sa mekill in to thair hand.  
 Wrytting be than was new cumyn off Scotland,  
 Fra part off lordis and byschop gud Synclar,  
 Besocht the king in [to] thair termys fair,  
 Off his gentrice, and off his gudlye grace,  
 For thair supplé, to consaill gude Wallace  
 To cum agayne, and bring thaim off bandoun,  
 And tak to wer the croun off that regioum.  
 This wrytt as than he wald nocht till him schaw;  
 Rycht laith he war for frendschip, feik, or aw,  
 Wallace suld pass sa son fra his presens:  
 To duelling place he tuk to residens.  
 In Schynnoun still Wallace his duelling maid,  
 And held about rycht likand landis braid.  
 A keyn capdane than clemyt in heretage  
 Office off it, and gret landis in wage;  
 Tharfor he thoct gud Wallace for to sla.  
 Wndyr colour sic maistrie for to ma,  
 Lang tym he socht to get a day and place;  
 Said he desyrd in service to Wallace.  
 A tryst thai set with sexteyn on the sid;  
 Fyfty thar by he gert in buschement byd  
 Off men in armys. Quhen he with Wallace met,  
 Rycht awfully he bad thaim on him set.  
 Na armour had Wallace men in to that place,  
 Bot suerd and knyff thai bur on thaim throw grace.  
 Parteis beyn met ner a fayr forest sid,  
 Rycht boustously this capdane said that tyd,  
 At Wallace held off his landis vnrycht.  
 Rycht sobyrlly he said to that Franch knycht;  
 "I haiff no land bot quhillk the king gaiff me;  
 "My lyff tharfor has beyne in jeperté."  
 The knycht ansuerd; "Thi lyff thow sall forlorn,  
 'Or ellis that land, the contrar quha had suorn.'  
 On bak he lap, and owt his suerd he drew;  
 The buschement brak, quhen he takyn schew,  
 Gud Wallace thoct that mater stud nocht weill.  
 He gryppyt sone a scherand suerd off steill,  
 And at a straik the knycht to ded he draiff;  
 About sexteyn sone lappyt all the lyff.  
 Wallace and his so worthely thai wrocht,  
 Full feill thai slew that sarest on them socht.  
 The knychtis brodyr rycht stalwart was and strang;  
 And thoct he suld be wengyt or thai gang.  
 Off Wallace men sum part thai woundyt sair.  
 Mawand thar was in till a medow fair  
 Nyne stout carllis, all serwandis to that knycht;  
 Sythis thai hynt, and ran in all thair mycht  
 To the fechtaris. Or thai com ner that place,  
 Off thaim persawyt rycht weill was gud Wallace.  
 Sa awfull thing off sic he neur saw;  
 Thaim to rasyt him selff can to thaim draw,  
 In to the stour left his men fechtand still,  
 To meit thai carllis that com with egryr will.  
 The fyrst leit draw at Wallace with his sith;  
 Deluier he was, and heich our lappyt swythy,  
 And awkwart straik that churl apou the hed;  
 Derffly on ground he has him left for ded.  
 The tothir he met, our lap his syth so keyn,  
 On the schuldri als straik him in that teyn;  
 Throuch all the cost the noble suerd doun schair.  
 The thrid he met, with a rycht awfull fayr  
 The groundyn syth at Wallace he leit draw.  
 This gud chyftan cleynly our lap thaim aw.  
 With his gud suerd he maid a hidwyss wound,  
 Left thaim for ded, syne on the ferd can found;  
 On the wan bayn with gret ire can him ta,

Cleyffyt the cost rycht cruelly in twa.  
 Thre formast sythis thus gud Wallace our lap,  
 And four he slew; thai saw sic was his hap;  
 [For] a man ay he slew at euirilk straik.  
 The layff fled fast; thus can the power slaik.  
 Wallace folowed, and sone the fyrst our tais;  
 Straik him to ded, that na forthyr he gais;  
 Syn sped him fast till his awn men agayn.  
 Be than thai had the knychtis brothyr slayn.  
 Sexté and sex sexteyn to ded has dycht,  
 Bot saiff sewyn men at fled out off thair sycht;  
 Fyve malwaris als, that Wallace selff with met.  
 To Franch men syn na sic trystis he set,  
 Be causs that thai him brocht to sic a cace.  
 The king hard tell weill chapyt was Wallace;  
 Send for him sone, and prayit him for to be  
 Off his housshald, so leyff in gud sauffté.  
 For weill he saw thai had him at inwyte;  
 Still with him selff he gert him bad forthi.  
 Twa yeris thus with myrth Wallace abaid  
 Still in to Frans, and mony gud jornay maid.  
 The king him plessed in all his gudly mane,  
 Fra him he thoct he suld nocht part agayn.  
 Lordys and ladiis honoryd him reuerently,  
 Wrechys and schrewis ay had him at inwy.  
 Twa campiowns that tyme duelt with the king,  
 Had gret despyt at Wallace in all thing.  
 To giddy ay yeid thir twa campiowns,  
 Off felloun fors and frawart attentious.  
 Rycht gret despyt thai spak oft off Scotland;  
 Quhill on a day it hapnyt apou hand,  
 Wallace and thai was lewit all thaim allayn,  
 Be awentur, in till a hous off stayne.  
 Thai oysyt to ber na wapynns in that hall,  
 Thai trowyt thar for a myss thai mycht nocht fall.  
 Thar commownd thai off Scotland scornfully.  
 Than Wallace said; "Ye wrang ws owtragely,  
 "Sen we ar bownd in frendschip to your kyng;  
 "And he off ws is plessed in all thing.  
 "Als Scottis men has helpyt this realme off dreid.  
 "Me think ye suld geyff gud word for gud deid.  
 "Quhat may ye spek off your enemys bot ill?"  
 In lychtlynes thai maid ansuer him till;  
 And him dispysyt in thar langage als;  
 'Ye Scottis,' thai said, 'has euir yeit beyne fals.'  
 Wallace tuk ane on the face in his teyn  
 With his gud hand, quhill ness, mouth, and eyn,  
 Throuch the braith blaw, all byrystyt owt off blud;  
 Butless to ground he smat him quhar he stud.  
 The tothir hynt to Wallace in that sted;  
 For weill he wend his falow had beyne ded.  
 And he agayn in greiff him grippyt sayr,  
 Quhill spretis failyeid ner; he mycht do no mayr.  
 The fyrst frek raiss, and smat on Wallace fast;  
 Bathe to the ded he brocht thaim at the last.  
 Apon a pillar thair harnys owt he dang,  
 Bot with his handis, syn owt at the dur thaim flang;  
 And said; "Quhat dewyll mowyt yon churllis at me?"  
 "Lang tyme in France I wald haiff lattyn thaim be."  
 Traistis for trewth, thus war thai ded in deid;  
 Thocht Franchmen [now] likis it nocht to reid.  
 Als I will cess and put it nocht in rym:  
 Bettir tharis quha rycht can luk in tym.  
 Mony gret lord was displessyd in Frans,  
 Bot the gud king, that knew all hail the chans.  
 Oft gret dispyt off Scotland spokyn had thai.  
 This passyt our, quhill eftir a nothir day.  
 Was nayn off thaim that durst it wndirtak  
 He had done wrang, nor tharfor battail mak.  
 This ryoll roy a hie worschip him gaiff;  
 As conquerour him honowryd our the layff.  
 A fell lyoun the king has gert be brocht  
 With in a barrace, for gret harm that he wrocht,

Terlyst in yrn, na mar power him gaiff.  
 Off wodness he excedyt all the layff;  
 Bot he was fayr, and rycht felloun in deid.  
 In that strang strenth the king gert men him feid;  
 Kepynt him closs fra folk and bestiall.  
 In the court duelt twa squieris off gret waill,  
 At cusyng war on to thair campounis twa,  
 The quhilk befor Wallace hapnyt to sla.  
 A band thai maid in prewa illusioun,  
 At thair power to wyrk his confusioun,  
 Be ony meyn, throw frawd or sutle;e;  
 Eftir, tharfor, thai roucht nocht for to de,  
 To ded or schaym sa that thai mycht him bryng.  
 Apon a tym thai went on to the king;  
 "This man," thai said, "at ye sa welthfull mak,  
 "He seis nocht her bot he wald wndyrtak,  
 "Be his gret fors, to put to confusioun.  
 "Now he desyris to fecht on your lyoun;  
 "And bad ws ask at yow this battaill strang,  
 "Ye grant him leyff in that barrace to gang."  
 Sadly agayn to thaim ansuerd the king;  
 'Sayr me forthinkis at he desiris sic thing;  
 'Bot I will nothir for greiff, nor gret plesance,  
 'Deny Wallace quhat he desiris off France.'  
 Than went thai furth, and sone met with Wallace;  
 A fygourde taill thai tald hym off this cace.  
 "Wallace," thai said, "the king desiris that ye  
 "Doren battaill sa cruell be to se,  
 "And chargis you to fecht on this lioun."  
 Wallace ansuerd in haisty conclusioun,  
 And said; 'I sall, quhat be the kingis will,  
 'At my power rycht glaidly to fullfill.'  
 Than passit he on to the king but mair.  
 A lord off court, quhen he approchyt thar,  
 Wnwisytyl sperd, with outyn prouisioun;  
 "Wallace, dar ye go fecht on our lioun?"  
 And he said; 'Ya, so the king suffyr me;  
 'Or on your selff, gyff ye ocht bettyr be.'  
 Quhat will ye mar? this thing amittyt was,  
 That Wallace suld on to the lyoun pas.  
 The king thaim chargyt to bryng him gud harnas:  
 And he said; "Nay, God scheild me fra sic cass.  
 "I wald tak weid, suld I fecht with a man;  
 "Bot [for] a dog, that nocht off armes can,  
 "I will haiff nayn, bot synglar as I ga."  
 A gret manteill about his hand can ta,  
 And his gud suerd; with him he tuk na mar;  
 Abandounly in barrace entryt thar.  
 Gret chenys was wrocht in the yet with a gyn,  
 And puld it to quhen Wallace was tharin.  
 The wod lyoun, on Wallace quhar he stud,  
 Rampand he braid, for he desyryt blud;  
 With his rude pollis in the mantill rocht sa.  
 Aukwart the bak than Wallace can him ta,  
 With his gud suerd, that was off burnyst steill,  
 His body in twa it thruschyt euirilkdeill.  
 Syn to the king he raykyt in gret ire,  
 And said on lowd; "Was this all your desyr,  
 "To wayr a Scot thus lychtly in to wayn?  
 "Is thar ma doggis at ye wald yeit haiff slayne?  
 "Go, bryng thaim furth, sen I mon doggis qwell,  
 "To do byddyng, quhill that I with yow duell.  
 "It gaynd full weill I graithit me to Scotland;  
 "For grettar deidis thair men has apon hand,  
 "Than with a dog in battaill to escheiff.  
 "At you in France for euir I tak my leiff."  
 The king persawyt Wallace agrewyt was,  
 So ernystfully he askyt leiff to pass;  
 Rewid in his mynd at it was hapnyt sa,  
 Sa lewd a deid to lat him wndyrta.  
 Knawand the worschip, and the gret nobilnace  
 Off him, quhilk sprang that tym in mony place,  
 Hwmbly he said; 'Ye suld displeys you nocht;

"This ye desyryt, it mowyt neur in my thoct.  
 'And, be the faith I aw the croun off France,  
 'I thoct neyr to charge you with sic chance  
 'Bot men off waill, at askyt it for yow.'  
 Wallace ansuerd; "To God I mak awow,  
 "I likyt neur sic battaill to be in;  
 "Apon a dog na worschip is to wyn."  
 The king consawyt how this falsheid was wrocht.  
 The squiers bath, was till his presens brocht,  
 Coud nocht deny quhen thai com him befor;  
 All thair trespas thai tald with outyn mor.  
 The king commaundynt thai suld be don to ded;  
 Smat off thair hedys with out ony rameid.  
 The campounis, lo, for inwy causlace,  
 To sodand dede Wallace brocht thaim throu cace;  
 The squiers als, fra thair falsheid was kend,  
 Inwy thaim brocht bathe till a sodand end.  
 Lordis, behald, inwy the wyle dragoun,  
 In cruell fyr he byrnys this region.  
 For he is nocht, that bonde is in inwy;  
 To sum myscheiff it bryngis hym haistely.  
 Forsaik inwy, thow sall the bettir speid.  
 Heroff as now I will no forthir reid;  
 Bot in my mater, as I off for began,  
 I sall conteyn als playnly as I can.  
 Quhen Wallace saw thai had him at inwy,  
 Langar to byd he coud than nocht apply.  
 Bettir him thoct in Scotland for to be,  
 And awntur tak othir to leiff or de.  
 Till help his awn he had a mar plesance,  
 Than thar to byd with all the welth off France.  
 Thus his haill mynd, manheid, and hye curage.  
 Was playnly set to wyn out off bondage  
 Scotland agayn fra payn and fellow sor;  
 He woude he suld, or ellis de tharfor.  
 The king has seyn how gud Wallace was set;  
 The lettir than him gaiff with outyn let,  
 The quhilk off lait fra Scotland was him send.  
 Wallace it saw, and weill thair harmys kend;  
 Be the fyrst wryt tharto accordiall,  
 Thaim to supplé he thoct he wald nocht fail.  
 Quhar to suld I her off lang process mak?  
 Wallace off France a gudly leiff can tak.  
 The kyng, has seyn it wald nocht ellis be,  
 To chawmyr went, and mycht nocht on him se;  
 Gret languor tuk quhen Wallace can ramuff:  
 That king till him kepit kyndnes and luff.  
 Jowallis and gold, his worschip for to saiff,  
 He bad thaim geyff, als mekill as he wald haiff.  
 Lordys and ladyis wepyt wondyr fast,  
 Quhen Wallace thar so tuk his leyff, and past.  
 Na men he tuk bot quhilk he hydder brocht;  
 Agayn with him gud Longaweill furth socht:  
 For payn nor blyss that gud knyght left him neur.  
 For cace befell, quhill ded maid thaim deseuyr.  
 Towart the Sluce in gudly fer past he;  
 A weschell gat, and maid him to the se.  
 Aucht schipmen feit, and gudly wage thaim gaiff;  
 To Scotland fur; the Fyrth off Tay thai haiff.  
 Apon a nycht Wallace the land has tane  
 At Ernyss mouth, and is till Elchok gane.  
 He gert the schip in cowerit saill away;  
 So out off sycht thai war or it was day.  
 At Elchok duelt ane, Wallace cusyng der,  
 At Craufurd hecht; quhen thai the hous com ner,  
 On the baksyd Wallace a window fand,  
 And in he cald. Sone Craufurd com at hand,  
 Fra tym he wist that it was gud Wallace.  
 In till his bern he ordand thaim a place;  
 A mow off corn he bygit thaim about,  
 And closyt weill, nane mycht persawe without,  
 Bot at a place, quhar meit he to thaim brocht,  
 And bedyn to, als gudly as he mocht.

A dern holl furth, on the north syd, thai had  
 To the watter, quhar off Wallace was glad.  
 Four dayis or fyve in rest thai soiornd thar,  
 Quhill meit was gayn; than Craufurd bownd for mar  
 Till Sanct Jhonstoun, thar purwyance for to by.  
 Inglissmen thoct he tuk mar boundandly  
 Than he was wount at ony tym befor;  
 Thai haiff him tane, put him in presone sor.  
 Quhat gestis he had, to tell thai mak raquest.  
 He said, it was bot till a kyrkyn fest.  
 Yeit thai preiff sone the cumyng off Wallace;  
 Knowlage to get thai kest a sutell cace.  
 Thai latt him pass with thing that he had bocht;  
 Syn eftir sone, in all the haist thai mocht,  
 To harnes yeid the power off the toun.  
 Aucht hundreth men with Butler maid thaim boun,  
 Wallace him saw, and said, he serwit blame.  
 “In my sleping a fell visioum me tauld,  
 “Till Inglissmen that thou suld me haiff sauld.”  
 Craufurd him said, he had bene turment sair  
 With Inglissmen, that had him in dispair;  
 ‘Tharfor ryss wp, and for sum succour se,  
 ‘I dreid full sair, thai set wachis on me.’  
 The worthi Scottis thai graithit thaim in gud weid;  
 Thar wapynnys tuk, syn off that houss furth yeid.  
 Thus sodandly the fell Sotheroun thai saw;  
 To few thai war to bid agayn thaim aw,  
 At keynly com with yong Butler the knycht.  
 Than Wallace said; “A playn feild is nocht rycht;  
 “Bot Elchok park is ner hand her besid,  
 “The fyrst sailyie we think thar to abid.”  
 Nynetene thai war, and Craufurd, with gud will,  
 The twentyd man, the nowmer to fullfill.  
 The park thai tuk; Wallace a place has seyn  
 Off gret holyns, that grew bathe heych and greyn.  
 With thuortour treis a maner strenth maid he;  
 Or that war wone, thai trowit to gar feill de.  
 The wod was thyk, bot litill off breid or lenth;  
 Had thai had meit, thai thoct to hald that strenth.  
 The Inglissmen passyt to Craufurdys place,  
 Fand in the bern the lugeyng off Wallace;  
 Than Crawfordis wyff in handys haiff thai tayne,  
 And ast at hyr quhat way the Scottis war gayne.  
 “Rycht weill thai trowyt at Wallace suld thar be;  
 “Off France in Tay he was cumyn be the se.”  
 Scho wald nocht tell, for bost, nor yeit reward.  
 Than Butler said; ‘Our lang thow has beyn spard?’  
 Thar with he grew in matelent and ire,  
 And gert thaim byg a bailfull braid brym fyr.  
 The Sotheroun suor tharin scho suld brynt be.  
 Than Wallace said; “Scho sall nocht end for me;  
 “Gret syn it war yon saikless wicht to sla.  
 “Or scho suld end, in faith thar sall de ma.”  
 He left the strenth, and the playn feild can ta;  
 On lowd he cryt, and said; “Lo, her I ga.  
 “Thinkis thow no schaym for to turment a wyff?  
 “Cum fyrst to me, and mak end off our stryff.”  
 Fra Butler had apon gud Wallace seyn,  
 Throuch auld malice he wox ner wod for teyn;  
 Apon the Scottis schup thaim all with gret mayn;  
 Bot Wallace son the strenth he tuk agayn.  
 A fell bykkyr the Inglissmen began,  
 Assailyeid sayr with mony cruell man:  
 Bot thai with in, war nobill at defens,  
 Maid gret debait be force and wiolens.  
 At the entra fyftene thai brocht to ded;  
 Than all the lawe, ramowit fra that sted,  
 Yeid till aray agayn to sailye new.  
 Wallace beheld, quhilk weill in weir him knew:  
 “Falowis,” he said, “agayn all at this place  
 “Thai will nocht sail: but thus standis the cace;  
 “Yon knycht thinkis for to dewid his men  
 “In seir partis, the suth ye sall weill ken,

“Agayn on ws to preiff how it may be.  
 “Ws worthis now sum wayis for thaim to se,  
 “Contrar thair mycht a gud defens to mak.  
 “Now, Longaweill, thow sall sex with the tak,  
 “Wilyam my eym, als mony sall with yow ga,  
 “And fyve with me; as now we haiff no ma.”  
 Knycht Butler than partyt his men in thre.  
 Wallace wesyd quhar Butler schup to be;  
 Thidder he past that entré for to wer:  
 On ilka syd thai sailye with gret fer.  
 Wallace leit part in the entré begyn;  
 Bot nane yeid out that on the Scottis com in.  
 Sewyn formast was, quhilk in the forest yeid,  
 Wallace fyve men, quhilk douchty was in deid,  
 Ilkane slew ane, and Wallace gert twa de.  
 Butler was next, and said; ‘This will nocht be.’  
 On bak he drew, and leit his curage slaik;  
 The worthi Scottis prewyt weill for Scotlandis saik.  
 Gud Longaweill his cowntyr maid sa sar,  
 And Craufurd als, thai sailyeid than no mar.  
 Rycht ner be than approchyt to the nycht;  
 And sternys wp peyr began in to thair sycht.  
 Sotheroun set wach, and to thair souper went.  
 The Butler was sayr grewyt in his entent;  
 Yeit fur thai weill off stuff, wyn, aill, and breid.  
 Wallace and his thai wyst off no rameid  
 Bot cauld watter, that ran throu owt a strand;  
 In that lugeyng nane othir fud thai fand.  
 Than Wallace said; “Gud falowis, think nocht lang;  
 “Will God, we sall be sone out off this thrang.  
 “Supposs we fast a day our, and a nycht,  
 “Tak all in thank this payn for Scotlandis rycht.”  
 The erll off York, was in Sanct Jhonstoun still,  
 To Butler send, and bad him byd at will;  
 Till him full sone thar suld cum new power,  
 And als him self; thus tald the messynger.  
 Butler wald fayn Wallace had yoldyn beyn  
 Or the erll com: for thir causis was seyn;  
 His grant schyr bathe and his fadyr he slew.  
 This knycht thar with towart the park him drew;  
 Quhat cher thai maid, apon the Scottis cald;  
 Than Wallace said; “Fer bettyr than thow wald.”  
 The Butler said; ‘I wald fayn spek with the.’  
 Wallace ansuerd; “Thow may for litill fe.”  
 ‘Wallace,’ he said, ‘thow has done me gret scaith;  
 ‘My rycht fadyr and grant schyr thow slew baith.’  
 Than Wallace said; “For stait at thow art in,  
 “It war my det for till wndo thi kyn.  
 “I think als, sa God off hewin me saiff!  
 “At my twa handis sall graith the to thi graiff.”  
 The Butler said; “That is nocht likly now:  
 ‘In my credence and thow will fermly trow,  
 ‘Off this I ask and thow will mak me grant,  
 ‘Quhat I the hecht, that thing thow sall nocht want.’  
 “Sa furth,” quoth he, “be thi desyr resonable,  
 “I sall it grant with outyn ony fable.”  
 The Butler said; ‘Wallace thow knawis rycht,  
 ‘Thow may nocht chaip for power nor for slycht.  
 ‘And sen thou seis it may no bettir be;  
 ‘For thi gentrice, thow will yeild the to me.’  
 Than Wallace said; “Thi will wnskillfull is;  
 “Thow wald I did quhilk is our hie a myss.  
 “Yoldin I am to bettir, I can pruff;  
 “To mychty God, that Makar is, abuff.  
 “For euir ilk day, sen I had wit off man,  
 “Befor my werk, to yeild me I began;  
 “And als at ewyn, quhen that I failyeid lycht,  
 “I me be tuk to the Makar off mycht.”  
 The Butler said; ‘Me think thow has done weill,  
 ‘Yeit off a thing, I pray the, lat me feill.  
 ‘For thi manheid this forthwart to me fest  
 ‘Quhen that thow seis thow may no langer lest  
 ‘On this ilk place, quhilk I haiff tane to wer,

'At thow cum furth, and all othir forber.'  
 Than Wallace leuch at his cruell desyr;  
 And said; "I sall, thocht thow war wod as fyr,  
 "And all Ingland contrar tharoff had suorn,  
 "I sall cum out at that ilk place to morn,  
 "Or ellys to nycht; traist weill quhat I the say;  
 "I byd nocht her quhill nyne hours off the day."  
 Butler send furth the chak wache on ilka syd;  
 In that ilk place bauldly he bownyt to bid.  
 Thus still thai baid quhill day began to peyr;  
 A thyk myst fell, the planet was nocht cleyr.  
 Wallace assayd at all placis about,  
 Leit as he wald at ony place brek out;  
 Quhill Butleris men sum part fra him can ga  
 To helpe the lawe, quhen thai saw it was sa.  
 Wallace and his fast sped thaim to that sted  
 Quhar Butler baid; feill men thai draiff to ded.  
 The worthy Scottis sone past throucht that mellé:  
 Craufurd, thar oyst, was sayr hurt on the kne,  
 At erd he was; gud Wallace turnd agayn,  
 And at a straik he has the Butler slayn;  
 Hynt wp that man wndyr his arm sa strang,  
 Defendand him out off that felloun thrang,  
 Gud rowm he maid amang thaim quhar he gais,  
 With his rycht hand he slew fyve off thair fais;  
 Bur furth Crawfurd, be force off his persoun,  
 Nyne akrybreid, or euir he set him down.  
 The Sotheroun fand at thair capdane was ded,  
 All him about; bot than was no rameid.  
 Thretty with him off the wychtast thai brocht,  
 Ded at that place quhar at the Scottis furth socht.  
 Wallace and his be than was off thair sycht;  
 Sotheroun baid still for sor loss off that knycht.  
 The myst wes myrk; that Wallace likit weill;  
 Him selff was gyd, and said to Longaweill;  
 "At Meffan wood is my desyr to be,  
 "On bestiall thar, for meit, that we may se."  
 Be than thai war weill cumyn to the hicht,  
 The myst scalyt, the son schawyt fayr and brycht.  
 Son war thai war, a litill space thaim by,  
 Four and twenty was in a company.  
 Than Wallace said; "Be yon men freynd or fa,  
 "We will to thaim, sen at thai ar na ma."  
 Quhen thai com ner, a nobill knycht it was,  
 The quhilk to name hecht Elyss off Dundass;  
 And Schyr Jhon Scot ek, a worthi knycht,  
 In to Straitheren a man off mekill mycht:  
 For thar he had gret part of heretage;  
 Dundass syster he had in mariage.  
 Passand thai war, and mycht no langar lest,  
 Till Inglissmen, thair fewté for to fest.  
 Lord off Breichyn sic connand had thaim maid,  
 Off Eduuard thai suld hald thair landys braid;  
 Bot fra thai saw that it was wicht Wallace,  
 Heyffyt wp thar handis, and thankit God off grace,  
 Off his gret help quhilk he had sende thaim thair.  
 To Meffen wod with ane assent thai far,  
 Sone gat thaim meit off bestiall at thai fand;  
 Restyt that day; quhen nycht was cumyn on hand,  
 To Byrnane wode, but restyng, ar thai gayne,  
 Quhar thai found the squier gud Ruwayn.  
 In vtlaw oyss he had lang lewyth thair  
 On bestiall, quhill he mycht get no mair.  
 Thai taryit nocht, bot in till Adell yeid,  
 Quhar mete was scant; than Wallace had gret dreid,  
 Past in till Lorn, and rycht litill fand thair:  
 Off wyld and taym that contré was maid bair.  
 Bot in strenthis, thar fud was lewyth nayn;  
 The worthi Scottis than maid a petouss mayn.  
 Schir Jhon Scot said, he had fer leuir de  
 In till gud naym, and leyff his ayris fre,  
 Than for till byd as bond in subiectioun.  
 Quhen Wallace saw thair gud men off renoun

With hungyr stad, almost mycht leiff no mar,  
 Wyt ye, for thaim he sichit wondyr sar.  
 "Gud men," he said, "I am the causs off this;  
 "At your desyr I sall amend this myss,  
 "Or leyff you fre sum chewysans for to ma."  
 All him allayn he bownyt fra thaim to ga;  
 Prayit thaim to byd quhill he mycht cum agayn.  
 Atour a hill he passit till a playn.  
 Out off thair sycht, in till a forest syd,  
 He sat him down wndyr ane ayk to bid;  
 His bow and suerd he lenyt till a tre,  
 In angwyss greiff, on grouff so turned he.  
 His petows mynd was for his men so wrocht,  
 That off him selff litill as than he roucht.  
 "O wrech!" he said, "that neur couth be content  
 "Off our gret mycht that the gret God the lent;  
 "Bot thi fers mynd, wyfull and wariable,  
 "With gret lordschip thow coud nocht so byd stable;  
 "And wyllfull witt, for to mak Scotland fre;  
 "God likis nocht that I haiff tane on me.  
 "Fer worthyar off byrth than I was born,  
 "Through my desyr wyth hungyr ar forlorn.  
 "I ask at God thaim to restor agayn;  
 "I am the causs, I suld haiff all the payn."  
 Quhill studeand thus, quhill flitand with him sell,  
 Quhill at the last apon slepyng he fell.  
 Thre dayis befor thar had him folowed fyve,  
 The quhilk was bound, or ellis to loss thair lyff:  
 The erll off York bad thaim so gret gardoun,  
 At thai be thyft hecht to put Wallace down.  
 Thre off thaim was all born men off Ingland,  
 And twa was Scottis, that tuk this deid on hand;  
 And sum men said, thar thrid brothir betraissed  
 Kyldromé eft, quhar gret sorow was raisied.  
 A child thai had, quhilk helpyt to ber mett  
 In wildernes amang thai montans grett.  
 Thai had all seyn disseuyryng off Wallace  
 Fra his gud men, and quhar he baid on cace;  
 Amang thyk wod in cowert held thaim law,  
 Quhill thai persawyt he couth on sleping faw.  
 And than thir fyve approachit Wallace neir;  
 Quhat best to do, at othir can thai speir.  
 A man said thus; 'It war a hie renoun,  
 'And we mycht qwyk leid him to Sanct Jhonstoun.  
 'Lo, how he lyis; we may our grippis waill;  
 'Off his wapynnys he sall get nane awaill.  
 'We sall him bynd in contrar off hys will;  
 'And leid him thus on baksyd off yon hill,  
 'So that his men sall nothing off him know.'  
 The tothir thre assentyt till his saw;  
 And than thir fyve thus maid thaim to Wallace,  
 And thocht throw force to bynd him in that place.  
 Quhat, trowit thir fyve for to hald Wallace down?  
 The manlyast man, the starkast off persoun,  
 Leyffand he was; and als stud in sic rycht,  
 We traist weill, God his dedis had in sycht.  
 Thai grippyt him, than out off slepe he braid;  
 "Quhat menys this?" rycht sodandly he said.  
 About he turnyt, and wp his armys thrang;  
 On thai traytouris with knychtlik fer he dang.  
 The starkast man in till his armys hynt he,  
 And all his harmys he dang out on a tre.  
 A sword he gat son eftyr at he rayss,  
 Campiounlik amang the four he gais;  
 Euyr a man he gert de at a dynt.  
 Quhen twa was ded, the tothir wald nocht stynt,  
 Maid thaim to fle; bot than it was na but,  
 Was nane leyffand mycht pass fra him on fut.  
 He folowed fast, and sone to ded thaim brocht;  
 Than to the chylid sadly agayn he socht.  
 "Quhat did thow her?" The child, with [ane] pail face,  
 On kneis he fell, and askyt Wallace grace.  
 'With thaim I was, and knew no thing thair thocht;

'In to seruice, as thai me bad, I wrocht.'  
 "Quhat berys thow her?" 'Bot meit, the child can say.'  
 "Do, turss it wp, and pass with me away.  
 "Meit in this tym is fer bettyr than gold."  
 Wallace and he furth foundyt our the fold.  
 Quha brocht Wallace fra his enemyss bauld?  
 Quha, bot gret God, that has the warld in wauld?  
 He was his help in mony felloun thrang.  
 With glaid cheyr thus on till his men can gang.  
 Bathe rostyt flesche thar was, als breid, and cheis,  
 To succour thaim that was in poynt to leiss.  
 Than he it delt to four men and fyfté,  
 Quhilk had befor fastyt our dayis thre;  
 Syn tuk his part, he had fastyt als lang.  
 Quhar herd ye euir ony in sic a thrang,  
 In hungyr so slepand, and wapynlass,  
 So weill recouer as Wallace did this cass;  
 Playnly befor vencust his enemyss fyve?  
 Yhe men off wit, this questioun dyscryve:  
 Wythoutyn gloiss I will tell furth my taill.  
 'How com this meit?' the falowschip askyt haill.  
 To thar desyr Wallace nane ansuer yald;  
 Quhar fyve was ded he led thaim furth, syn tauld.  
 Gretly displessyd was all that chewalry:  
 Till a chyftane, thai held it fantasy  
 To walk allayn. Wallace, with sobyr mud,  
 Said; "As her off is no thing cummyn bot gud."  
 To the law land full fast agayn thai socht;  
 Sperd at this child, gyff he couth wyss thaim ocht,  
 Quhar thai mycht best off purviance for to wyn.  
 Off nane he said was that contré within;  
 'Nor all about, als fer as I can know,  
 'Quhill that ye cum down to the Ranoucht hawe.  
 'That lord has stuff, breid, aill, and gud warnage:  
 'Off king Eduuard he takis full mekill wage.'  
 Than Wallace said; "My selff sall be your gyd;  
 "I knaw that sted about on athir syd."  
 Through the wyld land he gydyt thaim full rycht;  
 To Ranouch hall thai com apon the nycht.  
 A wach was owt, and that full sone thai ta;  
 For he was Scottis, that man thai wald nocht sla,  
 Bot gert him tell the maner off that place.  
 Thus entryt thai with in a litill space.  
 The yett thai wan, for castell was thar nayn,  
 Bot mudwall werk withoutyn lym or stayn.  
 Wallace in haist straik wp the chawmir dur  
 Bot with his fut, that stalwart was and stur.  
 Than thai within sa walknyt sodeynly;  
 The lord gat wp, and mercy can him cry.  
 Fra tym he wyst that gud Wallace was thar,  
 He thankyt God, syn said thir wordis mar;  
 'Trow man I was, and woun agayn my will  
 'With Inglissmen, supposs I likit ill.  
 'All Scottis we ar that in this place is now;  
 'At your commaund all playnly we sall bow.'  
 Off our natioun gud Wallace had peté;  
 Tuk aythis off thaim, [and] syne meit askyt he.  
 Gud cheyr thai maid quhill lycht day on the morne.  
 This trew man than sone semblit him beforne  
 Thre sonnys he had, that stalwart was and bauld,  
 And twenty men off his kyn in houshauld.  
 Wallace was blyth thai maid him sic supplé,  
 Said; "I thank God, that we thus multiplé."  
 All that day our in gud liking thai rest;  
 Wachys thai waill to kep thaim, at coud best.  
 Apon the morn, the lycht day quhen thai saw,  
 Than Wallace said; "Our power for to knaw,  
 "We will tak feild, and wp our baner rais  
 "Off rycht Scotland, in contrar off our fais.  
 "We will no mar now ws in couert hid;  
 "Power till ws will sembill on ilk syd."  
 Horsis thai gat, the best men at was thar;  
 Towart Dunkell the gaynest way thai far.

The byschope fled, and gat till Sanct Jhonstoun  
 The Scottis slew all was thar off that nacioun,  
 Baith pur and rych, and serwandis at thai fand;  
 Left nane on lyff that born was off Ingland.  
 The place thai tuk, and maid thaim weill to fayr,  
 Off purviance that byschop had brocht thair.  
 Jowellis thai gat, bathe gold and syluer brycht;  
 With gud cheyr thar fyve dayis thai soiernd rycht.  
 On the sext day Wallace to consaill went,  
 Gert call the best, and schew thaim his entent:  
 "Na men we haiff to sailye Sanct Jhonstoun;  
 "In to the north tharfor lat mak ws boun.  
 "In Ross, ye knaw, gud men a strenth has maid;  
 "Her thai off ws, thai cum with outyn baid.  
 "Alss in to But the byschope gud Synclar,  
 "[Fra he get wit, he cummis with outyn mar.]  
 "Gud westland men off Aran and Rauchlé,  
 "Fra thai be warnd, thai will all cum to me."  
 This purpos tuk, and in the north thai rid;  
 Nan Inglissman durst in thair way abid.  
 Quham Wallace tuk, thai knew the ald ransoun;  
 Fra he com haym, to fle thai mak thaim boun.  
 And Scottis men semblyt to Wallace fast;  
 In awfull feyr through owt the land thai past;  
 Strenthis was left, witt ye, all desolate;  
 Agayn thir folk thai durst mak no debate.  
 In raid battaill thai raid till Abyrdeyn,  
 The haill nowmyr, sewyn thousand than was seyn.  
 Bot Inglissmen had left that toun all waist;  
 On ilka syd away thai can thaim haist;  
 In all that land left nothir mar nor less.  
 Lord Bewmond tuk the sey at Bowchan ness.  
 Throu Scotland than was manifest in playn,  
 The lordis that past in hart was wondyr fayn.  
 The knycht Climés off Ross com sodeynly  
 In Murray land with thair gud chewalry.  
 The hous off Narn that gud knycht weill has tayne,  
 Slew the capdane and strang men mony ane;  
 Out off Murray in Bowchane land com thai  
 To sek Bewmound, be he was past away;  
 Than thir gud men to Wallace passyt rycht.  
 Quhen Wallace saw Schyr Jhon Ramsay the knycht,  
 And othir gud at had bene fra him lang,  
 Gret curag than was rasyt thaim amang.  
 The land he reullyt as at him likit best;  
 To Sanct Jhonstoun syn raid or thai wald rest.  
 At euirilk part a stalwart wach he maid;  
 Fermyt a sege, and stedfastly abaid.  
 Byschop Synclar in till all haist him dycht,  
 Com out off Bute with symly men to sycht;  
 Owt off the ils off Rauchlé and Aran,  
 Lyndsay and Boid, with gud men mony ane.  
 Adam Wallace, barroun off Ricardtoun,  
 Full sadly socht till Wallace off renoun,  
 At Sanct Jhonstoun baid at the sailye still.  
 For Sotheroun men thai mycht weill pass at will:  
 For in thar way thar durst na enemys be,  
 Bot fled away be land, and als be se.  
 About that toun thus semblyt thai but mor;  
 For thai had beyn with gud Wallace befor.  
 Cetoun, Lauder, and Richard off Lundé,  
 In a gud barge thai past about be se;  
 Thair ankyr in Sanct Jhonstoun hawyn set.  
 Twa Inglyss schippys thai tuk with outyn let;  
 The tane thai brynt, syn stuffyt the tothir weill  
 With artailye, and stalwart men in steyll,  
 To kep the port, thar suld com na wictaill  
 In to that toun, nor men at mycht thaim waill.  
 Fra south and north mony off Scotland fled,  
 Left castellys waist, feill left thar lyff to wed.  
 The South byschop, befor that left Dunkell,  
 Till London past, and tald Eduuard him sell,  
 In Scotland thar had fallyn a gret myschance.

Than send he son for Amar the Wallace,  
 And askyt him quhat than war best to do.  
 He hecht to pass, and tak gret gold tharto,  
 In to Scotland sum menys for to mak  
 Agane Wallace; on hand this can he tak.  
 Thai said, he wald wndo king Eduuardis croun,  
 Bot gyff thai mycht throu tresoun put him doun.  
 King Eduuard hecht, quhat thing at Wallang band,  
 He suld it kep, war it bathe gold and land.  
 Wallange tuk leyff, and is in Scotland went;  
 To Bothwell com; syn kest in his entent,  
 Quhat man thar was mycht best Wallace begyll:  
 And sone he fand, with in a litill quhill,  
 Schyr Jhon Menteth Wallace his gossop was.  
 A messynger Schyr Amar has gert pass  
 On to Schyr Jhon, and sone a tryst has set;  
 At Ruglyn kyrk thir twa to gydder met.  
 Than Wallang said; "Schyr Jhon, thow knawis this thing,  
 "Wallace agayn ryssis contrar the king;  
 "And thow may haiff quhat lordschip thow will wail,  
 "And thou wald wyrk as I can gyff consaill.  
 "Yon tyrand haldys the rewmys at troubill bathe,  
 "Till thryfty men it dois full mekill scaith.  
 "He traistis the, rycht weyll thow may him tak;  
 "Off this mater ane end I think to mak.  
 "War he away, we mycht at liking ryng  
 "As lordys all, and leiff wndyr a king."  
 Than Menteth said; 'He is our gouernour;  
 'For ws he baid in mony felloun stour,  
 'Nocht for him selff, bot for our heretage:  
 'To sell him thus it war a foull owtrage.'  
 Than Wallang said; "And thow weill wndyrstud,  
 "Gret neid it war, he spillis so mekill blud  
 "Off Crystin men, puttis saullis in perail;  
 "I bynd me als, he sall be haldyn hail  
 "As for his lyff, and kepyt in presoune;  
 "King Eduuard wald haiff him in subiectioun."  
 Than Menteth thocht, sa [thai] wald kepe connand,  
 He wald full fayn [haiff] had him off Scotland.  
 Wallange saw him intill a study be,  
 Thre thowsand pundys off fyn gold leit him se;  
 And hecht he suld the Lewyn-houss haiff at will.  
 Thus tresonably Menteth grantyt thartill;  
 Obligacioun with his awn hand he maid;  
 Syn tuk the gold, and Eduuardis seill so braid,  
 And gaiff thaim his, quhen he his tym mycht se  
 To tak Wallace our Sulway, giff him fre  
 Till Inglissmen; be this tresonabill concord  
 Schyr Jhon suld be off all the Lennox lord.  
 Thus Wallace suld in England kepyt be,  
 So Eduuard mycht mak Scotland till him fre.  
 Thar cowatyss was our gret maystir seyn;  
 Nane sampill takis, how ane othir has beyen  
 For cowatice put in gret paynys fell;  
 For cowatice, the serpent is off hell.  
 Through cowatice, gud Ector tuk the ded;  
 For cowatice thar can be no ramed.  
 Through cowatice gud Alexander was lost;  
 And Julius als, for all his reiff and bost.  
 Through cowatice deit Arthour off Bretane.  
 For cowatice thar has deit mony ane.  
 For cowatyce, the traytour Ganyelon  
 The flour off France he put till confusion.  
 For cowatice thai poyssound gud Godfra  
 In Antioche, as the autor will sa.  
 For cowatice, Menteth, apon falss wyss,  
 Betraysyt Wallace, that was his gossop twyss.  
 Wallang in haist, with blyth will and glaid hart,  
 Till London past, and schawit till king Eduuart.  
 Off this contrak he had a mar plesance,  
 Than of fyn gold had geyffyn, in ballance,  
 A grettar wecht na his ransoun mycht be.  
 Off Wallace furth sum thing spek will we,

At Sanct Jhonstoun was at the segeyng still.  
 In a mornying Sotheroun, with egyr will,  
 Fyve hundreth men in harnas rycht juntly,  
 Thai wschet furth to mak a jeperty;  
 At the south port, apon Scot and Dundass,  
 Quhilk in that tym rycht wyss and worthy was.  
 Agayn thair fayris rycht sharply focht and sayr.  
 In that cowntyr sewyn scor to ded thair bayr.  
 Yeit Inglissmen, at cruell war and keyn,  
 Full ferely faucht, quhar douchty deid was seyn.  
 Fra the west yett drew all the Scottis hail  
 To the fechtaris; quhen Sotheroun saw na waill,  
 Bot in agayn full fast thai can thaim sped;  
 The knycht Dundass prewyt so douchty deid.  
 Our neyr the yett full bandounly he baid,  
 Wyth a gud suerd full gret maister he maid;  
 Nocht wittandly his falowis was him fra.  
 In at the yett the Sotheroun can him ta,  
 On to the erll thai led him haistelé.  
 Quhen he him saw, he said he suld nocht de;  
 "To slay this ane it may ws litill rameid."  
 He send him furth to Wallace in that steid.  
 On the north syd his bestials had he wrocht;  
 Quhill he him saw, off this he wyst rycht nocht;  
 Send to the erll, and thankit him largele;  
 Hecht for to quyt quhen he sic cace mycht se.  
 Bot all her for souerance he wald nocht grant,  
 Thocht thai yoldin wald cum as recreant;  
 For gold na gud, he wald no trewbut tak.  
 A full strang salt than he begouth to mak.  
 The erll of Fyf duelt wndyr trewage lang  
 Off king Eduuard; and than him thocht it wrang,  
 At Wallace sa was segeand Sanct Jhonstoun,  
 Bot gyff he com in rycht help off the croun.  
 Till Inglissmen he wald nocht kep that band,  
 Than he come sone with gud men off the land.  
 And Jhon Wallang, was than schyrefff off Fyff,  
 Till Wallace past, starkyt him in that stryff,  
 That erll was cummyng off trew hail nobill blud,  
 Fra the ald thane, quhilk in his tym was gud.  
 Than all about to Sanct Jhonstoun thai gang,  
 With felloun salt, was hydwyss scharp and strang.  
 Full feill fagaldys in to the dyk thai cast,  
 Hadyr and hay bond apon flakys fast;  
 Wyth treis and erd a gret passage thai maid;  
 Atour the wallis thair yeid with battaill braid.  
 The Sotheroun men maid gret defens agayn,  
 Quhill on the wallys thar was a thousand slayn.  
 Wallace yeid in, and his rayit battaill rycht;  
 All Sotheroun men derffly to ded thai dycht.  
 To sayff the erll Wallace the harrauld send,  
 Gud Jop him selff, the quhilk befor him kend.  
 For Dundass saik thai said he suld nocht de;  
 Wallace him selff this ordand for to be.  
 A small haknay he gert till him be tak,  
 Siluer and gold his costis for to mak;  
 Set on his klok a takyn for to se,  
 The lyoun in wax that suld his condet be;  
 Conwoytit him furth, and na man him withall.  
 Wemen and barnys Wallace gert freith thaim all:  
 And syn gert cry trew Scottis men to thair awn;  
 Plenyst the land quhilk lang had been ourthrawn.  
 Than Wallace past the southland for to se.  
 Eduuard the Bruce, in his tym rycht worthé.  
 That yer befor he had in Irland ben,  
 And purchest thar off cruell men and keyn.  
 Fyfty in feyr, was off his modrys kyn,  
 At Kirkwbré on Galloway entryt in.  
 With thai fyfté he had vencust nyne scor,  
 And syn he past, withoutyn tary mor,  
 Till Wygtoun sone, and that castell has tayne;  
 Sotheroun was fled, and left [it] all allayne.  
 Wallace him met with trew men reuerently;

To Lowmabane went all that chewalry.  
 Thai maid Eduuard bath lord and ledar thar.  
 This condition Wallace him hecht bot mar,  
 Bot a schort tym to bid Robert the king;  
 Gyff he come nocht in this regioun to ryng,  
 At Eduuard suld resaiff the croun bot fail.  
 Thus hecht Wallace, and all the barnage haill.  
 In Louchmabane prynce Eduuard lewytt still;  
 And Wallace past in Cummo with blith will.  
 At the Blak Rok, quhar he was wont to be,  
 Apon that sted a ryall hous held he.  
 Ingliss wardans till London past but mar,  
 And tauld the king off all thair gret mysfar;  
 How Wallace coud Scotland fra thaim reduce,  
 And how he had resawyt Eduuard the Bruce.  
 The commouns suor thai suld cum neuir mar  
 Apon Scotland, and Wallace leiffand war.  
 Than Eduuard wrayt till Menteth prewalie,  
 Prayit him till haist; the tym was passit by  
 Off the promess the quhilk at he was bund.  
 Schyr Jhon Menteth in till his wit has fund,  
 How he suld best his purpos to fullfill.  
 His syster son in haist he cald him till,  
 And ordand him in duellyng with Wallace.  
 Ane ayth agayn he gert him mak on cace,  
 Quhat tym he wyst Wallace in quiet draw,  
 He suld him warne, for aventur mycht bewaf.  
 This man grantyt at sic thing suld be done;  
 With Wallace thus he was in service sone.  
 As off tresoun Wallace had litill thocht;  
 His laubourous mynd on othir materis wrocht.  
 Thus Wallace thryss has maid all Scotland fre;  
 Than he desyryt in lestand peess to be.  
 For as off wer he was in sumpart yrk,  
 He purpost than to serue God and the kyrk,  
 And for to leyff wndyr hys rychtwyss king;  
 That he desyryt atour all erdly thing.  
 The harrold Jop in England sone he send,  
 And wrayt to Bruce rycht hartlie this commend,  
 Besekand him to cum and tak his croun;  
 Nane suld gaynstand, clerk, burges, na barroun.  
 The harrold past; quhen Bruce saw his credans,  
 Tharoff he tuk a perfytt gret plesans;  
 With hys awn hand agayn wrayt to Wallace,  
 And thankyt him off lauta and kyndnas,  
 Besekand him this mater to conseil;  
 For he behuffyd owt off England to steill;  
 For lang befor was kepyt the ragment,  
 Quhilk Cwmynt had, to byd the gret parlement  
 In to London; and gyff thai him accus,  
 To cum fra thaim he suld mak sum excuss.  
 He prayit Wallace in Glaskow mur to walk  
 The fyrst nycht off Julii for his salk;  
 And bad he suld bot in to quiet be,  
 For he with him mycht bryng few chewalré.  
 Wallace was blyth quhen he this wrytyng saw;  
 His houshald sone he gert to Glaskow draw.  
 That moneth thar he ordand thaim to byd;  
 Kerlé he tuk ilk nycht with him to ryd;  
 And this yong man that Menteth till him send;  
 Wyst nane bot thair quhat way at Wallace wend;  
 The quhilk gart warn his eym the auchtand nycht.  
 Sexté full sone Schyr Jhone [Menteth] gert dycht  
 Off hys awn kyn, and off alya born;  
 To this tresoun he gert thaim all be suorn.  
 Fra Dunbertane he sped thaim haistely,  
 Ner Glaskow kyrk thai bownyt thaim priwaly.  
 Wallace past furth quhar at the tryst was set,  
 A spy thai maid, and folowed him but let  
 Till Robrastoun, was ner be the way syd,  
 And bot a howss quhar Wallace oysyt to byd.  
 He wouk on fut quhill passyt was myd nycht;  
 Kerlé and he than for a sleip thaim dycht.

Thai bad this cuk, that he suld wach hys part,  
 And walkyn Wallace, com men fra ony art.  
 Quhen thai slepyt, this traytour tuk graith heid,  
 He met his eym, and bad him haiff no dreid:  
 “On sleip he is, and with him bot a man,  
 “Ye may him haiff, for ony craft he can;  
 “With owt the houss thair wapynnys laid thaim fra.”  
 For weill thai wyst, gat Wallace one off tha,  
 And on his feyt, hys ransoun suld be sauld.  
 Thus semblyt thai about that febill hauld.  
 This traytour wach fra Wallace than he stall  
 Bathe knyff and suerd, his bow and arowis all.  
 Eftyr mydnycht in handis thai haiff him tane,  
 Dyschowyll on sleipe, with him na man bot ane.  
 Kerlé thai tuk, and led him off that place,  
 Dydd him to ded with outyn langar space.  
 Thai thocht to bynd Wallace throu strenth strang;  
 On fute he gat the feill traytouris amang,  
 Grippyt about, bot no wapyn he fand.  
 Apon a syll he saw besyd him stand,  
 The bak off ane he byrystyt in that thrang;  
 And off ane othir the harness owt he dang.  
 Than alss mony as handis mycht on him lay,  
 Beforce hym hynt for till haiff him away.  
 Bot that power mycht nocht a fute him leid.  
 Owt off that houss, quhill thai or he war deid.  
 Schir Jhon saw weill befor that he coud nocht be;  
 Or he war tayne he thocht erar to de.  
 Menteth bad cess, and thus spak to Wallace;  
 Syn schawyt him furth a rycht sutell fals cace.  
 “Ye haiff so lang her oysyt yow allane,  
 “Quhill witt tharoff is in till England gane.  
 “Tharfor her me, and sobyr your curage.  
 “The Inglissmen, with a full gret barnage,  
 “Are semblyt her, and set this hous about,  
 “That ye, be force, on na wayis may wyn out.  
 “Suppos ye had the strenth off gud Ectour,  
 “Amang this ost ye may nocht lang endour.  
 “And thai you tak, in haist your ded is dycht.  
 “I haiff spokyn with lord Clyffurd that knyght,  
 “Wyth thair chyftanys weill menytt for your lyff.  
 “Thai ask no mar bot be quytt off your stryff.  
 “To Dunbertane ye sall furth pass with me;  
 “At your awn houss ye may in saiffé be.”  
 Sotheroun sic oyss with Menteth lang had thai,  
 That Wallace trowyt sum part at he wald say.  
 Menteth said; “Schyr, lo, wappynnys nane we haiff;  
 “We com in trayst, your lyff gyff we mycht saiff.”  
 Wallace trowyt weill, and he his gossep twyss,  
 That he wald nocht, be no maner off wyss,  
 Him to betrays for all Scotland so wyd.  
 Ane ayth off him he askit in that tid.  
 Thar wantit wit; quhat suld his aythis mor?  
 Forsuorn till him he was lang tym befor.  
 The ayth he maid; Wallace com in his will;  
 Rycht frawdfully all thus schawyt him till.  
 “Gossep,” he said, “as presoner thai mon yow se,  
 “Or thai throu force wyll ellis tak yow fra me.”  
 A couch with slycht apon his handys thai laid,  
 And wndyr syn with seuir cordys thai braid,  
 Bath sharp and tewch, and fast to gyddyr drew.  
 Allace, the Bruce mycht sayr that byndyng rew,  
 Quhilk maid Scotland sone brokyn apon cace,  
 For Cumeinis ded, and loss off gud Wallace!  
 Thai led him furth in feyr amang thaim aw.  
 Kerlé he myst, off na Sotheroun he saw:  
 Than wyst he weyll that he betraysyt was,  
 Towart the south with him quhen thai can pass.  
 Yeit thai him said, in trewth he suld nocht de;  
 King Eduuard wald kep him in gud sauffé,  
 For hie honour in wer at he had wrocht.  
 The sayr bandys so strowblyt all his thocht,  
 Credence tharto forsuth he coud nocht geyff;

He wyst full weyll thai wald nocht lat him leiff;  
 A fals fowll caus, thai Menteth for, him tauld,  
 Quhen on this wyss gud Wallace he had sauld.  
 Sum off thaim said, it was to saiff thair lord;  
 Thai leid all out that maid that fals racord.  
 At the Fawkyrk the gud Stewart was slayn,  
 Our corniclis reherss that in [to] playn,  
 On Madelan day, that auchtand yer befor;  
 Comynis ded tharoff it wytness mor.  
 At Robrastoun Wallas was tresonabill  
 Thus falsly stowyn fra his gud chewalry.  
 In Glaskow lay, and wyst nocht off this thing;  
 Thus he was lost in byding off his king.  
 South thai him led, ay haldand the west land,  
 Delyuerit him in haist our Sullway sand.  
 The lord Clyffurd and Wallang tuk him thar;  
 To Carlell toun full fast with him thai fayr;  
 In presoun him stad, that was a gret dolour;  
 That housse efter was callyt "Wallace tour."  
 Sum men sen syn said, that knew nocht weill the cass,  
 In Berweik thai to ded put gud Wallace.  
 Contrar is knawin, fyrst be this opinioun;  
 For Scottis men than had haly Berweik toun,  
 And Scotland fre, quhill that Soullis it gaiff  
 For lord Cumyn till Ingland with the laiff.  
 Ane othir poynt is, the traytouris durst nocht pass,  
 At sauld him sa, quhar Scottis men maistris was.  
 The thrid poynt is, the commouns off Ingland,  
 Quhat thai desyr, thai will nocht wndirstand  
 That thing be done, for wytness at may be,  
 Na credence geyff, forthyr than thai may se.  
 To se him de Eduuard had mar desyr,  
 Than to be lord off all the gret empyr.  
 For thir caussis thai keypt him sa lang,  
 Quhill the commouns mycht on to London gang.  
 Allace, Scotland, to quhom sall thow compleyn!  
 Allace, fra payn quha sall the now restreyn!  
 Allace, thi help is fasslie brocht to ground,  
 Thi [best] chyftane in braith bandis is bound!  
 Allace, thow has now lost thi gyd off lycht!  
 Allace, quha sall defend the in thi rycht?  
 Allace, thi payn approchis wondyr ner,  
 With sorow sone thow mon bene set in feyr!  
 Thi graciouss gyd, thi grettast gouernour,  
 Allace, our neir is cumyn his fatell hour!  
 Allace, quha sall the beit now off thi baill?  
 Allace, quhen sall off harmys thow be haill?  
 Quha sall the defend? quha sall the now mak fre?  
 Allace, in wer quha sall thi helpar be?  
 Quha sall the help? quha sall the now radem?  
 Allace, quha sall the Saxons fra the flem?  
 I can no mar, bot besek God off grace  
 The to restor in haist to rychtwysnace;  
 Sen gud Wallace may succour the no mar.  
 The loss off him encressit mekill cair.  
 Now off his men in Glaskow still at lay,  
 Quhat sorow raiss, quhen thai him myst away?  
 The cruell payn, the woffull complenyng,  
 Tharoff to tell it war our hewy thing,  
 I will lat be, and speck off it no mar;  
 Litill riherss is our mekill off cair:  
 And princpaly quhar redempcioun is nayn,  
 It helpys nocht to tell thar petous mayn;  
 The deid tharoff is yeit in remembrance,  
 I will lat slaik off sorow the ballance.  
 Bot Longawell to Louchmabane couth pass,  
 And thar he hecht, quhar gud prince Eduuard was,  
 Out off Scotland he suld pas neuirmor;  
 Loss off Wallace socht till his hart so sor.  
 The rewlm off France he wowitz he suld neuir se,  
 Bot weng Wallace, or ellis tharfor to de.  
 Thar he remaynd, quhill cummyn off the king;  
 With Bruce in wer this gud knyght furth can ryng.

Remembrance syn was in the Brucys buk;  
 Secound he was quhen thai Saynct Jhonstoun tuk;  
 The Bruce tharfor gaiff him full gret gardoun.  
 All Charterys land the gud king till him gaiff;  
 Charterys sen syn off his kyn is the laiff.  
 Quhar to suld I [fer] in that story wend?  
 Bot off my buk to mak a fynail end:  
 Robert the Bruce com hame on the ferd day  
 In Scotland, eft Wallace was had away,  
 Till Louchmabane, quhar that he fand Eduuard,  
 Quharoff he was gretlie reiossynt in hart:  
 Bot fra he wyst Wallace away was led,  
 So mekill baill with in his breyst thar bred,  
 Ner out off wytt he worthit for to weyd.  
 Eduuard full sone than till hys brothir yeid.  
 A sodane chance this was in wo fra weill.  
 Gud Eduuard said; "This helpys nocht adell:  
 "Lat murnyng be, it may mak na remeid;  
 "Ye haiff him tynt, ye suld rawenge his deid.  
 "Bot for your caus he tuk the wer on hand,  
 "In your defens; and thyrss has fred Scotland,  
 "The quhilk was tynt fra ws and all our kyn:  
 "War nocht Wallace, ye had neuir entryt in.  
 "Merour he was off lauta and manheid:  
 "In wer the best that euir sall power leid.  
 "Had he likyt for till haiff tane your croun,  
 "Wald nane him let that was in this regioun.  
 "Had nocht beyne he, ye suld had na entress  
 "In to this rewlm, for tresoun and falsnes.  
 "That sall ye se; the traytour that him sauld,  
 "Fra yow he thinkys Dunbertane for till hauld;  
 "Sum confort tak, and lat slaik off this sorou."  
 The king chargyt Eduuard, apon the morou,  
 Radress to tak off wrang that wrocht him was.  
 Till Dallswyntoun he ordand him to pas,  
 And men off armys; gyff thai fand Cumyn thar,  
 Put him to ded; for na deid thai suld spar.  
 Thai fand him nocht. The king him self him slew  
 In till Drumfress, quhar wytnes was inew.  
 That hapnys wrang our gret haist in a king,  
 Till wyrk by law it may scaith mekill thing.  
 Me nedis heroff na forthyr for till schaw;  
 How that was done it was knawin to yow aw.  
 Bot yong Douglace fyrst to the king can pas,  
 In all hys wer bath wicht and worthi was.  
 Nor how the king has tane on him the croun;  
 Off all that her I mak bot schort menciou:  
 Nor how lord Soullis gaiff Berweik toun away;  
 How eftyr syn sone tynt was Galloway;  
 How Jhon off Lorn agayn his rycht king raiss;  
 On athir sid how Bruce had mony fais;  
 How bauld Breichin contrar his king coud ryd,  
 Rycht few was than in wer with him to byd:  
 Nor how the north was gyffyn fra the gud king,  
 Quhilk maid him lang in paynfull wer to ryng.  
 Ay trew till him was Jamys the gud Douglace,  
 For Brucis rycht baid weill in mony place;  
 Wndyr the king he was the best chyftayn.  
 Bot Wallace raiss as chyftane him allayn;  
 Tharfor till him is no comparisoun,  
 As off a man, sauff reuerence off the croun.  
 Bot sa mony as off Douglace has beyn  
 Gud off a kyn, was neuir in Scotland seyn:  
 Comparisounys that can I nocht weill declar.  
 Off Brucis buk as now I spek no mar.  
 Master Barbour, quhilk was a worthi clerk,  
 He said the Bruce amang his othir werk.  
 In this mater prolixit I am almaist;  
 To my purpos breiffly I will me haist,  
 How gud Wallace was set amang his fayis.  
 To London with him Clyfford and Wallang gais;  
 Quhar king Eduuard was rycht fayn off that fang.  
 Thai [haiff] him stad in till a presone strang.

Off Wallace end my selff wald leiff, for dredis  
 To say the werst; bot rychtwysnes me ledis.  
 We fynd his lyff all swa werray trew,  
 His fatell hour I will nocht fenye new.  
 Menteth was fals, and that our weill was knawin:  
 Feill off that kyn, in Scotland than was sawyn,  
 Chargyt to byd wndyr the gret judgement,  
 At king Robert ackyt in his parlement.  
 Tharoff I mak no langar contenuans.  
 Bot Wallace end in world was displesans;  
 Tharfor I cess, and puttis it nocht in rym.  
 Scotland may thank the blyssyt happy tym  
 At he was born, be prynsuall poyntis two.  
 This is the fyrst, or that we forthyr go;  
 Scotland he fred, and brocht it off thrillage,  
 And now in hewin he has his heretage;  
 As it prewyt be gud experians.  
 Wyss clerkyss yeit it kepis in remembrans,  
 How that a monk off Bery abbay than,  
 In to that tym a rycht religious man;  
 A yong monk als with him in orduir stud,  
 Quhilk knew his lyff was clene, perfytt, and gud.  
 This fadyr monk was wesyd with seknace,  
 Out off the world as he suld pass on cace.  
 His brothyr saw the spret lykly to pass;  
 A band off him rycht ernstly he coud ass,  
 To cum agayn, and schaw him oft the meid,  
 At he suld haiff at God for his gud deid.  
 He grantyt him, at his prayer to preiff  
 To cum agayn, gyff God wald geiff him leiff.  
 The spreyt, changyt out off this worldly payn,  
 In that sammyn hour cum to the monk agayn.  
 Sic thing has beyn, and is be woice and sycht.  
 Quhar he apperyt, thar schawyt sa mekill lycht,  
 Lyk till lawntryns it illumynyt so cler,  
 At worldly lycht tharto mycht be no peyr.  
 A woice said thus; "God has me grantyt grace  
 "That I sall kep my promess in this place."  
 The monk was blyth off this cler fygur fayr;  
 Bot a fyr brand in his forheid he bayr,  
 And than him thoct it mysllyk all the lawe.  
 'Quhar art thou, spreyt? ansuer, sa God the sawe.'  
 "In purgatory." 'How lang sall thou be thair?'  
 "Bot halff ane hour to com, and litill mair.  
 "Purgatory is, I do the weill to wit,  
 "In ony place quhar God will it admyt.  
 "Ane hour of space I was demed thar to be;  
 "And that passis, supposs I spek with the."  
 'Quhy has thou that, and all the layff so haill?'  
 "For off science I thoct me maist awaill.  
 "Quha pridys tharin, that laubour is in waist,  
 "For science cummys bot off the haly Gaist."  
 'Eftir thi hour, quhar is thi passage ewyn?'  
 "Quhen tym cummys," he said, "to lestand hewin."  
 'Quhat tym is that? I pray the now declar.'  
 "Twa ar on lyff mon be befor me thar"  
 'Quhilk twa ar thai?' "The verité thou may ken.  
 "The fyrst has bene a gret slaar off men.  
 "Now thai him kep to martyr in London toun  
 "On Wednyssday, befor king and commoun.  
 "Is nayn on lyff at has sa mony slayn."  
 'Brodyr,' he said, 'that taily is bot in wayn;  
 'For slauchtyr is to God abhominabill.'  
 Than said the spreyt; "Forsuth, this is no fabill.  
 "He is Wallace, defendour off Scotland,  
 "For rychtwyss wer that he tuk apon hand.  
 "Thar rychtwysnes is lowyt our the lawe;  
 "Tharfor in hewyn he sall that honour hawe.  
 "Syn, a pure preyst, is mekill to commend;  
 "He tuk in thank quhat thing that God him send.  
 "For dayly mess, and heryng off confessioun,  
 "Hewin he sall haiff to lestand warysoun.  
 "I am the thrid, grantyt throw Goddis grace."

'Brothir,' he said, 'tell I this in our place,  
 'Thai wyll bot deym, I othir dreym or rawe.'  
 Than said the spreyt; "This wytness thou sall hawe.  
 "Your bellys sall ryng, for ocht at ye do may,  
 "Quhen thai hym sla, halff an hour off that day."  
 And so thai did, the monk wyst quhat thaim alyt;  
 Throuch braid Bretane the woice tharoff was scalyt.  
 The spreyt tuk leiff at Goddis will to be.  
 Off Wallace end to her it is peté:  
 And I wald nocht put men in gret dolour,  
 Bot lychtly pass atour his fatell hour.  
 On Wednyssday the fals Sotheroun furth brocht,  
 Till martyr him as thai befor had wrocht.  
 Rycht suth it is, a martyr was Wallace,  
 Als Osauld, Edmunt, Eduuard, and Thomas.  
 Off men in armes led him a full gret rout.  
 With a bauld spreit gud Wallace blent about:  
 A preyst he askyt, for God at deit on tre.  
 King Eduuard than cummandyt his clergé,  
 And said; "I charge, apayn off loss off lywe,  
 "Nane be sa bauld yon tyrand for to schrywe.  
 "He has rong lang in contrar my hienace."  
 A blyst byschop sone, present in that place,  
 Off Canterbury he than was rychtwyss lord,  
 Agayn the king he maid this rycht record;  
 And [said]; 'My selff sall her his confessioun,  
 'Gyff I haiff mycht, in contrar off thi croun.  
 'And thou throu force will stop me off this thing,  
 'I wow to God, quhilk is my rychtwyss king,  
 'That all Ingland I sall her enterdyt,  
 'And mak it knawin thou art ane herretyk.  
 'The sacrement off kyrk I sall him geiff;  
 'Syn tak thi chos, to sterwe or lat him leiff.  
 'It war mar waill, in worship off thi croun,  
 'To kepe sic ane in lyff in thi bandoun,  
 'Than all the land and gud at thou has refyd.  
 'Bot cowatice the ay fra honour drefyd.  
 'Thow has [thi] lyff rongyn in wrangwis deid;  
 'That sall be seyn on the, or on thi seid.'  
 The king gert charge thai suld the byschop ta;  
 Bot sad lordys consellyt to lat him ga.  
 All Inglistmen said, at his desyr was rycht;  
 To Wallace than he rakyt in thar sicht.  
 And sadly hard his confessioun till ane end.  
 Hvmbly to God his spreyt he thar comend;  
 Lawly him serwytt with hartly deuocioun  
 Apon his kneis, and said ane orysoun.  
 His leiff he tuk, and to West monastyr raid.  
 The lokmen than thai bur Wallace bat baid  
 On till a place, his martyrdom to tak;  
 For till his ded he wald na forthyr mak.  
 Fra the fyrst nycht he was tane in Scotland,  
 Thai kepyt him in to that sammyn band.  
 Na thing he had at suld haiff doyn him gud;  
 Bot Inglistmen him seruit off carnaill fud.  
 Hys worldly lyff desyrd the sustenance,  
 Thocht he it gat in contrar off plesance.  
 Thai thretty dayis his band thai durst nocht slaik,  
 Quhill he was bundyn on a skamyll off ayk,  
 With irn chenyis that was bath stark and keyn.  
 A clerk thai set to her quhat he wald meyn.  
 "Thow Scot," he said, "that gret wrangis has don,  
 "Thi fatell hour, thou seis, approachis son.  
 "Thow suld in mynd remembyr thi mysdeid,  
 "At clerkis may, quhen thai thair psalmis reid  
 "For Crystyn saullis, that makis thaim to pray,  
 "In thair nowmyr thou may be ane off thai;  
 "For now thou seis on fors thou mon decess."  
 Than Wallace said; 'For all thi roid rahress,  
 'Thow has na charge, supposs at I did myss;  
 'Yon blyst byschop has hecht I sall haiff blis;  
 'And trew [I] weill, that God sall it admyt:  
 'Thi febyll wordis sall nocht my conscience smyt.

'Conford I haiff off way that I suld gang,  
 'Maist payn I feill at I bid her our lang.'  
 Than said this clerk; "Our king off send the till;  
 "Thow mycht haiff had all Scotland at thi will,  
 "To hald off him, and cessyt off thi stryff;  
 "So as a lord rongyn furth all thi lyff."  
 Than Wallace said; "Thou spekis off mychty thing.  
 'Had I lestayt, and gottyn my rychtwyss king,  
 'Fra worthi Bruce had rasaut his croun,  
 'I thocht haiff maid England at his bandoun.  
 'So wtraly it suld beyn at his will,  
 'Quhat plessyt him, to sauff thi king or spill.'  
 "Weill," said this clerk, "than thow repentis nocht:  
 "Off wykkydness thow has a fellown thocht.  
 "Is nayn in warld at has sa mony slane;  
 "Tharfor till ask, me think thow suld be bane,  
 "Grace off our king, and syn at his barnage."  
 Than Wallace smyld [a] litill at his langage.  
 'I grant,' he said, 'part Inglissmen I slew  
 'In my quarrel, me thocht nocht halff enew.  
 'I mowyt na wer bot for to win our awin;  
 'To God and man the rycht full weill is knawin.  
 'Thi frustyr wordis dois nocht bot taris me,  
 'I the commaund, on Goddis halff, lat me be.'  
 A schyrray gart this clerk sone fra him pass;  
 Rycht as thai durst, thai grant quhat he wald ass.  
 A Psaltyr buk Wallace had on him euir;  
 Fra his childeid fra it wald nocht deseuir.  
 Bettyr he trowit in wiage for to speid.  
 Bot than he was dispalyeid off his weid.  
 This grace he ast at lord Clyffurd that knycht,  
 To lat him haiff his Psaltyr buk in sycht.  
 He gert a preyst it oppyn befor him hauld,  
 Quhill thai till him had done all at thai wauld.  
 Stedfast he red, for ocht thai did him thar:  
 Feyll Sotheroun said, at Wallace feld na sayr.  
 Gud deuocioun sa was his begynnyng,  
 Conteynd tharwith, and fair was his endyng;  
 Quhill spech and spreyt at anys all can fayr  
 To lestand blyss, we trow, for euirmayr.  
 I will nocht tell how he dewydyt was  
 In fyve partis, and ordand for to pass;  
 Bot thus his spreit be liklynes was weill.  
 Off Wallace lyff quha has a forthar feill,  
 May schaw furth mair with wit and eloquence;  
 For I to this haiff don my diligence,  
 Eftyr the pruff geyffyn fra the Latyn buk,  
 Quhilk Maister Blayr in his tym wndyrtuk,  
 In fayr Latyn compild it till ane end;  
 With thir witnes the mar is to commend.  
 Byschop Synclar than lord was off Dunkell,  
 He gat this buk, and confermd it him sell  
 For werray trew; thar off he had no dreid,  
 Himselff had seyn gret part off Wallace deid.  
 His purpos was till haue send it to Rom,  
 Our fadyr off kyrk tharon to gyff his dom.  
 Bot Maistir Blayr, and als Schir Thomas Gray,  
 Eftir Wallace thai lestitt mony day,  
 Thir twa knew best off gud Schir Wilyhamys deid,  
 Fra sexteyn yer quhill nyne and twenty yeid.  
 Fourty and fyve off age Wallace was cauld,  
 That tym that he was to [the] Southeroun sauld.  
 Thocht this mater be nocht till all plesance,  
 His suthfast deid was worthi till awance.  
 All worthi men at redys this rurall dyt,  
 Blaym nocht the buk, set I be wnperfyt.  
 I suld hawe thank, sen I nocht trawail spard;  
 For my laubour na man hecht me reward;  
 Na charge I had off king nor othir lord;  
 Gret harm I thocht his gud deid suld be smord.  
 I haiff said her ner as the process gais;  
 And fenyeid nocht for frendship nor for fais.  
 Costis herfor was no man bond to me;

In this sentence I had na will to be,  
 Bot in als mekill as I rahersit nocht  
 Sa worthely as nobill Wallace wrocht.  
 Bot in a poynt, I grant, I said amyss,  
 Thir twa knychtis suld blamyt be for this,  
 The knycht Wallas, off Cragg  richtwyss lord,  
 And Liddaill als, gert me mak [wrang] record.  
 On Allyrtoun mur the croun he tuk a day,  
 To get battaill, as myn autour will say.  
 Thir twa gert me say that ane othir wyss;  
 Till Maister Blayr we did sumpart off dispyss.  
 Go nobill buk, fulfillyt off gud sentens,  
 Supposs thow be baran off eloquens.  
 Go worthi buk, fullfillit off suthfast deid;  
 Bot in langage off help thow has gret neid.  
 Quhen gud makaris rang weill in to Scotland,  
 Gret harm was it that nane off thaim ye fand.  
 Yeit thar is part that can the weill awance;  
 Now byd thi tym, and be a remembrance.  
 I yow besek, off your beneuolence,  
 Quha will nocht low, lak nocht my eloquence;  
 (It is weill knawin I am a bural man,)  
 For her is said as gudly as I can:  
 My spreyt felis na termys asperans.  
 Now besek God, that gyffar is off grace,  
 Maide hell and erd, and set the hewyn abuff,  
 That he ws grant off his der lestand luff.  
 EXPLICIT VITA NOBILISSIMI DEFENSORIS SCOTIE,  
 VIDELICET WILLIELMI WALLACE MILITIS, PER ME  
 JHOANNEM RAMSAY, ANNO DOMINI MILLESIMO QUADRIN-  
 GENTESIMO OCTUAGESIMO OCTAVO.

# Tasso: Jerusalem Delivered

## FIRST BOOK

### THE ARGUMENT.

God sends his angel to Tortosa down,  
Godfrey unites the Christian Peers and Knights;  
And all the Lords and Princes of renown  
Choose him their Duke, to rule the wares and fights.  
He mustereth all his host, whose number known,  
He sends them to the fort that Sion hights;  
The aged tyrant Juda's land that guides,  
In fear and trouble, to resist provides.

### I

The sacred armies, and the godly knight,  
That the great sepulchre of Christ did free,  
I sing; much wrought his valor and foresight,  
And in that glorious war much suffered he;  
In vain 'gainst him did Hell oppose her might,  
In vain the Turks and Morians armed be:  
His soldiers wild, to brawls and mutinies prest,  
Reduced he to peace, so Heaven him blest.

### II

O heavenly Muse, that not with fading bays  
Deckest thy brow by the Heliconian spring,  
But sittest crowned with stars' immortal rays  
In Heaven, where legions of bright angels sing;  
Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,  
My verse ennoble, and forgive the thing,  
If fictions light I mix with truth divine,  
And fill these lines with other praise than thine.

### III

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclined  
Where luring Parnass most his sweet imparts,  
And truth conveyed in verse of gentle kind  
To read perhaps will move the dullest hearts:  
So we, if children young diseased we find,  
Anoint with sweets the vessel's foremost parts  
To make them taste the potions sharp we give;  
They drink deceived, and so deceived, they live.

### IV

Ye noble Princes, that protect and save  
The Pilgrim Muses, and their ship defend  
From rock of Ignorance and Error's wave,

Your gracious eyes upon this labor bend:  
To you these tales of love and conquest brave  
I dedicate, to you this work I send:  
My Muse hereafter shall perhaps unfold  
Your fights, your battles, and your combats bold.

## V

For if the Christian Princes ever strive  
To win fair Greece out of the tyrants' hands,  
And those usurping Ismaelites deprive  
Of woful Thrace, which now captived stands,  
You must from realms and seas the Turks forth drive,  
As Godfrey chased them from Juda's lands,  
And in this legend, all that glorious deed,  
Read, whilst you arm you; arm you, whilst you read.

## VI

Six years were run since first in martial guise  
The Christian Lords warraid the eastern land;  
Nice by assault, and Antioch by surprise,  
Both fair, both rich, both won, both conquered stand,  
And this defended they in noblest wise  
'Gainst Persian knights and many a valiant band;  
Tortosa won, lest winter might them shend,  
They drew to holds, and coming spring attend.

## VII

The sullen season now was come and gone,  
That forced them late cease from their noble war,  
When God Almighty form his lofty throne,  
Set in those parts of Heaven that purest are  
(As far above the clear stars every one,  
As it is hence up to the highest star),  
Looked down, and all at once this world beheld,  
Each land, each city, country, town and field.

## VIII

All things he viewed, at last in Syria stayed  
Upon the Christian Lords his gracious eye,  
That wondrous look wherewith he oft surveyed  
Men's secret thoughts that most concealed lie  
He cast on puissant Godfrey, that assayed  
To drive the Turks from Sion's bulwarks high,  
And, full of zeal and faith, esteemed light  
All worldly honor, empire, treasure, might:

## IX

In Baldwin next he spied another thought,  
Whom spirits proud to vain ambition move:  
Tancred he saw his life's joy set at naught,  
So woe-begone was he with pains of love:  
Boemond the conquered folk of Antioch brought,  
The gentle yoke of Christian rule to prove:  
He taught them laws, statutes and customs new,  
Arts, crafts, obedience, and religion true;

## X

And with such care his busy work he plied,

That to naught else his acting thoughts he bent:  
 In young Rinaldo fierce desires he spied,  
 And noble heart of rest impatient;  
 To wealth or sovereign power he naught applied  
 His wits, but all to virtue excellent;  
 Patterns and rules of skill, and courage bold,  
 He took from Guelpho, and his fathers old.

## XI

Thus when the Lord discovered had, and seen  
 The hidden secrets of each worthy's breast,  
 Out of the hierarchies of angels sheen  
 The gentle Gabriel called he from the rest,  
 'Twixt God and souls of men that righteous been  
 Ambassador is he, forever blest,  
 The just commands of Heaven's Eternal King,  
 'Twixt skies and earth, he up and down doth bring.

## XII

To whom the Lord thus spake: "Godfredo find,  
 And in my name ask him, why doth he rest?  
 Why be his arms to ease and peace resigned?  
 Why frees he not Jerusalem distress?  
 His peers to counsel call, each baser mind  
 Let him stir up; for, chieftain of the rest  
 I choose him here, the earth shall him allow,  
 His fellows late shall be his subjects now."

## XIII

This said, the angel swift himself prepared  
 To execute the charge imposed aright,  
 In form of airy members fair imbard,  
 His spirits pure were subject to our sight,  
 Like to a man in show and shape he fared,  
 But full of heavenly majesty and might,  
 A stripling seemed he thrive five winters old,  
 And radiant beams adorned his locks of gold.

## XIV

Of silver wings he took a shining pair,  
 Fringed with gold, unwearied, nimble, swift;  
 With these he parts the winds, the clouds, the air,  
 And over seas and earth himself doth lift,  
 Thus clad he cut the spheres and circles fair,  
 And the pure skies with sacred feathers clift;  
 On Libanon at first his foot he set,  
 And shook his wings with rory May dews wet.

## XV

Then to Tortosa's confines swiftly sped  
 The sacred messenger, with headlong flight;  
 Above the eastern wave appeared red  
 The rising sun, yet scanty half in sight;  
 Godfrey e'en then his morn-devotions said,  
 As was his custom, when with Titan bright  
 Appeared the angel in his shape divine,  
 Whose glory far obscured Phoebus' shine.

## XVI

"Godfrey," quoth he, "behold the season fit  
To war, for which thou waited hast so long,  
Now serves the time, if thou o'erslip not it,  
To free Jerusalem from thrall and wrong:  
Thou with thy Lords in council quickly sit;  
Comfort the feeble, and confirm the strong,  
The Lord of Hosts their general doth make thee,  
And for their chieftain they shall gladly take thee.

## XVII

"I, messenger from everlasting Jove,  
In his great name thus his behests do tell;  
Oh, what sure hope of conquest ought thee move,  
What zeal, what love should in thy bosom dwell!"  
This said, he vanished to those seats above,  
In height and clearness which the rest excel,  
Down fell the Duke, his joints dissolved asunder,  
Blind with the light, and stricken dead with wonder.

## XVIII

But when recovered, he considered more,  
The man, his manner, and his message said;  
If erst he wished, now he longed sore  
To end that war, whereof he Lord was made;  
Nor swelled his breast with uncouth pride therefore,  
That Heaven on him above this charge had laid,  
But, for his great Creator would the same,  
His will increased: so fire augmenteth flame.

## XIX

The captains called forthwith from every tent,  
Unto the rendezvous he them invites;  
Letter on letter, post on post he sent,  
Entreatance fair with counsel he unites,  
All, what a noble courage could augment,  
The sleeping spark of valor what incites,  
He used, that all their thoughts to honor raised,  
Some praised, some paid, some counselled, all pleased.

## XX

The captains, soldiers, all, save Boemond, came,  
And pitched their tents, some in the fields without,  
Some of green boughs their slender cabins frame,  
Some lodged were Tortosa's streets about,  
Of all the host the chief of worth and name  
Assembled been, a senate grave and stout;  
Then Godfrey, after silence kept a space,  
Lift up his voice, and spake with princely grace:

## XXI

"Warriors, whom God himself elected hath  
His worship true in Sion to restore,  
And still preserved from danger, harm and scath,  
By many a sea and many an unknown shore,  
You have subjected lately to his faith  
Some provinces rebellious long before:

And after conquests great, have in the same  
Erected trophies to his cross and name.

## XXII

"But not for this our homes we first forsook,  
And from our native soil have marched so far:  
Nor us to dangerous seas have we betook,  
Exposed to hazard of so far sought war,  
Of glory vain to gain an idle smook,  
And lands possess that wild and barbarous are:  
That for our conquests were too mean a prey,  
To shed our bloods, to work our souls' decay.

## XXIII

"But this the scope was of our former thought,—  
Of Sion's fort to scale the noble wall,  
The Christian folk from bondage to have brought,  
Wherein, alas, they long have lived thrall,  
In Palestine an empire to have wrought,  
Where godliness might reign perpetual,  
And none be left, that pilgrims might denay  
To see Christ's tomb, and promised vows to pay.

## XXIV

"What to this hour successively is done  
Was full of peril, to our honor small,  
Naught to our first designment, if we shun  
The purposed end, or here lie fixed all.  
What boots it us there wares to have begun,  
Or Europe raised to make proud Asia thrall,  
If our beginnings have this ending known,  
Not kingdoms raised, but armies overthrown?

## XXV

"Not as we list erect we empires new  
On frail foundations laid in earthly mould,  
Where of our faith and country be but few  
Among the thousands stout of Pagans bold,  
Where naught behoves us trust to Greece untrue,  
And Western aid we far removed behold:  
Who buildeth thus, methinks, so buildeth he,  
As if his work should his sepulchre be.

## XXVI

"Turks, Persians conquered, Antiochia won,  
Be glorious acts, and full of glorious praise,  
By Heaven's mere grace, not by our prowess done:  
Those conquests were achieved by wondrous ways,  
If now from that directed course we run  
The God of Battles thus before us lays,  
His loving kindness shall we lose, I doubt,  
And be a byword to the lands about.

## XXVII

"Let not these blessings then sent from above  
Abused be, or split in profane wise,  
But let the issue correspondent prove  
To good beginnings of each enterprise;

The gentle season might our courage move,  
Now every passage plain and open lies:  
What lets us then the great Jerusalem  
With valiant squadrons round about to hem?

## XXVIII

"Lords, I protest, and hearken all to it,  
Ye times and ages, future, present, past,  
Hear all ye blessed in the heavens that sit,  
The time for this achievement hasteneth fast:  
The longer rest worse will the season fit,  
Our sureties shall with doubt be overcast.  
If we forslow the siege I well foresee  
From Egypt will the Pagans succored be."

## XXIX

This said, the hermit Peter rose and spake,  
Who sate in counsel those great Lords among:  
"At my request this war was undertake,  
In private cell, who erst lived closed long,  
What Godfrey wills, of that no question make,  
There cast no doubts where truth is plain and strong,  
Your acts, I trust, will correspond his speech,  
Yet one thing more I would you gladly teach.

## XXX

"These strifes, unless I far mistake the thing,  
And discords raised oft in disordered sort,  
Your disobedience and ill managing  
Of actions lost, for want of due support,  
Refer I justly to a further spring,  
Spring of sedition, strife, oppression, tort,  
I mean commanding power to sundry given,  
In thought, opinion, worth, estate, uneven.

## XXXI

"Where divers Lords divided empire hold,  
Where causes be by gifts, not justice tried,  
Where offices be falsely bought and sold,  
Needs must the lordship there from virtue slide.  
Of friendly parts one body then uphold,  
Create one head, the rest to rule and guide:  
To one the regal power and sceptre give,  
That henceforth may your King and Sovereign live."

## XXXII

And therewith stayed his speech. O gracious Muse,  
What kindling motions in their breasts do fry?  
With grace divine the hermit's talk infuse,  
That in their hearts his words may fructify;  
By this a virtuous concord they did choose,  
And all contentions then began to die;  
The Princes with the multitude agree,  
That Godfrey ruler of those wars should be.

## XXXIII

This power they gave him, by his princely right,  
All to command, to judge all, good and ill,

Laws to impose to lands subdued by might,  
To maken war both when and where he will,  
To hold in due subjection every wight,  
Their valors to be guided by his skill;  
This done, Report displays her tell-tale wings,  
And to each ear the news and tidings brings.

## XXXIV

She told the soldiers, who allowed him meet  
And well deserving of that sovereign place.  
Their first salutes and acclamations sweet  
Received he, with love and gentle grace;  
After their reverence done with kind regreet  
Requited was, with mild and cheerful face,  
He bids his armies should the following day  
On those fair plains their standards proud display.

## XXXV

The golden sun rose from the silver wave,  
And with his beams enamelled every green,  
When up arose each warrior bold and brave,  
Glistering in filed steel and armor sheen,  
With jolly plumes their crests adorned they have,  
And all tofore their chieftain mustered been:  
He from a mountain cast his curious sight  
On every footman and on every knight.

## XXXVI

My mind, Time's enemy, Oblivion's foe,  
Disposer true of each noteworthy thing,  
Oh, let thy virtuous might avail me so,  
That I each troop and captain great may sing,  
That in this glorious war did famous grow,  
Forgot till now by Time's evil handling:  
This work, derived from my treasures dear,  
Let all times hearken, never age outwear.

## XXXVII

The French came foremost battailous and bold,  
Late led by Hugo, brother to their King,  
From France the isle that rivers four infold  
With rolling streams descending from their spring,  
But Hugo dead, the lily fair of gold,  
Their wonted ensign they tofore them bring,  
Under Clotharius great, a captain good,  
And hardy knight ysprong of princes' blood.

## XXXVIII

A thousand were they in strong armors clad,  
Next whom there marched forth another band,  
That number, nature, and instruction had,  
Like them to fight far off or charge at hand,  
All valiant Normans by Lord Robert lad,  
The native Duke of that renowned land,  
Two bishops next their standards proud upbare,  
Called Reverend William, and Good Ademare.

## XXXIX

Their jolly notes they chanted loud and clear

On merry mornings at the mass divine,  
And horrid helms high on their heads they bear  
When their fierce courage they to war incline:  
The first four hundred horsemen gathered near  
To Orange town, and lands that it confine:  
But Ademare the Poggian youth brought out,  
In number like, in hard assays as stout.

## XL

Baldwin, his ensign fair, did next dispread  
Among his Bulloigners of noble fame,  
His brother gave him all his troops to lead,  
When he commander of the field became;  
The Count Carinto did him straight succeed,  
Grave in advice, well skilled in Mars his game,  
Four hundred brought he, but so many thrice  
Led Baldwin, clad in gilden arms of price.

## XLI

Guelpho next them the land and place possest,  
Whose fortunes good with his great acts agree,  
By his Italian sire, fro the house of Est,  
Well could he bring his noble pedigree,  
A German born with rich possessions blest,  
A worthy branch sprung from the Guelphian tree.  
'Twixt Rhene and Danubie the land contained  
He ruled, where Swaves and Rhetians whilom reigned.

## XLII

His mother's heritage was this and right,  
To which he added more by conquest got,  
From thence approved men of passing might  
He brought, that death or danger feared not:  
It was their wont in feasts to spend the night,  
And pass cold days in baths and houses hot.  
Five thousand late, of which now scantily are  
The third part left, such is the chance of war.

## XLIII

The nation then with crisped locks and fair,  
That dwell between the seas and Arden Wood,  
Where Mosel streams and Rhene the meadows wear,  
A battel soil for grain, for pasture good,  
Their islanders with them, who oft repair  
Their earthen bulwarks 'gainst the ocean flood,  
The flood, elsewhere that ships and barks devours,  
But there drowns cities, countries, towns and towers;

## XLIV

Both in one troop, and but a thousand all,  
Under another Robert fierce they run.  
Then the English squadron, soldiers stout and tall,  
By William led, their sovereign's younger son,  
These archers be, and with them come withal,  
A people near the Northern Pole that wone,  
Whom Ireland sent from loughs and forests hoar,  
Divided far by sea from Europe's shore.

## XLV

Tancredi next, nor 'mongst them all was one,  
 Rinald except, a prince of greater might,  
 With majesty his noble countenance shone,  
 High were his thoughts, his heart was bold in fight,  
 No shameful vice his worth had overgone,  
 His fault was love, by unadvised sight,  
 Bred in the dangers of adventurous arms,  
 And nursed with griefs, with sorrows, woes, and harms.

## XLVI

Fame tells, that on that ever-blessed day,  
 When Christian swords with Persian blood were dyed,  
 The furious Prince Tancredi from that fray  
 His coward foes chased through forests wide,  
 Till tired with the fight, the heat, the way,  
 He sought some place to rest his wearied side,  
 And drew him near a silver stream that played  
 Among wild herbs under the greenwood shade.

## XLVII

A Pagan damsel there unwares he met,  
 In shining steel, all save her visage fair,  
 Her hair unbound she made a wanton net,  
 To catch sweet breathing from the cooling air.  
 On her at gaze his longing looks he set,  
 Sight, wonder; wonder, love; love bred his care;  
 O love, o wonder; love new born, new bred,  
 Now groan, now armed, this champion captive led.

## XLVIII

Her helm the virgin donned, and but some wight  
 She feared might come to aid him as they fought,  
 Her courage earned to have assailed the knight;  
 Yet thence she fled, unaccompanied, unsought,  
 And left her image in his heart ypick;  
 Her sweet idea wandered through his thought,  
 Her shape, her gesture, and her place in mind  
 He kept, and blew love's fire with that wind.

## XLIX

Well might you read his sickness in his eyes,  
 Their banks were full, their tide was at the flow,  
 His help far off, his hurt within him lies,  
 His hopes unstrung, his cares were fit to mow;  
 Eight hundred horse (from Champaign came) he guies,  
 Champaign a land where wealth, ease, pleasure, grow,  
 Rich Nature's pomp and pride, the Tirrhene main  
 There woos the hills, hills woo the valleys plain.

## L

Two hundred Greeks came next, in fight well tried,  
 Not surely armed in steel or iron strong,  
 But each a glaive had pendant by his side,  
 Their bows and quivers at their shoulders hung,  
 Their horses well inured to chase and ride,  
 In diet spare, untired with labor long;

Ready to charge, and to retire at will,  
Though broken, scattered, fled, they skirmish still;

## LI

Tatine their guide, and except Tatine, none  
Of all the Greeks went with the Christian host;  
O sin, O shame, O Greece accurst alone!  
Did not this fatal war affront thy coast?  
Yet safest thou an idle looker-on,  
And glad attendest which side won or lost:  
Now if thou be a bonds slave vile become,  
No wrong is that, but God's most righteous doom.

## LII

In order last, but first in worth and fame,  
Unfeared in fight, untired with hurt or wound,  
The noble squadron of adventurers came,  
Terrors to all that tread on Asian ground:  
Cease Orpheus of thy Minois, Arthur shame  
To boast of Lancelot, or thy table round:  
For these whom antique times with laurel drest,  
These far exceed them, thee, and all the rest.

## LIII

Dudon of Consa was their guide and lord,  
And for of worth and birth alike they been,  
They chose him captain, by their free accord,  
For he most acts had done, most battles seen;  
Grave was the man in years, in looks, in word,  
His locks were gray, yet was his courage green,  
Of worth and might the noble badge he bore,  
Old scars of grievous wounds received of yore.

## LIV

After came Eustace, well esteemed man  
For Godfrey's sake his brother, and his own;  
The King of Norway's heir Gernando than,  
Proud of his father's title, sceptre, crown;  
Roger of Balnavill, and Engerlan,  
For hardy knights approved were and known;  
Besides were numbered in that warlike train  
Rambald, Gentonio, and the Gerrards twain.

## LV

Ubaldo then, and puissant Rosimond,  
Of Lancaster the heir, in rank succeed;  
Let none forget Obizo of Tuscan land,  
Well worthy praise for many a worthy deed;  
Nor those three brethren, Lombards fierce and yond,  
Achilles, Sforza, and stern Palamede;  
Nor Otton's shield he conquered in those stowres,  
In which a snake a naked child devours.

## LVI

Guascher and Raiphe in valor like there was.  
The one and other Guido, famous both,  
Germer and Eberard to overpass,  
In foul oblivion would my Muse be loth,

With his Gildippes dear, Edward alas,  
 A loving pair, to war among them go'th  
 In bond of virtuous love together tied,  
 Together served they, and together died.

## LVII

In school of love are all things taught we see,  
 There learned this maid of arms the ireful guise,  
 Still by his side a faithful guard went she,  
 One true-love knot their lives together ties,  
 No would to one alone could dangerous be,  
 But each the smart of other's anguish tries,  
 If one were hurt, the other felt the sore,  
 She lost her blood, he spent his life therefore.

## LVIII

But these and all, Rinaldo far exceeds,  
 Star of his sphere, the diamond of this ring,  
 The nest where courage with sweet mercy breeds:  
 A comet worthy each eye's wondering,  
 His years are fewer than his noble deeds,  
 His fruit is ripe soon as his blossoms spring,  
 Armed, a Mars, might coyest Venus move,  
 And if disarmed, then God himself of Love.

## LIX

Sophia by Adige's flowery bank him bore,  
 Sophia the fair, spouse to Bertoldo great,  
 Fit mother for that pearl, and before  
 The tender imp was weaned from the teat,  
 The Princess Maud him took, in Virtue's lore  
 She brought him up fit for each worthy feat,  
 Till of these wares the golden trump he hears,  
 That soundeth glory, fame, praise in his ears.

## LX

And then, though scanty three times five years old,  
 He fled alone, by many an unknown coast,  
 O'er Aegean Seas by many a Greekish hold,  
 Till he arrived at the Christian host;  
 A noble flight, adventurous, brave, and bold,  
 Whereon a valiant prince might justly boast,  
 Three years he served in field, when scant begin  
 Few golden hairs to deck his ivory chin.

## LXI

The horsemen past, their void-left stations fill  
 The bands on foot, and Reymond them beforne,  
 Of Tholouse lord, from lands near Piraene Hill  
 By Garound streams and salt sea billows worn,  
 Four thousand foot he brought, well armed, and skill  
 Had they all pains and travels to have borne,  
 Stout men of arms and with their guide of power  
 Like Troy's old town defenced with Ilion's tower.

## LXII

Next Stephen of Amboise did five thousand lead,  
 The men he prest from Tours and Blois but late,

To hard assays unfit, unsure at need,  
Yet armed to point in well-attempted plate,  
The land did like itself the people breed,  
The soil is gentle, smooth, soft, delicate;  
Boldly they charge, but soon retire for doubt,  
Like fire of straw, soon kindled, soon burnt out.

## LXIII

The third Alcasto marched, and with him  
The boaster brought six thousand Switzers bold,  
Audacious were their looks, their faces grim,  
Strong castles on the Alpine clifts they hold,  
Their shares and coulter broke, to armors trim  
They change that metal, cast in warlike mould,  
And with this band late herds and flocks that guide,  
Now kings and realms he threatened and defied.

## LXIV

The glorious standard last to Heaven they sprad,  
With Peter's keys ennobled and his crown,  
With it seven thousand stout Camillo had,  
Embattailed in walls of iron brown:  
In this adventure and occasion, glad  
So to revive the Romans' old renown,  
Or prove at least to all of wiser thought,  
Their hearts were fertile land although unwrought.

## LXV

But now was passed every regiment,  
Each band, each troop, each person worth regard  
When Godfrey with his lords to counsel went,  
And thus the Duke his princely will declared:  
"I will when day next clears the firmament,  
Our ready host in haste be all prepared,  
Closely to march to Sion's noble wall,  
Unseen, unheard, or undescried at all.

## LXVI

"Prepare you then for travel strong and light,  
Fierce to the combat, glad to victory."  
And with that word and warning soon was dight,  
Each soldier, longing for near coming glory,  
Impatient be they of the morning bright,  
Of honor so them pricked the memory:  
But yet their chieftain had conceived a fear  
Within his heart, but kept it secret there.

## LXVII

For he by faithful spial was assured,  
That Egypt's King was forward on his way,  
And to arrive at Gaza old procured,  
A fort that on the Syrian frontiers lay,  
Nor thinks he that a man to wars inured  
Will aught forslow, or in his journey stay,  
For well he knew him for a dangerous foe:  
An herald called he then, and spake him so:

## LXVIII

"A pinnace take thee swift as shaft from bow,

And speed thee, Henry, to the Greekish main,  
 There should arrive, as I by letters know  
 From one that never aught reports in vain,  
 A valiant youth in whom all virtues flow,  
 To help us this great conquest to obtain,  
 The Prince of Danes he is, and brings to war  
 A troop with him from under the Arctic star.

## LXIX

"And for I doubt the Greekish monarch sly  
 Will use with him some of his wonted craft,  
 To stay his passage, or divert awry  
 Elsewhere his forces, his first journey laft,  
 My herald good and messenger well try,  
 See that these succors be not us beraft,  
 But send him thence with such convenient speed  
 As with his honor stands and with our need.

## LXX

"Return not thou, but Legier stay behind,  
 And move the Greekish Prince to send us aid,  
 Tell him his kingly promise doth him bind  
 To give us succors, by his covenant made."  
 This said, and thus instruct, his letters signed  
 The trusty herald took, nor longer stayed,  
 But sped him thence to done his Lord's behest,  
 And thus the Duke reduced his thoughts to rest.

## LXXI

Aurora bright her crystal gates unbarred,  
 And bridegroom-like forth stept the glorious sun,  
 When trumpets loud and clarions shrill were heard,  
 And every one to rouse him fierce begun,  
 Sweet music to each heart for war prepared,  
 The soldiers glad by heaps to harness run;  
 So if with drought endangered be their grain,  
 Poor ploughmen joy when thunders promise rain.

## LXXII

Some shirts of mail, some coats of plate put on,  
 Some donned a cuirass, some a corslet bright,  
 And halbert some, and some a habergeon,  
 So every one in arms was quickly dight,  
 His wonted guide each soldier tends upon,  
 Loose in the wind waved their banners light,  
 Their standard royal toward Heaven they spread,  
 The cross triumphant on the Pagans dead.

## LXXIII

Meanwhile the car that bears the lightning brand  
 Upon the eastern hill was mounted high,  
 And smote the glistening armies as they stand,  
 With quivering beams which dazed the wondering eye,  
 That Phaeton-like it fired sea and land,  
 The sparkles seemed up to the skies to fly,  
 The horses' neigh and clattering armors' sound  
 Pursue the echo over dale and down.

## LXXIV

Their general did with due care provide  
To save his men from ambush and from train,  
Some troops of horse that lightly armed ride  
He sent to scour the woods and forests main,  
His pioneers their busy work applied  
To even the paths and make the highways plain,  
They filled the pits, and smoothed the rougher ground,  
And opened every strait they closed found.

## LXXV

They meet no forces gathered by their foe,  
No towers defenced with rampire, moat, or wall,  
No stream, no wood, no mountain could forslow  
Their hasty pace, or stop their march at all;  
So when his banks the prince of rivers, Po,  
Doth overswell, he breaks with hideous fall  
The mossy rocks and trees o'ergrown with age,  
Nor aught withstands his fury and his rage.

## LXXVI

The King of Tripoli in every hold  
Shut up his men, munition and his treasure,  
The stragglings sometimes assail he would,  
Save that he durst not move them to displeasure;  
He stayed their rage with presents, gifts and gold,  
And led them through his land at ease and leisure,  
To keep his realm in peace and rest he chose,  
With what conditions Godfrey list impose.

## LXXVII

Those of Mount Seir, that neighboreth by east  
The Holy City, faithful folk each one,  
Down from the hill descended most and least,  
And to the Christian Duke by heaps they gone,  
And welcome him and his with joy and feast;  
On him they smile, on him they gaze alone,  
And were his guides, as faithful from that day  
As Hesperus, that leads the sun his way.

## LXXVIII

Along the sands his armies safe they guide  
By ways secure, to them well known before,  
Upon the tumbling billows fraughted ride  
The armed ships, coasting along the shore,  
Which for the camp might every day provide  
To bring munition good and victuals store:  
The isles of Greece sent in provision meet,  
And store of wine from Scios came and Crete.

## LXXIX

Great Neptune grieved underneath the load  
Of ships, hulks, galleys, barks and brigantines,  
In all the mid-earth seas was left no road  
Wherein the Pagan his bold sails untwines,  
Spread was the huge Armado, wide and broad,  
From Venice, Genes, and towns which them confines,

From Holland, England, France and Sicil sent,  
And all for Juda ready bound and bent.

## LXXX

All these together were combined, and knit  
With surest bonds of love and friendship strong,  
Together sailed they fraught with all things fit  
To service done by land that might belong,  
And when occasion served disbarked it,  
Then sailed the Asian coasts and isles along;  
Thither with speed their hasty course they plied,  
Where Christ the Lord for our offences died.

## LXXXI

The brazen trump of iron-winged fame,  
That mingleth faithful troth with forged lies,  
Foretold the heathen how the Christians came,  
How thitherward the conquering army hies,  
Of every knight it sounds the worth and name,  
Each troop, each band, each squadron it describes,  
And threat'neth death to those, fire, sword and slaughter,  
Who held captived Israel's fairest daughter.

## LXXXII

The fear of ill exceeds the evil we fear,  
For so our present harms still most annoy us,  
Each mind is prest and open every ear  
To hear new tidings though they no way joy us,  
This secret rumor whispered everywhere  
About the town, these Christians will destroy us,  
The aged king his coming evil that knew,  
Did cursed thoughts in his false heart renew.

## LXXXIII

This aged prince ycleped Aladine,  
Ruled in care, new sovereign of this state,  
A tyrant erst, but now his fell engine  
His graver are did somewhat mitigate,  
He heard the western lords would undermine  
His city's wall, and lay his towers prostrate,  
To former fear he adds a new-come doubt,  
Treason he fears within, and force without.

## LXXXIV

For nations twain inhabit there and dwell  
Of sundry faith together in that town,  
The lesser part on Christ believed well,  
On Termagent the more and on Mahown,  
But when this king had made this conquest fell,  
And brought that region subject to his crown,  
Of burdens all he set the Paynims large,  
And on poor Christians laid the double charge.

## LXXXV

His native wrath revived with this new thought,  
With age and years that weakened was of yore,  
Such madness in his cruel bosom wrought,  
That now than ever blood he thirsteth more?

So stings a snake that to the fire is brought,  
Which harmless lay benumbed with cold before,  
A lion so his rage renewed hath,  
Though fame before, if he be moved to wrath.

LXXXVI

"I see," quoth he, "some expectation vain,  
In these false Christians, and some new content,  
Our common loss they trust will be their gain,  
They laugh, we weep; they joy while we lament;  
And more, perchance, by treason or by train,  
To murder us they secretly consent,  
Or otherwise to work us harm and woe,  
To ope the gates, and so let in our foe.

LXXXVII

"But lest they should effect their cursed will,  
Let us destroy this serpent on his nest;  
Both young and old, let us this people kill,  
The tender infants at their mothers' breast,  
Their houses burn, their holy temples fill  
With bodies slain of those that loved them best,  
And on that tomb they hold so much in price,  
Let's offer up their priests in sacrifice."

LXXXVIII

Thus thought the tyrant in his traitorous mind,  
But durst not follow what he had decreed,  
Yet if the innocents some mercy find,  
From cowardice, not truth, did that proceed,  
His noble foes durst not his craven kind  
Exasperate by such a bloody deed.  
For if he need, what grace could then be got,  
If thus of peace he broke or loosed the knot?

LXXXIX

His villain heart his cursed rage restrained,  
To other thoughts he bent his fierce desire,  
The suburbs first flat with the earth he plained,  
And burnt their buildings with devouring fire,  
Loth was the wretch the Frenchman should have gained  
Or help or ease, by finding aught entire,  
Cedron, Bethsaida, and each watering else  
Empoisoned he, both fountains, springs, and wells.

XC

So wary wise this child of darkness was;  
The city's self he strongly fortifies,  
Three sides by site it well defenced has,  
That's only weak that to the northward lies;  
With mighty bars of long enduring brass,  
The steel-bound doors and iron gates he ties,  
And, lastly, legions armed well provides  
Of subjects born, and hired aid besides.

## SECOND BOOK

### THE ARGUMENT.

Ismeno conjures, but his charms are vain;  
 Aladine will kill the Christians in his ire:  
 Sophronia and Olindo would be slain  
 To save the rest, the King grants their desire;  
 Clorinda hears their fact and fortunes plain,  
 Their pardon gets and keeps them from the fire:  
 Argantes, when Aletes' speeches are  
 Despised, defies the Duke to mortal war.

#### I

While thus the tyrant bends his thoughts to arms,  
 Ismeno gan tofore his sight appear,  
 Ismen dead bones laid in cold graves that warms  
 And makes them speak, smell, taste, touch, see, and hear;  
 Ismen with terror of his mighty charms,  
 That makes great Dis in deepest Hell to fear,  
 That binds and looses souls condemned to woe,  
 And sends the devils on errands to and fro.

#### II

A Christian once, Macon he now adores,  
 Nor could he quite his wonted faith forsake,  
 But in his wicked arts both oft implores  
 Help from the Lord, and aid from Pluto black;  
 He, from deep caves by Acheron's dark shores,  
 Where circles vain and spells he used to make,  
 To advise his king in these extremes is come,  
 Achitophel so counselled Absalom.

#### III

"My liege," he says, "the camp fast hither moves,  
 The axe is laid unto this cedar's root,  
 But let us work as valiant men behoves,  
 For boldest hearts good fortune helpeth out;  
 Your princely care your kingly wisdom proves,  
 Well have you labored, well foreseen about;  
 If each perform his charge and duty so,  
 Nought but his grave here conquer shall your foe.

#### IV

"From surest castle of my secret cell  
 I come, partaker of your good and ill,  
 What counsel sage, or magic's sacred spell  
 May profit us, all that perform I will:  
 The sprites impure from bliss that whilom fell  
 Shall to your service bow, constrained by skill;  
 But how we must begin this enterprise,  
 I will your Highness thus in brief advise.

#### V

"Within the Christian's church from light of skies,  
 An hidden alter stands, far out of sight,  
 On which the image consecrated lies  
 Of Christ's dear mother, called a virgin bright,  
 An hundred lamps aye burn before her eyes,

She in a slender veil of tinsel dight,  
On every side great plenty doth behold  
Of offerings brought, myrrh, frankincense and gold.

## VI

"This idol would I have removed away  
From thence, and by your princely hand transport,  
In Macon's sacred temple safe it lay,  
Which then I will enchant in wondrous sort,  
That while the image in that church doth stay,  
No strength of arms shall win this noble fort,  
Of shake this puissant wall, such passing might  
Have spells and charms, if they be said aright."

## VII

Advised thus, the king impatient  
Flew in his fury to the house of God,  
The image took, with words unreverent  
Abused the prelates, who that deed forbode,  
Swift with his prey, away the tyrant went,  
Of God's sharp justice naught he feared the rod,  
But in his chapel vile the image laid,  
On which the enchanter charms and witchcraft said.

## VIII

When Phoebus next unclosed his wakeful eye,  
Up rose the sexton of that place profane,  
And missed the image, where it used to lie,  
Each where he sough in grief, in fear, in vain;  
Then to the king his loss he gan descry,  
Who sore enraged killed him for his pain;  
And straight conceived in his malicious wit,  
Some Christian bade this great offence commit.

## IX

But whether this were act of mortal hand,  
Or else the Prince of Heaven's eternal pleasure,  
That of his mercy would this wretch withstand,  
Nor let so vile a chest hold such a treasure,  
As yet conjecture hath not fully scanned;  
By godliness let us this action measure,  
And truth of purest faith will fitly prove  
That this rare grace came down from Heaven above.

## X

With busy search the tyrant gan to invade  
Each house, each hold, each temple and each tent  
To them the fault or faulty one bewrayed  
Or hid, he promised gifts or punishment,  
His idle charms the false enchanter said,  
But in this maze still wandered and miswent,  
For Heaven decreed to conceal the same,  
To make the miscreant more to feel his shame.

## XI

But when the angry king discovered not  
What guilty hand this sacrilege had wrought,  
His ireful courage boiled in vengeance hot

Against the Christians, whom he faulters thought;  
 All ruth, compassion, mercy he forgot,  
 A staff to beat that dog he long had sought,  
 "Let them all die," quoth he, "kill great and small,  
 So shall the offender perish sure withal.

## XII

"To spill the wine with poison mixed with spares?  
 Slay then the righteous with the faulty one,  
 Destroy this field that yieldeth naught but tares,  
 With thorns this vineyard all is over-gone,  
 Among these wretches is not one, that cares  
 For us, our laws, or our religion;  
 Up, up, dear subjects, fire and weapon take,  
 Burn, murder, kill these traitors for my sake."

## XIII

This Herod thus would Bethlem's infants kill,  
 The Christians soon this direful news receive,  
 The trump of death sounds in their hearing shrill,  
 Their weapon, faith; their fortress, was the grave;  
 They had no courage, time, device, or will,  
 To fight, to fly, excuse, or pardon crave,  
 But stood prepared to die, yet help they find,  
 Whence least they hope, such knots can Heaven unbind.

## XIV

Among them dwelt, her parents' joy and pleasure,  
 A maid, whose fruit was ripe, not over-yeared,  
 Her beauty was her not esteemed treasure;  
 The field of love with plough of virtue eared,  
 Her labor goodness; godliness her leisure;  
 Her house the heaven by this full moon aye cleared,  
 For there, from lovers' eyes withdrawn, alone  
 With virgin beams this spotless Cynthia shone.

## XV

But what availed her resolution chaste,  
 Whose soberest looks were whetstones to desire?  
 Nor love consents that beauty's field lie waste,  
 Her visage set Olindo's heart on fire,  
 O subtle love, a thousand wiles thou hast,  
 By humble suit, by service, or by hire,  
 To win a maiden's hold, a thing soon done,  
 For nature framed all women to be won.

## XVI

Sophronia she, Olindo hight the youth,  
 Both or one town, both in one faith were taught,  
 She fair, he full of bashfulness and truth,  
 Loved much, hoped little, and desired nought,  
 He durst not speak by suit to purchase ruth,  
 She saw not, marked not, wist not what he sought,  
 Thus loved, thus served he long, but not regarded,  
 Unseen, unmarked, unpitied, unrewarded.

## XVII

To her came message of the murderment,

Wherein her guiltless friends should hopeless starve,  
She that was noble, wise, as fair and gent,  
Cast how she might their harmless lives preserve,  
Zeal was the spring whence flowed her hardiment,  
From maiden shame yet was she loth to swerve:  
Yet had her courage ta'en so sure a hold,  
That boldness, shamefaced; shame had made her bold.

## XVIII

And forth she went, a shop for merchandise  
Full of rich stuff, but none for sale exposed,  
A veil obscured the sunshine of her eyes,  
The rose within herself her sweetness closed,  
Each ornament about her seemly lies,  
By curious chance, or careless art, composed;  
For what the most neglects, most curious prove,  
So Beauty's helped by Nature, Heaven, and Love.

## XIX

Admired of all, on went this noble maid,  
Until the presence of the king she gained,  
Nor for he swelled with ire was she afraid,  
But his fierce wrath with fearless grace sustained,  
"I come," quoth she, "but be thine anger stayed,  
And causeless rage 'gainst faultless souls restrained—  
I come to show thee, and to bring thee both,  
The wight whose fact hath made thy heart so wroth."

## XX

Her molest boldness, and that lightning ray  
Which her sweet beauty streamed on his face,  
Had struck the prince with wonder and dismay,  
Changed his cheer, and cleared his moody grace,  
That had her eyes disposed their looks to play,  
The king had snared been in love's strong lace;  
But wayward beauty doth not fancy move,  
A frown forbids, a smile engendereth love.

## XXI

It was amazement, wonder and delight,  
Although not love, that moved his cruel sense;  
"Tell on," quoth he, "unfold the chance aright,  
Thy people's lives I grant for recompense."  
Then she, "Behold the fault here in sight,  
This hand committed that supposed offence,  
I took the image, mine that fault, that fact,  
Mine be the glory of that virtuous act."

## XXII

This spotless lamb thus offered up her blood,  
To save the rest of Christ's selected fold,  
O noble lie! was ever truth so good?  
Blest be the lips that such a leasing told:  
Thoughtful awhile remained the tyrant wood,  
His native wrath he gan a space withhold,  
And said, "That thou discover soon I will,  
What aid? what counsel had'st thou in that ill?"

## XXIII

"My lofty thoughts," she answered him, "envied  
Another's hand should work my high desire,  
The thirst of glory can no partner bide,  
With mine own self I did alone conspire."  
"On thee alone," the tyrant then replied,  
"Shall fall the vengeance of my wrath and ire."  
"'Tis just and right," quoth she, "I yield consent,  
Mine be the honor, mine the punishment."

## XXIV

The wretch of new enraged at the same,  
Asked where she hid the image so conveyed:  
"Not hid," quoth she, "but quite consumed with flame,  
The idol is of that eternal maid,  
For so at least I have preserved the same,  
With hands profane from being eft betrayed.  
My Lord, the thing thus stolen demand no more,  
Here see the thief that scorneth death therefor.

## XXV

"And yet no theft was this, yours was the sin,  
I brought again what you unjustly took."  
This heard, the tyrant did for rage begin  
To whet his teeth, and bend his frowning look,  
No pity, youth; fairness, no grace could win;  
Joy, comfort, hope, the virgin all forsook;  
Wrath killed remorse, vengeance stopped mercy's breath  
Love's thrall to hate, and beauty's slave to death.

## XXVI

Ta'en was the damsel, and without remorse,  
The king condemned her guiltless to the fire,  
Her veil and mantle plucked they off by force,  
And bound her tender arms in twisted wire:  
Dumb was the silver dove, while from her corse  
These hungry kites plucked off her rich attire,  
And for some deal perplexed was her sprite,  
Her damask late, now changed to purest white.

## XXVII

The news of this mishap spread far and near,  
The people ran, both young and old, to gaze;  
Olindo also ran, and gan to fear  
His lady was some partner in this case;  
But when he found her bound, stript from her gear,  
And vile tormentors ready saw in place,  
He broke the throng, and into presence brast;  
And thus bespake the king in rage and haste:

## XXXVIII

"Not so, not so this grief shall bear away  
From me the honor of so noble feat,  
She durst not, did not, could not so convey  
The massy substance of that idol great,  
What sleight had she the wardens to betray?  
What strength to heave the goddess from her seat?

No, no, my Lord, she sails but with my wind."  
Ah, thus he loved, yet was his love unkind!

## XXIX

He added further: "Where the shining glass,  
Lest in the light amid your temple's side,  
By broken by-ways did I inward pass,  
And in that window made a postern wide,  
Nor shall therefore this ill-advised lass  
Usurp the glory should this fact betide,  
Mine be these bonds, mine be these flames so pure,  
O glorious death, more glorious sepulture!"

## XXX

Sophronia raised her modest looks from ground,  
And on her lover bent her eyesight mild,  
"Tell me, what fury? what conceit unsound  
Presenteth here to death so sweet a child?  
Is not in me sufficient courage found,  
To bear the anger of this tyrant wild?  
Or hath fond love thy heart so over-gone?  
Wouldst thou not live, nor let me die alone?"

## XXXI

Thus spake the nymph, yet spake but to the wind,  
She could not alter his well-settled thought;  
O miracle! O strife of wondrous kind!  
Where love and virtue such contention wrought,  
Where death the victor had for meed assigned;  
Their own neglect, each other's safety sought;  
But thus the king was more provoked to ire,  
Their strife for bellows served to anger's fire.

## XXXII

He thinks, such thoughts self-guiltiness finds out,  
They scorned his power, and therefore scorned the pain,  
"Nay, nay," quoth he, "let be your strife and doubt,  
You both shall win, and fit reward obtain."  
With that the sergeants hent the young man stout,  
And bound him likewise in a worthless chain;  
Then back to back fast to a stake both ties,  
Two harmless turtles dight for sacrifice.

## XXXIII

About the pile of fagots, sticks and hay,  
The bellows raised the newly-kindled flame,  
When thus Olindo, in a doleful lay,  
Begun too late his bootless plaints to frame:  
"Be these the bonds? Is this the hoped-for day,  
Should join me to this long-desired dame?  
Is this the fire alike should burn our hearts?  
Ah, hard reward for lovers' kind desarts!

## XXXIV

"Far other flames and bonds kind lovers prove,  
But thus our fortune casts the hapless die,  
Death hath exchanged again his shafts with love,  
And Cupid thus lets borrowed arrows fly.

O Hymen, say, what fury doth thee move  
 To lend thy lamps to light a tragedy?  
 Yet this contents me that I die for thee,  
 Thy flames, not mine, my death and torment be.

## XXXV

"Yet happy were my death, mine ending blest,  
 My torments easy, full of sweet delight,  
 It this I could obtain, that breast to breast  
 Thy bosom might receive my yielded sprite;  
 And thine with it in heaven's pure clothing drest,  
 Through clearest skies might take united flight."  
 Thus he complained, whom gently she reproved,  
 And sweetly spake him thus, that so her loved:

## XXXVI

"Far other complaints, dear friend, tears and laments  
 The time, the place, and our estates require;  
 Think on thy sins, which man's old foe presents  
 Before that judge that quits each soul his hire,  
 For his name suffer, for no pain torments  
 Him whose just prayers to his throne aspire:  
 Behold the heavens, thither thine eyesight bend,  
 Thy looks, sighs, tears, for intercessors send."

## XXXVII

The Pagans loud cried out to God and man,  
 The Christians mourned in silent lamentation,  
 The tyrant's self, a thing unused, began  
 To feel his heart relent, with mere compassion,  
 But not disposed to ruth or mercy than  
 He sped him thence home to his habitation:  
 Sophronia stood not grieved nor discontented,  
 By all that saw her, but herself, lamented.

## XXXVIII

The lovers standing in this doleful wise,  
 A warrior bold unwares approached near,  
 In uncouth arms yclad and strange disguise,  
 From countries far, but new arrived there,  
 A savage tigress on her helmet lies,  
 The famous badge Clorinda used to bear;  
 That wons in every warlike stowre to win,  
 By which bright sign well known was that fair inn.

## XXXIX

She scorned the arts these silly women use,  
 Another thought her nobler humor fed,  
 Her lofty hand would of itself refuse  
 To touch the dainty needle or nice thread,  
 She hated chambers, closets, secret news,  
 And in broad fields preserved her maidenhead:  
 Proud were her looks, yet sweet, though stern and stout,  
 Her dam a dove, thus brought an eagle out.

## XL

While she was young, she used with tender hand  
 The foaming steed with froary bit to steer,

To tilt and tourney, wrestle in the sand,  
To leave with speed Atlanta swift arear,  
Through forests wild, and unfrequented land  
To chase the lion, boar, or rugged bear,  
The satyrs rough, the fauns and fairies wild,  
She chased oft, oft took, and oft beguiled.

## XLI

This lusty lady came from Persia late,  
She with the Christians had encountered eft,  
And in their flesh had opened many a gate,  
By which their faithful souls their bodies left,  
Her eye at first presented her the state  
Of these poor souls, of hope and help bereft,  
Greedy to know, as is the mind of man,  
Their cause of death, swift to the fire she ran.

## XLII

The people made her room, and on them twain  
Her piercing eyes their fiery weapons dart,  
Silent she saw the one, the other 'plain,  
The weaker body lodged the nobler heart:  
Yet him she saw lament, as if his pain  
Were grief and sorrow for another's smart,  
And her keep silence so, as if her eyes  
Dumb orators were to entreat the skies.

## XLIII

Clorinda changed to ruth her warlike mood,  
Few silver drops her vermeil cheeks depaint;  
Her sorrow was for her that speechless stood,  
Her silence more prevailed than his complaint.  
She asked an aged man, seemed grave and good,  
"Come say me, sir," quoth she, "what hard constraint  
Would murder here love's queen and beauty's king?  
What fault or fare doth to this death them bring?"

## XLIV

Thus she inquired, and answer short he gave,  
But such as all the chance at large disclosed,  
She wondered at the case, the virgin brave,  
That both were guiltless of the fault supposed,  
Her noble thought cast how she might them save,  
The means on suit or battle she reposed.  
Quick to the fire she ran, and quenched it out,  
And thus bespake the sergeants and the rout:

## XLV

"Be there not one among you all that dare  
In this your hateful office aught proceed,  
Till I return from court, nor take you care  
To reap displeasure for not making speed."  
To do her will the men themselves prepare,  
In their faint hearts her looks such terror breed;  
To court she went, their pardon would she get,  
But on the way the courteous king she met.

## XLVI

"Sir King," quoth she, "my name Clorinda hight,

My fame perchance has pierced your ears ere now,  
 I come to try my wonted power and might,  
 And will defend this land, this town, and you,  
 All hard assays esteem I eath and light,  
 Great acts I reach to, to small things I bow,  
 To fight in field, or to defend this wall,  
 Point what you list, I naught refuse at all."

## XLVII

To whom the king, "What land so far remote  
 From Asia's coasts, or Phoebus' glistening rays,  
 O glorious virgin, that recordeth not  
 Thy fame, thine honor, worth, renown, and praise?  
 Since on my side I have thy succors got,  
 I need not fear in these my aged days,  
 For in thine aid more hope, more trust I have,  
 Than in whole armies of these soldiers brave.

## XLVIII

"Now, Godfrey stays too long; he fears, I ween;  
 Thy courage great keeps all our foes in awe;  
 For thee all actions far unworthy been,  
 But such as greatest danger with them draw:  
 Be you commandress therefore, Princess, Queen  
 Of all our forces: be thy word a law."  
 This said, the virgin gan her beaver vail,  
 And thanked him first, and thus began her tale.

## XLIX

"A thing unused, great monarch, may it seem,  
 To ask reward for service yet to come;  
 But so your virtuous bounty I esteem,  
 That I presume for to intreat this groom  
 And silly maid from danger to redeem,  
 Condemned to burn by your impartial doom,  
 I not excuse, but pity much their youth,  
 And come to you for mercy and for ruth.

## L

"Yet give me leave to tell your Highness this,  
 You blame the Christians, them my thoughts acquite,  
 Nor be displeased, I say you judge amiss,  
 At every shot look not to hit the white,  
 All what the enchanter did persuade you, is  
 Against the lore of Macon's sacred rite,  
 For us commandeth mighty Mahomet  
 No idols in his temple pure to set.

## LI

"To him therefore this wonder done refar,  
 Give him the praise and honor of the thing,  
 Of us the gods benign so careful are  
 Lest customs strange into their church we bring:  
 Let Ismen with his squares and trigons war,  
 His weapons be the staff, the glass, the ring;  
 But let us manage war with blows like knights,  
 Our praise in arms, our honor lies in fights."

## LII

The virgin held her peace when this was said;  
And though to pity he never framed his thought,  
Yet, for the king admired the noble maid,  
His purpose was not to deny her aught:  
"I grant them life," quoth he, "your promised aid  
Against these Frenchmen hath their pardon bought:  
Nor further seek what their offences be,  
Guiltless, I quit; guilty, I set them free."

## LIII

Thus were they loosed, happiest of humankind,  
Olindo, blessed be this act of thine,  
True witness of thy great and heavenly mind,  
Where sun, moon, stars, of love, faith, virtue, shine.  
So forth they went and left pale death behind,  
To joy the bliss of marriage rites divine,  
With her he would have died, with him content  
Was she to live that would with her have bent.

## LIV

The king, as wicked thoughts are most suspicious,  
Supposed too fast this tree of virtue grew,  
O blessed Lord! why should this Pharaoh vicious,  
Thus tyrannize upon thy Hebrews true?  
Who to perform his will, vile and malicious,  
Exiled these, and all the faithful crew,  
All that were strong of body, stout of mind,  
But kept their wives and children pledge behind.

## LV

A hard division, when the harmless sheep  
Must leave their lambs to hungry wolves in charge,  
But labor's virtues watching, ease her sleep,  
Trouble best wind that drives salvation's barge,  
The Christians fled, whither they took no keep,  
Some strayed wild among the forests large,  
Some to Emmaus to the Christian host,  
And conquer would again their houses lost.

## LVI

Emmaus is a city small, that lies  
From Sion's walls distant a little way,  
A man that early on the morn doth rise,  
May thither walk ere third hour of the day.  
Oh, when the Christian lord this town espies  
How merry were their hearts? How fresh? How gay?  
But for the sun inclined fast to west,  
That night there would their chieftain take his rest.

## LVII

Their canvas castles up they quickly rear,  
And build a city in an hour's space.  
When lo, disguised in unusual gear,  
Two barons bold approachen gan the place;  
Their semblance kind, and mild their gestures were,  
Peace in their hands, and friendship in their face,

From Egypt's king ambassadors they come,  
Them many a squire attends, and many a groom.

LVIII

The first Aletes, born in lowly shed,  
Of parents base, a rose sprung from a brier,  
That now his branches over Egypt spread,  
No plant in Pharaoh's garden prospered higher;  
With pleasing tales his lord's vain ears he fed,  
A flatterer, a pick-thank, and a liar:  
Cursed be estate got with so many a crime,  
Yet this is oft the stair by which men climb.

LIX

Argantes called is that other knight,  
A stranger came he late to Egypt land,  
And there advanced was to honor's height,  
For he was stout of courage, strong of hand,  
Bold was his heart, and restless was his sprite,  
Fierce, stern, outrageous, keen as sharpened brand,  
Scorner of God, scant to himself a friend,  
And pricked his reason on his weapon's end.

LX

These two entreatance made they might be heard,  
Nor was their just petition long denied;  
The gallants quickly made their court of guard,  
And brought them in where sate their famous guide,  
Whose kingly look his princely mind declared,  
Where noblesse, virtue, troth, and valor bide.  
A slender courtesy made Argantes bold,  
So as one prince salute another wold;

LXI

Aletes laid his right hand on his heart,  
Bent down his head, and cast his eyes full low,  
And reverence made with courtly grace and art,  
For all that humble lore to him was know;  
His sober lips then did he softly part,  
Whence of pure rhetoric, whole streams outflow,  
And thus he said, while on the Christian lords  
Down fell the mildew of his sugared words:

LXII

"O only worthy, whom the earth all fears,  
High God defend thee with his heavenly shield,  
And humble so the hearts of all thy peers,  
That their stiff necks to thy sweet yoke may yield:  
These be the sheaves that honor's harvest bears,  
The seed thy valiant acts, the world the field,  
Egypt the headland is, where heaped lies  
Thy fame, worth, justice, wisdom, victories.

LXIII

"These altogether doth our sovereign hide  
In secret store-house of his princely thought,  
And prays he may in long accordance bide,  
With that great worthy which such wonders wrought,

Nor that oppose against the coming tide  
Of proffered love, for that he is not taught  
Your Christian faith, for though of divers kind,  
The loving vine about her elm is twined.

## LXIV

"Receive therefore in that unconquered hand  
The precious handle of this cup of love,  
If not religion, virtue be the band  
'Twixt you to fasten friendship not to move:  
But for our mighty king doth understand,  
You mean your power 'gainst Juda land to prove,  
He would, before this threatened tempest fell,  
I should his mind and princely will first tell.

## LXV

"His mind is this, he prays thee be contented  
To joy in peace the conquests thou hast got,  
Be not thy death, or Sion's fall lamented,  
Forbear this land, Judea trouble not,  
Things done in haste at leisure be repented:  
Withdraw thine arms, trust not uncertain lot,  
For oft to see what least we think betide;  
He is thy friend 'gainst all the world beside.

## LXVI

"True labour in the vineyard of thy Lord,  
Ere prime thou hast the imposed day-work done,  
What armies conquered, perished with thy sword?  
What cities sacked? what kingdoms hast thou won?  
All ears are mazed while tongues thine acts record,  
Hands quake for fear, all feet for dread do run,  
And though no realms you may to thralldom bring,  
No higher can your praise, your glory spring.

## LXVII

"Thy sign is in his Apogaeon placed,  
And when it moveth next, must needs descend,  
Chance in uncertain, fortune double faced,  
Smiling at first, she frowneth in the end:  
Beware thine honor be not then disgraced,  
Take heed thou mar not when thou think'st to mend,  
For this the folly is of Fortune's play,  
'Gainst doubtful, certain; much, 'gainst small to lay.

## LXVIII

"Yet still we sail while prosperous blows the wind,  
Till on some secret rock unwares we light,  
The sea of glory hath no banks assigned,  
They who are wont to win in every fight  
Still feed the fire that so inflames thy mind  
To bring more nations subject to thy might;  
This makes thee blessed peace so light to hold,  
Like summer's flies that fear not winter's cold.

## LXIX

"They bid thee follow on the path, now made  
So plain and easy, enter Fortune's gate,

Nor in thy scabbard sheathe that famous blade,  
 Till settled by thy kingdom, and estate,  
 Till Macon's sacred doctrine fall and fade,  
 Till woeful Asia all lie desolate.  
 Sweet words I grant, baits and allurements sweet,  
 But greatest hopes oft greatest crosses meet.

## LXX

"For, if thy courage do not blind thine eyes,  
 If clouds of fury hide not reason's beams,  
 Then may'st thou see this desperate enterprise.  
 The field of death, watered with danger's streams;  
 High state, the bed is where misfortune lies,  
 Mars most unfriendly, when most kind he seems,  
 Who climbeth high, on earth he hardest lights,  
 And lowest falls attend the highest flights.

## LXXI

"Tell me if, great in counsel, arms and gold,  
 The Prince of Egypt war 'gainst you prepare,  
 What if the valiant Turks and Persians bold,  
 Unite their forces with Cassanoe's heir?  
 Oh then, what marble pillar shall uphold  
 The falling trophies of your conquest fair?  
 Trust you the monarch of the Greekish land?  
 That reed will break; and breaking, wound your hand.

## LXXII

"The Greekish faith is like that half-cut tree  
 By which men take wild elephants in Inde,  
 A thousand times it hath beguiled thee,  
 As firm as waves in seas, or leaves in wind.  
 Will they, who erst denied you passage free,  
 Passage to all men free, by use and kind,  
 Fight for your sake? Or on them do you trust  
 To spend their blood, that could scarce spare their dust?

## LXXIII

"But all your hope and trust perchance is laid  
 In these strong troops, which thee environ round;  
 Yet foes unite are not so soon dismayed  
 As when their strength you erst divided found:  
 Besides, each hour thy bands are weaker made  
 With hunger, slaughter, lodging on cold ground,  
 Meanwhile the Turks seek succors from our king,  
 Thus fade thy helps, and thus thy cumbers spring.

## LXXIV

"Suppose no weapon can thy valor's pride  
 Subdue, that by no force thou may'st be won,  
 Admit no steel can hurt or wound thy side,  
 And be it Heaven hath thee such favor done:  
 'Gainst Famine yet what shield canst thou provide?  
 What strength resist? What sleight her wrath can shun?  
 Go, shake the spear, and draw thy flaming blade,  
 And try if hunger so be weaker made.

## LXXV

"The inhabitants each pasture and each plain

Destroyed have, each field to waste is laid,  
In fenced towers bestowed is their grain  
Before thou cam'st this kingdom to invade,  
These horse and foot, how canst them sustain?  
Whence comes thy store? whence thy provision made?  
Thy ships to bring it are, perchance, assigned,  
Oh, that you live so long as please the wind!

## LXXVI

"Perhaps thy fortune doth control the wind,  
Doth loose or bind their blasts in secret cave,  
The sea, pardie, cruel and deaf by kind,  
Will hear thy call, and still her raging wave:  
But if our armed galleys be assigned  
To aid those ships which Turks and Persians have,  
Say then, what hope is left thy slender fleet?  
Dare flocks of crows, a flight of eagles meet?

## LXXVII

"My lord, a double conquest must you make,  
If you achieve renown by this emprise:  
For if our fleet your navy chase or take,  
For want of victuals all your camp then dies;  
Of if by land the field you once forsake,  
Then vain by sea were hope of victories.  
Nor could your ships restore your lost estate:  
For steed once stolen, we shut the door too late.

## LXXVIII

"In this estate, if thou esteemest light  
The proffered kindness of the Egyptian king,  
Then give me leave to say, this oversight  
Beseems thee not, in whom such virtues spring:  
But heavens vouchsafe to guide my mind aright,  
To gentle thoughts, that peace and quiet bring,  
So that poor Asia her complaints may cease,  
And you enjoy your conquests got, in peace.

## LXXIX

"Nor ye that part in these adventures have,  
Part in his glory, partners in his harms,  
Let not blind Fortune so your minds deceive,  
To stir him more to try these fierce alarms,  
But like the sailor 'scaped from the wave  
From further peril that his person arms  
By staying safe at home, so stay you all,  
Better sit still, men say, than rise to fall."

## LXXX

This said Aletes: and a murmur rose  
That showed dislike among the Christian peers,  
Their angry gestures with mislike disclose  
How much his speech offends their noble ears.  
Lord Godfrey's eye three times environ goes,  
To view what countenance every warrior bears,  
And lastly on the Egyptian baron stayed,  
To whom the duke thus for his answer said:

## LXXXI

"Ambassador, full both of threats and praise,  
Thy doubtful message hast thou wisely told,  
And if thy sovereign love us as he says,  
Tell him he sows to reap an hundred fold,  
But where thy talk the coming storm displays  
Of threatened warfare from the Pagans bold:  
To that I answer, as my cousin is,  
In plainest phrase, lest my intent thou miss.

## LXXXII

"Know, that till now we suffered have much pain,  
By lands and seas, where storms and tempests fall,  
To make the passage easy, safe, and plain  
That leads us to this venerable wall,  
That so we might reward from Heaven obtain,  
And free this town from being longer thrall;  
Nor is it grievous to so good an end  
Our honors, kingdoms, lives and goods to spend.

## LXXXIII

"Nor hope of praise, nor thirst of worldly good,  
Enticed us to follow this emprise,  
The Heavenly Father keep his sacred brood  
From foul infection of so great a vice:  
But by our zeal aye be that plague withstood,  
Let not those pleasures us to sin entice.  
His grace, his mercy, and his powerful hand  
Will keep us safe from hurt by sea and land.

## LXXXIV

"This is the spur that makes our coursers run;  
This is our harbor, safe from danger's floods;  
This is our bield, the blustering winds to shun:  
This is our guide, through forests, deserts, woods;  
This is our summer's shade, our winter's sun:  
This is our wealth, our treasure, and our goods:  
This is our engine, towers that overthrows,  
Our spear that hurts, our sword that wounds our foes.

## LXXXV

"Our courage hence, our hope, our valor springs,  
Not from the trust we have in shield or spear,  
Not from the succors France or Grecia brings,  
On such weak posts we list no buildings rear:  
He can defend us from the power of kings,  
From chance of war, that makes weak hearts to fear;  
He can these hungry troops with manna feed,  
And make the seas land, if we passage need.

## LXXXVI

"But if our sins us of his help deprive,  
Of his high justice let no mercy fall;  
Yet should our deaths us some contentment give,  
To die, where Christ received his burial,  
So might we die, not envying them that live;  
So would we die, not unrevenged all:

Nor Turks, nor Christians, if we perish such,  
Have cause to joy, or to complain too much.

LXXXVII

"Think not that wars we love, and strife affect,  
Or that we hate sweet peace, or rest deny,  
Think not your sovereign's friendship we reject,  
Because we list not in our conquests stay:  
But for it seems he would the Jews protect,  
Pray him from us that thought aside to lay,  
Nor us forbid this town and realm to gain,  
And he in peace, rest, joy, long more may reign."

LXXXVIII

This answer given, Argantes wild drew near,  
Trembling for ire, and waxing pale for rage,  
Nor could he hold, his wrath increased so far,  
But thus inflamed bespoke the captain sage:  
"Who scorneth peace shall have his fill of war,  
I thought my wisdom should thy fury 'suage,  
But well you show what joy you take in fight,  
Which makes you prize our love and friendship light."

LXXXIX

This said, he took his mantle's foremost part,  
And gan the same together fold and wrap;  
Then spake again with fell and spiteful heart,  
So lions roar enclosed in train or trap,  
"Thou proud despiser of inconstant mart,  
I bring thee war and peace closed in this lap,  
Take quickly one, thou hast no time to muse;  
If peace, we rest, we fight, if war thou choose."

XC

His semblance fierce and speechless proud, provoke  
The soldiers all, "War, war," at once to cry,  
Nor could they tarry till their chieftain spoke,  
But for the knight was more inflamed hereby,  
His lap he opened and spread forth his cloak:  
"To mortal wars," he says, "I you defy;"  
And this he uttered with fell rage and hate,  
And seemed of Janus' church to undo the gate.

XCI

It seemed fury, discord, madness fell  
Flew from his lap, when he unfolds the same;  
His glaring eyes with anger's venom swell,  
And like the brand of foul Alecto flame,  
He looked like huge Tiphoid loosed from hell  
Again to shake heaven's everlasting frame,  
Or him that built the tower of Shinaar,  
Which threat'neth battle 'gainst the morning star.

XCII

Godfredo then: "Depart, and bid your king  
Haste hitherward, or else within short while,—  
For gladly we accept the war you bring,—  
Let him expect us on the banks of Nile."

He entertained them then with banqueting,  
And gifts presented to those Pagans vile;  
Aletes had a helmet, rich and gay,  
Late found at Nice among the conquered prey.

## XCIII

Argant a sword, whereof the web was steel,  
Pommel, rich stone; hilt gold; approved by touch  
With rarest workmanship all forged weel,  
The curious art excelled the substance much:  
Thus fair, rich, sharp, to see, to have, to feel,  
Glad was the Paynim to enjoy it such,  
And said, "How I this gift can use and wield,  
Soon shall you see, when first we meet in field."

## XCIV

Thus took they congee, and the angry knight  
Thus to his fellow parleyed on the way,  
"Go thou by day, but let me walk by night,  
Go thou to Egypt, I at Sion stay,  
The answer given thou canst unfold aright,  
No need of me, what I can do or say,  
Among these arms I will go wreak my spite;  
Let Paris court it, Hector loved to fight."

## XCV

Thus he who late arrived a messenger  
Departs a foe, in act, in word, in thought,  
The law of nations or the lore of war,  
If he transgresses or no, he reckoneth naught,  
Thus parted they, and ere he wandered far  
The friendly star-light to the walls him brought:  
Yet his fell heart thought long that little way,  
Grieved with each stop, tormented with each stay.

## XCVI

Now spread the night her spangled canopy,  
And summoned every restless eye to sleep;  
On beds of tender grass the beasts down lie,  
The fishes slumbered in the silent deep,  
Unheard were serpent's hiss and dragon's cry,  
Birds left to sing, and Philomen to weep,  
Only that noise heaven's rolling circles kest,  
Sung lullaby to bring the world to rest.

## XCVII

Yet neither sleep, nor ease, nor shadows dark,  
Could make the faithful camp or captain rest,  
They longed to see the day, to hear the lark  
Record her hymns and chant her carols blest,  
They yearned to view the walls, the wished mark  
To which their journeys long they had addressed;  
Each heart attends, each longing eye beholds  
What beam the eastern window first unfolds.

**THIRD BOOK**

## THE ARGUMENT.

The camp at great Jerusalem arrives:  
Clorinda gives them battle, in the breast  
Of fair Erminia Tancred's love revives,  
He jousts with her unknown whom he loved best;  
Argant th' adventurers of their guide deprives,  
With stately pomp they lay their Lord in chest:  
Godfrey commands to cut the forest down,  
And make strong engines to assault the town.

## I

The purple morning left her crimson bed,  
And donned her robes of pure vermilion hue,  
Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,  
In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new.  
When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread,  
Arm, arm, they cried; arm, arm, the trumpets blew,  
Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast,  
So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast.

## II

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,  
Their forwardness he stayed with gentle rein;  
And yet more easy, haply, were the feat  
To stop the current near Charybdis main,  
Or calm the blustering winds on mountains great,  
Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain;  
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,  
For well he knows disordered speed makes waste.

## III

Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,  
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby,  
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light.  
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,  
Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,  
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy,  
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,  
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

## IV

As when a troop of jolly sailors row  
Some new-found land and country to descry,  
Through dangerous seas and under stars unknowe,  
Thrall to the faithless waves, and trothless sky,  
If once the wished shore begun to show,  
They all salute it with a joyful cry,  
And each to other show the land in haste,  
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

## V

To that delight which their first sight did breed,  
That pleased so the secret of their thought  
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed  
That reverend fear and trembling with it brought,  
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispreed

Upon that town where Christ was sold and bought,  
Where for our sins he faultless suffered pain,  
There where he died and where he lived again.

## VI

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears  
Rose from their hearts, with joy and pleasure mixed;  
For thus fares he the Lord aright that fears,  
Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixed:  
Such noise their passions make, as when one hears  
The hoarse sea waves roar, hollow rocks betwixt;  
Or as the wind in holts and shady greaves,  
A murmur makes among the boughs and leaves.

## VII

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,  
Following the ensample of their zealous guide,  
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes and feathers gay,  
They quickly doffed, and willing laid aside,  
Their molten hearts their wonted pride allay,  
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide,  
And then such secret speech as this, they used,  
While to himself each one himself accused.

## VIII

"Flower of goodness, root of lasting bliss,  
Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood  
That flowed here, to cleanse the soul amiss  
Of sinful men, behold this brutish flood,  
That from my melting heart distilled is,  
Receive in gree these tears, O Lord so good,  
For never wretch with sin so overgone  
Had fitter time or greater cause to moan."

## IX

This while the wary watchman looked over,  
From tops of Sion's towers, the hills and dales,  
And saw the dust the fields and pastures cover,  
As when thick mists arise from moory vales.  
At last the sun-bright shields he gan discover,  
And glistening helms for violence none that fails,  
The metal shone like lightning bright in skies,  
And man and horse amid the dust descries.

## X

Then loud he cries, "O what a dust ariseth!  
O how it shines with shields and targets clear!  
Up, up, to arms, for valiant heart despiseth  
The threatened storm of death and danger near.  
Behold your foes;" then further thus deviseth,  
"Haste, haste, for vain delay increaseth fear,  
These horrid clouds of dust that yonder fly,  
Your coming foes does hide, and hide the sky."

## XI

The tender children, and the fathers old,  
The aged matrons, and the virgin chaste,  
That durst not shake the spear, nor target hold,

Themselves devoutly in their temples placed;  
The rest, of members strong and courage bold,  
On hardy breasts their harness donned in haste,  
Some to the walls, some to the gates them dight,  
Their king meanwhile directs them all aright.

## XII

All things well ordered, he withdrew with speed  
Up to a turret high, two ports between,  
That so he might be near at every need,  
And overlook the lands and furrows green.  
Thither he did the sweet Erminia lead,  
That in his court had entertained been  
Since Christians Antioch did to bondage bring,  
And slew her father, who thereof was king.

## XIII

Against their foes Clorinda sallied out,  
And many a baron bold was by her side,  
Within the postern stood Argantes stout  
To rescue her, if ill mote her betide:  
With speeches brave she cheered her warlike rout,  
And with bold words them heartened as they ride,  
"Let us by some brave act," quoth she, "this day  
Of Asia's hopes the groundwork found and lay."

## XIV

While to her folk thus spake the virgin brave,  
Thereby behold forth passed a Christian band  
Toward the camp, that herds of cattle drave,  
For they that morn had forayed all the land;  
The fierce virago would that booty save,  
Whom their commander singled hand for hand,  
A mighty man at arms, who Guardo hight,  
But far too weak to match with her in fight.

## XV

They met, and low in dust was Guardo laid,  
'Twixt either army, from his sell down kest,  
The Pagans shout for joy, and hopeful said,  
Those good beginnings would have endings blest:  
Against the rest on went the noble maid,  
She broke the helm, and pierced the armed breast,  
Her men the paths rode through made by her sword,  
They pass the stream where she had found the ford.

## XVI

Soon was the prey out of their hands recovered,  
By step and step the Frenchmen gan retire,  
Till on a little hill at last they hovered,  
Whose strength preserved them from Clorinda's ire:  
When, as a tempest that hath long been covered  
In watery clouds breaks out with sparkling fire,  
With his strong squadron Lord Tancredi came,  
His heart with rage, his eyes with courage flame.

## XVII

Mast great the spear was which the gallant bore

That in his warlike pride he made to shake,  
 As winds tall cedars toss on mountains hoar:  
 The king, that wondered at his bravery, spake  
 To her, that near him seated was before,  
 Who felt her heart with love's hot fever quake,  
 "Well shouldst thou know," quoth he, "each Christian knight,  
 By long acquaintance, though in armor dight.

## XVIII

"Say, who is he shows so great worthiness,  
 That rides so rank, and bends his lance so fell?"  
 To this the princess said nor more nor less,  
 Her heart with sighs, her eyes with tears, did swell;  
 But sighs and tears she wisely could suppress,  
 Her love and passion she dissembled well,  
 And strove her love and hot desire to cover,  
 Till heart with sighs, and eyes with tears ran over:

## XIX

At last she spoke, and with a crafty sleight  
 Her secret love disguised in clothes of hate:  
 "Alas, too well," she says, "I know that knight,  
 I saw his force and courage proved late,  
 Too late I viewed him, when his power and might  
 Shook down the pillar of Cassanoe's state;  
 Alas what wounds he gives! how fierce, how fell!  
 No physic helps them cure, nor magic's spell.

## XX

"Tancred he hight, O Macon, would he wear  
 My thrall, ere fates him of this life deprive,  
 For to his hateful head such spite I bear,  
 I would him reave his cruel heart on live."  
 Thus said she, they that her complainings hear  
 In other sense her wishes credit give.  
 She sighed withal, they construed all amiss,  
 And thought she wished to kill, who longed to kiss.

## XXI

This while forth pricked Clorinda from the throng  
 And 'gainst Tancredi set her spear in rest,  
 Upon their helms they cracked their lances long,  
 And from her head her gilden casque he kest,  
 For every lace he broke and every thong,  
 And in the dust threw down her plumed crest,  
 About her shoulders shone her golden locks,  
 Like sunny beams, on alabaster rocks.

## XXII

Her looks with fire, her eyes with lightning blaze,  
 Sweet was her wrath, what then would be her smile?  
 Tancred, whereon think'st thou? what dost thou gaze?  
 Hast thou forgot her in so short a while?  
 The same is she, the shape of whose sweet face  
 The God of Love did in thy heart compile,  
 The same that left thee by the cooling stream,  
 Safe from sun's heat, but scorched with beauty's beam.

## XXIII

The prince well knew her, though her painted shield  
And golden helm he had not marked before,  
She saved her head, and with her axe well steeled  
Assailed the knight; but her the knight forbore,  
'Gainst other foes he proved him through the field,  
Yet she for that refrained ne'er the more,  
But following, "Turn thee," cried, in ireful wise;  
And so at once she threats to kill him twice.

## XXIV

Not once the baron lifts his armed hand  
To strike the maid, but gazing on her eyes,  
Where lordly Cupid seemed in arms to stand,  
No way to ward or shun her blows he tries;  
But softly says, "No stroke of thy strong hand  
Can vanquish Tancred, but thy conquest lies  
In those fair eyes, which fiery weapons dart,  
That find no lighting place except this heart."

## XXV

At last resolved, although he hoped small grace,  
Yet ere he did to tell how much he loved,  
For pleasing words in women's ears find place,  
And gentle hearts with humble suits are moved:  
"O thou," quoth he, "withhold thy wrath a space,  
For if thou long to see my valor proved,  
Were it not better from this warlike rout  
Withdrawn, somewhere, alone to fight it out?"

## XXVI

"So singled, may we both our courage try:"  
Clorinda to that motion yielded glad,  
And helmless to the forestward gan hie,  
Whither the prince right pensive wend and sad,  
And there the virgin gan him soon defy.  
One blow she stricken, and he ward had,  
When he cried, "Hold, and ere we prove our might,  
First hear thou some conditions of the fight."

## XXVII

She stayed, and desperate love had made him bold;  
"Since from the fight thou wilt no respite give,  
The covenants be," he said, "that thou unfold  
This wretched bosom, and my heart out rive,  
Given thee long since, and if thou, cruel, would  
I should be dead, let me no longer live,  
But pierce this breast, that all the world may say,  
The eagle made the turtle-dove her prey.

## XXVIII

"Save with thy grace, or let thine anger kill,  
Love hath disarmed my life of all defence;  
An easy labor harmless blood to spill,  
Strike then, and punish where is none offence."  
This said the prince, and more perchance had will  
To have declared, to move her cruel sense.

But in ill time of Pagans thither came  
A troop, and Christians that pursued the same.

## XXIX

The Pagans fled before their valiant foes,  
For dread or craft, it skills not that we know,  
A soldier wild, careless to win or lose,  
Saw where her locks about the damsel flew,  
And at her back he proffereth as he goes  
To strike where her he did disarmed view:  
But Tancred cried, "Oh stay thy cursed hand,"  
And for to ward the blow lift up his brand.

## XXX

But yet the cutting steel arrived there,  
Where her fair neck adjoined her noble head,  
Light was the wound, but through her amber hair  
The purple drops down railed bloody red,  
So rubies set in flaming gold appear:  
But Lord Tancredi, pale with rage as lead,  
Flew on the villain, who to flight him bound;  
The smart was his, though she received the wound.

## XXXI

The villain flies, he, full of rage and ire,  
Pursues, she stood and wondered on them both,  
But yet to follow them showed no desire,  
To stray so far she would perchance be loth,  
But quickly turned her, fierce as flaming fire,  
And on her foes wreaked her anger wrath,  
On every side she kills them down amain,  
And now she flies, and now she turns again.

## XXXII

As the swift ure by Volga's rolling flood  
Chased through the plains the mastiff curs toforn,  
Flies to the succor of some neighbor wood,  
And often turns again his dreadful horn  
Against the dogs imbrued in sweat and blood,  
That bite not, till the beast to flight return;  
Or as the Moors at their strange tennice run,  
Defenced, the flying balls unhurt to shun:

## XXXIII

So ran Clorinda, so her foes pursued,  
Until they both approached the city's wall,  
When lo! the Pagans their fierce wrath renewed,  
Cast in a ring about they wheeled all,  
And 'gainst the Christians' backs and sides they showed  
Their courage fierce, and to new combat fall,  
When down the hill Argantes came to fight,  
Like angry Mars to aid the Trojan knight.

## XXXIV

Furious, tofore the foremost of his rank,  
In sturdy steel forth stept the warrior bold,  
The first he smote down from his saddle sank,  
The next under his steel lay on the mould,

Under the Saracen's spear the worthies shrank,  
No breastplate could that cursed tree outhold,  
When that was broke his precious sword he drew,  
And whom he hit, he felled, hurt, or slew.

## XXXV

Clorinda slew Ardelio; aged knight,  
Whose graver years would for no labor yield,  
His age was full of puissance and might  
Two sons he had to guard his noble eild,  
The first, far from his father's care and sight,  
Called Alicandro wounded lay in field,  
And Poliphern the younger, by his side,  
Had he not nobly fought had surely died.

## XXXVI

Tancred by this, that strove to overtake  
The villain that had hurt his only dear,  
From vain pursuit at last returned back,  
And his brave troop discomfit saw well near,  
Thither he spurred, and gan huge slaughter make,  
His shock no steed, his blow no knight could bear,  
For dead he strikes him whom he lights upon,  
So thunders break high trees on Lebanon.

## XXXVII

Dudon his squadron of adventurers brings,  
To aid the worthy and his tired crew,  
Before the residue young Rinaldo flings  
As swift as fiery lightning kindled new,  
His argent eagle with her silver wings  
In field of azure, fair Erminia knew,  
"See there, sir King," she says, "a knight as bold  
And brave, as was the son of Peleus old.

## XXXVIII

"He wins the prize in joust and tournament,  
His acts are numberless, though few his years,  
If Europe six likes him to war had sent  
Among these thousand strong of Christian peers,  
Syria were lost, lost were the Orient,  
And all the lands the Southern Ocean wears,  
Conquered were all hot Afric's tawny kings,  
And all that dwells by Nilus' unknown springs.

## XXXIX

"Rinaldo is his name, his armed fist  
Breaks down stone walls, when rams and engines fail,  
But turn your eyes because I would you wist  
What lord that is in green and golden mail,  
Dudon he hight who guideth as him list  
The adventurers' troop whose prowess seld doth fail,  
High birth, grave years, and practise long in war,  
And fearless heart, make him renowned far.

## XL

"See that big man that all in brown is bound,  
Gernando called, the King of Norway's son,

A prouder knight treads not on grass or ground,  
 His pride hath lost the praise his prowess won;  
 And that kind pair in white all armed round,  
 Is Edward and Gildippes, who begun  
 Through love the hazard of fierce war to prove,  
 Famous for arms, but famous more for love."

## XLI

While thus they tell their foemen's worthiness,  
 The slaughter rageth in the plain at large.  
 Tancred and young Rinaldo break the press,  
 They bruise the helm, and press the sevenfold targe;  
 The troop by Dudon led performed no less,  
 But in they come and give a furious charge:  
 Argantes' self fell at one single blow,  
 Inglorious, bleeding lay, on earth full low:

## XLII

Nor had the boaster ever risen more,  
 But that Rinaldo's horse e'en then down fell,  
 And with the fall his leg opprest so sore,  
 That for a space there must be algates dwell.  
 Meanwhile the Pagan troops were nigh forlore,  
 Swiftly they fled, glad they escaped so well,  
 Argantes and with him Clorinda stout,  
 For bank and bulwark served to save the rout.

## XLIII

These fled the last, and with their force sustained  
 The Christians' rage, that followed them so near;  
 Their scattered troops to safety well they trained,  
 And while the residue fled, the brunt these bear;  
 Dudon pursued the victory he gained,  
 And on Tigranes nobly broke his spear,  
 Then with his sword headless to ground him cast,  
 So gardeners branches lop that spring too fast.

## XLIV

Algazar's breastplate, of fine temper made,  
 Nor Corban's helmet, forged by magic art,  
 Could save their owners, for Lord Dudon's blade  
 Cleft Corban's head, and pierced Algazar's heart,  
 And their proud souls down to the infernal shade,  
 From Amurath and Mahomet depart;  
 Not strong Argantes thought his life was sure,  
 He could not safely fly, nor fight secure.

## XLV

The angry Pagan bit his lips for teen,  
 He ran, he stayed, he fled, he turned again,  
 Until at last unmarked, unviewed, unseen,  
 When Dudon had Almansor newly slain,  
 Within his side he sheathed his weapon keen,  
 Down fell the worthy on the dusty plain,  
 And lifted up his feeble eyes uneath,  
 Opprest with leaden sleep, of iron death.

## XLVI

Three times he strove to view Heaven's golden ray,

And raised him on his feeble elbow thrice,  
And thrice he tumbled on the lowly lay,  
And three times closed again his dying eyes,  
He speaks no word, yet makes his signs to pray;  
He sighs, he faints, he groans, and then he dies;  
Argantes proud to spoil the corpse disdained,  
But shook his sword with blood of Dudon stained.

## XLVII

And turning to the Christian knights, he cried:  
"Lordlings, behold, this bloody reeking blade  
Last night was given me by your noble guide,  
Tell him what proof thereof this day is made,  
Needs must this please him well that is betide,  
That I so well can use this martial trade,  
To whom so rare a gift he did present,  
Tell him the workman fits the instrument.

## XLVIII

"If further proof thereof he long to see,  
Say it still thirsts, and would his heart-blood drink;  
And if he haste not to encounter me,  
Say I will find him when he least doth think."  
The Christians at his words enraged be,  
But he to shun their ire doth safely shrink  
Under the shelter of the neighbor wall,  
Well guarded with his troops and soldiers all.

## XLIX

Like storms of hail the stones fell down from high,  
Cast from their bulwarks, flankers, ports and towers,  
The shafts and quarries from their engines fly,  
As thick as falling drops in April showers:  
The French withdrew, they list not press too nigh,  
The Saracens escaped all the powers,  
But now Rinaldo from the earth upleapt,  
Where by the leg his steed had long him kept;

## L

He came and breathed vengeance from his breast  
'Gainst him that noble Dudon late had slain;  
And being come thus spoke he to the rest,  
"Warriors, why stand you gazing here in vain?  
Pale death our valiant leader had opprest,  
Come wreak his loss, whom bootless you complain.  
Those walls are weak, they keep but cowards out  
No rampier can withstand a courage stout.

## LI

"Of double iron, brass or adamant,  
Or if this wall were built of flaming fire,  
Yet should the Pagan vile a fortress want  
To shroud his coward head safe from mine ire;  
Come follow then, and bid base fear avaunt,  
The harder work deserves the greater hire;"  
And with that word close to the walls he starts,  
Nor fears he arrows, quarries, stones or darts.

## LII

Above the waves as Neptune lift his eyes  
 To chide the winds, that Trojan ships opprest,  
 And with his countenance calmed seas, winds and skies;  
 So looked Rinaldo, when he shook his crest  
 Before those walls, each Pagan fears and flies  
 His dreadful sight, or trembling stayed at least:  
 Such dread his awful visage on them cast.  
 So seem poor doves at goshawks' sight aghast.

## LIII

The herald Ligiere now from Godfrey came,  
 To will them stay and calm their courage hot;  
 "Retire," quoth he, "Godfrey commands the same;  
 To wreak your ire this season fitteth not;"  
 Though loth, Rinaldo stayed, and stopped the flame,  
 That boiled in his hardy stomach hot;  
 His bridled fury grew thereby more fell,  
 So rivers, stopped, above their banks do swell.

## LIV

The hands retire, not endangered by their foes  
 In their retreat, so wise were they and wary,  
 To murdered Dudon each lamenting goes,  
 From wonted use of ruth they list not vary.  
 Upon their friendly arms they soft impose  
 The noble burden of his corpse to carry:  
 Meanwhile Godfredo from a mountain great  
 Beheld the sacred city and her seat.

## LV

Hierusalem is seated on two hills  
 Of height unlike, and turned side to side,  
 The space between, a gentle valley fills,  
 From mount to mount expanded fair and wide.  
 Three sides are sure imbarred with crags and hills,  
 The rest is easy, scant to rise espied:  
 But mighty bulwarks fence that plainer part,  
 So art helps nature, nature strengtheneth art.

## LVI

The town is stored of troughs and cisterns, made  
 To keep fresh water, but the country seems  
 Devoid of grass, unfit for ploughmen's trade,  
 Not fertile, moist with rivers, wells and streams;  
 There grow few trees to make the summer's shade,  
 To shield the parched land from scorching beams,  
 Save that a wood stands six miles from the town,  
 With aged cedars dark, and shadows brown.

## LVII

By east, among the dusty valleys, glide  
 The silver streams of Jordan's crystal flood;  
 By west, the Midland Sea, with bounders tied  
 Of sandy shores, where Joppa whilom stood;  
 By north Samaria stands, and on that side  
 The golden calf was reared in Bethel wood;

Bethlem by south, where Christ incarnate was,  
A pearl in steel, a diamond set in brass.

## LVIII

While thus the Duke on every side descried  
The city's strength, the walls and gates about,  
And saw where least the same was fortified,  
Where weakest seemed the walls to keep him out;  
Ermina as he armed rode, him spied,  
And thus bespake the heathen tyrant stout,  
"See Godfrey there, in purple clad and gold,  
His stately port, and princely look behold.

## LIX

"Well seems he born to be with honor crowned,  
So well the lore he knows of regiment,  
Peerless in fight, in counsel grave and sound,  
The double gift of glory excellent,  
Among these armies is no warrior found  
Graver in speech, bolder in tournament.  
Raymond pardie in counsel match him might;  
Tancred and young Rinaldo like in fight."

## LX

To whom the king: "He likes me well therefore,  
I knew him whilom in the court of France  
When I from Egypt went ambassador,  
I saw him there break many a sturdy lance,  
And yet his chin no sign of manhood bore;  
His youth was forward, but with governance,  
His words, his actions, and his portance brave,  
Of future virtue, timely tokens gave.

## LXI

"Presages, ah too true:" with that a space  
He sighed for grief, then said, "Fain would I know  
The man in red, with such a knightly grace,  
A worthy lord he seemeth by his show,  
How like to Godfrey looks he in the face,  
How like in person! but some-deal more low."  
"Baldwin," quoth she, "that noble baron hight,  
By birth his brother, and his match in might.

## LXII

"Next look on him that seems for counsel fit,  
Whose silver locks betray his store of days,  
Raymond he hight, a man of wondrous wit,  
Of Toulouse lord, his wisdom is his praise;  
What he forethinks doth, as he looks for, hit,  
His stratagems have good success always:  
With gilded helm beyond him rides the mild  
And good Prince William, England's king's dear child.

## LXIII

"With him is Guelpho, as his noble mate,  
In birth, in acts, in arms alike the rest,  
I know him well, since I beheld him late,  
By his broad shoulders and his squared breast:

But my proud foe that quite hath ruin  
 My high estate, and Antioch oppress,  
 I see not, Boemond, that to death did bring  
 Mine aged lord, my father, and my king."

## LXIV

Thus talked they; meanwhile Godfredo went  
 Down to the troops that in the valley stayed,  
 And for in vain he thought the labor spent,  
 To assail those parts that to the mountains laid,  
 Against the northern gate his force he bent,  
 Against it he camped, against it his engines played;  
 All felt the fury of his angry power,  
 That from those gates lies to the corner tower.

## LXV

The town's third part was this, or little less,  
 Fore which the duke his glorious ensigns spread,  
 For so great compass had that forteress,  
 That round it could not be environed  
 With narrow siege—nor Babel's king I guess  
 That whilom took it, such an army led—  
 But all the ways he kept, by which his foe  
 Might to or from the city come or go.

## LXVI

His care was next to cast the trenches deep,  
 So to preserve his resting camp by night,  
 Lest from the city while his soldiers sleep  
 They might assail them with untimely flight.  
 This done he went where lords and princes weep  
 With dire complaints about the murdered knight,  
 Where Dudon dead lay slaughtered on the ground.  
 And all the soldiers sat lamenting round.

## LXVII

His wailing friends adorned the mournful bier  
 With woful pomp, whereon his corpse they laid,  
 And when they saw the Bulloigne prince draw near,  
 All felt new grief, and each new sorrow made;  
 But he, withouten show or change of cheer,  
 His springing tears within their fountains stayed,  
 His rueful looks upon the corpse he cast  
 Awhile, and thus bespake the same at last;

## LXVIII

"We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest,  
 Earth is thy bed, and not the grave the skies  
 Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest,  
 There live, for here thy glory never dies:  
 For like a Christian knight and champion blest  
 Thou didst both live and die: now feed thine eyes  
 With thy Redeemer's sight, where crowned with bliss  
 Thy faith, zeal, merit, well-deserving is.

## LXIX

"Our loss, not thine, provokes these plaints and tears:  
 For when we lost thee, then our ship her mast,

Our chariot lost her wheels, their points our spears,  
The bird of conquest her chief feather cast:  
But though thy death far from our army hears  
Her chieftest earthly aid, in heaven yet placed  
Thou wilt procure its help Divine, so reaps  
He that sows godly sorrow, joy by heaps.

LXX

"For if our God the Lord Armipotent  
Those armed angels in our aid down send  
That were at Dothan to his prophet sent,  
Thou wilt come down with them, and well defend  
Our host, and with thy sacred weapons bent  
Gainst Sion's fort, these gates and bulwarks rend,  
That so by hand may win this hold, and we  
May in these temples praise our Christ for thee."

LXXI

Thus he complained; but now the sable shade  
Ycleped night, had thick enveloped  
The sun in veil of double darkness made;  
Sleep, eased care; rest, brought complaint to bed:  
All night the wary duke devising laid  
How that high wall should best be battered,  
How his strong engines he might aptly frame,  
And whence get timber fit to build the same.

LXXII

Up with the lark the sorrowful duke arose,  
A mourner chief at Dudon's burial,  
Of cypress sad a pile his friends compose  
Under a hill o'ergrown with cedars tall,  
Beside the hearse a fruitful palm-tree grows,  
Ennobled since by this great funeral,  
Where Dudon's corpse they softly laid in ground,  
The priest sung hymns, the soldiers wept around.

LXXIII

Among the boughs, they here and there bestow  
Ensigns and arms, as witness of his praise,  
Which he from Pagan lords, that did them owe,  
Had won in prosperous fights and happy frays:  
His shield they fixed on the hole below,  
And there this distich under-writ, which says,  
"This palm with stretched arms, doth overspread  
The champion Dudon's glorious carcass dead."

LXXIV

This work performed with advisement good,  
Godfrey his carpenters, and men of skill  
In all the camp, sent to an aged wood,  
With convoy meet to guard them safe from ill.  
Within a valley deep this forest stood,  
To Christian eyes unseen, unknown, until  
A Syrian told the duke, who thither sent  
Those chosen workmen that for timber went.

LXXV

And now the axe raged in the forest wild,

The echo sighed in the groves unseen,  
 The weeping nymphs fled from their bowers exiled,  
 Down fell the shady tops of shaking treen,  
 Down came the sacred palms, the ashes wild,  
 The funeral cypress, holly ever green,  
 The weeping fir, thick beech, and sailing pine,  
 The married elm fell with his fruitful vine.

## LXXVI

The shooter grew, the broad-leaved sycamore,  
 The barren plantain, and the walnut sound,  
 The myrrh, that her foul sin doth still deplore,  
 The alder owner of all waterish ground,  
 Sweet juniper, whose shadow hurteth sore,  
 Proud cedar, oak, the king of forests crowned;  
 Thus fell the trees, with noise the deserts roar;  
 The beasts, their caves, the birds, their nests forlore.

## FOURTH BOOK

## THE ARGUMENT.

Satan his fiends and spirits assembleth all,  
 And sends them forth to work the Christians woe,  
 False Hidraort their aid from hell doth call,  
 And sends Armida to entrap his foe:  
 She tells her birth, her fortune, and her fall,  
 Asks aid, allures and wins the worthies so  
 That they consent her enterprise to prove;  
 She wins them with deceit, craft, beauty, love.

## I

While thus their work went on with lucky speed,  
 And reared rams their horned fronts advance,  
 The Ancient Foe to man, and mortal seed,  
 His wannish eyes upon them bent askance;  
 And when he saw their labors well succeed,  
 He wept for rage, and threatened dire mischance.  
 He choked his curses, to himself he spake,  
 Such noise wild bulls that softly bellow make.

## II

At last resolving in his damned thought  
 To find some let to stop their warlike feat,  
 He gave command his princes should be brought  
 Before the throne of his infernal seat.  
 O fool! as if it were a thing of naught  
 God to resist, or change his purpose great,  
 Who on his foes doth thunder in his ire,  
 Whose arrows hailstones he and coals of fire.

## III

The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,  
 And rumbled through the lands and kingdoms under,  
 Through wasteness wide it roared, and hollows vast,  
 And filled the deep with horror, fear and wonder,  
 Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast,  
 That fall from skies with storms of hail and thunder,

Not half so loud the whistling winds do sing,  
Broke from the earthen prisons of their King.

## IV

The peers of Pluto's realm assembled been  
Amid the palace of their angry King,  
In hideous forms and shapes, tofore unseen,  
That fear, death, terror and amazement bring,  
With ugly paws some trample on the green,  
Some gnaw the snakes that on their shoulders hing,  
And some their forked tails stretch forth on high,  
And tear the twinkling stars from trembling sky.

## V

There were Silenus' foul and loathsome rout,  
There Sphinxes, Centaurs, there were Gorgons fell,  
There howling Scillas, yawling round about,  
There serpents hiss, there seven-mouthed Hydras yell,  
Chimera there spues fire and brimstone out,  
And Polyphemus blind supporteth hell,  
Besides ten thousand monsters therein dwells  
Misshaped, unlike themselves, and like naught else.

## VI

About their princes each took his wonted seat  
On thrones red-hot, ybuilt of burning brass,  
Pluto in midst heaved his trident great,  
Of rusty iron huge that forged was,  
The rocks on which the salt sea billows beat,  
And Atlas' tops, the clouds in height that pass,  
Compared to his huge person mole-hills be,  
So his rough front, his horns so lifted he.

## VII

The tyrant proud frowned from his lofty cell,  
And with his looks made all his monsters tremble,  
His eyes, that full of rage and venom swell,  
Two beacons seem, that men to arms assemble,  
His feltered locks, that on his bosom fell,  
On rugged mountains briars and thorns resemble,  
His yawning mouth, that foamed clotted blood,  
Gaped like a whirlpool wide in Stygian flood.

## VIII

And as Mount Etna vomits sulphur out,  
With cliffs of burning crags, and fire and smoke,  
So from his mouth flew kindled coals about,  
Hot sparks and smells that man and beast would choke,  
The gnarring porter durst not whine for doubt;  
Still were the Furies, while their sovereign spoke,  
And swift Cocytus stayed his murmur shrill,  
While thus the murderer thundered out his will:

## IX

"Ye powers infernal, worthier far to sit  
About the sun, whence you your offspring take,  
With me that whilom, through the welkin flit,  
Down tumbled headlong to this empty lake;

Our former glory still remember it,  
Our bold attempts and war we once did make  
Gainst him, that rules above the starry sphere,  
For which like traitors we lie damned here.

## X

"And now instead of clear and gladsome sky,  
Of Titan's brightness, that so glorious is,  
In this deep darkness lo we helpless lie,  
Hopeless again to joy our former bliss,  
And more, which makes my griefs to multiply,  
That sinful creature man, elected is;  
And in our place the heavens possess he must,  
Vile man, begot of clay, and born of dust.

## XI

"Nor this sufficed, but that he also gave  
His only Son, his darling to be slain,  
To conquer so, hell, death, sin and the grave,  
And man condemned to restore again,  
He brake our prisons and would algates save  
The souls there here should dwell in woe and pain,  
And now in heaven with him they live always  
With endless glory crowned, and lasting praise.

## XII

"But why recount I thus our passed harms?  
Remembrance fresh makes weakened sorrows strong,  
Expulsed were we with injurious arms  
From those due honors, us of right belong.  
But let us leave to speak of these alarms,  
And bend our forces gainst our present wrong:  
Ah! see you not, how he attempted hath  
To bring all lands, all nations to his faith?

## XIII

"Then, let us careless spend the day and night,  
Without regard what haps, what comes or goes,  
Let Asia subject be to Christians' might,  
A prey he Sion to her conquering foes,  
Let her adore again her Christ aright,  
Who her before all nations whilom chose;  
In brazen tables he his lore ywrit,  
And let all tongues and lands acknowledge it.

## XIV

"So shall our sacred altars all be his,  
Our holy idols tumbled in the mould,  
To him the wretched man that sinful is  
Shall pray, and offer incense, myrrh and gold;  
Our temples shall their costly deckings miss,  
With naked walls and pillars freezing cold,  
Tribute of souls shall end, and our estate,  
Or Pluto reign in kingdoms desolate.

## XV

"Oh, he not then the courage perished clean,  
That whilom dwelt within your haughty thought,

When, armed with shining fire and weapons keen,  
Against the angels of proud Heaven we fought,  
I grant we fell on the Phlegrean green,  
Yet good our cause was, though our fortune naught;  
For chance assisteth oft the ignobler part,  
We lost the field, yet lost we not our heart.

## XVI

"Go then, my strength, my hope, my Spirits go,  
These western rebels with your power withstand,  
Pluck up these weeds, before they overgrow  
The gentle garden of the Hebrews' land,  
Quench out this spark, before it kindles so  
That Asia burn, consumed with the brand.  
Use open force, or secret guile unspied;  
For craft is virtue gainst a foe defied.

## XVII

"Among the knights and worthies of their train,  
Let some like outlaws wander uncouth ways,  
Let some be slain in field, let some again  
Make oracles of women's yeas and nays,  
And pine in foolish love, let some complain  
On Godfrey's rule, and mutinies gainst him raise,  
Turn each one's sword against his fellow's heart,  
Thus kill them all or spoil the greatest part."

## XVIII

Before his words the tyrant ended had,  
The lesser devils arose with ghastly roar,  
And thronged forth about the world to gad,  
Each land they filled, river, stream and shore,  
The goblins, fairies, fiends and furies mad,  
Ranged in flowery dales, and mountains hoar,  
And under every trembling leaf they sit,  
Between the solid earth and welkin flit.

## XIX

About the world they spread forth far and wide,  
Filling the thoughts of each ungodly heart  
With secret mischief, anger, hate and pride,  
Wounding lost souls with sin's empoisoned dart.  
But say, my Muse, recount whence first they tried  
To hurt the Christian lords, and from what part,  
Thou knowest of things performed so long ago,  
This latter age hears little truth or none.

## XX

The town Damascus and the lands about  
Ruled Hidraort, a wizard grave and sage,  
Acquainted well with all the damned rout  
Of Pluto's reign, even from his tender age;  
Yet of this war he could not figure out  
The wished ending, or success presage,  
For neither stars above, nor powers of hell,  
Nor skill, nor art, nor charm, nor devil could tell.

## XXI

And yet he thought,—Oh, vain conceit of man,

Which as thou wishest judgest things to come!—  
 That the French host to sure destruction ran,  
 Condemned quite by Heaven's eternal doom:  
 He thinks no force withstand or vanquish can  
 The Egyptian strength, and therefore would that some  
 Both of the prey and glory of the fight  
 Upon this Syrian folk would haply light.

## XXII

But for he held the Frenchmen's worth in prize,  
 And feared the doubtful gain of bloody war,  
 He, that was closely false and slyly war,  
 Cast how he might annoy them most from far:  
 And as he gan upon this point devise,—  
 As counsellors in ill still nearest are,—  
 At hand was Satan, ready ere men need,  
 If once they think, to make them do, the deed.

## XXIII

He counselled him how best to hunt his game,  
 What dart to cast, what net, what toil to pitch,  
 A niece he had, a nice and tender dame,  
 Peerless in wit, in nature's blessings rich,  
 To all deceit she could her beauty frame,  
 False, fair and young, a virgin and a witch;  
 To her he told the sum of this emprise,  
 And praised her thus, for she was fair and wise:

## XXIV

"My dear, who underneath these locks of gold,  
 And native brightness of thy lovely hue,  
 Hidest grave thoughts, ripe wit, and wisdom old,  
 More skill than I, in all mine arts untrue,  
 To thee my purpose great I must unfold,  
 This enterprise thy cunning must pursue,  
 Weave thou to end this web which I begin,  
 I will the distaff hold, come thou and spin.

## XXV

"Go to the Christians' host, and there assay  
 All subtle sleights that women use in love,  
 Shed brinish tears, sob, sigh, entreat and pray,  
 Wring thy fair hands, cast up thine eyes above,  
 For mourning beauty hath much power, men say,  
 The stubborn hearts with pity frail to move;  
 Look pale for dread, and blush sometime for shame,  
 In seeming truth thy lies will soonest frame.

## XXVI

"Take with the bait Lord Godfrey, if thou may'st;  
 Frame snares of look, strains of alluring speech;  
 For if he love, the conquest then thou hast,  
 Thus purposed war thou may'st with ease impeach,  
 Else lead the other Lords to deserts waste,  
 And hold them slaves far from their leader's reach:"  
 Thus taught he her, and for conclusion, saith,  
 "All things are lawful for our lands and faith."

## XXVII

The sweet Armida took this charge on hand,  
A tender piece, for beauty, sex and age,  
The sun was sunken underneath the land,  
When she began her wanton pilgrimage,  
In silken weeds she trusteth to withstand,  
And conquer knights in warlike equipage,  
Of their night ambling dame the Syrians prated,  
Some good, some bad, as they her loved or hated.

## XXVIII

Within few days the nymph arrived there  
Where puissant Godfrey had his tents ypight;  
Upon her strange attire, and visage clear,  
Gazed each soldier, gazed every knight:  
As when a comet doth in skies appear,  
The people stand amazed at the light;  
So wondered they and each at other sought,  
What mister wight she was, and whence ybrought.

## XXIX

Yet never eye to Cupid's service vowed  
Beheld a face of such a lovely pride;  
A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud,  
That strove to cover what it could not hide,  
The golden sun behind a silver cloud,  
So streameth out his beams on every side,  
The marble goddess, set at Cnidos, naked  
She seemed, were she unclothed, or that awaked.

## XXX

The gamesome wind among her tresses plays,  
And curleth up those growing riches short;  
Her spareful eye to spread his beams denays,  
But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort;  
The rose and lily on her cheek assays  
To paint true fairness out in bravest sort,  
Her lips, where blooms naught but the single rose,  
Still blush, for still they kiss while still they close.

## XXXI

Her breasts, two hills o'erspread with purest snow,  
Sweet, smooth and supple, soft and gently swelling,  
Between them lies a milken dale below,  
Where love, youth, gladness, whiteness make their dwelling,  
Her breasts half hid, and half were laid to show,  
So was the wanton clad, as if this much  
Should please the eye, the rest unseen, the touch.

## XXXII

As when the sunbeams dive through Tagus' wave,  
To spy the store-house of his springtime gold,  
Love-piercing thought so through her mantle drave,  
And in her gentle bosom wandered bold;  
It viewed the wondrous beauty virgins have,  
And all to fond desire with vantage told,  
Alas! what hope is left, to quench his fire  
That kindled is by sight, blown by desire.

## XXXIII

Thus passed she, praised, wished, and wondered at,  
 Among the troops who there encamped lay,  
 She smiled for joy, but well dissembled that,  
 Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey;  
 On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,  
 Toward the imperial tent she asked the way:  
 With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,  
 Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace hight.

## XXXIV

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,  
 He saw her fair, and hoped to find her kind;  
 The throne of Cupid had an easy stair,  
 His bark is fit to sail with every wind,  
 The breach he makes no wisdom can repair:  
 With reverence meet the baron low inclined,  
 And thus his purpose to the virgin told,  
 For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold.

## XXXV

"Lady, if thee beseem a stile so low,  
 In whose sweet looks such sacred beauty shine,—  
 For never yet did Heaven such grace bestow  
 On any daughter born of Adam's line—  
 Thy name let us, though far unworthy, know,  
 Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,  
 Lest my audacious boldness learn too late  
 What honors due become thy high estate."

## XXXVI

"Sir Knight," quoth she, "your praises reach too high  
 Above her merit you commend so,  
 A hapless maid I am, both born to die  
 And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,  
 A virgin helpless, fugitive pardie,  
 My native soil and kingdom thus forego  
 To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell  
 Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell.

## XXXVII

"Conduct me then that mighty duke before,  
 If you be courteous, sir, as well you seem."  
 "Content," quoth he, "since of one womb ybore,  
 We brothers are, your fortune good esteem  
 To encounter me whose word prevaieth more  
 In Godfrey's hearing than you haply deem:  
 Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,  
 All that his sceptre, or my sword, can do."

## XXXVIII

He led her easily forth when this was said,  
 Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers,  
 She reverence did, then blushed, as one dismayed  
 To speak, for secret wants and inward fears,  
 It seemed a bashful shame her speeches stayed,  
 At last the courteous duke her gently cheers;

Silence was made, and she began her tale,  
They sit to hear, thus sung this nightingale:

## XXXIX

"Victorious prince, whose honorable name  
Is held so great among our Pagan kings,  
That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame  
That thou hast won them some content it brings;  
Well known to all is thy immortal fame,  
The earth, thy worth, thy foe, thy praises sings,  
And Paynims wronged come to seek thine aid,  
So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

## XL

"And I though bred in Macon's heathenish lore,  
Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,  
Yet trust thou wilt an helpless maid restore,  
And repossess her in her father's right:  
Others in their distress do aid implore  
Of kin and friends; but I in this sad plight  
Invoke thy help, my kingdom to invade,  
So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade.

## XLI

"In thee I hope, thy succors I invoke,  
To win the crown whence I am dispossess;  
For like renown awaiteth on the stroke  
To cast the haughty down or raise the opprest;  
Nor greater glory brings a sceptre broke,  
Than doth deliverance of a maid distress;  
And since thou canst at will perform the thing,  
More is thy praise to make, than kill a king.

## XLII

"But if thou would'st thy succors due excuse,  
Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,  
Ah yet for virtue's sake, thy virtue use!  
Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust?  
Be witness Heaven, if thou to grant refuse,  
Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,  
And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,  
I will my wrongs and their great treasons show.

## XLIII

"Prince Arbilan that reigned in his life  
On fair Damascus, was my noble sire,  
Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife  
The Queen Chariclia, such was the fire  
Of her hot love, but soon the fatal knife  
Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,  
For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,  
My birth, her death; my first day, was her last.

## XLIV

"And ere five years were fully come and gone  
Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield,  
My father also died, consumed with moan,  
And sought his love amid the Elysian fields,

His crown and me, poor orphan, left alone,  
 Mine uncle governed in my tender eild;  
 For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,  
 In brother's breast true love his mansion hath.

## XLV

"He took the charge of me and of the crown,  
 And with kind shows of love so brought to pass  
 That through Damascus great report was blown  
 How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was;  
 Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown  
 And hid the serpent in the flowering grass,  
 On that true faith did in his bosom won,  
 Because he meant to match me with his son.

## XLVI

"Which son, within short while, did undertake  
 Degree of knighthood, as beseemed him well,  
 Yet never durst he for his lady's sake  
 Break sword or lance, advance in lofty sell;  
 As fair he was, as Citherea's make,  
 As proud as he that signorisseth hell,  
 In fashions wayward, and in love unkind,  
 For Cupid deigns not wound a currish mind.

## XLVII

"This paragon should Queen Armida wed,  
 A goodly swain to be a princess' fere,  
 A lovely partner of a lady's bed,  
 A noble head a golden crown to wear:  
 His glosing sire his errand daily said,  
 And sugared speeches whispered in mine ear  
 To make me take this darling in mine arms,  
 But still the adder stopt her ears from charms.

## XLVIII

"At last he left me with a troubled grace,  
 Through which transparent was his inward spite,  
 Methought I read the story in his face  
 Of these mishaps that on me since have light,  
 Since that foul spirits haunt my resting-place,  
 And ghastly visions break any sleep by night,  
 Grief, horror, fear my fainting soul did kill,  
 For so my mind foreshowed my coming ill.

## XLIX

"Three times the shape of my dear mother came,  
 Pale, sad, dismayed, to warn me in my dream,  
 Alas, how far transformed from the same  
 Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam:  
 'Daughter,' she says, 'fly, fly, behold thy dame  
 Foreshows the treasons of thy wretched eame,  
 Who poison gainst thy harmless life provides.'  
 This said, to shapeless air unseen she glides.

## L

"But what avail high walls or bulwarks strong,  
 Where fainting cowards have the piece to guard?

My sex too weak, mine age was all to young,  
To undertake alone a work so hard,  
To wander wild the desert woods among,  
A banished maid, of wonted ease debarred,  
So grievous seemed, that liefer were my death,  
And there to expire where first I drew my breath.

LI

"I feared deadly evil if long I stayed,  
And yet to fly had neither will nor power,  
Nor durst my heart declare it waxed afraid,  
Lest so I hasten might my dying hour:  
Thus restless waited I, unhappy maid,  
What hand should first pluck up my springing flower,  
Even as the wretch condemned to lose his life  
Awaits the falling of the murdering knife.

LII

"In these extremes, for so my fortune would  
Perchance preserve me to my further ill,  
One of my noble father's servants old,  
That for his goodness bore his child good will,  
With store of tears this treason gan unfold,  
And said; my guardian would his pupil kill,  
And that himself, if promise made be kept,  
Should give me poison dire ere next I slept.

LIII

"And further told me, if I wished to live,  
I must convey myself by secret flight,  
And offered then all succours he could give  
To aid his mistress, banished from her right.  
His words of comfort, fear to exile drive,  
The dread of death, made lesser dangers light:  
So we concluded, when the shadows dim  
Obscured the earth I should depart with him.

LIV

"Of close escapes the aged patroness,  
Blacker than erst, her sable mantle spread,  
When with two trusty maids, in great distress,  
Both from mine uncle and my realm I fled;  
Oft looked I back, but hardly could suppress  
Those streams of tears, mine eyes uncessant shed,  
For when I looked on my kingdom lost,  
It was a grief, a death, an hell almost.

LV

"My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,  
But still my locks, my thoughts, drew back as fast,  
So fare the men, that from the heaven's brims,  
Far out to sea, by sudden storm are cast;  
Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,  
Through ways unknown, all night, all day we haste,  
At last, nigh tired, a castle strong we fand,  
The utmost border of my native land.

LVI

"The fort Arontes was, for so the knight

Was called, that my deliverance thus had wrought,  
 But when the tyrant saw, by mature flight  
 I had escaped the treasons of his thought,  
 The rage increased in the cursed wight  
 Gainst me, and him, that me to safety brought,  
 And us accused, we would have poisoned  
 Him, but descried, to save our lives we fled.

## LVII

"And that in lieu of his approved truth,  
 To poison him I hired had my guide,  
 That he despatched, mine unbridled youth  
 Might rage at will, in no subjection tied,  
 And that each night I slept—O foul untruth!—  
 Mine honor lost, by this Arontes' side:  
 But Heaven I pray send down revenging fire,  
 When so base love shall change my chaste desire.

## LVIII

"Not that he sitteth on my regal throne,  
 Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,  
 So grieveth me, as this despite alone,  
 That my renown, which ever blameless stood,  
 Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone:  
 With forged lies he makes his tale so good,  
 And holds my subjects' hearts in such suspense,  
 That none take armor for their queen's defence.

## LIX

"And though he do my regal throne possess,  
 Clothed in purple, crowned with burnished gold;  
 Yet is his hate, his rancor, ne'er the less,  
 Since naught assuageth malice when 'tis old:  
 He threats to burn Arontes' forteress,  
 And murder him unless he yield the hold,  
 And me and mine threats not with war, but death,  
 Thus causeless hatred, endless is uneath.

## LX

"And so he trusts to wash away the stain,  
 And hide his shameful fact with mine offence,  
 And saith he will restore the throne again  
 To his late honor and due excellence,  
 And therefore would I should be algates slain,  
 For while I live, his right is in suspense,  
 This is the cause my guiltless life is sought,  
 For on my ruin is his safety wrought.

## LXI

"And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,  
 Let him perform the cruelty he meant,  
 My guiltless blood must quench the ceaseless fire  
 On which my endless tears were bootless spent,  
 Unless thou help; to thee, renowned Sire,  
 I fly, a virgin, orphan, innocent,  
 And let these tears that on thy feet distil,  
 Redeem the drops of blood, he thirsts to spill.

## LXII

"By these thy glorious feet, that tread secure  
On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,  
By that right hand, and by those temples pure  
Thou seek'st to free from Macon's lore, I crave  
Help for this sickness none but thou canst cure,  
My life and kingdom let thy mercy save  
From death and ruin: but in vain I prove thee,  
If right, if truth, if justice cannot move thee.

## LXIII

"Thou who dost all thou wishest, at thy will,  
And never willest aught but what is right,  
Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill;  
Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might:  
Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,  
Appoint me ten, approved most in fight,  
Who with assistance of my friends and kin,  
May serve my kingdom lost again to win.

## LXIV

"For lo a knight, that had a gate to ward,  
A man of chiefest trust about his king,  
Hath promised so to beguile the guard  
That me and mine he undertakes to bring  
Safe, where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard  
He counselled me to undertake this thing,  
Of these some little succor to intreat,  
Whose name alone accomplish can the feat."

## LXV

This said, his answer did the nymph attend,  
Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him:  
But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,  
He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stay him,  
He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,  
He fears the heathen false would thus betray him:  
But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,  
That gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind.

## LXVI

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,  
Ready to comfort each distressed wight,  
The maiden's offer profit with it brought;  
For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,  
That won, the way were easy, which he sought,  
To bring all Asia subject to his might:  
There might he raise munition, arms and treasure  
To work the Egyptian king and his displeasure.

## LXVII

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt  
Fear and remorse, not granting nor denying,  
Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fixed,  
As if her life and death lay on his saying,  
Some tears she shed, with sighs and sobbings mixed,  
As if her hopes were dead through his delaying;

At last her earnest suit the duke denayed,  
But with sweet words thus would content the maid:

## LXVIII

"If not in service of our God we fought,  
In meaner quarrel if this sword were shaken,  
Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,  
So fair a princess should not be forsaken;  
But since these armies, from the world's end brought,  
To free this sacred town have undertaken,  
It were unfit we turned our strength away,  
And victory, even in her coming, stay.

## LXIX

"I promise thee, and on my princely word  
The burden of thy wish and hope repose,  
That when this chosen temple of the Lord,  
Her holy doors shall to his saints unclose  
In rest and peace; then this victorious sword  
Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes;  
But if for pity of a worldly dame  
I left this work, such pity were my shame."

## LXX

At this the princess bent her eyes to ground,  
And stood unmoved, though not unmarked, a space,  
The secret bleeding of her inward wound  
Shed heavenly dew upon her angel's face,  
"Poor wretch," quoth she, "in tears and sorrows drowned,  
Death be thy peace, the grave thy resting-place,  
Since such thy hap, that lest thou mercy find  
The gentlest heart on earth is proved unkind.

## LXXI

"Where none attends, what boots it to complain?  
Men's froward hearts are moved with women's tears  
As marble stones are pierced with drops of rain,  
No complaints find passage through unwilling ears:  
The tyrant, haply, would his wraith restrain  
Heard he these prayers ruthless Godfrey hears,  
Yet not thy fault is this, my chance, I see,  
Hath made even pity, pitiless in thee.

## LXXII

"So both thy goodness, and good hap, denayed me,  
Grief, sorrow, mischief, care, hath overthrown me,  
The star that ruled my birthday hath betrayed me,  
My genius sees his charge, but dares not own me,  
Of queen-like state, my flight hath disarrayed me,  
My father died, ere he five years had known me,  
My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now,  
Down with the tree sith broke is every bough.

## LXXIII

"And for the modest lore of maidenhood,  
Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,  
O whither shall I fly, what secret wood  
Shall hide me from the tyrant? or what den,

What rock, what vault, what cave can do me good?  
No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then  
To scorn his power and be it therefore seen,  
Armida lived, and died, both like a queen."

## LXXIV

With that she looked as if a proud disdain  
Kindled displeasure in her noble mind,  
The way she came she turned her steps again,  
With gesture sad but in disdainful kind,  
A tempest railed down her cheeks amain,  
With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind;  
The drops her footsteps wash, whereon she treads,  
And seems to step on pearls, or crystal beads.

## LXXV

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell,  
Stilled through the limbeck of her diamond eyes,  
The roses white and red resembled well,  
Whereon the rory May-dew sprinkled lies  
When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,  
And breatheth balm from opened paradise;  
Thus sighed, thus mourned, thus wept this lovely queen,  
And in each drop bathed a grace unseen.

## LXXVI

Thrice twenty Cupids unperceived flew  
To gather up this liquor, ere it fall,  
And of each drop an arrow forged new,  
Else, as it came, snatched up the crystal ball,  
And at rebellious hearts for wildfire threw.  
O wondrous love! thou makest gain of all;  
For if she weeping sit, or smiling stand,  
She bends thy bow, or kindleth else thy brand.

## LXXVII

This forged plaint drew forth unfeigned tears  
From many eyes, and pierced each worthy's heart;  
Each one condoleth with her that her hears,  
And of her grief would help her bear the smart:  
If Godfrey aid her not, not one but swears  
Some tigress gave him suck on roughest part  
Midst the rude crags, on Alpine cliffs aloft:  
Hard is that heart which beauty makes not soft.

## LXXVIII

But jolly Eustace, in whose breast the brand  
Of love and pity kindled had the flame,  
While others softly whispered underhand,  
Before the duke with comely boldness came:  
"Brother and lord," quoth he, "too long you stand  
In your first purpose, yet vouchsafe to frame  
Your thoughts to ours, and lend this virgin aid:  
Thanks are half lost when good turns are delayed.

## LXXIX

"And think not that Eustace's talk assays  
To turn these forces from this present war,

Or that I wish you should your armies raise  
 From Sion's walls, my speech tends not so far:  
 But we that venture all for fame and praise,  
 That to no charge nor service bounden are,  
 Forth of our troop may ten well spared be  
 To succor her, which naught can weaken thee.

LXXX

"And know, they shall in God's high service fight,  
 That virgins innocent save and defend:  
 Dear will the spoils be in the Heaven's sight,  
 That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend:  
 Nor seemed I forward in this lady's right,  
 With hope of gain or profit in the end;  
 But for I know he arms unworthy bears,  
 To help a maiden's cause that shuns or fears.

LXXXI

"Ah! be it not pardie declared in France,  
 Or elsewhere told where courtesy is in prize,  
 That we forsook so fair a chevisance,  
 For doubt or fear that might from fight arise;  
 Else, here surrender I both sword and lance,  
 And swear no more to use this martial guise;  
 For ill deserves he to be termed a knight,  
 That bears a blunt sword in a lady's right."

LXXXII

Thus parleyed he, and with confused sound,  
 The rest approved what the gallant said,  
 Their general their knights encompassed round,  
 With humble grace, and earnest suit they prayed:  
 "I yield," quoth he, "and it be happy found,  
 What I have granted, let her have your aid:  
 Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is,  
 If aught succeed, as much I fear, amiss.

LXXXIII

"But if with you my words may credit find,  
 Oh temper then this heat misguides you so!"  
 Thus much he said, but they with fancy blind,  
 Accept his grant, and let his counsel go.  
 What works not beauty, man's relenting mind  
 Is eath to move with complaints and shows of woe:  
 Her lips cast forth a chain of sugared words,  
 That captive led most of the Christian lords.

LXXXIV

Eustace recalled her, and bespake her thus:  
 "Beauty's chief darling, let those sorrows be,  
 For such assistance shall you find in us  
 As with your need, or will, may best agree:"  
 With that she cheered her forehead dolorous,  
 And smiled for joy, that Phoebus blushed to see,  
 And had she deigned her veil for to remove,  
 The God himself once more had fallen in love.

LXXXV

With that she broke the silence once again,

And gave the knight great thanks in little speech,  
She said she would his handmaid poor remain,  
So far as honor's laws received no breach.  
Her humble gestures made the residue plain,  
Dumb eloquence, persuading more than speech:  
Thus women know, and thus they use the guise,  
To enchant the valiant, and beguile the wise.

## LXXXVI

And when she saw her enterprise had got  
Some wished mean of quick and good proceeding,  
She thought to strike the iron that was hot,  
For every action hath his hour of speeding:  
Medea or false Circe changed not  
So far the shapes of men, as her eyes spreading  
Altered their hearts, and with her syren's sound  
In lust, their minds, their hearts, in love she drowned.

## LXXXVII

All wily sleights that subtle women know,  
Hourly she used, to catch some lover new.  
None kened the bent of her unsteadfast bow,  
For with the time her thoughts her looks renew,  
From some she cast her modest eyes below,  
At some her gazing glances roving flew,  
And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,  
She spurred the slow, and reined the forward short.

## LXXXVIII

If some, as hopeless that she would be won,  
Forebore to love, because they durst not move her,  
On them her gentle looks to smile begun,  
As who say she is kind if you dare prove her  
On every heart thus shone this lustful sun,  
All strove to serve, to please, to woo, to love her,  
And in their hearts that chaste and bashful were,  
Her eye's hot glance dissolved the frost of fear.

## LXXXIX

On them who durst with fingering bold assay  
To touch the softness of her tender skin,  
She looked as coy, as if she list not play,  
And made as things of worth were hard to win;  
Yet tempered so her deignful looks alway,  
That outward scorn showed store of grace within:  
Thus with false hope their longing hearts she fired,  
For hardest gotten things are most desired.

## XC

Alone sometimes she walked in secret where,  
To ruminate upon her discontent,  
Within her eyelids sate the swelling tear,  
Not poured forth, though sprung from sad lament,  
And with this craft a thousand souls well near  
In snares of foolish ruth and love she hent,  
And kept as slaves, by which we fitly prove  
That witless pity breedeth fruitless love.

## XCI

Sometimes, as if her hope unloosed had  
 The chains of grief, wherein her thoughts lay fettered,  
 Upon her minions looked she blithe and glad,  
 In that deceitful lore so was she lettered;  
 Not glorious Titan, in his brightness clad,  
 The sunshine of her face in lustre bettered:  
 For when she list to cheer her beauties so,  
 She smiled away the clouds of grief and woe.

## XCII

Her double charm of smiles and sugared words,  
 Lulled on sleep the virtue of their senses,  
 Reason shall aid gainst those assaults affords,  
 Wisdom no warrant from those sweet offences;  
 Cupid's deep rivers have their shallow fords,  
 His griefs, bring joys; his losses, recompenses;  
 He breeds the sore, and cures us of the pain:  
 Achilles' lance that wounds and heals again.

## XCIII

While thus she them torments twixt frost and fire,  
 Twixt joy and grief, twixt hope and restless fear,  
 The sly enchantress felt her gain the nigher,  
 These were her flocks that golden fleeces bear:  
 But if someone durst utter his desire,  
 And by complaining make his griefs appear,  
 He labored hard rocks with complaints to move,  
 She had not learned the gamut then of love.

## XCIV

For down she bet her bashful eyes to ground,  
 And donned the weed of women's modest grace,  
 Down from her eyes welled the pearls round,  
 Upon the bright enamel of her face;  
 Such honey drops on springing flowers are found  
 When Phoebus holds the crimson morn in chase;  
 Full seemed her looks of anger, and of shame;  
 Yet pity shone transparent through the same.

## XCV

If she perceived by his outward cheer,  
 That any would his love by talk bewray,  
 Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stopped her ear,  
 And played fast and loose the livelong day:  
 Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,  
 Their earnest suit got neither yea nor nay;  
 But like the sort of weary huntsmen fare,  
 That hunt all day, and lose at night the hare.

## XCVI

These were the arts by which she captived  
 A thousand souls of young and lusty knights;  
 These were the arms wherewith love conquered  
 Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fights:  
 What wonder if Achilles were misled,  
 Of great Alcides at their ladies' sights,

Since these true champions of the Lord above  
Were thralls to beauty, yelden slaves to lore.

## FIFTH BOOK

### THE ARGUMENT.

Gernando scorns Rinaldo should aspire  
To rule that charge for which he seeks and strives,  
And slanders him so far, that in his ire  
The wronged knight his foe of life deprives:  
Far from the camp the slayer doth retire,  
Nor lets himself be bound in chains or gyves:  
Armide departs content, and from the seas  
Godfrey hears news which him and his displease.

#### I

While thus Armida false the knights misled  
In wandering errors of deceitful love,  
And thought, besides the champions promised,  
The other lordlings in her aid to move,  
In Godfrey's thought a strong contention bred  
Who fittest were this hazard great to prove;  
For all the worthies of the adventures' band  
Were like in birth, in power, in strength of hand.

#### II

But first the prince, by grave advice, decreed  
They should some knight choose at their own election,  
That in his charge Lord Dudon might succeed,  
And of that glorious troop should take protection;  
So none should grieve, displeased with the deed,  
Nor blame the causer of their new subjection:  
Besides, Godfredo showed by this device,  
How much he held that regiment in price.

#### III

He called the worthies then, and spake them so:  
"Lordlings, you know I yielded to your will,  
And gave you license with this dame to go,  
To win her kingdom and that tyrant kill:  
But now again I let you further know,  
In following her it may betide yon ill;  
Refrain therefore, and change this forward thought  
For death unsent for, danger comes unsought.

#### IV

"But if to shun these perils, sought so far,  
May seem disgraceful to the place yon hold;  
If grave advice and prudent counsel are  
Esteemed detractors from your courage bold;  
Then know, I none against his will debar,  
Nor what I granted erst I now withhold;  
But he mine empire, as it ought of right,  
Sweet, easy, pleasant, gentle, meek and light.

#### V

"Go then or tarry, each as likes him best,  
Free power I grant you on this enterprise;

But first in Dudon's place, now laid in chest,  
 Choose you some other captain stout and wise;  
 Then ten appoint among the worthiest,  
 But let no more attempt this hard emprise,  
 In this my will content you that I have,  
 For power constrained is but a glorious slave."

## VI

Thus Godfrey said, and thus his brother spake,  
 And answered for himself and all his peers:  
 "My lord, as well it fitteth thee to make  
 These wise delays and cast these doubts and fears,  
 So 'tis our part at first to undertake;  
 Courage and haste beseems our might and years;  
 And this proceeding with so grave advice,  
 Wisdom, in you, in us were cowardice.

## VII

"Since then the feat is easy, danger none,  
 All set in battle and in hardy fight,  
 Do thou permit the chosen ten to gone  
 And aid the damsel." thus devised the knight,  
 To make men think the sun of honor shone  
 There where the lamp of Cupid gave the light:  
 The rest perceive his guile, and it approve,  
 And call that knighthood which was childish love.

## VIII

But loving Eustace, that with jealous eye  
 Beheld the worth of Sophia's noble child,  
 And his fair shape did secretly envy,  
 Besides the virtues in his breast compiled,  
 And, for in love he would no company,  
 He stored his mouth with speeches smoothly filed,  
 Drawing his rival to attend his word;  
 Thus with fair sleight he laid the knight aboard:

## IX

"Of great Bertoldo thou far greater heir,  
 Thou star of knighthood, flower of chivalry,  
 Tell me, who now shall lead this squadron fair,  
 Since our late guide in marble cold doth lie?  
 I, that with famous Dudon might compare  
 In all, but years, hoar locks, and gravity,  
 To whom should I, Duke Godfrey's brother, yield,  
 Unless to thee, the Christian army's shield?

## X

"Thee whom high birth makes equal with the best  
 Thine acts prefer both me and all beforne;  
 Nor that in fight thou both surpass the rest,  
 And Godfrey's worthy self, I hold in scorn;  
 Thee to obey then am I only pressed;  
 Before these worthies be thine eagle borne;  
 This honor haply thou esteemest light,  
 Whose day of glory never yet found night.

## XI

"Yet mayest thou further by this means display

The spreading wings of thy immortal fame;  
I will procure it, if thou sayest not nay,  
And all their wills to thine election frame:  
But for I scanty am resolved which way  
To bend my force, or where employ the same,  
Leave me, I pray, at my discretion free  
To help Armida, or serve here with thee."

## XII

This last request, for love is evil to hide,  
Empurpled both his cheeks with scarlet red;  
Rinaldo soon his passions had descried,  
And gently smiling turned aside his head,  
And, for weak Cupid was too feeble eyed  
To strike him sure, the fire in him was dead;  
So that of rivals was he naught afraid,  
Nor cared he for the journey or the maid.

## XIII

But in his noble thought revolved he oft  
Dudon's high prowess, death and burial,  
And how Argantes bore his plumes aloft,  
Praising his fortunes for that worthy's fall;  
Besides, the knight's sweet words and praises soft  
To his due honor did him fitly call,  
And made his heart rejoice, for well he knew,  
Though much he praised him, all his words were true.

## XIV

"Degrees," quoth he, "of honors high to hold,  
I would them first deserve, and the desire;  
And were my valor such as you have told,  
Would I for that to higher place aspire:  
But if to honors due raise me you would,  
I will not of my works refuse the hire;  
And much it glads me, that my power and might  
Ypraised is by such a valiant knight.

## XV

"I neither seek it nor refuse the place,  
Which if I get, the praise and thanks be thine."  
Eustace, this spoken, hied thence apace  
To know which way his fellows' hearts incline:  
But Prince Gernando coveted the place,  
Whom though Armida sought to undermine,  
Gainst him yet vain did all her engines prove,  
His pride was such, there was no place for love.

## XVI

Gernando was the King of Norway's son,  
That many a realm and region had to guide,  
And for his elders lands and crowns had won.  
His heart was puffed up with endless pride:  
The other boasts more what himself had done  
Than all his ancestors' great acts beside;  
Yet his forefathers old before him were  
Famous in war and peace five hundred years.

## XVII

This barbarous prince, who only vainly thought  
 That bliss in wealth and kingly power doth lie,  
 And in respect esteemed all virtue naught  
 Unless it were adorned with titles high,  
 Could not endure, that to the place he sought  
 A simple knight should dare to press so nigh;  
 And in his breast so boiled fell despite,  
 That ire and wrath exiled reason quite.

## XVIII

The hidden devil, that lies in close await  
 To win the fort of unbelieving man,  
 Found entry there, where ire undid the gate,  
 And in his bosom unperceived ran;  
 It filled his heart with malice, strife and hate,  
 It made him rage, blaspheme, swear, curse and ban,  
 Invisible it still attends him near,  
 And thus each minute whispereth in his ear.

## XIX

What, shall Rinaldo match thee? dares he tell  
 Those idle names of his vain pedigree?  
 Then let him say, if thee he would excel,  
 What lands, what realms his tributaries be:  
 If his forefathers in the graves that dwell,  
 Were honored like thine that live, let see:  
 Oh how dares one so mean aspire so high,  
 Born in that servile country Italy?

## XX

Now, if he win, or if he lose the day,  
 Yet is his praise and glory hence derived,  
 For that the world will, to his credit, say,  
 Lo, this is he that with Gernando strived.  
 The charge some deal thee haply honor may,  
 That noble Dudon had while here he lived;  
 But laid on him he would the office shame,  
 Let it suffice, he durst desire the same.

## XXI

If when this breath from man's frail body flies  
 The soul take keep, or know the things done here,  
 Oh, how looks Dudon from the glorious skies?  
 What wrath, what anger in his face appear,  
 On this proud youngling while he bends his eyes,  
 Marking how high he doth his feathers rear?  
 Seeing his rash attempt, how soon he dare,  
 Though but a boy, with his great worth compare.

## XXII

He dares not only, but he strives and proves,  
 Where chastisement were fit there wins he praise:  
 One counsels him, his speech him forward moves;  
 Another fool approveth all he says:  
 If Godfrey favor him more than behoves,  
 Why then he wrongeth thee an hundred ways;

Nor let thy state so far disgraced be,  
Now what thou art and canst, let Godfrey see.

## XXIII

With such false words the kindled fire began  
To every vein his poisoned heart to reach,  
It swelled his scornful heart, and forth it ran  
At his proud looks, and too audacious speech;  
All that he thought blameworthy in the man,  
To his disgrace that would be each where preach;  
He termed him proud and vain, his worth in fight  
He called fool-hardise, rashness, madness right.

## XXIV

All that in him was rare or excellent,  
All that was good, all that was princely found,  
With such sharp words as malice could invent,  
He blamed, such power has wicked tongue to wound.  
The youth, for everywhere those rumors went,  
Of these reproaches heard sometimes the sound;  
Nor did for that his tongue the fault amend,  
Until it brought him to his woful end.

## XXV

The cursed fiend that set his tongue at large,  
Still bred more fancies in his idle brain,  
His heart with slanders new did overcharge,  
And soothed him still in his angry vein;  
Amid the camp a place was broad and large,  
Where one fair regiment might easily train;  
And there in tilt and harmless tournament  
Their days of rest the youths and gallants spent.

## XXVI

There, as his fortune would it should betide,  
Amid the press Gernando gan retire,  
To vomit out his venom unespied,  
Wherewith foul envy did his heart inspire.  
Rinaldo heard him as he stood beside,  
And as he could not bridle wrath and ire,  
"Thou liest," cried he loud, and with that word  
About his head he tossed his flaming sword.

## XXVII

Thunder his voice, and lightning seemed his brand,  
So fell his look, and furious was his cheer,  
Gernando trembled, for he saw at hand  
Pale death, and neither help nor comfort near,  
Yet for the soldiers all to witness stand  
He made proud sign, as though he naught did fear,  
But bravely drew his little-helping blade,  
And valiant show of strong resistance made.

## XXVIII

With that a thousand blades of burnished steel  
Glistered on heaps like flames of fire in sight,  
Hundreds, that knew not yet the quarrel weel,  
Ran thither, some to gaze and some to fight:

The empty air a sound confused did feel  
 Of murmurs low, and outcries loud on height,  
 Like rolling waves and Boreas' angry blasts  
 When roaring seas against the rocks he casts.

## XXIX

But not for this the wronged warrior stayed  
 His just displeasure and incensed ire,  
 He cared not what the vulgar did or said,  
 To vengeance did his courage fierce aspire:  
 Among the thickest weapons way he made,  
 His thundering sword made all on heaps retire,  
 So that of near a thousand stayed not one,  
 But Prince Gernando bore the brunt alone.

## XXX

His hand, too quick to execute his wrath,  
 Performed all, as pleased his eye and heart,  
 At head and breast oft times he stricken hath,  
 Now at the right, now at the other part:  
 On every side thus did he harm and scath,  
 And oft beguile his sight with nimble art,  
 That no defence the prince of wounds acquits,  
 Where least he thinks, or fears, there most he hits.

## XXXI

Nor ceased be, till in Gernando's breast  
 He sheathed once or twice his furious blade;  
 Down fell the hapless prince with death oppressed,  
 A double way to his weak soul was made;  
 His bloody sword the victor wiped and dressed,  
 Nor longer by the slaughtered body stayed,  
 But sped him thence, and soon appeased hath  
 His hate, his ire, his rancor and his wrath.

## XXXII

Called by the tumult, Godfrey drew him near,  
 And there beheld a sad and rueful sight,  
 The signs of death upon his face appear,  
 With dust and blood his locks were loathly dight,  
 Sighs and complaints on each side might he hear,  
 Made for the sudden death of that great knight:  
 Amazed, he asked who durst and did so much;  
 For yet he knew not whom the fault would touch.

## XXXIII

Arnoldo, minion of the Prince thus slain,  
 Augments the fault in telling it, and saith,  
 This Prince murdered, for a quarrel vain,  
 By young Rinaldo in his desperate wrath,  
 And with that sword that should Christ's law maintain,  
 One of Christ's champions bold he killed hath,  
 And this he did in such a place and hour,  
 As if he scorned your rule, despised your power.

## XXXIV

And further adds, that he deserved death  
 By law, and law should inviolate,

That none offence could greater be uneath,  
And yet the place the fault did aggravate:  
If he escapes, that mischief would take breath,  
And flourish bold in spite of rule and state;  
And that Gernando's friends would venge the wrong,  
Although to justice that did first belong,

XXXV

And by that means, should discord, hate and strife  
Raise mutinies, and what therefore ensueth:  
Lastly he praised the dead, and still had rife  
All words he thought could vengeance move or rut  
Against him Tancred argued for life,  
With honest reasons to excuse the youth:  
The Duke heard all, but with such sober cheer,  
As banished hope, and still increased fear.

XXXVI

"Great Prince," quoth Tancred; "set before thine eyes  
Rinaldo's worth and courage what it is,  
How much our hope of conquest in him lies;  
Regard that princely house and race of his;  
He that correcteth every fault he spies,  
And judgeth all alike, doth all amiss;  
For faults, you know, are greater thought or less,  
As is the person's self that doth transgress."

XXXVII

Godfredo answered him; "If high and low  
Of sovereign power alike should feel the stroke,  
Then, Tancred, ill you counsel us, I trow;  
If lords should know no law, as erst you spoke,  
How vile and base our empire were you know,  
If none but slaves and peasants bear the yoke;  
Weak is the sceptre and the power is small  
That such provisos bring annexed withal.

XXXVIII

"But mine was freely given ere 'twas sought,  
Nor that it lessened be I now consent;  
Right well know I both when and where I ought  
To give condign reward and punishment,  
Since you are all in like subjection brought,  
Both high and low obey, and be content."  
This heard, Tancredi wisely stayed his words,  
Such weight the sayings have of kings and lords.

XXXIX

Old Raymond praised his speech, for old men think  
They ever wisest seem when most severe,  
"Tis best," quoth he, "to make these great ones shrink,  
The people love him whom the nobles fear:  
There must the rule to all disorders sink,  
Where pardons more than punishments appear;  
For feeble is each kingdom, frail and weak,  
Unless his basis be this fear I speak."

XL

These words Tancredi heard and pondered well,

And by them wist how Godfrey's thoughts were bent,  
 Nor list he longer with these old men dwell,  
 But turned his horse and to Rinaldo went,  
 Who, when his noble foe death-wounded fell,  
 Withdrew him softly to his gorgeous tent;  
 There Tancred found him, and at large declared  
 The words and speeches sharp which late you heard.

## XLI

And said, "Although I wot the outward show  
 Is not true witness of the secret thought,  
 For that some men so subtle are, I trow,  
 That what they purpose most appeareth naught;  
 Yet dare I say Godfredo means, I know,  
 Such knowledge hath his looks and speeches wrought,  
 You shall first prisoner be, and then be tried  
 As he shall deem it good and law provide."

## XLII

With that a bitter smile well might you see  
 Rinaldo cast, with scorn and high disdain,  
 "Let them in fetters plead their cause," quoth he,  
 "That are base peasants, born of servile stain,  
 I was free born, I live and will die free  
 Before these feet be fettered in a chain:  
 These hands were made to shake sharp spears and swords,  
 Not to be tied in gyves and twisted cords.

## XLIII

"If my good service reap this recompense,  
 To be clapt up in close and secret mew,  
 And as a thief be after dragged from thence,  
 To suffer punishment as law finds due;  
 Let Godfrey come or send, I will not hence  
 Until we know who shall this bargain rue,  
 That of our tragedy the late done fact  
 May be the first, and this the second, act.

## XLIV

"Give me mine arms," he cried; his squire them brings,  
 And clad his head, and dressed in iron strong,  
 About his neck his silver shield he flings,  
 Down by his side a cutting sword there hung;  
 Among this earth's brave lords and mighty kings,  
 Was none so stout, so fierce, so fair, so young,  
 God Mars he seemed descending from his sphere,  
 Or one whose looks could make great Mars to fear.

## XLV

Tancredi labored with some pleasing speech  
 His spirits fierce and courage to appease;  
 "Young Prince, thy valor," thus he gan to preach,  
 "Can chastise all that do thee wrong, at ease,  
 I know your virtue can your enemies teach,  
 That you can venge you when and where you please:  
 But God forbid this day you lift your arm  
 To do this camp and us your friends such harm.

## XLVI

"Tell me what will you do? why would you stain  
Your noble hands in our unguilty blood?  
By wounding Christians, will you again  
Pierce Christ, whose parts they are and members good?  
Will you destroy us for your glory vain,  
Unstayed as rolling waves in ocean flood?  
Far be it from you so to prove your strength,  
And let your zeal appease your rage at length.

## XLVII

"For God's love stay your heat, and just displeasure,  
Appease your wrath, your courage fierce assuage,  
Patience, a praise; forbearance, is a treasure;  
Suffrance, an angel's is; a monster, rage;  
At least you actions by example measure,  
And think how I in mine unbridled age  
Was wronged, yet I would not revengement take  
On all this camp, for one offender's sake.

## XLVIII

"Cilicia conquered I, as all men wot,  
And there the glorious cross on high I reared,  
But Baldwin came, and what I nobly got  
Bereft me falsely when I least him feared;  
He seemed my friend, and I discovered not  
His secret covetise which since appeared;  
Yet strive I not to get mine own by fight,  
Or civil war, although perchance I might.

## XLIX

"If then you scorn to be in prison pent,  
If bonds, as high disgrace, your hands refuse;  
Or if your thoughts still to maintain are bent  
Your liberty, as men of honor use:  
To Antioch what if forthwith you went?  
And leave me here your absence to excuse,  
There with Prince Boemond live in ease and peace,  
Until this storm of Godfrey's anger cease.

## L

"For soon, if forces come from Egypt land,  
Or other nations that us here confine,  
Godfrey will beaten be with his own wand,  
And feel he wants that valor great of thine,  
Our camp may seem an arm without a hand,  
Amid our troops unless thy eagle shine:"  
With that came Guelpho and those words approved,  
And prayed him go, if him he feared or loved.

## LI

Their speeches soften much the warrior's heart,  
And make his wilful thoughts at last relent,  
So that he yields, and saith he will depart,  
And leave the Christian camp incontinent.  
His friends, whose love did never shrink or start,  
Preferred their aid, what way soe'er he went:

He thanked them all, but left them all, besides  
Two bold and trusty squires, and so he rides.

## LII

He rides, revolving in his noble spright  
Such haughty thoughts as fill the glorious mind;  
On hard adventures was his whole delight,  
And now to wondrous acts his will inclined;  
Alone against the Pagans would he fight,  
And kill their kings from Egypt unto Inde,  
From Cynthia's hills and Nilus' unknown spring  
He would fetch praise and glorious conquest bring.

## LIII

But Guelpho, when the prince his leave had take  
And now had spurred his courser on his way,  
No longer tarriance with the rest would make,  
But tastes to find Godfredo, if he may:  
Who seeing him approaching, forthwith spake,  
"Guelpho," quoth he, "for thee I only stay,  
For thee I sent my heralds all about,  
In every tent to seek and find thee out."

## LIV

This said, he softly drew the knight aside  
Where none might hear, and then bespake him thus:  
"How chanceth it thy nephew's rage and pride,  
Makes him so far forget himself and us?  
Hardly could I believe what is betide,  
A murder done for cause so frivolous,  
How I have loved him, thou and all can tell;  
But Godfrey loved him but whilst he did well.

## LV

"I must provide that every one have right,  
That all be heard, each cause be well discussed,  
As far from partial love as free from spite,  
I hear complaints, yet naught but proves I trust:  
Now if Rinaldo weigh our rule too light,  
And have the sacred lore of war so brust,  
Take you the charge that he before us come  
To clear himself and hear our upright dome.

## LVI

"But let him come withouten bond or chain,  
For still my thoughts to do him grace are framed;  
But if our power he haply shall disdain,  
As well I know his courage yet untamed,  
To bring him by persuasion take some pain:  
Else, if I prove severe, both you be blamed,  
That forced my gentle nature gainst my thought  
To rigor, lest our laws return to naught."

## LVII

Lord Guelpho answered thus: "What heart can bear  
Such slanders false, devised by hate and spite?  
Or with stayed patience, reproaches hear,  
And not revenge by battle or by fight?"

The Norway Prince hath bought his folly dear,  
But who with words could stay the angry knight?  
A fool is he that comes to preach or prate  
When men with swords their right and wrong debate.

## LVIII

"And where you wish he should himself submit  
To hear the censure of your upright laws;  
Alas, that cannot be, for he is flit  
Out if this camp, withouten stay or pause,  
There take my gage, behold I offer it  
To him that first accused him in this cause,  
Or any else that dare, and will maintain  
That for his pride the prince was justly slain.

## LIX

"I say with reason Lord Gernando's pride  
He hath abated, if he have offended  
Gainst your commands, who are his lord and guide,  
Oh pardon him, that fault shall be amended."  
"If he be gone," quoth Godfrey, "let him ride  
And brawl elsewhere, here let all strife be ended:  
And you, Lord Guelpho, for your nephew's sake,  
Breed us no new, nor quarrels old awake."

## LX

This while, the fair and false Armida strived  
To get her promised aid in sure possession,  
The day to end, with endless plaint she derived;  
Wit, beauty, craft for her made intercession:  
But when the earth was once of light deprived,  
And western seas felt Titan's hot impression,  
'Twixt two old knights, and matrons twain she went,  
Where pitched was her fair and curious tent.

## LXI

But this false queen of craft and sly invention,—  
Whose looks, love's arrows were; whose eyes his quivers;  
Whose beauty matchless, free from reprehension,  
A wonder left by Heaven to after-livers,—  
Among the Christian lord had bred contention  
Who first should quench his flames in Cupid's rivers,  
While all her weapons and her darts rehearsed,  
Had not Godfredo's constant bosom pierced.

## LXII

To change his modest thought the dame procureth,  
And proffereth heaps of love's enticing treasure:  
But as the falcon newly gorged endureth  
Her keeper lure her oft, but comes at leisure;  
So he, whom fulness of delight assureth  
What long repentance comes of love's short pleasure,  
Her crafts, her arts, herself and all despiseth,  
So base affections fall, when virtue riseth.

## LXIII

And not one foot his steadfast foot was moved  
Out of that heavenly path, wherein he paced,

Yet thousand wiles and thousand ways she proved,  
To have that castle fair of goodness raised:  
She used those looks and smiles that most behoved  
To melt the frost which his hard heart embraced,  
And gainst his breast a thousand shot she ventured,  
Yet was the fort so strong it was not entered.

## LXIV

The dame who thought that one blink of her eye  
Could make the chastest heart feel love's sweet pain,  
Oh, how her pride abated was hereby!  
When all her sleights were void, her crafts were vain,  
Some other where she would her forces try,  
Where at more ease she might more vantage gain,  
As tired soldiers whom some fort keeps out,  
Thence raise their siege, and spoil the towns about.

## LXV

But yet all ways the wily witch could find  
Could not Tancredi's heart to loveward move,  
His sails were filled with another wind,  
He list no blast of new affection prove;  
For, as one poison doth exclude by kind  
Another's force, so love excludeth love:  
These two alone nor more nor less the dame  
Could win, the rest all burnt in her sweet flame.

## LXVI

The princess, though her purpose would not frame,  
As late she hoped, and as still she would,  
Yet, for the lords and knights of greatest name  
Became her prey, as erst you heard it told,  
She thought, ere truth-revealing time or frame  
Bewrayed her act, to lead them to some hold,  
Where chains and band she meant to make them prove,  
Composed by Vulcan not by gentle love.

## LXVII

The time prefixed at length was come and past,  
Which Godfrey had set down to lend her aid,  
When at his feet herself to earth she cast,  
"The hour is come, my Lord," she humbly said,  
"And if the tyrant haply hear at last,  
His banished niece hath your assistance prayed,  
He will in arms to save his kingdom rise,  
So shall we harder make this enterprise.

## LXVIII

"Before report can bring the tyrant news,  
Or his espials certify their king,  
Oh let thy goodness these few champions choose,  
That to her kingdom should thy handmaid bring;  
Who, except Heaven to aid the right refuse,  
Recover shall her crown, from whence shall spring  
Thy profit; for betide thee peace or war,  
Thine all her cities, all her subjects are."

## LXIX

The captain sage the damsel fair assured,

His word was passed and should not be recanted,  
And she with sweet and humble grace endured  
To let him point those ten, which late he granted:  
But to be one, each one fought and procured,  
No suit, no entreaty, intercession wanted;  
There envy each at others' love exceeded,  
And all importunate made, more than needed.

## LXX

She that well saw the secret of their hearts,  
And knew how best to warm them in their blood,  
Against them threw the cursed poisoned darts  
Of jealousy, and grief at others' good,  
For love she wist was weak without those arts,  
And slow; for jealousy is Cupid's food;  
For the swift steed runs not so fast alone,  
As when some strain, some strive him to outgone.

## LXXI

Her words in such alluring sort she framed,  
Her looks enticing, and her wooing smiles,  
That every one his fellows' favors blamed,  
That of their mistress he received erewhiles:  
This foolish crew of lovers unashamed,  
Mad with the poison of her secret wiles,  
Ran forward still, in this disordered sort,  
Nor could Godfredo's bridle rein them short.

## LXXII

He that would satisfy each good desire,  
Withouten partial love, of every knight,  
Although he swelled with shame, with grief and ire  
To see these fellows and these fashions light;  
Yet since by no advice they would retire,  
Another way he sought to set them right:  
"Write all your names," quoth he, "and see whom chance  
Of lot, to this exploit will first advance."

## LXXIII

Their names were writ, and in an helmet shaken,  
While each did fortune's grace and aid implore;  
At last they drew them, and the foremost taken  
The Earl of Pembroke was, Artemidore,  
Doubtless the county thought his bread well baken;  
Next Gerrard followed, then with tresses hoar  
Old Wenceslaus, that felt Cupid's rage  
Now in his doating and his dying age.

## LXXIV

Oh how contentment in their foreheads shined!  
Their looks with joy; thoughts swelled with secret pleasure,  
These three it seemed good success designed  
To make the lords of love and beauty's treasure:  
Their doubtful fellows at their hap repined,  
And with small patience wait Fortune's leisure,  
Upon his lips that read the scrolls attending,  
As if their lives were on his words depending.

## LXXV

Guasco the fourth, Ridolpho him succeeds,  
 Then Ulderick whom love list so advance,  
 Lord William of Ronciglion next he reads,  
 Then Eberard, and Henry born in France,  
 Rambaldo last, whom wicked lust so leads  
 That he forsook his Saviour with mischance;  
 This wretch the tenth was who was thus deluded,  
 The rest to their huge grief were all excluded.

## LXXVI

O'ercome with envy, wrath and jealousy,  
 The rest blind Fortune curse, and all her laws,  
 And mad with love, yet out on love they cry,  
 That in his kingdom let her judge their cause:  
 And for man's mind is such, that oft we try  
 Things most forbidden, without stay or pause,  
 In spite of fortune purposed many a knight  
 To follow fair Armida when 'twas night.

## LXXVII

To follow her, by night or else by day,  
 And in her quarrel venture life and limb.  
 With sighs and tears she gan them softly pray  
 To keep that promise, when the skies were dim,  
 To this and that knight did she plain and say,  
 What grief she felt to part withouten him:  
 Meanwhile the ten had donned their armor best,  
 And taken leave of Godfrey and the rest.

## LXXVIII

The duke advised them every one apart,  
 How light, how trustless was the Pagan's faith,  
 And told what policy, what wit, what art,  
 Avoids deceit, which heedless men betray'th;  
 His speeches pierce their ear, but not their heart,  
 Love calls it folly, whatso wisdom saith:  
 Thus warned he leaves them to their wanton guide,  
 Who parts that night; such haste had she to ride.

## LXXIX

The conqueress departs, and with her led  
 These prisoners, whom love would captive keep,  
 The hearts of those she left behind her bled,  
 With point of sorrow's arrow pierced deep.  
 But when the night her drowsy mantle spread,  
 And filled the earth with silence, shade and sleep,  
 In secret sort then each forsook his tent,  
 And as blind Cupid led them blind they went.

## LXXX

Eustatio first, who scantly could forbear,  
 Till friendly night might hide his haste and shame,  
 He rode in post, and let his breast him bear  
 As his blind fancy would his journey frame,  
 All night he wandered and he wist not where;  
 But with the morning he espied the dame,

That with her guard up from a village rode  
Where she and they that night had made abode.

LXXXI

Thither he galloped fast, and drawing near  
Rambaldo knew the knight, and loudly cried,  
"Whence comes young Eustace, and what seeks he here?"  
"I come," quoth he, "to serve the Queen Armide,  
If she accept me, would we all were there  
Where my good-will and faith might best be tried."  
"Who," quoth the other, "chosest thee to prove  
This high exploit of hers?" He answered, "Love."

LXXXII

"Love hath Eustatio chosen, Fortune thee,  
In thy conceit which is the best election?"  
"Nay, then, these shifts are vain," replied he,  
"These titles false serve thee for no protection,  
Thou canst not here for this admitted be  
Our fellow-servant, in this sweet subjection."  
"And who," quoth Eustace, angry, "dares deny  
My fellowship?" Rambaldo answered, "I."

LXXXIII

And with that word his cutting sword he drew,  
That glittered bright, and sparkled flaming fire;  
Upon his foe the other champion flew,  
With equal courage, and with equal ire.  
The gentle princess, who the danger knew,  
Between them stepped, and prayed them both retire.  
"Rambald," quoth she, "why should you grudge or plain,  
If I a champion, you an helper gain?"

LXXXIV

"If me you love, why wish you me deprived  
In so great need of such a puissant knight?  
But welcome Eustace, in good time arrived,  
Defender of my state, my life, my right.  
I wish my hapless self no longer lived,  
When I esteem such good assistance light."  
Thus talked they on, and travelled on their way  
Their fellowship increasing every day.

LXXXV

From every side they come, yet wist there none  
Of others coming or of others' mind,  
She welcomes all, and telleth every one,  
What joy her thoughts in his arrival find.  
But when Duke Godfrey wist his knights were gone,  
Within his breast his wiser soul divined  
Some hard mishap upon his friends should light,  
For which he sighed all day, and wept all night.

LXXXVI

A messenger, while thus he mused, drew near,  
All soiled with dust and sweat, quite out of breath,  
It seemed the man did heavy tidings bear,  
Upon his looks sate news of loss and death:

"My lord," quoth he, "so many ships appear  
At sea, that Neptune bears the load uneath,  
From Egypt come they all, this lets thee weet  
William Lord Admiral of the Genoa fleet,

## LXXXVII

"Besides a convoy coming from the shore  
With victual for this noble camp of thine  
Surprised was, and lost is all that store,  
Mules, horses, camels laden, corn and wine;  
Thy servants fought till they could fight no more,  
For all were slain or captives made in fine:  
The Arabian outlaws them assailed by night,  
When least they feared, and least they looked for fight.

## LXXXVIII

"Their frantic boldness doth presume so far,  
That many Christians have they falsely slain,  
And like a raging flood they spared are,  
And overflow each country, field and plain;  
Send therefore some strong troops of men of war,  
To force them hence, and drive them home again,  
And keep the ways between these tents of thine  
And those broad seas, the seas of Palestine."

## LXXXIX

From mouth to mouth the heavy rumor spread  
Of these misfortunes, which dispersed wide  
Among the soldiers, great amazement bred;  
Famine they doubt, and new come foes beside:  
The duke, that saw their wonted courage fled,  
And in the place thereof weak fear espied,  
With merry looks these cheerful words he spake,  
To make them heart again and courage take.

## XC

"You champions bold, with me that 'scaped have  
So many dangers, and such hard assays,  
Whom still your God did keep, defend and save  
In all your battles, combats, fights and frays,  
You that subdued the Turks and Persians brave,  
That thirst and hunger held in scorn always,  
And vanquished hills, and seas, with heat and cold,  
Shall vain reports appal your courage bold?

## XCI

"That Lord who helped you out at every need,  
When aught befell this glorious camp amiss,  
Shall fortune all your actions well to speed,  
On whom his mercy large extended is;  
Tofore his tomb, when conquering hands you spread,  
With what delight will you remember this?  
Be strong therefore, and keep your valors high  
To honor, conquest, fame and victory."

## XCII

Their hopes half dead and courage well-nigh lost,  
Revived with these brave speeches of their guide;

But in his breast a thousand cares he tost,  
 Although his sorrows he could wisely hide;  
 He studied how to feed that mighty host,  
 In so great scarceness, and what force provide  
 He should against the Egyptian warriors sly,  
 And how subdue those thieves of Araby.

## SIXTH BOOK

### THE ARGUMENT.

Argantes calls the Christians out to just:  
 Otho not chosen doth his strength assay,  
 But from his saddle tumbleth in the dust,  
 And captive to the town is sent away:  
 Tancred begins new fight, and when both trust  
 To win the praise and palm, night ends the fray:  
 Erminia hopes to cure her wounded knight,  
 And from the city armed rides by night.

#### I

But better hopes had them recomfited  
 That lay besieged in the sacred town;  
 With new supply late were they victualled,  
 When night obscured the earth with shadows brown;  
 Their armes and engines on the walls they spread,  
 Their slings to cast, and stones to tumble down;  
 And all that side which to the northward lies,  
 High rampiers and strong bulwarks fortifies.

#### II

Their wary king commands now here now there,  
 To build this tower, to make that bulwark strong,  
 Whether the sun, the moon, or stars appear,  
 To give them time to work, no time comes wrong:  
 In every street new weapons forged were,  
 By cunning smiths, sweating with labor long;  
 While thus the careful prince provision made,  
 To him Argantes came, and boasting said:

#### III

"How long shall we, like prisoners in chains,  
 Captived lie inclosed within this wall?  
 I see your workmen taking endless pains  
 To make new weapons for no use at all;  
 Meanwhile these western thieves destroy the plains,  
 Your towns are burnt, your forts and castles fall,  
 Yet none of us dares at these gates out-peep,  
 Or sound one trumpet shrill to break their sleep.

#### IV

"Their time in feasting and good cheer they spend,  
 Nor dare we once their banquets sweet molest,  
 The days and night likewise they bring to end,  
 In peace, assurance, quiet, ease and rest;  
 But we must yield whom hunger soon will shend,  
 And make for peace, to save our lives, request,  
 Else, if th' Egyptian army stay too long,  
 Like cowards die within this fortress strong.

## V

"Yet never shall my courage great consent  
So vile a death should end my noble days,  
Nor on mine arms within these walls ypent  
To-morrow's sun shall spread his timely rays:  
Let sacred Heavens dispose as they are bent  
Of this frail life, yet not withouten praise  
Of valor, prowess, might, Argantes shall  
Inglorious die, or unrevenged fall.

## VI

"But if the roots of wonted chivalry  
Be not quite dead your princely breast within,  
Devise not how with frame and praise to die,  
But how to live, to conquer and to win;  
Let us together at these gates outfly,  
And skirmish bold and bloody fight begin;  
For when last need to desperation driveth,  
Who dareth most he wisest counsel giveth.

## VII

"But if in field your wisdom dare not venture  
To hazard all your troops to doubtful fight,  
Then bind yourself to Godfrey by indenture,  
To end your quarrels by one single knight:  
And for the Christian this accord shall enter  
With better will, say such you know your right  
That he the weapons, place and time shall choose,  
And let him for his best, that vantage use.

## VIII

"For though your foe had hands, like Hector strong,  
With heart unfeared, and courage stern and stout,  
Yet no misfortune can your justice wrong,  
And what that wanteth, shall this arm help out,  
In spite of fate shall this right hand ere long,  
Return victorious: if hereof you doubt,  
Take it for pledge, wherein if trust you have,  
It shall yourself defend and kingdom save."

## IX

"Bold youth," the tyrant thus began to speak,  
"Although I withered seem with age and years,  
Yet are not these old arms so faint and weak,  
Nor this hoar head so full of doubts and fears  
But whenas death this vital thread shall break,  
He shall my courage hear, my death who hears:  
And Aladine that lived a king and knight,  
To his fair morn will have an evening bright.

## X

"But that which yet I would have further blazed,  
To thee in secret shall be told and spoken,  
Great Soliman of Nice, so far ypraised,  
To be revenged for his sceptre broken,  
The men of arms of Araby hath raised,  
From Inde to Africk, and, when we give token,

Attends the favor of the friendly night  
To victual us, and with our foes to fight.

## XI

"Now though Godfredo hold by warlike feat  
Some castles poor and forts in vile oppression,  
Care not for that; for still our princely seat,  
This stately town, we keep in our possession,  
But thou appease and calm that courage great,  
Which in thy bosom make so hot impression;  
And stay fit time, which will betide ere long,  
To increase thy glory, and revenge our wrong."

## XII

The Saracen at this was inly spited,  
Who Soliman's great worth had long envied,  
To hear him praised thus he naught delighted,  
Nor that the king upon his aid relied:  
"Within your power, sir king," he says, "united  
Are peace and war, nor shall that be denied;  
But for the Turk and his Arabian band,  
He lost his own, shall he defend your land?"

## XIII

"Perchance he comes some heavenly messenger,  
Sent down to set the Pagan people free,  
Then let Argantes for himself take care,  
This sword, I trust, shall well safe-conduct me:  
But while you rest and all your forces spare,  
That I go forth to war at least agree;  
Though not your champion, yet a private knight,  
I will some Christian prove in single fight."

## XIV

The king replied, "Though thy force and might  
Should be reserved to better time and use;  
Yet that thou challenge some renowned knight,  
Among the Christians bold I not refuse."  
The warrior breathing out desire of fight,  
An herald called, and said, "Go tell those news  
To Godfrey's self, and to the western lords,  
And in their hearings boldly say these words:

## XV

"Say that a knight, who holds in great disdain  
To be thus closed up in secret mew,  
Will with his sword in open field maintain,  
If any dare deny his words for true,  
That no devotion, as they falsely feign,  
Hath moved the French these countries to subdue;  
But vile ambition, and pride's hateful vice,  
Desire of rule, and spoil, and covetice.

## XVI

"And that to fight I am not only prest  
With one or two that dare defend the cause,  
But come the fourth or fifth, come all the rest,  
Come all that will, and all that weapon draws,

Let him that yields obey the victor's hest,  
As wills the lore of mighty Mars his laws:"  
This was the challenge that fierce Pagan sent,  
The herald donned his coat-of-arms, and went.

## XVII

And when the man before the presence came  
Of princely Godfrey, and his captains bold:  
"My Lord," quoth he, "may I withouten blame  
Before your Grace, my message brave unfold?"  
"Thou mayest," he answered, "we approve the same;  
Withouten fear, be thine ambassage told."  
"Then," quoth the herald, "shall your highness see,  
If this ambassage sharp or pleasing be."

## XVIII

The challenge gan he then at large expose,  
With mighty threats, high terms and glorious words;  
On every side an angry murmur rose,  
To wrath so moved were the knights and lords.  
Then Godfrey spake, and said, "The man hath chose  
An hard exploit, but when he feels our swords,  
I trust we shall so far entreat the knight,  
As to excuse the fourth or fifth of fight.

## XIX

"But let him come and prove, the field I grant,  
Nor wrong nor treason let him doubt or fear,  
Some here shall pay him for his glorious vaunt,  
Without or guile, or vantage, that I swear.  
The herald turned when he had ended scant,  
And hasted back the way he came whileare,  
Nor stayed he aught, nor once forslowd his pace,  
Till he bespake Argantes face to face.

## XX

"Arm you, my lord," he said, "your bold defies  
By your brave foes accepted boldly been,  
This combat neither high nor low denies,  
Ten thousand wish to meet you on the green;  
A thousand frowned with angry flaming eyes,  
And shaken for rage their swords and weapons keen;  
The field is safely granted by their guide,"  
This said, the champion for his armor cried.

## XXI

While he was armed, his heart for ire nigh brake,  
So yearned his courage hot his foes to find:  
The King to fair Clorinda present spake;  
"If he go forth, remain not you behind,  
But of our soldiers best a thousand take,  
To guard his person and your own assigned;  
Yet let him meet alone the Christian knight,  
And stand yourself aloof, while they two fight."

## XXII

Thus spake the King, and soon without abode  
The troop went forth in shining armor clad,

Before the rest the Pagan champion rode,  
His wonted arms and ensigns all he had:  
A goodly plain displayed wide and broad,  
Between the city and the camp was spread,  
A place like that wherein proud Rome beheld  
The forward young men manage spear and shield.

## XXIII

There all alone Argantes took his stand,  
Defying Christ and all his servants true,  
In stature, stomach, and in strength of hand,  
In pride, presumption, and in dreadful show,  
Encelade like, on the Phlegrean strand,  
Or that huge giant Jesse's infant slew;  
But his fierce semblant they esteemed light,  
For most not knew, or else not feared his might.

## XXIV

As yet not one had Godfrey singled out  
To undertake this hardy enterprise,  
But on Prince Tancred saw he all the rout  
Had fixed their wishes, and had cast their eyes,  
On him he spied them gazing round about,  
As though their honor on his prowess lies,  
And now they whispered louder what they meant,  
Which Godfrey heard and saw, and was content.

## XXV

The rest gave place; for every one descried  
To whom their chieftain's will did most incline,  
"Tancred," quoth he, "I pray thee calm the pride,  
Abate the rage of yonder Saracine:"  
No longer would the chosen champion bide,  
His face with joy, his eyes with gladness shine,  
His helm he took, and ready steed bestrode,  
And guarded with his trusty friends forth rode.

## XXVI

But scanty had he spurred his courser swift  
Near to the plain, where proud Argantes stayed,  
When unawares his eyes he chanced to lift,  
And on the hill beheld the warlike maid,  
As white as snow upon the Alpine clift  
The virgin shone in silver arms arrayed,  
Her ventral up so high, that he descried  
Her goodly visage, and her beauty's pride.

## XXVII

He saw not where the Pagan stood, and stared,  
As if with looks he would his foeman kill,  
But full of other thoughts he forward fared,  
And sent his looks before him up the hill,  
His gesture such his troubled soul declared,  
At last as marble rock he standeth still,  
Stone cold without; within, burnt with love's flame,  
And quite forgot himself, and why he came.

## XXVIII

The challenger, that yet saw none appear

That made or sign or show he came to just,  
 "How long," cried he, "shall I attend you here?  
 Dares none come forth? dares none his fortune trust?"  
 The other stood amazed, love stopped his ear,  
 He thinks on Cupid, think of Mars who lust;  
 But forth stert Otho bold, and took the field,  
 A gentle knight whom God from danger shield.

## XXIX

This youth was one of those, who late desired  
 With that vain-glorious boaster to have fought,  
 But Tancred chosen, he and all retired;  
 Now when his slackness he awhile admired,  
 And saw elsewhere employed was his thought,  
 Nor that to just, though chosen, once he proffered,  
 He boldly took that fit occasion offered.

## XXX

No tiger, panther, spotted leopard,  
 Runs half so swift, the forests wild among,  
 As this young champion hasted thitherward,  
 Where he attending saw the Pagan strong:  
 Tancredi started with the noise he heard,  
 As waked from sleep, where he had dreamed long,  
 "Oh stay," he cried, "to me belongs this war!"  
 But cried too late, Otho was gone too far.

## XXXI

Then full of fury, anger and despite,  
 He stayed his horse, and waxed red for shame,  
 The fight was his, but now disgraced quite  
 Himself he thought, another played his game;  
 Meanwhile the Saracen did hugely smite  
 On Otho's helm, who to requite the same,  
 His foe quite through his sevenfold targe did bear,  
 And in his breastplate stuck and broke his spear.

## XXXII

The encounter such, upon the tender grass,  
 Down from his steed the Christian backward fell;  
 Yet his proud foe so strong and sturdy was,  
 That he nor shook, nor staggered in his sell,  
 But to the knight that lay full low, alas,  
 In high disdain his will thus gan he tell,  
 "Yield thee my slave, and this thine honor be,  
 Thou may'st report thou hast encountered me."

## XXXIII

"Not so," quoth he, "pardy it's not the guise  
 Of Christian knights, though fall'n, so soon to yield;  
 I can my fall excuse in better wise,  
 And will revenge this shame, or die in field."  
 The great Circassian bent his frowning eyes,  
 Like that grim visage in Minerva's shield,  
 "Then learn," quoth he, "what force Argantes useth  
 Against that fool that proffered grace refuseth."

## XXXIV

With that he spurred his horse with speed and haste,

Forgetting what good knights to virtue owe,  
Otho his fury shunned, and, as he passed,  
At his right side he reached a noble blow,  
Wide was the wound, the blood outstreamed fast,  
And from his side fell to his stirrup low:  
But what avails to hurt, if wounds augment  
Our foe's fierce courage, strength and hardiment?

## XXXV

Argantes nimbly turned his ready steed,  
And ere his foe was wist or well aware,  
Against his side he drove his courser's head,  
What force could he gainst so great might prepare?  
Weak were his feeble joints, his courage dead,  
His heart amazed, his paleness showed his care,  
His tender side gainst the hard earth he cast,  
Shamed, with the first fall; bruised, with the last.

## XXXVI

The victor spurred again his light-foot steed,  
And made his passage over Otho's heart,  
And cried, "These fools thus under foot I tread,  
That dare contend with me in equal mart."  
Tancred for anger shook his noble head,  
So was he grieved with that unknightly part;  
The fault was his, he was so slow before,  
With double valor would he salve that sore.

## XXXVII

Forward he galloped fast, and loudly cried:  
"Villain," quoth he, "thy conquest is thy shame,  
What praise? what honor shall this fact betide?  
What gain? what guerdon shall befall the same?  
Among the Arabian thieves thy face go hide,  
Far from resort of men of worth and fame,  
Or else in woods and mountains wild, by night,  
On savage beasts employ thy savage might."

## XXXVIII

The Pagan patience never knew, nor used,  
Trembling for ire, his sandy locks he tore,  
Out from his lips flew such a sound confused,  
As lions make in deserts thick, which roar;  
Or as when clouds together crushed and bruised,  
Pour down a tempest by the Caspian shore;  
So was his speech imperfect, stopped, and broken,  
He roared and thundered when he should have spoken.

## XXXIX

But when with threats they both had whetted keen  
Their eager rage, their fury, spite and ire,  
They turned their steeds and left large space between  
To make their forces greater, 'proaching nigher,  
With terms that warlike and that worthy been:  
O sacred Muse, my haughty thoughts inspire,  
And make a trumpet of my slender quill  
To thunder out this furious combat shrill.

## XL

These sons of Mavors bore, instead of spears,  
Two knotty masts, which none but they could lift,  
Each foaming steed so fast his master bears,  
That never beast, bird, shaft flew half so swift;  
Such was their fury, as when Boreas tears  
The shattered crags from Taurus' northern clift,  
Upon their helms their lances long they broke,  
And up to heaven flew splinters, sparks and smoke.

## XLI

The shock made all the towers and turrets quake,  
And woods and mountains all nigh hand resound;  
Yet could not all that force and fury shake  
The valiant champions, nor their persons wound;  
Together hurtled both their steeds, and brake  
Each other's neck, the riders lay on ground:  
But they, great masters of war's dreadful art,  
Plucked forth their swords and soon from earth up start.

## XLII

Close at his surest ward each warrior lieth,  
He wisely guides his hand, his foot, his eye,  
This blow he proveth, that defence he trieth,  
He traverseth, retireth, presseth nigh,  
Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth,  
This blow he wardeth, that he lets slip by,  
And for advantage oft he lets some part  
Discovered seem; thus art deludeth art.

## XLIII

The Pagan ill defenced with sword or targe,  
Tancredi's thigh, as he supposed, espied  
And reaching forth gainst it his weapon large,  
Quite naked to his foe leaves his left-side;  
Tancred avoideth quick his furious charge,  
And gave him eke a wound deep, sore and wide;  
That done, himself safe to his ward retired,  
His courage praised by all, his skill admired.

## XLIV

The proud Circassian saw his streaming blood,  
Down from his wound, as from a fountain, running,  
He sighed for rage, and trembled as he stood,  
He blamed his fortune, folly, want of cunning;  
He lift his sword aloft, for ire nigh wood,  
And forward rushed: Tancred his fury shunning,  
With a sharp thrust once more the Pagan hit,  
To his broad shoulder where his arm is knit.

## XLV

Like as a bear through pierced with a dart  
Within the secret woods, no further flieth,  
But bites the senseless weapon mad with smart,  
Seeking revenge till unrevenged she dieth;  
So mad Argantes fared, when his proud heart  
Wound upon wound, and shame on shame espieth,

Desire of vengeance so o'ercame his senses,  
That he forgot all dangers, all defences.

## XLVI

Uniting force extreme, with endless wrath,  
Supporting both with youth and strength untired,  
His thundering blows so fast about he layeth,  
That skies and earth the flying sparkles fired;  
His foe to strike one blow no leisure hath,  
Scantly he breathed, though he oft desired,  
His warlike skill and cunning all was waste,  
Such was Argantes' force, and such his haste.

## XLVII

Long time Tancredi had in vain attended  
When this huge storm should overblow and pass,  
Some blows his mighty target well defended,  
Some fell beside, and wounded deep the grass;  
But when he saw the tempest never ended,  
Nor that the Paynim's force aught weaker was,  
He high advanced his cutting sword at length,  
And rage to rage opposed, and strength to strength.

## XLVIII

Wrath bore the sway, both art and reason fail,  
Fury new force, and courage new supplies,  
Their armors forged were of metal frail,  
On every side thereof, huge cantels flies,  
The land was strewed all with plate and mail.  
That, on the earth; on that, their warm blood lies.  
And at each rush and every blow they smote  
Thunder the noise, the sparks, seemed lightning hot.

## XLIX

The Christian people and the Pagans gazed,  
On this fierce combat wishing oft the end,  
Twixt hope and fear they stood long time amazed,  
To see the knights assail, and eke defend,  
Yet neither sign they made, nor noise they raised,  
But for the issue of the fight attend,  
And stood as still, as life and sense they wanted,  
Save that their hearts within their bosoms panted.

## L

Now were they tired both, and well-nigh spent,  
Their blows show greater will than power to wound;  
But Night her gentle daughter Darkness, sent,  
With friendly shade to overspread the ground,  
Two heralds to the fighting champions went,  
To part the fray, as laws of arms them bound  
Aridens born in France, and wise Pindore,  
The man that brought the challenge proud before.

## LI

These men their sceptres interpose, between  
The doubtful hazards of uncertain fight;  
For such their privilege hath ever been,  
The law of nations doth defend their right;

Pindore began, "Stay, stay, you warriors keen,  
 Equal your honor, equal is your might;  
 Forbear this combat, so we deem it best,  
 Give night her due, and grant your persons rest.

## LII

"Man goeth forth to labor with the sun,  
 But with the night, all creatures draw to sleep,  
 Nor yet of hidden praise in darkness won  
 The valiant heart of noble knight takes keep:"  
 Argantes answered him, "The fight begun  
 Now to forbear, doth wound my heart right deep:  
 Yet will I stay, so that this Christian swear,  
 Before you both, again to meet me here."

## LIII

"I swear," quoth Tancred, "but swear thou likewise  
 To make return thy prisoner eke with thee;  
 Else for achievement of this enterprise,  
 None other time but this expect of me;"  
 Thus swore they both; the heralds both devise,  
 What time for this exploit should fittest be:  
 And for their wounds of rest and cure had need,  
 To meet again the sixth day was decreed.

## LIV

This fight was deep imprinted in their hearts  
 That saw this bloody fray to ending brought,  
 An horror great possessed their weaker parts,  
 Which made them shrink who on their combat thought:  
 Much speech was of the praise and high desarts  
 Of these brave champions that so nobly fought;  
 But which for knightly worth was most ypraised,  
 Of that was doubt and disputation raised.

## LV

All long to see them end this doubtful fray,  
 And as they favor, so they wish success,  
 These hope true virtue shall obtain the day,  
 Those trust on fury, strength and hardiness;  
 But on Erminia most this burden lay,  
 Whose looks her trouble and her fear express;  
 For on this dangerous combat's doubtful end  
 Her joy, her comfort, hope and life depend.

## LVI

Her the sole daughter of that hapless king,  
 That of proud Antioch late wore the crown,  
 The Christian soldiers to Tancredi bring,  
 When they had sacked and spoiled that glorious town;  
 But he, in whom all good and virtue spring,  
 The virgin's honor saved, and her renown;  
 And when her city and her state was lost,  
 Then was her person loved and honored most.

## LVII

He honored her, served her, and leave her gave,  
 And willed her go whither and when she list,

Her gold and jewels had he care to save,  
And them restored all, she nothing missed,  
She, that beheld this youth and person brave,  
When, by this deed, his noble mind she wist,  
Laid ope her heart for Cupid's shaft to hit,  
Who never knots of love more surer knit.

## LVIII

Her body free, captivated was her heart,  
And love the keys did of that prison bear,  
Prepared to go, it was a death to part  
From that kind Lord, and from that prison dear,  
But thou, O honor, which esteemed art  
The chiefest virtue noble ladies wear,  
Enforcest her against her will, to wend  
To Aladine, her mother's dearest friend.

## LIX

At Sion was this princess entertained,  
By that old tyrant and her mother dear,  
Whose loss too soon the woful damsel plained,  
Her grief was such, she lived not half the year,  
Yet banishment, nor loss of friends constrained  
The hapless maid her passions to forbear,  
For though exceeding were her woe and grief,  
Of all her sorrows yet her love was chief.

## LX

The silly maid in secret longing pined,  
Her hope a mote drawn up by Phoebus' rays,  
Her love a mountain seemed, whereon bright shined  
Fresh memory of Tancred's worth and praise,  
Within her closet if her self she shrined,  
A hotter fire her tender heart assays:  
Tancred at last, to raise her hope nigh dead,  
Before those walls did his broad ensign spread.

## LXI

The rest to view the Christian army feared,  
Such seemed their number, such their power and might,  
But she alone her troubled forehead cleared,  
And on them spread her beauty shining bright;  
In every squadron when it first appeared,  
Her curious eye sought out her chosen knight;  
And every gallant that the rest excels,  
The same seems him, so love and fancy tells.

## LXII

Within the kingly palace builded high,  
A turret standeth near the city's wall,  
From which Erminia might at ease descry  
The western host, the plains and mountains all,  
And there she stood all the long day to spy,  
From Phoebus' rising to his evening fall,  
And with her thoughts disputed of his praise,  
And every thought a scalding sigh did raise.

## LXIII

From hence the furious combat she surveyed,

And felt her heart tremble with fear and pain,  
 Her secret thoughts thus to her fancy said,  
 Behold thy dear in danger to be slain;  
 So with suspect, with fear and grief dismayed,  
 Attended she her darling's loss or gain,  
 And ever when the Pagan lift his blade,  
 The stroke a wound in her weak bosom made.

## LXIV

But when she saw the end, and wist withal  
 Their strong contention should eftsoons begin,  
 Amazement strange her courage did appal,  
 Her vital blood was icy cold within;  
 Sometimes she sighed, sometimes tears let fall,  
 To witness what distress her heart was in;  
 Hopeless, dismayed, pale, sad, astonished,  
 Her love, her fear; her fear, her torment bred.

## LXV

Her idle brain unto her soul presented  
 Death in an hundred ugly fashions painted,  
 And if she slept, then was her grief augmented,  
 With such sad visions were her thoughts acquainted;  
 She saw her lord with wounds and hurts tormented,  
 How he complained, called for her help, and fainted,  
 And found, awaked from that unquiet sleeping,  
 Her heart with panting sore; eyes, red with weeping.

## LXVI

Yet these presages of his coming ill,  
 Not greatest cause of her discomfort were,  
 She saw his blood from his deep wounds distil,  
 Nor what he suffered could she bide or bear:  
 Besides, report her longing ear did fill,  
 Doubling his danger, doubling so her fear,  
 That she concludes, so was her courage lost,  
 Her wounded lord was weak, faint, dead almost.

## LXVII

And for her mother had her taught before  
 The secret virtue of each herb that springs,  
 Besides fit charms for every wound or sore  
 Corruption breedeth or misfortune brings,—  
 An art esteemed in those times of yore,  
 Beseeming daughters of great lords and kings—  
 She would herself be surgeon to her knight,  
 And heal him with her skill, or with her sight.

## LXVIII

Thus would she cure her love, and cure her foe  
 She must, that had her friends and kinsfolk slain:  
 Some cursed weeds her cunning hand did know,  
 That could augment his harm, increase his pain;  
 But she abhorred to be revenged so,  
 No treason should her spotless person stain,  
 And virtueless she wished all herbs and charms  
 Wherewith false men increase their patients' harms.

## LXIX

Nor feared she among the bands to stray  
Of armed men, for often had she seen  
The tragic end of many a bloody fray;  
Her life had full of haps and hazards been,  
This made her bold in every hard assay,  
More than her feeble sex became, I ween;  
She feared not the shake of every reed,  
So cowards are courageous made through need.

## LXX

Love, fearless, hardy, and audacious love,  
Emboldened had this tender damsel so,  
That where wild beasts and serpents glide and move  
Through Afric's deserts durst she ride or go,  
Save that her honor, she esteemed above  
Her life and body's safety, told her no;  
For in the secret of her troubled thought,  
A doubtful combat, love and honor fought.

## LXXI

"O spotless virgin," Honor thus begun,  
"That my true lore observed firmly hast,  
When with thy foes thou didst in bondage won,  
Remember then I kept thee pure and chaste,  
At liberty now, where wouldest thou run,  
To lay that field of princely virtue waste,  
Or lose that jewel ladies hold so dear?  
Is maidenhood so great a load to bear?"

## LXXII

"Or deem'st thou it a praise of little prize,  
The glorious title of a virgin's name?  
That thou will gad by night in giglot wise,  
Amid thine armed foes, to seek thy shame.  
O fool, a woman conquers when she flies,  
Refusal kindleth, proffers quench the flame.  
Thy lord will judge thou sinnest beyond measure,  
If vainly thus thou waste so rich a treasure."

## LXXIII

The sly deceiver Cupid thus beguiled  
The simple damsel, with his filed tongue:  
"Thou wert not born," quoth he, "in desert wild  
The cruel bears and savage beasts among,  
That you shouldest scorn fair Citherea's child,  
Or hate those pleasures that to youth belong,  
Nor did the gods thy heart of iron frame;  
To be in love is neither sin nor shame.

## LXXIV

"Go then, go, whither sweet desire inviteth,  
How can thy gentle knight so cruel be?  
Love in his heart thy grief and sorrows writeth,  
For thy laments how he complaineth, see.  
Oh cruel woman, whom no care exciteth  
To save his life, that saved and honored thee!

He languished, one foot thou wilt not move  
To succor him, yet say'st thou art in love.

## LXXV

"No, no, stay here Argantes' wounds to cure,  
And make him strong to shed thy darling's blood,  
Of such reward he may himself assure,  
That doth a thankless woman so much good:  
Ah, may it be thy patience can endure  
To see the strength of this Circassian wood,  
And not with horror and amazement shrink,  
When on their future fight thou hap'st to think?

## LXXVI

"Besides the thanks and praises for the deed,  
Suppose what joy, what comfort shalt thou win,  
When thy soft hand doth wholesome plaisters speed,  
Upon the breaches in his ivory skin,  
Thence to thy dearest lord may health succeed,  
Strength to his limbs, blood to his cheeks so thin,  
And his rare beauties, now half dead and more,  
Thou may'st to him, him to thyself restore.

## LXXVII

"So shall some part of his adventures bold  
And valiant acts henceforth be held as thine;  
His dear embracements shall thee straight enfold,  
Together joined in marriage rites divine:  
Lastly high place of honor shalt thou hold  
Among the matrons sage and dames Latine,  
In Italy, a land, as each one tells,  
Where valor true, and true religion dwells."

## LXXVIII

With such vain hopes the silly maid abused,  
Promised herself mountains and hills of gold;  
Yet were her thoughts with doubts and fears confused  
How to escape unseen out of that hold,  
Because the watchman every minute used  
To guard the walls against the Christians bold,  
And in such fury and such heat of war,  
The gates or seld or never opened are.

## LXXIX

With strong Clorinda was Erminia sweet  
In surest links of dearest friendship bound,  
With her she used the rising sun to greet,  
And her, when Phoebus glided under ground,  
She made the lovely partner of her sheet;  
In both their hearts one will, one thought was found;  
Nor aught she hid from that virago bold,  
Except her love, that tale to none she told.

## LXXX

That kept she secret, if Clorinda heard  
Her make complaints, or secretly lament,  
To other cause her sorrow she referred:  
Matter enough she had of discontent,

Like as the bird that having close imbarred  
Her tender young ones in the springing bent,  
To draw the searcher further from her nest,  
Cries and complains most where she needeth least.

LXXXI

Alone, within her chamber's secret part,  
Sitting one day upon her heavy thought,  
Devising by what means, what sleight, what art,  
Her close departure should be safest wrought,  
Assembled in her unresolved heart  
An hundred passions strove and ceaseless fought;  
At last she saw high hanging on the wall  
Clorinda's silver arms, and sighed withal:

LXXXII

And sighing, softly to herself she said,  
"How blessed is this virgin in her might?  
How I envy the glory of the maid,  
Yet envy not her shape, or beauty's light;  
Her steps are not with trailing garments stayed,  
Nor chambers hide her valor shining bright;  
But armed she rides, and breaketh sword and spear,  
Nor is her strength restrained by shame or fear.

LXXXIII

"Alas, why did not Heaven these members frail  
With lively force and vigor strengthen so  
That I this silken gown and slender veil  
Might for a breastplate and an helm forego?  
Then should not heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor hail,  
Nor storms that fall, nor blustering winds that blow  
Withhold me, but I would both day and night,  
In pitched field, or private combat fight.

LXXXIV

"Nor haddest thou, Argantes, first begun  
With my dear lord that fierce and cruel fight,  
But I to that encounter would have run,  
And haply ta'en him captive by my might;  
Yet should he find, our furious combat done,  
His thralldom easy, and his bondage light;  
For fetters, mine embracements should he prove;  
For diet, kisses sweet; for keeper, love.

LXXXV

"Or else my tender bosom opened wide,  
And heart though pierced with his cruel blade,  
The bloody weapon in my wounded side  
Might cure the wound which love before had made;  
Then should my soul in rest and quiet slide  
Down to the valleys of the Elysian shade,  
And my mishap the knight perchance would move,  
To shed some tears upon his murdered love.

LXXXVI

"Alas! impossible are all these things,  
Such wishes vain afflict my woful sprite,

Why yield I thus to complaints and sorrowings,  
 As if all hope and help were perished quite?  
 My heart dares much, it soars with Cupid's wings,  
 Why use I not for once these armors bright?  
 I may sustain awhile this shield aloft,  
 Though I be tender, feeble, weak and soft.

## LXXXVII

"Love, strong, bold, mighty never-tired love,  
 Supplieth force to all his servants true;  
 The fearful stags he doth to battle move,  
 Till each his horns in others' blood imbrue;  
 Yet mean not I the haps of war to prove,  
 A stratagem I have devised new,  
 Clorinda-like in this fair harness dight,  
 I will escape out of the town this night.

## LXXXVIII

"I know the men that have the gate to ward,  
 If she command dare not her will deny,  
 In what sort else could I beguile the guard?  
 This way is only left, this will I try:  
 O gentle love, in this adventure hard  
 Thine handmaid guide, assist and fortify!  
 The time, the hour now fitteth best the thing,  
 While stout Clorinda talketh with the king."

## LXXXIX

Resolved thus, without delay she went,  
 As her strong passion did her rashly guide,  
 And those bright arms, down from the rafter hent,  
 Within her closet did she closely hide;  
 That might she do unseen, for she had sent  
 The rest, on sleeveless errands from her side,  
 And night her stealths brought to their wished end,  
 Night, patroness of thieves, and lovers' friend.

## XC

Some sparkling fires on heaven's bright visage shone;  
 His azure robe the orient blueness lost,  
 When she, whose wit and reason both were gone,  
 Called for a squire she loved and trusted most,  
 To whom and to a maid, a faithful one,  
 Part of her will she told, how that in post  
 She would depart from Juda's king, and feigned  
 That other cause her sudden flight constrained.

## XCI

The trusty squire provided needments meet,  
 As for their journey fitting most should be;  
 Meanwhile her vesture, pendant to her feet,  
 Erminia doft, as erst determined she,  
 Stripped to her petticoat the virgin sweet  
 So slender was, that wonder was to see;  
 Her handmaid ready at her mistress' will,  
 To arm her helped, though simple were her skill.

## XCII

The rugged steel oppressed and offended

Her dainty neck, and locks of shining gold;  
Her tender arm so feeble was, it bended  
When that huge target it presumed to hold,  
The burnished steel bright rays far off extended,  
She feigned courage, and appeared bold;  
Fast by her side unseen smiled Venus' son,  
As erst he laughed when Alcides spun.

## XCIII

Oh, with what labor did her shoulders bear  
That heavy burthen, and how slow she went!  
Her maid, to see that all the coasts were clear,  
Before her mistress, through the streets was sent;  
Love gave her courage, love exiled fear,  
Love to her tired limbs new vigor lent,  
Till she approached where the squire abode,  
There took they horse forthwith and forward rode.

## XCIV

Disguised they went, and by unused ways,  
And secret paths they strove unseen to gone,  
Until the watch they meet, which sore affrays  
Their soldiers new, when swords and weapons shone  
Yet none to stop their journey once essays,  
But place and passage yielded every one;  
For that bright armor, and that helmet bright,  
Were known and feared, in the darkest night.

## XCV

Erminia, though some deal she were dismayed,  
Yet went she on, and goodly countenance bore,  
She doubted lest her purpose were bewrayed,  
Her too much boldness she repented sore;  
But now the gate her fear and passage stayed,  
The heedless porter she beguiled therefore,  
"I am Clorinda, ope the gate," she cried,  
"Where as the king commands, this late I ride."

## XCVI

Her woman's voice and terms all framed been,  
Most like the speeches of the princess stout,  
Who would have thought on horseback to have seen  
That feeble damsel armed round about?  
The porter her obeyed, and she, between  
Her trusty squire and maiden, sallied out,  
And through the secret dales they silent pass,  
Where danger least, least fear, least peril was.

## XCVII

But when these fair adventurers entered were  
Deep in a vale, Erminia stayed her haste,  
To be recalled she had no cause to fear,  
This foremost hazard had she trimly past;  
But dangers new, tofore unseen, appear,  
New perils she descried, new doubts she cast.  
The way that her desire to quiet brought,  
More difficult now seemed than erst she thought.

## XCVIII

Armed to ride among her angry foes,  
 She now perceived it were great oversight,  
 Yet would she not, she thought, herself disclose,  
 Until she came before her chosen knight,  
 To him she purposed to present the rose  
 Pure, spotless, clean, untouched of mortal wight,  
 She stayed therefore, and in her thoughts more wise,  
 She called her squire, whom thus she gan advise.

## XCIX

"Thou must," quoth she, "be mine ambassador,  
 Be wise, be careful, true, and diligent,  
 Go to the camp, present thyself before  
 The Prince Tancredi, wounded in his tent;  
 Tell him thy mistress comes to cure his sore,  
 If he to grant her peace and rest consent  
 Gainst whom fierce love such cruel war hath raised,  
 So shall his wounds be cured, her torments eased.

## C

"And say, in him such hope and trust she hath,  
 That in his powers she fears no shame nor scorn,  
 Tell him thus much, and whatso'er he saith,  
 Unfold no more, but make a quick return,  
 I, for this place is free from harm and scath,  
 Within this valley will meanwhile sojourn."  
 Thus spake the princess: and her servant true  
 To execute the charge imposed, flew;

## CI

And was received, he so discreetly wrought,  
 First of the watch that guarded in their place,  
 Before the wounded prince then was he brought,  
 Who heard his message kind, with gentle grace,  
 Which told, he left him tossing in his thought  
 A thousand doubts, and turned his speedy pace  
 To bring his lady and his mistress word,  
 She might be welcome to that courteous lord.

## CII

But she, impatient, to whose desire  
 Grievous and harmful seemed each little stay,  
 Recounts his steps, and thinks, now draws he nigher,  
 Now enters in, now speaks, now comes his way;  
 And that which grieved her most, the careful squire  
 Less speedy seemed than e'er before that day;  
 Lastly she forward rode with love to guide,  
 Until the Christian tents at hand she spied.

## CIII

Invested in her starry veil, the night  
 In her kind arms embraced all this round,  
 The silver moon from sea uprising bright  
 Spread frosty pearl upon the candid ground:  
 And Cynthia-like for beauty's glorious light  
 The love-sick nymph threw glittering beams around,

And counsellors of her old love she made  
Those valleys dumb, that silence, and that shade.

## CIV

Beholding then the camp, quoth she, "O fair  
And castle-like pavilions, richly wrought!  
From you how sweet methinketh blows the air,  
How comforts it my heart, my soul, my thought?  
Through heaven's fair face from gulf of sad despair  
My tossed bark to port well-nigh is brought:  
In you I seek redress for all my harms,  
Rest, midst your weapons; peace, amongst your arms.

## CV

"Receive me, then, and let me mercy find,  
As gentle love assureth me I shall,  
Among you had I entertainment kind  
When first I was the Prince Tancredi's thrall:  
I covet not, led by ambition blind  
You should me in my father's throne install,  
Might I but serve in you my lord so dear,  
That my content, my joy, my comfort were."

## CVI

Thus parleyed she, poor soul, and never feared  
The sudden blow of Fortune's cruel spite,  
She stood where Phoebe's splendid beam appeared  
Upon her silver armor double bright,  
The place about her round she shining cleared  
With that pure white wherein the nymph was dight:  
The tigress great, that on her helmet laid,  
Bore witness where she went, and where she stayed.

## CVII

So as her fortune would, a Christian band  
Their secret ambush there had closely framed,  
Led by two brothers of Italia land,  
Young Poliphern and Alicandro named,  
These with their forces watched to withstand  
Those that brought victuals to their foes untamed,  
And kept that passage; them Erminia spied,  
And fled as fast as her swift steed could ride.

## CVIII

But Poliphern, before whose watery eyes,  
His aged father strong Clorinda slew,  
When that bright shield and silver helm he spies,  
The championess he thought he saw and knew;  
Upon his hidden mates for aid he cries  
Gainst his supposed foe, and forth he flew,  
As he was rash, and heedless in his wrath,  
Bending his lance, "Thou art but dead," he saith.

## CIX

As when a chased hind her course doth bend  
To seek by soil to find some ease or goad;  
Whether from craggy rock the spring descend,  
Or softly glide within the shady wood;

If there the dogs she meet, where late she wend  
 To comfort her weak limbs in cooling flood,  
 Again she flies swift as she fled at first,  
 Forgetting weakness, weariness and thirst.

## CX

So she, that thought to rest her weary sprite,  
 And quench the endless thirst of ardent love  
 With dear embracements of her lord and knight,  
 But such as marriage rites should first approve,  
 When she beheld her foe, with weapon bright  
 Threatening her death, his trusty courser move,  
 Her love, her lord, herself abandoned,  
 She spurred her speedy steed, and swift she fled.

## CXI

Erminia fled, scantly the tender grass  
 Her Pegasus with his light footsteps bent,  
 Her maiden's beast for speed did likewise pass;  
 Yet divers ways, such was their fear, they went:  
 The squire who all too late returned, alas.  
 With tardy news from Prince Tancredi's tent,  
 Fled likewise, when he saw his mistress gone,  
 It bootied not to sojourn there alone.

## CXII

But Alicandro wiser than the rest,  
 Who this supposed Clorinda saw likewise,  
 To follow her yet was he nothing pressed,  
 But in his ambush still and close he lies,  
 A messenger to Godfrey he addressed,  
 That should him of this accident advise,  
 How that his brother chased with naked blade  
 Clorinda's self, or else Clorinda's shade.

## CXIII

Yet that it was, or that it could be she,  
 He had small cause or reason to suppose,  
 Occasion great and weighty must it be  
 Should make her ride by night among her foes:  
 What Godfrey willed that observed he,  
 And with his soldiers lay in ambush close:  
 These news through all the Christian army went,  
 In every cabin talked, in every tent.

## CXIV

Tancred, whose thoughts the squire had filled with doubt  
 By his sweet words, supposed now hearing this,  
 Alas! the virgin came to seek me out,  
 And for my sake her life in danger is;  
 Himself forthwith he singled from the rout,  
 And rode in haste, though half his arms he miss;  
 Among those sandy fields and valleys green,  
 To seek his love, he galloped fast unseen.

## SEVENTH BOOK

## THE ARGUMENT.

A shepherd fair Erminia entertains,  
 Whom whilst Tancredi seeks in vain to find,  
 He is entrapped in Armida's trains:  
 Raymond with strong Argantes is assigned  
 To fight, an angel to his aid he gains:  
 Satan that sees the Pagan's fury blind,  
 And hasty wrath turn to his loss and harm,  
 Doth raise new tempest, uproar and alarm.

## I

Erminia's steed this while his mistress bore  
 Through forests thick among the shady treen,  
 Her feeble hand the bridle reins forlore,  
 Half in a swoon she was, for fear I ween;  
 But her fleet courser spared ne'er the more,  
 To bear her through the desert woods unseen  
 Of her strong foes, that chased her through the plain,  
 And still pursued, but still pursued in vain.

## II

Like as the weary hounds at last retire,  
 Windless, displeased, from the fruitless chase,  
 When the sly beast tapished in bush and brier,  
 No art nor pains can rouse out of his place:  
 The Christian knights so full of shame and ire  
 Returned back, with faint and weary pace:  
 Yet still the fearful dame fled swift as wind,  
 Nor ever stayed, nor ever looked behind.

## III

Through thick and thin, all night, all day, she drove,  
 Withouten comfort, company, or guide,  
 Her plaints and tears with every thought revived,  
 She heard and saw her griefs, but naught beside:  
 But when the sun his burning chariot dived  
 In Thetis' wave, and weary team untied,  
 On Jordan's sandy banks her course she stayed  
 At last, there down she light, and down she laid.

## IV

Her tears, her drink; her food, her sorrowings,  
 This was her diet that unhappy night:  
 But sleep, that sweet repose and quiet brings,  
 To ease the griefs of discontented wight,  
 Spread forth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,  
 In his dull arms folding the virgin bright;  
 And Love, his mother, and the Graces kept  
 Strong watch and ward, while this fair lady slept.

## V

The birds awaked her with their morning song,  
 Their warbling music pierced her tender ear,  
 The murmuring brooks and whistling winds among  
 The rattling boughs and leaves, their parts did bear;  
 Her eyes unclosed beheld the groves along

Of swains and shepherd grooms that dwellings were;  
And that sweet noise, birds, winds and waters sent,  
Provoked again the virgin to lament.

## VI

Her complaints were interrupted with a sound,  
That seemed from thickest bushes to proceed,  
Some jolly shepherd sung a lusty round,  
And to his voice he tuned his oaten reed;  
Thither she went, an old man there she found,  
At whose right hand his little flock did feed,  
Sat making baskets, his three sons among,  
That learned their father's art, and learned his song.

## VII

Beholding one in shining Arms appear,  
The seely man and his were sore dismay'd;  
But sweet Erminia comforted their fear,  
Her ventral up, her visage open laid;  
You happy folk, of heav'n beloved dear,  
Work on, quoth she, upon your harmless trade;  
These dreadful arms, I bear, no warfare bring  
To your sweet toil, nor those sweet tunes you sing.

## VIII

"But, father, since this land, these towns and towers  
Destroyed are with sword, with fire and spoil,  
How may it be unhurt that you and yours  
In safety thus apply your harmless toil?"  
"My son," quoth he, "this poor estate of ours  
Is ever safe from storm of warlike broil;  
This wilderness doth us in safety keep,  
No thundering drum, no trumpet breaks our sleep.

## IX

"Haply just Heaven's defence and shield of right  
Doth love the innocence of simple swains,  
The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,  
And seld or never strike the lower plains;  
So kings have cause to fear Bellona's might,  
Not they whose sweat and toil their dinner gains,  
Nor ever greedy soldier was enticed  
By poverty, neglected and despised.

## X

"O poverty, chief of the heavenly brood,  
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crown:  
No wish for honor, thirst of others' good,  
Can move my heart, contented with mine own:  
We quench our thirst with water of this flood,  
Nor fear we poison should therein be thrown;  
These little flocks of sheep and tender goats  
Give milk for food, and wool to make us coats.

## XI

"We little wish, we need but little wealth,  
From cold and hunger us to clothe and feed;  
These are my sons, their care preserves from stealth

Their father's flocks, nor servants more I need:  
Amid these groves I walk off for my health,  
And to the fishes, birds, and beasts give heed,  
How they are fed, in forest, spring and lake,  
And their contentment for example take.

## XII

"Time was, for each one hath his doating time,  
These silver locks were golden tresses then,  
That country life I hated as a crime,  
And from the forest's sweet contentment ran,  
And there became the mighty caliph's man,  
and though I but a simple gardener were,  
Yet could I mark abuses, see and hear.

## XIII

"Enticed on with hope of future gain,  
I suffered long what did my soul displease;  
But when my youth was spent, my hope was vain.  
I felt my native strength at last decrease;  
I gan my loss of lusty years complain,  
And wished I had enjoyed the country's peace;  
I bade the court farewell, and with content  
My latter age here have I quiet spent."

## XIV

While thus he spake, Erminia hushed and still  
His wise discourses heard, with great attention,  
His speeches grave those idle fancies kill  
Which in her troubled soul bred such dissension;  
After much thought reformed was her will,  
Within those woods to dwell was her intention,  
Till Fortune should occasion new afford,  
To turn her home to her desired lord.

## XV

She said therefore, "O shepherd fortunate!  
That troubles some didst whilom feel and prove,  
Yet livest now in this contented state,  
Let my mishap thy thoughts to pity move,  
To entertain me as a willing mate  
In shepherd's life which I admire and love;  
Within these pleasant groves perchance my heart,  
Of her discomforts, may unload some part.

## XVI

"If gold or wealth, of most esteemed dear,  
If jewels rich thou diddest hold in prize,  
Such store thereof, such plenty have I here,  
As to a greedy mind might well suffice:"  
With that down trickled many a silver tear,  
Two crystal streams fell from her watery eyes;  
Part of her sad misfortunes then she told,  
And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old.

## XVII

With speeches kind, he gan the virgin dear  
Toward his cottage gently home to guide;

His aged wife there made her homely cheer,  
 Yet welcomed her, and placed her by her side.  
 The princess donned a poor pastoral's gear,  
 A kerchief coarse upon her head she tied;  
 But yet her gestures and her looks, I guess,  
 Were such as ill beseemed a shepherdess.

## XVIII

Not those rude garments could obscure and hide  
 The heavenly beauty of her angel's face,  
 Nor was her princely offspring damnified  
 Or aught disparaged by those labors base;  
 Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,  
 And milk her goats, and in their folds them place,  
 Both cheese and butter could she make, and frame  
 Herself to please the shepherd and his dame.

## XIX

But oft, when underneath the greenwood shade  
 Her flocks lay hid from Phoebus' scorching rays,  
 Unto her knight she songs and sonnets made,  
 And them engraved in bark of beech and bays;  
 She told how Cupid did her first invade,  
 How conquered her, and ends with Tancred's praise:  
 And when her passion's writ she over read,  
 Again she mourned, again salt tears she shed.

## XX

"You happy trees forever keep," quoth she,  
 "This woful story in your tender rind,  
 Another day under your shade maybe  
 Will come to rest again some lover kind;  
 Who if these trophies of my griefs he see,  
 Shall feel dear pity pierce his gentle mind;"  
 With that she sighed and said, "Too late I prove  
 There is no troth in fortune, trust in love.

## XXI

"Yet may it be, if gracious heavens attend  
 The earnest suit of a distressed wight,  
 At my entreat they will vouchsafe to send  
 To these huge deserts that unthankful knight,  
 That when to earth the man his eyes shall bend,  
 And sees my grave, my tomb, and ashes light,  
 My woful death his stubborn heart may move,  
 With tears and sorrows to reward my love.

## XXII

"So, though my life hath most unhappy been,  
 At least yet shall my spirit dead be blest,  
 My ashes cold shall, buried on this green,  
 Enjoy that good this body ne'er possessed."  
 Thus she complained to the senseless treen,  
 Floods in her eyes, and fires were in her breast;  
 But he for whom these streams of tears she shed,  
 Wandered far off, alas, as chance him led.

## XXIII

He followed on the footsteps he had traced,

Till in high woods and forests old he came,  
Where bushes, thorns and trees so thick were placed,  
And so obscure the shadows of the same,  
That soon he lost the tract wherein he paced;  
Yet went he on, which way he could not aim,  
But still attentive was his longing ear  
If noise of horse or noise of arms he hear.

## XXIV

If with the breathing of the gentle wind,  
An aspen leaf but shaken on the tree,  
If bird or beast stirred in the bushes blind,  
Thither he spurred, thither he rode to see:  
Out of the wood by Cynthia's favor kind,  
At last, with travel great and pains, got he,  
And following on a little path, he heard  
A rumbling sound, and hasted thitherward.

## XXV

It was a fountain from the living stone,  
That poured down clear streams in noble store,  
Whose conduit pipes, united all in one,  
Throughout a rocky channel ghastly roar;  
Here Tancred stayed, and called, yet answered none,  
Save babbling echo, from the crooked shore;  
And there the weary knight at last espies  
The springing daylight red and white arise.

## XXVI

He sighed sore, and guiltless heaven gan blame,  
That wished success to his desire denied,  
And sharp revenge protested for the same,  
If aught but good his mistress fair betide;  
Then wished he to return the way he came,  
Although he wist not by what path to ride,  
And time drew near when he again must fight  
With proud Argantes, that vain-glorious knight.

## XXVII

His stalwart steed the champion stout bestrode  
And pricked fast to find the way he lost,  
But through a valley as he musing rode,  
He saw a man that seemed for haste a post,  
His horn was hung between his shoulders broad,  
As is the guise with us: Tancredi crossed  
His way, and gently prayed the man to say,  
To Godfrey's camp how he should find the way.

## XXVIII

"Sir," in the Italian language answered he,  
"I ride where noble Boemond hath me sent:"  
The prince thought this his uncle's man should be,  
And after him his course with speed he bent,  
A fortress stately built at last they see,  
Bout which a muddy stinking lake there went,  
There they arrived when Titan went to rest  
His weary limbs in night's untroubled nest.

## XXIX

The courier gave the fort a warning blast;  
 The drawbridge was let down by them within:  
 "If thou a Christian be," quoth he, "thou mayest  
 Till Phoebus shine again, here take thine inn,  
 The County of Cosenza, three days past,  
 This castle from the Turks did nobly win."  
 The prince beheld the piece, which site and art  
 Impregnable had made on every part.

## XXX

He feared within a pile so fortified  
 Some secret treason or enchantment lay,  
 But had he known even there he should have died,  
 Yet should his looks no sign of fear betray;  
 For wheresoever will or chance him guide,  
 His strong victorious hand still made him way:  
 Yet for the combat he must shortly make,  
 No new adventures list he undertake.

## XXXI

Before the castle, in a meadow plain  
 Beside the bridge's end, he stayed and stood,  
 Nor was entreated by the speeches vain  
 Of his false guide, to pass beyond the flood.  
 Upon the bridge appeared a warlike swain,  
 From top to toe all clad in armor good,  
 Who brandishing a broad and cutting sword,  
 Thus threatened death with many an idle word.

## XXXII

"O thou, whom chance or will brings to the soil,  
 Where fair Armida doth the sceptre guide,  
 Thou canst not fly, of arms thyself despoil,  
 And let thy hands with iron chains be tied;  
 Enter and rest thee from thy weary toil.  
 Within this dungeon shalt thou safe abide,  
 And never hope again to see the day,  
 Or that thy hair for age shall turn to gray;

## XXXIII

"Except thou swear her valiant knights to aid  
 Against those traitors of the Christian crew."  
 Tancred at this discourse a little stayed,  
 His arms, his gesture, and his voice he knew:  
 It was Rambaldo, who for that false maid  
 Forsook his country and religion true,  
 And of that fort defender chief became,  
 And those vile customs stablished in the same.

## XXXIV

The warrior answered, blushing red for shame,  
 "Cursed apostate, and ungracious wight,  
 I am that Tancred who defend the name  
 Of Christ, and have been aye his faithful knight;  
 His rebel foes can I subdue and tame,  
 As thou shalt find before we end this fight;

And thy false heart cleft with this vengeful sword,  
Shall feel the ire of thy forsaken Lord."

XXXV

When that great name Rambaldo's ears did fill,  
He shook for fear and looked pale for dread,  
Yet proudly said, "Tancred, thy hap was ill  
To wander hither where thou art but dead,  
Where naught can help, thy courage, strength and skill;  
To Godfrey will I send thy cursed head,  
That he may see, how for Armida's sake,  
Of him and of his Christ a scorn I make."

XXXVI

This said, the day to sable night was turned,  
That scant one could another's arms descry,  
But soon an hundred lamps and torches burned,  
That cleared all the earth and all the sky;  
The castle seemed a stage with lights adorned,  
On which men play some pompous tragedy;  
Within a terrace sat on high the queen,  
And heard, and saw, and kept herself unseen.

XXXVII

The noble baron whet his courage hot,  
And busked him boldly to the dreadful fight;  
Upon his horse long while he tarried not,  
Because on foot he saw the Pagan knight,  
Who underneath his trusty shield was got,  
His sword was drawn, closed was his helmet bright,  
Gainst whom the prince marched on a stately pace,  
Wrath in his voice, rage in his eyes and face.

XXXVIII

His foe, his furious charge not well abiding,  
Traversed his ground, and stated here and there,  
But he, though faint and weary both with riding,  
Yet followed fast and still oppressed him near,  
And on what side he felt Rambaldo sliding,  
On that his forces most employed were;  
Now at his helm, not at his hauberk bright,  
He thundered blows, now at his face and sight.

XXXIX

Against those members battery chief he maketh,  
Wherein man's life keeps chiefest residence;  
At his proud threats the Gascoign warrior quaketh,  
And uncouth fear appalled every sense,  
To nimble shifts the knight himself betaketh,  
And skippeth here and there for his defence:  
Now with his rage, now with his trusty blade,  
Against his blows he good resistance made.

XL

Yet no such quickness for defence he used,  
As did the prince to work him harm and scathe;  
His shield was cleft in twain, his helmet bruised,  
And in his blood his other arms did bathe;

On him he heaped blows, with thrusts confused,  
 And more or less each stroke annoyed him hath;  
 He feared, and in his troubled bosom strove  
 Remorse of conscience, shame, disdain and love.

## XLI

At last so careless foul despair him made,  
 He meant to prove his fortune ill or good,  
 His shield cast down, he took his helpless blade  
 In both his hands, which yet had drawn no blood,  
 And with such force upon the prince he laid,  
 That neither plate nor mail the blow withstood,  
 The wicked steel seized deep in his right side,  
 And with his streaming blood his bases dyed:

## XLII

Another stroke he lent him on the brow,  
 So great that loudly rung the sounding steel;  
 Yet pierced he not the helmet with the blow,  
 Although the owner twice or thrice did reel.  
 The prince, whose looks disdainful anger show,  
 Now meant to use his puissance every deal,  
 He shook his head and crashed his teeth for ire,  
 His lips breathed wrath, eyes sparkled shining fire.

## XLIII

The Pagan wretch no longer could sustain  
 The dreadful terror of his fierce aspect,  
 Against the threatened blow he saw right plain  
 No tempered armor could his life protect,  
 He leapt aside, the stroke fell down in vain,  
 Against a pillar near a bridge erect.  
 Thence flaming fire and thousand sparks outstart,  
 And kill with fear the coward Pagan's heart.

## XLIV

Toward the bridge the fearful Paynim fled,  
 And in swift flight, his hope of life reposed;  
 Himself fast after Lord Tancredi sped,  
 And now in equal pace almost they closed,  
 When all the burning lamps extinguished  
 The shining fort his goodly splendor losed,  
 And all those stars on heaven's blue face that shone  
 With Cynthia's self, disappeared were and gone.

## XLV

Amid those witchcrafts and that ugly shade,  
 No further could the prince pursue the chase,  
 Nothing he saw, yet forward still he made,  
 With doubtful steps, and ill assured pace;  
 At last his foot upon a threshold trad,  
 And ere he wist, he entered had the place;  
 With ghastly noise the door-leaves shut behind,  
 And closed him fast in prison dark and blind.

## XLVI

As in our seas in the Commachian Bay,  
 A silly fish, with streams enclosed, striveth,

To shun the fury and avoid the sway  
Wherewith the current in that whirlpool driveth,  
Yet seeketh all in vain, but finds no way  
Out of that watery prison, where she diveth:  
For with such force there be the tides in brought,  
There entereth all that will, thence issueth naught:

## XLVII

This prison so entrapped that valiant knight;  
Of which the gate was framed by subtle train,  
To close without the help of human wight,  
So sure none could undo the leaves again;  
Against the doors he bended all his might,  
But all his forces were employed in vain,  
At last a voice gan to him loudly call,  
"Yield thee," quoth it, "thou art Armida's thrall."

## XLVIII

"Within this dungeon buried shalt thou spend  
The res'due of thy woful days and years;"  
The champion list not more with words contend,  
But in his heart kept close his griefs and fears,  
He blamed love, chance gan he reprehend,  
And gainst enchantment huge complaints he rears.  
"It were small loss," softly he thus begun,  
"To lose the brightness of the shining sun;

## XLIX

"But I, alas, the golden beam forego  
Of my far brighter sun; nor can I say  
If these poor eyes shall e'er be blessed so,  
As once again to view that shining ray:"  
Then thought he on his proud Circassian foe,  
And said, "Ah! how shall I perform that fray?  
He, and the world with him, will Tancred blame,  
This is my grief, my fault, mine endless shame."

## L

While those high spirits of this champion good,  
With love and honor's care are thus oppressed,  
While he torments himself, Argantes wood,  
Waxed weary of his bed and of his rest,  
Such hate of peace, and such desire of blood,  
Such thirst of glory, boiled in his breast;  
That though he scant could stir or stand upright,  
Yet longed he for the appointed day to fight.

## LI

The night which that expected day forewent,  
Scantly the Pagan closed his eyes to sleep,  
He told how night her sliding hours spent,  
And rose ere springing day began to peep;  
He called for armor, which incontinent  
Was brought by him that used the same to keep,  
That harness rich old Aladine him gave,  
A worthy present for a champion brave.

## LII

He donned them on, not long their riches eyed,

Nor did he aught with so great weight incline,  
 His wonted sword upon his thigh he tied,  
 The blade was old and tough, of temper fine.  
 As when a comet far and wide descried,  
 In scorn of Phoebus midst bright heaven doth shine,  
 And tidings sad of death and mischief brings  
 To mighty lords, to monarchs, and to kings:

## LIII

So shone the Pagan in bright armor clad,  
 And rolled his eyes great swollen with ire and blood,  
 His dreadful gestures threatened horror sad,  
 And ugly death upon his forehead stood;  
 Not one of all his squires the courage had  
 To approach their master in his angry mood,  
 Above his head he shook his naked blade,  
 And gainst the subtle air vain battle made.

## LIV

"The Christian thief," quoth he, "that was so bold  
 To combat me in hard and single fight,  
 Shall wounded fall inglorious on the mould,  
 His locks with clods of blood and dust bedight,  
 And living shall with watery eyes behold  
 How from his back I tear his harness bright,  
 Nor shall his dying words me so entreat,  
 But that I'll give his flesh to dogs for meat."

## LV

Like as a bull when, pricked with jealousy,  
 He spies the rival of his hot desire,  
 Through all the fields doth bellow, roar and cry,  
 And with his thundering voice augments his ire,  
 And threatening battle to the empty sky,  
 Tears with his horn each tree, plant, bush and brier,  
 And with his foot casts up the sand on height,  
 Defying his strong foe to deadly fight:

## LVI

Such was the Pagan's fury, such his cry.  
 A herald called he then, and thus he spake;  
 "Go to the camp, and in my name, defy  
 The man that combats for his Jesus' sake;"  
 This said, upon his steed he mounted high,  
 And with him did his noble prisoner take,  
 The town he thus forsook, and on the green  
 He ran, as mad or frantic he had been.

## LVII

A bugle small he winded loud and shrill,  
 That made resound the fields and valleys near,  
 Louder than thunder from Olympus hill  
 Seemed that dreadful blast to all that hear;  
 The Christian lords of prowess, strength and skill,  
 Within the imperial tent assembled were,  
 The herald there in boasting terms defied  
 Tancredi first, and all that durst beside.

## LVIII

With sober cheer Godfredo look'd about,  
And viewed at leisure every lord and knight;  
But yet for all his looks not one stepped out,  
With courage bold, to undertake the fight:  
Absent were all the Christian champions stout,  
No news of Tancred since his secret flight;  
Boemond far off, and banished from the crew  
Was that strong prince who proud Gernando slew:

## LIX

And eke those ten which chosen were by lot,  
And all the worthies of the camp beside,  
After Armida false were followed hot,  
When night were come their secret flight to hide;  
The rest their hands and hearts that trusted not,  
Blushed for shame, yet silent still abide;  
For none there was that sought to purchase fame  
In so great peril, fear exiled shame.

## LX

The angry duke their fear discovered plain,  
By their pale looks and silence from each part,  
And as he moved was with just disdain,  
These words he said, and from his seat upstart:  
"Unworthy life I judge that coward swain  
To hazard it even now that wants the heart,  
When this vile Pagan with his glorious boast  
Dishonors and defies Christ's sacred host.

## LXI

"But let my camp sit still in peace and rest,  
And my life's hazard at their ease behold.  
Come bring me here my fairest arms and best;"  
And they were brought sooner than could be told.  
But gentle Raymond in his aged breast,  
Who had mature advice, and counsel old,  
Than whom in all the camp were none or few  
Of greater might, before Godfredo drew,

## LXII

And gravely said, "Ah, let it not betide,  
On one man's hand to venture all this host!  
No private soldier thou, thou art our guide,  
If thou miscarry, all our hope were lost,  
By thee must Babel fall, and all her pride;  
Of our true faith thou art the prop and post,  
Rule with thy sceptre, conquer with thy word,  
Let others combat make with spear and sword.

## LXIII

"Let me this Pagan's glorious pride assuage,  
These aged arms can yet their weapons use,  
Let others shun Bellona's dreadful rage,  
These silver locks shall not Raymondo scuse:  
Oh that I were in prime of lusty age,  
Like you that this adventure brave refuse,

And dare not once lift up your coward eyes,  
Gainst him that you and Christ himself defies!

LXIV

"Or as I was when all the lords of fame  
And Germain princes great stood by to view,  
In Conrad's court, the second of that name,  
When Leopold in single fight I slew;  
A greater praise I reaped by the same,  
So strong a foe in combat to subdue,  
Than he should do who all alone should chase  
Or kill a thousand of these Pagans base.

LXV

"Within these arms, had I that strength again,  
This boasting Paynim had not lived till now,  
Yet in this breast doth courage still remain;  
For age or years these members shall not bow;  
And if I be in this encounter slain,  
Scotfree Argantes shall not scape, I vow;  
Give me mine arms, this battle shall with praise  
Augment mine honor, got in younger days."

LXVI

The jolly baron old thus bravely spake,  
His words are spurs to virtue; every knight  
That seemed before to tremble and to quake,  
Now talked bold, example hath such might;  
Each one the battle fierce would undertake,  
Now strove they all who should begin the fight;  
Baldwin and Roger both, would combat fain,  
Stephen, Guelpho, Gernier and the Gerrards twain;

LXVII

And Pyrrhus, who with help of Boemond's sword  
Proud Antioch by cunning sleight opprest;  
The battle eke with many a lowly word,  
Ralph, Rosimond, and Eberard request,  
A Scotch, an Irish, and an English lord,  
Whose lands the sea divides far from the rest,  
And for the fight did likewise humbly sue,  
Edward and his Gildippes, lovers true.

LXVIII

But Raymond more than all the rest doth sue  
Upon that Pagan fierce to wreak his ire,  
Now wants he naught of all his armors due  
Except his helm that shone like flaming fire.  
To whom Godfredo thus; "O mirror true  
Of antique worth! thy courage doth inspire  
New strength in us, of Mars in thee doth shine  
The art, the honor and the discipline.

LXIX

"If ten like thee of valor and of age,  
Among these legions I could haply find,  
I should the best of Babel's pride assuage,  
And spread our faith from Thule to furthest Inde;

But now I pray thee calm thy valiant rage,  
Reserve thyself till greater need us bind,  
And let the rest each one write down his name,  
And see whom Fortune chooseth to this game,—

## LXX

"Or rather see whom God's high judgement taketh,  
To whom is chance, and fate, and fortune slave."  
Raymond his earnest suit not yet forsaketh,  
His name writ with the residue would he have,  
Godfrey himself in his bright helmet shaketh  
The scrolls, with names of all the champions brave:  
They drew, and read the first whereon they hit,  
Wherein was "Raymond, Earl of Tholouse," writ.

## LXXI

His name with joy and mighty shouts they bless;  
The rest allow his choice, and fortune praise,  
New vigor blushed through those looks of his;  
It seemed he now resumed his youthful days,  
Like to a snake whose slough new changed is,  
That shines like gold against the sunny rays:  
But Godfrey most approved his fortune high,  
And wished him honor, conquest, victory.

## LXXII

Then from his side he took his noble brand,  
And giving it to Raymond, thus he spake:  
"This is the sword wherewith in Saxon land,  
The great Rubello battle used to make,  
From him I took it, fighting hand to hand,  
And took his life with it, and many a lake  
Of blood with it I have shed since that day,  
With thee God grant it proves as happy may."

## LXXIII

Of these delays meanwhile impatient,  
Argantes threateneth loud and sternly cries,  
"O glorious people of the Occident!  
Behold him here that all your host defies:  
Why comes not Tancred, whose great hardiment,  
With you is prized so dear? Pardie he lies  
Still on his pillow, and presumes the night  
Again may shield him from my power and might.

## LXXIV

"Why then some other come, by band and band,  
Come all, come forth on horseback, come on foot,  
If not one man dares combat hand to hand,  
In all the thousands of so great a rout:  
See where the tomb of Mary's Son doth stand,  
March thither, warriors hold, what makes you doubt?  
Why run you not, there for your sins to weep  
Or to what greater need these forces keep?"

## LXXV

Thus scorned by that heathen Saracine  
Were all the soldiers of Christ's sacred name:

Raymond, while others at his words repine,  
 Burst forth in rage, he could not bear this shame:  
 For fire of courage brighter far doth shine  
 If challenges and threats augment the same;  
 So that, upon his steed he mounted light,  
 Which Aquilino for his swiftness hight.

## LXXVI

This jennet was by Tagus bred; for oft  
 The breeder of these beasts to war assigned,  
 When first on trees burgeon the blossoms soft  
 Pricked forward with the sting of fertile kind,  
 Against the air casts up her head aloft  
 And gathereth seed so from the fruitful wind  
 And thus conceiving of the gentle blast,  
 A wonder strange and rare, she foals at last.

## LXXVII

And had you seen the beast, you would have said  
 The light and subtile wind his father was;  
 For if his course upon the sands he made  
 No sign was left what way the beast did pass;  
 Or if he menaged were, or if he played,  
 He scanty bended down the tender grass:  
 Thus mounted rode the Earl, and as he went,  
 Thus prayed, to Heaven his zealous looks upbent.

## LXXVIII

"O Lord, that diddest save, keep and defend  
 Thy servant David from Goliath's rage,  
 And broughtest that huge giant to his end,  
 Slain by a faithful child of tender age;  
 Like grace, O Lord, like mercy now extend!  
 Let me this vile blasphemous pride assuage,  
 That all the world may to thy glory know,  
 Old men and babes thy foes can overthrow!"

## LXXIX

Thus prayed the County, and his prayers dear  
 Strengthened with zeal, with godliness and faith,  
 Before the throne of that great Lord appear,  
 In whose sweet grace is life, death in his wrath,  
 Among his armies bright and legions clear,  
 The Lord an angel good selected hath,  
 To whom the charge was given to guard the knight,  
 And keep him safe from that fierce Pagan's might.

## LXXX

The angel good, appointed for the guard  
 Of noble Raymond from his tender eild,  
 That kept him then, and kept him afterward,  
 When spear and sword he able was to wield,  
 Now when his great Creator's will he heard,  
 That in this fight he should him chiefly shield,  
 Up to a tower set on a rock he flies,  
 Where all the heavenly arms and weapons lies:

## LXXXI

There stands the lance wherewith great Michael slew

The aged dragon in a bloody fight,  
There are the dreadful thunders forged new,  
With storms and plagues that on poor sinners light;  
The massy trident mayest thou pendant view  
There on a golden pin hung up on height,  
Wherewith sometimes he smites this solid land,  
And throws down towns and towers thereon which stand.

## LXXXII

Among the blessed weapons there which stands  
Upon a diamond shield his looks he bended,  
So great that it might cover all the lands,  
Twixt Caucasus and Atlas hills extended;  
With it the lord's dear flocks and faithful bands,  
The holy kings and cities are defended,  
The sacred angel took this target sheen,  
And by the Christian champion stood unseen.

## LXXXIII

But now the walls and turrets round about,  
Both young and old with many thousands fill;  
The king Clorinda sent and her brave rout,  
To keep the field, she stayed upon the hill:  
Godfrey likewise some Christian bands sent out  
Which armed, and ranked in good array stood still,  
And to their champions empty let remain  
Twixt either troop a large and spacious plain.

## LXXXIV

Argantes looked for Tancredi bold,  
But saw an uncouth foe at last appear,  
Raymond rode on, and what he asked him, told,  
Better by chance, "Tancred is now elsewhere,  
Yet glory not of that, myself behold  
Am come prepared, and bid thee battle here,  
And in his place, or for myself to fight,  
Lo, here I am, who scorn thy heathenish might."

## LXXXV

The Pagan cast a scornful smile and said,  
"But where is Tancred, is he still in bed?  
His looks late seemed to make high heaven afraid;  
But now for dread he is or dead or fled;  
But whe'er earth's centre or the deep sea made  
His lurking hole, it should not save his head."  
"Thou liest," he says, "to say so brave a knight  
Is fled from thee, who thee exceeds in might."

## LXXXVI

The angry Pagan said, "I have not spilt  
My labor then, if thou his place supply,  
Go take the field, and let's see how thou wilt  
Maintain thy foolish words and that brave lie;"  
Thus parleyed they to meet in equal tilt,  
Each took his aim at other's helm on high,  
Even in the fight his foe good Raymond hit,  
But shook him not, he did so firmly sit.

## LXXXVII

The fierce Circassian missed of his blow,  
A thing which seld befell the man before,  
The angel, by unseen, his force did know,  
And far awry the poignant weapon bore,  
He burst his lance against the sand below,  
And bit his lips for rage, and cursed and swore,  
Against his foe returned he swift as wind,  
Half mad in arms a second match to find.

## LXXXVIII

Like to a ram that butts with horned head,  
So spurred he forth his horse with desperate race:  
Raymond at his right hand let slide his steed,  
And as he passed struck at the Pagan's face;  
He turned again, the earl was nothing dread,  
Yet stept aside, and to his rage gave place,  
And on his helm with all his strength gan smite,  
Which was so hard his courtlax could not bite.

## LXXXIX

The Saracen employed his art and force  
To grip his foe within his mighty arms,  
But he avoided nimbly with his horse,  
He was no prentice in those fierce alarms,  
About him made he many a winding course,  
No strength, nor sleight the subtle warrior harms,  
His nimble steed obeyed his ready hand,  
And where he stept no print left in the sand.

## XC

As when a captain doth besiege some hold,  
Set in a marsh or high up on a hill,  
And trieth ways and wiles a thousandfold,  
To bring the piece subjected to his will;  
So fared the County with the Pagan bold;  
And when he did his head and breast none ill,  
His weaker parts he wisely gan assail,  
And entrance searched oft 'twixt mail and mail.

## XCI

At last he hit him on a place or twain,  
That on his arms the red blood trickled down,  
And yet himself untouched did remain,  
No nail was broke, no plume cut from his crown;  
Argantes raging spent his strength in vain,  
Waste were his strokes, his thrusts were idle thrown,  
Yet pressed he on, and doubled still his blows,  
And where he hits he neither cares nor knows.

## XCII

Among a thousand blows the Saracine  
At last struck one, when Raymond was so near,  
That not the swiftness of his Aquiline  
Could his dear lord from that huge danger bear:  
But lo, at hand unseen was help divine,  
Which saves when worldly comforts none appear,

The angel on his targe received that stroke,  
And on that shield Argantes' sword was broke.

## XCIII

The sword was broke, therein no wonder lies  
If earthly tempered metal could not hold  
Against that target forged above the skies,  
Down fell the blade in pieces on the mould;  
The proud Circassian scant believed his eyes,  
Though naught were left him but the hilts of gold,  
And full of thoughts amazed awhile he stood,  
Wondering the Christian's armor was so good.

## XCIV

The brittle web of that rich sword he thought,  
Was broke through hardness of the County's shield;  
And so thought Raymond, who discovered naught  
What succor Heaven did for his safety yield:  
But when he saw the man gainst whom he fought  
Unweaponed, still stood he in the field;  
His noble heart esteemed the glory light,  
At such advantage if he slew the knight.

## XCV

"Go fetch," he would have said, "another blade,"  
When in his heart a better thought arose,  
How for Christ's glory he was champion made,  
How Godfrey had him to this combat chose,  
The army's honor on his shoulder laid  
To hazards new he list not that expose;  
While thus his thoughts debated on the case,  
The hilts Argantes hurled at his face.

## XCVI

And forward spurred his mounture fierce withal,  
Within his arms longing his foe to strain,  
Upon whose helm the heavy blow did fall,  
And bent well-nigh the metal to his brain:  
But he, whose courage was heroical,  
Leapt by, and makes the Pagan's onset vain,  
And wounds his hand, which he outstretched saw,  
Fiercer than eagles' talon, lions' paw.

## XCVII

Now here, now there, on every side he rode,  
With nimble speed, and spurred now out, now in,  
And as he went and came still laid on load  
Where Lord Argantes' arms were weak and thin;  
All that huge force which in his arms abode,  
His wrath, his ire, his great desire to win,  
Against his foe together all he bent,  
And heaven and fortune furthered his intent.

## XCVIII

But he, whose courage for no peril fails,  
Well armed, and better hearted, scorns his power.  
Like a tall ship when spent are all her sails,  
Which still resists the rage of storm and shower,

Whose mighty ribs fast bound with bands and nails,  
Withstand fierce Neptune's wrath, for many an hour,  
And yields not up her bruised keel to winds,  
In whose stern blast no ruth nor grace she finds:

## XCIX

Argantes such thy present danger was,  
When Satan stirred to aid thee at thy need,  
In human shape he forged an airy mass,  
And made the shade a body seem indeed;  
Well might the spirit for Clorinda pass,  
Like her it was, in armor and in weed,  
In stature, beauty, countenance and face,  
In looks, in speech, in gesture, and in pace.

## C

And for the spirit should seem the same indeed,  
From where she was whose show and shape it had,  
Toward the wall it rode with feigned speed,  
Where stood the people all dismayed and sad,  
To see their knight of help have so great need,  
And yet the law of arms all help forbad.  
There in a turret sat a soldier stout  
To watch, and at a loop-hole peeped out;

## CI

The spirit spake to him, called Oradine,  
The noblest archer then that handled bow,  
"O Oradine," quoth she, "who straight as line  
Can'st shoot, and hit each mark set high or low,  
If yonder knight, alas! be slain in fine,  
As likeliest is, great ruth it were you know,  
And greater shame, if his victorious foe  
Should with his spoils triumphant homeward go.

## CII

"Now prove thy skill, thine arrow's sharp head dip  
In yonder thievish Frenchman's guilty blood,  
I promise thee thy sovereign shall not slip  
To give thee large rewards for such a good;"  
Thus said the spirit; the man did laugh and skip  
For hope of future gain, nor longer stood,  
But from his quiver huge a shaft he hent,  
And set it in his mighty bow new bent,

## CIII

Twanged the string, out flew the quarrel long,  
And through the subtle air did singing pass,  
It hit the knight the buckles rich among,  
Wherewith his precious girdle fastened was,  
It bruised them and pierced his hauberk strong,  
Some little blood down trickled on the grass;  
Light was the wound; the angel by unseen,  
The sharp head blunted of the weapon keen.

## CIV

Raymond drew forth the shaft, as much behoved,  
And with the steel, his blood out streaming came,

With bitter words his foe he then reproved,  
For breaking faith, to his eternal shame.  
Godfrey, whose careful eyes from his beloved  
Were never turned, saw and marked the same,  
And when he viewed the wounded County bleed,  
He sighed, and feared, more perchance than need;

## CV

And with his words, and with his threatening eyes,  
He stirred his captains to revenge that wrong;  
Forthwith the spurred courser forward hies,  
Within their rests put were their lances long,  
From either side a squadron brave out flies,  
And boldly made a fierce encounter strong,  
The raised dust to overspread begun  
Their shining arms, and far more shining sun.

## CVI

Of breaking spears, of ringing helm and shield,  
A dreadful rumor roared on every side,  
There lay a horse, another through the field  
Ran masterless, dismounted was his guide;  
Here one lay dead, there did another yield,  
Some sighed, some sobbed, some prayed, and some cried;  
Fierce was the fight, and longer still it lasted,  
Fiercer and fewer, still themselves they wasted.

## CVII

Argantes nimbly leapt amid the throng,  
And from a soldier wrung an iron mace,  
And breaking through the ranks and ranges long,  
Therewith he passage made himself and place,  
Raymond he sought, the thickest press among.  
To take revenge for late received disgrace,  
A greedy wolf he seemed, and would assuage  
With Raymond's blood his hunger and his rage.

## CVIII

The way he found not easy as he would,  
But fierce encounters put him oft to pain,  
He met Ormanno and Rogero bold,  
Of Balnavile, Guy, and the Gerrards twain;  
Yet nothing might his rage and haste withhold,  
These worthies strove to stop him, but in vain,  
With these strong lets increased still his ire,  
Like rivers stopped, or closely smouldered fire.

## CIX

He slew Ormanno, and wounded Guy, and laid  
Rogero low, among the people slain,  
On every side new troops the man invade,  
Yet all their blows were waste, their onsets vain,  
But while Argantes thus his prizes played,  
And seemed alone this skirmish to sustain,  
The duke his brother called and thus he spake,  
"Go with thy troop, fight for thy Saviour's sake;

## CX

"There enter in where hottest is the fight,

Thy force against the left wing strongly bend."  
This said, so brave an onset gave the knight,  
That many a Paynim bold there made his end:  
The Turks too weak seemed to sustain his might,  
And could not from his power their lives defend,  
Their ensigns rent, and broke was their array,  
And men and horse on heaps together lay.

## CXI

O'erthrown likewise away the right wing ran,  
Nor was there one again that turned his face,  
Save bold Argantes, else fled every man,  
Fear drove them thence on heaps, with headlong chase:  
He stayed alone, and battle new began,  
Five hundred men, weaponed with sword and mace,  
So great resistance never could have made,  
As did Argantes with his single blade:

## CXII

The strokes of swords and thrusts of many a spear,  
The shock of many a joust he long sustained,  
He seemed of strength enough this charge to bear,  
And time to strike, now here, now there, he gained  
His armors broke, his members bruised were,  
He sweat and bled, yet courage still he feigned;  
But now his foes upon him pressed so fast,  
That with their weight they bore him back at last.

## CXIII

His back against this storm at length he turned,  
Whose headlong fury bore him backward still,  
Not like to one that fled, but one that mourned  
Because he did his foes no greater ill,  
His threatening eyes like flaming torches burned,  
His courage thirsted yet more blood to spill,  
And every way and every mean he sought,  
To stay his flying mates, but all for naught.

## CXIV

This good he did, while thus he played his part,  
His bands and troops at ease, and safe, retired;  
Yet coward dread lacks order, fear wants art,  
Deaf to attend, commanded or desired.  
But Godfrey that perceived in his wise heart,  
How his bold knights to victory aspired,  
Fresh soldiers sent, to make more quick pursuit,  
And help to gather conquest's precious fruit.

## CXV

But this, alas, was not the appointed day,  
Set down by Heaven to end this mortal war:  
The western lords this time had borne away  
The prize, for which they travelled had so far,  
Had not the devils, that saw the sure decay  
Of their false kingdom by this bloody war,  
At once made heaven and earth with darkness blind,  
And stirred up tempests, storms, and blustering wind.

## CXVI

Heaven's glorious lamp, wrapped in an ugly veil  
Of shadows dark, was hid from mortal eye,  
And hell's grim blackness did bright skies assail;  
On every side the fiery lightnings fly,  
The thunders roar, the streaming rain and hail  
Pour down and make that sea which erst was dry.  
The tempests rend the oaks and cedars brake,  
And make not trees but rocks and mountains shake.

## CXVII

The rain, the lightning, and the raging wind,  
Beat in the Frenchmen's eyes with hideous force,  
The soldiers stayed amazed in heart and mind,  
The terror such that stopped both man and horse.  
Surprised with this evil no way they find,  
Whither for succor to direct their course,  
But wise Clorinda soon the advantage spied,  
And spurring forth thus to her soldiers cried:

## CXVIII

"You hardy men at arms behold," quoth she,  
"How Heaven, how Justice in our aid doth fight,  
Our visages are from this tempest free,  
Our hands at will may wield our weapons bright,  
The fury of this friendly storm you see  
Upon the foreheads of our foes doth light,  
And blinds their eyes, then let us take the tide,  
Come, follow me, good fortune be our guide."

## CXIX

This said, against her foes on rode the dame,  
And turned their backs against the wind and rain;  
Upon the French with furious rage she came,  
And scorned those idle blows they struck in vain;  
Argantes at the instant did the same,  
And them who chased him now chased again,  
Naught but his fearful back each Christian shows  
Against the tempest, and against their blows.

## CXX

The cruel hail, and deadly wounding blade,  
Upon their shoulders smote them as they fled,  
The blood new spilt while thus they slaughter made,  
The water fallen from skies had dyed red,  
Among the murdered bodies Pyrrhus laid,  
And valiant Raiphe his heart blood there out bled,  
The first subdued by strong Argantes' might,  
The second conquered by that virgin knight.

## CXXI

Thus fled the French, and then pursued in chase  
The wicked sprites and all the Syrian train:  
But gainst their force and gainst their fell menace  
Of hail and wind, of tempest and of rain,  
Godfrey alone turned his audacious face,  
Blaming his barons for their fear so vain,

Himself the camp gate boldly stood to keep,  
And saved his men within his trenches deep.

CXXII

And twice upon Argantes proud he flew,  
And beat him backward, maugre all his might,  
And twice his thirsty sword he did imbrue,  
In Pagan's blood where thickest was the fight;  
At last himself with all his folk withdrew,  
And that day's conquest gave the virgin bright,  
Which got, she home retired and all her men,  
And thus she chased this lion to his den.

CXXIII

Yet ceased not the fury and the ire  
Of these huge storms, of wind, of rain and hail,  
Now was it dark, now shone the lightning fire,  
The wind and water every place assail,  
No bank was safe, no rampire left entire,  
No tent could stand, when beam and cordage fail,  
Wind, thunder, rain, all gave a dreadful sound,  
And with that music deafed the trembling ground.

## EIGHTH BOOK

### THE ARGUMENT.

A messenger to Godfrey sage doth tell  
The Prince of Denmark's valour, death and end:  
The Italians, trusting signs untrue too well,  
Think their Rinaldo slain: the wicked fiend  
Breeds fury in their breasts, their bosoms swell  
With ire and hate, and war and strife forth send:  
They threaten Godfrey; he prays to the Lord,  
And calms their fury with his look and word.

I

Now were the skies of storms and tempests cleared,  
Lord Aeolus shut up his winds in hold,  
The silver-mantled morning fresh appeared,  
With roses crowned, and buskined high with gold;  
The spirits yet which had these tempests reared,  
Their malice would still more and more unfold;  
And one of them that Astragor was named,  
His speeches thus to foul Alecto framed.

II

"Alecto, see, we could not stop nor stay  
The knight that to our foes new tidings brings,  
Who from the hands escaped, with life away,  
Of that great prince, chief of all Pagan kings:  
He comes, the fall of his slain lord to say,  
Of death and loss he tells, and such sad things,  
Great news he brings, and greatest dangers is,  
Bertoldo's son shall be called home for this.

III

"Thou knowest what would befall, bestir thee than;  
Prevent with craft, what force could not withstand,

Turn to their evil the speeches of the man,  
With his own weapon wound Godfredo's hand;  
Kindle debate, infect with poison wan  
The English, Switzer, and Italian band,  
Great tumult move, make brawls and quarrels rife,  
Set all the camp on uproar and at strife.

## IV

"This act beseems thee well, and of the deed  
Much may'st thou boast before our lord and king."  
Thus said the sprite. Persuasion small did need,  
The monster grants to undertake the thing.  
Meanwhile the knight, whose coming thus they dread,  
Before the camp his weary limbs doth bring,  
And well-nigh breathless, "Warriors bold," he cried,  
"Who shall conduct me to your famous guide?"

## V

An hundred strove the stranger's guide to be,  
To hearken news the knights by heaps assemble,  
The man fell lowly down upon his knee,  
And kissed the hand that made proud Babel tremble;  
"Right puissant lord, whose valiant acts," quoth he,  
"The sands and stars in number best resemble,  
Would God some gladder news I might unfold,"  
And there he paused, and sighed; then thus he told:

## VI

"Sveno, the King of Denmark's only heir,  
The stay and staff of his declining eild,  
Longed to be among these squadrons fair  
Who for Christ's faith here serve with spear and shield;  
No weariness, no storms of sea or air,  
No such contents as crowns and sceptres yield,  
No dear entreaties of so kind a sire,  
Could in his bosom quench that glorious fire.

## VII

"He thirsted sore to learn this warlike art  
Of thee, great lord and master of the same;  
And was ashamed in his noble heart,  
That never act he did deserved fame;  
Besides, the news and tidings from each part  
Of young Rinaldo's worth and praises came:  
But that which most his courage stirred hath,  
Is zeal, religion, godliness, and faith.

## VIII

"He hasted forward, then without delay,  
And with him took of knights a chosen band,  
Directly toward Thrace we took the way,  
To Byzance old, chief fortress of that land,  
There the Greek monarch gently prayed him stay,  
And there an herald sent from you we fand,  
How Antioch was won, who first declared,  
And how defended nobly afterward.

## IX

"Defended gainst Corbana, valiant knight,

That all the Persian armies had to guide,  
And brought so many soldiers bold to fight,  
That void of men he left that kingdom wide;  
He told thine acts, thy wisdom and thy might,  
And told the deeds of many a lord beside,  
His speech at length to young Rinaldo passed,  
And told his great achievements, first and last:

## X

"And how this noble camp of yours, of late  
Besieged had this town, and in what sort,  
And how you prayed him to participate  
Of the last conquest of this noble fort.  
In hardy Sweno opened was the gate  
Of worthy anger by this brave report,  
So that each hour seemed five years long,  
Till he were fighting with these Pagans strong.

## XI

"And while the herald told your fights and frays,  
Himself of cowardice reproved he thought,  
And him to stay that counsels him, or prays,  
He hears not, or, else heard, regardeth naught,  
He fears no perils but whilst he delays,  
Lest this last work without his help be wrought:  
In this his doubt, in this his danger lies,  
No hazard else he fears, no peril spies.

## XII

"Thus hasting on, he hasted on his death,  
Death that to him and us was fatal guide.  
The rising morn appeared yet aneath,  
When he and we were armed, and fit to ride,  
The nearest way seemed best, o'er hold and heath  
We went, through deserts waste, and forests wide,  
The streets and ways he openeth as he goes,  
And sets each land free from intruding foes.

## XIII

"Now want of food, now dangerous ways we find,  
Now open war, now ambush closely laid;  
Yet passed we forth, all perils left behind,  
Our foes or dead or run away afraid,  
Of victory so happy blew the wind,  
That careless all the heedless to it made:  
Until one day his tents he happed to rear,  
To Palestine when we approached near.

## XIV

"There did our scouts return and bring us news,  
That dreadful noise of horse and arms they hear,  
And that they deemed by sundry signs and shows  
There was some mighty host of Pagans near.  
At these sad tidings many changed their hues,  
Some looked pale for dread, some shook for fear,  
Only our noble lord was altered naught,  
In look, in face, in gesture, or in thought.

## XV

"But said, 'A crown prepare you to possess  
Of martyrdom, or happy victory;  
For this I hope, for that I wish no less,  
Of greater merit and of greater glory.  
Brethren, this camp will shortly be, I guess,  
A temple, sacred to our memory,  
To which the holy men of future age,  
To view our graves shall come in pilgrimage.'

## XVI

"This said, he set the watch in order right  
To guard the camp, along the trenches deep,  
And as he armed was, so every knight  
He willed on his back his arms to keep.  
Now had the stillness of the quiet night  
Drowned all the world in silence and in sleep,  
When suddenly we heard a dreadful sound,  
Which deafed the earth, and tremble made the ground.

## XVII

"'Arm, arm,' they cried; Prince Sweno at the same,  
Glistering in shining steel leaped foremost out,  
His visage shone, his noble looks did flame,  
With kindled brand of courage bold and stout,  
When lo, the Pagans to assault us came,  
And with huge numbers hemmed us round about,  
A forest thick of spears about us grew,  
And over us a cloud of arrows flew:

## XVIII

"Uneven the fight, unequal was the fray,  
Our enemies were twenty men to one,  
On every side the slain and wounded lay  
Unseen, where naught but glistering weapons shone:  
The number of the dead could no man say,  
So was the place with darkness overgone,  
The night her mantle black upon its spreads,  
Hiding our losses and our valiant deeds.

## XIX

"But hardy Sweno midst the other train,  
By his great acts was well descried I wot,  
No darkness could his valor's daylight stain,  
Such wondrous blows on every side he smote;  
A stream of blood, a bank of bodies slain,  
About him made a bulwark, and a mote,  
And when soe'er he turned his fatal brand,  
Dread in his looks and death sate in his hand.

## XX

"Thus fought we till the morning bright appeared,  
And strewed roses on the azure sky,  
But when her lamp had night's thick darkness cleared,  
Wherein the bodies dead did buried lie,  
Then our sad cries to heaven for grief we reared,  
Our loss apparent was, for we descry

How all our camp destroyed was almost,  
And all our people well-nigh slain and lost;

## XXI

"Of thousands twain an hundred scant survived.  
When Sweno murdered saw each valiant knight,  
I know not if his heart in sunder rived  
For dear compassion of that woful sight;  
He showed no change, but said: 'Since so deprived  
We are of all our friends by chance of fight,  
Come follow them, the path to heaven their blood  
Marks out, now angels made, of martyrs good.'

## XXII

"This said, and glad I think of death at hand,  
The signs of heavenly joy shone through his eyes,  
Of Saracens against a mighty band,  
With fearless heart and constant breast he flies;  
No steel could shield them from his cutting brand  
But whom he hits without recure he dies,  
He never struck but felled or killed his foe  
And wounded was himself from top to toe.

## XXIII

"Not strength, but courage now, preserved on live  
This hardy champion, fortress of our faith,  
Strucken he strikes, still stronger more they strive,  
The more they hurt him, more he doth them scathe,  
When toward him a furious knight gan drive,  
Of members huge, fierce looks, and full of wrath,  
That with the aid of many a Pagan crew,  
After long fight, at last Prince Sweno slew.

## XXIV

"Ah, heavy chance! Down fell the valiant youth,  
Nor mongst us all did one so strong appear  
As to revenge his death: that this is truth,  
By his dear blood and noble bones I swear,  
That of my life I had not care nor ruth,  
No wounds I shunned, no blows I would off bear,  
And had not Heaven my wished end denied,  
Even there I should, and willing should, have died.

## XXV

"Alive I fell among my fellows slain,  
Yet wounded so that each one thought me dead,  
Nor what our foes did since can I explain,  
So sore amazed was my heart and head;  
But when I opened first mine eyes again,  
Night's curtain black upon the earth was spread,  
And through the darkness to my feeble sight,  
Appeared the twinkling of a slender light.

## XXVI

"Not so much force or judgement in me lies  
As to discern things seen and not mistake,  
I saw like them who ope and shut their eyes  
By turns, now half asleep, now half awake;

My body eke another torment tries,  
My wounds began to smart, my hurts to ache;  
For every sore each member pinched was  
With night's sharp air, heaven's frost and earth's cold grass.

## XXVII

"But still the light approached near and near,  
And with the same a whispering murmur run,  
Till at my side arrived both they were,  
When I to spread my feeble eyes begun:  
Two men behold in vestures long appear,  
With each a lamp in hand, who said, 'O son  
In that dear Lord who helps his servants, trust,  
Who ere they ask, grants all things to the just.'

## XXVIII

"This said, each one his sacred blessings flings  
Upon my corse, with broad out-stretched hand,  
And mumbled hymns and psalms and holy things,  
Which I could neither hear nor understand;  
'Arise,' quoth they, with that as I had wings,  
All whole and sound I leaped up from the land.  
Oh miracle, sweet, gentle, strange and true!  
My limbs new strength received, and vigor new.

## XXIX

"I gazed on them like one whose heart denieth  
To think that done, he sees so strangely wrought;  
Till one said thus, 'O thou of little faith,  
What doubts perplex thy unbelieving thought?  
Each one of us a living body hath,  
We are Christ's chosen servants, fear us naught,  
Who to avoid the world's allurements vain,  
In wilful penance, hermits poor remain.

## XXX

"'Us messengers to comfort thee elect  
That Lord hath sent that rules both heaven and hell;  
Who often doth his blessed will effect,  
By such weak means, as wonder is to tell;  
He will not that this body lie neglect,  
Wherein so noble soul did lately dwell  
To which again when it uprisen is  
It shall united be in lasting bliss.

## XXXI

"'I say Lord Sweno's corpse, for which prepared  
A tomb there is according to his worth,  
By which his honor shall be far declared,  
And his just praises spread from south to north:"  
But lift thine eyes up to the heavens ward,  
Mark yonder light that like the sun shines forth  
That shall direct thee with those beams so clear,  
To find the body of thy master dear.'

## XXXII

"With that I saw from Cynthia's silver face,  
Like to a falling star a beam down slide,

That bright as golden line marked out the place,  
 And lightened with clear streams the forest wide;  
 So Latmos shone when Phoebe left the chase,  
 And laid her down by her Endymion's side,  
 Such was the light that well discern I could,  
 His shape, his wounds, his face, though dead, yet bold.

## XXXIII

"He lay not grovelling now, but as a knight  
 That ever had to heavenly things desire,  
 So toward heaven the prince lay bolt upright,  
 Like him that upward still sought to aspire,  
 His right hand closed held his weapon bright,  
 Ready to strike and execute his ire,  
 His left upon his breast was humbly laid,  
 That men might know, that while he died he prayed.

## XXXIV

"Whilst on his wounds with bootless tears I wept,  
 That neither helped him, nor eased my care,  
 One of those aged fathers to him stepped,  
 And forced his hand that needless weapon spare:  
 'This sword,' quoth he, 'hath yet good token kept,  
 That of the Pagans' blood he drunk his share,  
 And blusheth still he could not save his lord,  
 Rich, strong and sharp, was never better sword.

## XXXV

"Heaven, therefore, will not, though the prince be slain,  
 Who used erst to wield this precious brand  
 That so brave blade unused should remain;  
 But that it pass from strong to stronger hand,  
 Who with like force can wield the same again,  
 And longer shall in grace of fortune stand,  
 And with the same shall bitter vengeance take  
 On him that Sweno slew, for Sweno's sake.

## XXXVI

"Great Solyman killed Sweno, Solyman  
 For Sweno's sake, upon this sword must die.  
 Here, take the blade, and with it haste thee than  
 Thither where Godfrey doth encamped lie,  
 And fear not thou that any shall or can  
 Or stop thy way, or lead thy steps awry;  
 For He that doth thee on this message send,  
 Thee with His hand shall guide, keep and defend.

## XXXVII

"Arrived there it is His blessed will,  
 With true report that thou declare and tell  
 The zeal, the strength, the courage and the skill  
 In thy beloved lord that late did dwell,  
 How for Christ's sake he came his blood to spill,  
 And sample left to all of doing well,  
 That future ages may admire his deed,  
 And courage take when his brave end they read.

## XXXVIII

"It resteth now, thou know that gentle knight

That of this sword shall be thy master's heir,  
It is Rinaldo young, with whom in might  
And martial skill no champion may compare,  
Give it to him and say, "The Heavens bright  
Of this revenge to him commit the care."  
While thus I listened what this old man said,  
A wonder new from further speech us stayed;

## XXXIX

"For there whereas the wounded body lay,  
A stately tomb with curious work, behold,  
And wondrous art was built out of the clay,  
Which, rising round, the carcass did enfold;  
With words engraven in the marble gray,  
The warrior's name, his worth and praise that told,  
On which I gazing stood, and often read  
That epitaph of my dear master dead.

## XL

"'Among his soldiers,' quoth the hermit, 'here  
Must Sweno's corpse remain in marble chest,  
While up to heaven are flown their spirits dear,  
To live in endless joy forever blest,  
His funeral thou hast with many a tear  
Accompanied, it's now high time to rest,  
Come be my guest, until the morning ray  
Shall light the world again, then take thy way.'

## XLI

"This said, he led me over holts and hags,  
Through thorns and bushes scant my legs I drew  
Till underneath a heap of stones and crags  
At last he brought me to a secret mew;  
Among the bears, wild boars, the wolves and stags,  
There dwelt he safe with his disciple true,  
And feared no treason, force, nor hurt at all,  
His guiltless conscience was his castle's wall.

## XLII

"My supper roots; my bed was moss and leaves;  
But weariness in little rest found ease:  
But when the purple morning night bereaves  
Of late usurped rule on lands and seas,  
His loathed couch each wakeful hermit leaves,  
To pray rose they, and I, for so they please,  
I congee took when ended was the same,  
And hitherward, as they advised me, came."

## XLIII

The Dane his woful tale had done, when thus  
The good Prince Godfrey answered him, "Sir knight,  
Thou bringest tidings sad and dolorous,  
For which our heavy camp laments of right,  
Since so brave troops and so dear friends to us,  
One hour hath spent, in one unlucky fight;  
And so appeared hath thy master stout,  
As lightning doth, now kindled, now quenched out.

## XLIV

"But such a death and end exceedeth all  
The conquests vain of realms, or spoils of gold,  
Nor aged Rome's proud stately capital,  
Did ever triumph yet like theirs behold;  
They sit in heaven on thrones celestial,  
Crowned with glory, for their conquest bold,  
Where each his hurts I think to other shows,  
And glories in those bloody wounds and blows.

## XLV

"But thou who hast part of thy race to run,  
With haps and hazards of this world y tost,  
rejoice, for those high honors they have won,  
Which cannot be by chance or fortune crossed:  
But for thou askest for Bertoldo's son,  
Know, that he wandereth, banished from this host,  
And till of him new tidings some man tell,  
Within this camp I deem it best thou dwell."

## XLVI

These words of theirs in many a soul renewed  
The sweet remembrance of fair Sophia's child,  
Some with salt tears for him their cheeks bedewed,  
Lest evil betide him mongst the Pagans wild,  
And every one his valiant prowess showed,  
And of his battles stories long compiled,  
Telling the Dane his acts and conquests past,  
Which made his ears amazed, his heart aghast.

## XLVII

Now when remembrance of the youth had wrought  
A tender pity in each softened mind,  
Behold returned home with all they caught  
The bands that were to forage late assigned,  
And with them in abundance great they brought  
Both flocks and herds of every sort and kind.  
And corn, although not much, and hay to feed  
Their noble steeds and coursers when they need.

## XLVIII

They also brought of misadventure sad  
Tokens and signs, seemed too apparent true,  
Rinaldo's armor, frushed and hacked they had,  
Oft pierced through, with blood besmeared new;  
About the camp, for always rumors bad  
Are farthest spread, these woful tidings flew.  
Thither assembled straight both high and low,  
Longing to see what they were loth to know.

## XLIX

His heavy hauberk was both seen and known,  
And his brand shield, wherein displayed flies  
The bird that proves her chickens for her own  
By looking gainst the sun with open eyes;  
That shield was to the Pagans often shown,  
In many a hard and hardy enterprise,

But now with many a gash and many a stroke  
They see, and sigh to see it, frushed and broke.

L

While all his soldiers whispered under hand,  
And here and there the fault and cause do lay,  
Godfrey before him called Aliprand  
Captain of those that brought of late this prey,  
A man who did on points of virtue stand,  
Blameless in words, and true whate'er he say,  
"Say," quoth the duke, "where you this armor had,  
Hide not the truth, but tell it good or bad."

LI

He answered him, "As far from hence think I  
As on two days a speedy post well rideth,  
To Gaza-ward a little plain doth lie,  
Itself among the steepy hills which hideth,  
Through it slow falling from the mountains high,  
A rolling brook twixt bush and bramble glideth,  
Clad with thick shade of boughs of broad-leaved treen,  
Fit place for men to lie in wait unseen.

LII

"Thither, to seek some flocks or herds, we went  
Perchance close hid under the green-wood shaw,  
And found the springing grass with blood besprent,  
A warrior tumbled in his blood we saw,  
His arms though dusty, bloody, hacked and rent,  
Yet well we knew, when near the corse we draw;  
To which, to view his face, in vain I started,  
For from his body his fair head was parted;

LIII

"His right hand wanted eke, with many a wound  
The trunk through pierced was from back to breast,  
A little by, his empty helm we found  
The silver eagle shining on his crest;  
To spy at whom to ask we gazed round,  
A churl then toward us his steps addressed,  
But when us armed by the corse he spied,  
He ran away his fearful face to hide:

LIV

"But we pursued him, took him, spake him fair,  
Till comforted at last he answer made,  
How that, the day before, he saw repair  
A band of soldiers from that forest shade,  
Of whom one carried by the golden hair  
A head but late cut off with murdering blade,  
The face was fair and young, and on the chin  
No sign of heard to bud did yet begin.

LV

"And how in sindal wrapt away he bore  
That head with him hung at his saddle-bow.  
And how the murtherers by the arms they wore,  
For soldiers of our camp he well did know;

The carcass I disarmed and weeping sore,  
 Because I guessed who should that harness owe,  
 Away I brought it, but first order gave,  
 That noble body should be laid in grave.

## LVI

"But if it be his trunk whom I believe,  
 A nobler tomb his worth deserveth well."  
 This said, good Aliprando took his leave,  
 Of certain troth he had no more to tell,  
 Sore sighed the duke, so did these news him grieve,  
 Fears in his heart, doubts in his bosom dwell,  
 He yearned to know, to find and learn the truth,  
 And punish would them that had slain the youth.

## LVII

But now the night dispread her lazy wings  
 O'er the broad fields of heaven's bright wilderness,  
 Sleep, the soul's rest, and ease of careful things,  
 Buried in happy peace both more and less,  
 Thou Argillan alone, whom sorrow stings,  
 Still wakest, musing on great deeds I guess,  
 Nor sufferest in thy watchful eyes to creep  
 The sweet repose of mild and gentle sleep.

## LVIII

This man was strong of limb, and all his 'says  
 Were bold, of ready tongue, and working sprite,  
 Near Trento born, bred up in brawls and frays,  
 In jars, in quarrels, and in civil fight,  
 For which exiled, the hills and public ways  
 He filled with blood, and robberies day and night  
 Until to Asia's wars at last he came,  
 And boldly there he served, and purchased fame.

## LIX

He closed his eyes at last when day drew near.  
 Yet slept he not, but senseless lay opprest  
 With strange amazedness and sudden fear  
 Which false Alecto breathed in his breast,  
 His working powers within deluded were,  
 Stone still he quiet lay, yet took no rest,  
 For to his thought the fiend herself presented,  
 And with strange visions his weak brain tormented.

## LX

A murdered body huge beside him stood,  
 Of head and right hand both but lately spoiled,  
 His left hand bore the head, whose visage good,  
 Both pale and wan, with dust and gore defoiled,  
 Yet spake, though dead, with whose sad words the blood  
 Forth at his lips in huge abundance boiled,  
 "Fly, Argillan, from this false camp fly far,  
 Whose guide, a traitor; captains, murderers are.

## LXI

"Godfrey hath murdered me by treason vile,  
 What favor then hope you my trusty friends?

His villain heart is full of fraud and guile,  
To your destruction all his thoughts he bends,  
Yet if thou thirst of praise for noble stile,  
If in thy strength thou trust, thy strength that ends  
All hard assays, fly not, first with his blood  
Appease my ghost wandering by Lethe flood;

## LXII

"I will thy weapon whet, inflame thine ire,  
Arm thy right hand, and strengthen every part."  
This said; even while she spake she did inspire  
With fury, rage, and wrath his troubled heart:  
The man awaked, and from his eyes like fire  
The poisoned sparks of headstrong madness start,  
And armed as he was, forth is he gone,  
And gathered all the Italian bands in one.

## LXIII

He gathered them where lay the arms that late  
Were good Rinaldo's; then with semblance stout  
And furious words his fore-conceived hate  
In bitter speeches thus he vomits out;  
"Is not this people barbarous and ingrate,  
In whom truth finds no place, faith takes no rout?  
Whose thirst unquenched is of blood and gold,  
Whom no yoke boweth, bridle none can hold.

## LXIV

"So much we suffered have these seven years long,  
Under this servile and unworthy yoke,  
That thorough Rome and Italy our wrong  
A thousand years hereafter shall be spoke:  
I count not how Cilicia's kingdom strong,  
Subdued was by Prince Tancredi's stroke,  
Nor how false Baldwin him that land bereaves  
Of virtue's harvest, fraud there reaped the sheaves:

## LXV

"Nor speak I how each hour, at every need,  
Quick, ready, resolute at all assays,  
With fire and sword we hasted forth with speed,  
And bore the brunt of all their fights and frays;  
But when we had performed and done the deed,  
At ease and leisure they divide the preys,  
We reaped naught but travel for our toil,  
Theirs was the praise, the realms, the gold, the spoil.

## LXVI

"Yet all this season were we willing blind,  
Offended unrevenged, wronged but unwroken,  
Light griefs could not provoke our quiet mind,  
But now, alas! the mortal blow is stroken,  
Rinaldo have they slain, and law of kind,  
Of arms, of nations, and of high heaven broken,  
Why doth not heaven kill them with fire and thunder?  
To swallow them why cleaves not earth asunder?

## LXVII

"They have Rinaldo slain, the sword and shield

Of Christ's true faith, and unrevenged he lies;  
 Still unrevenged lieth in the field  
 His noble corpse to feed the crows and pies:  
 Who murdered him? who shall us certain yield?  
 Who sees not that, although he wanted eyes?  
 Who knows not how the Italian chivalry  
 Proud Godfrey and false Baldwin both envy

## LXVIII

"What need we further proof? Heaven, heaven, I swear,  
 Will not consent herein we be beguiled,  
 This night I saw his murdered sprite appear,  
 Pale, sad and wan, with wounds and blood defiled,  
 A spectacle full both of grief and fear;  
 Godfrey, for murdering him, the ghost reviled.  
 I saw it was no dream, before mine eyes,  
 Howe'er I look, still, still methinks it flies.

## LXIX

"What shall we do? shall we be governed still  
 By this false hand, contaminate with blood?  
 Or else depart and travel forth, until  
 To Euphrates we come, that sacred flood,  
 Where dwells a people void of martial skill,  
 Whose cities rich, whose land is fat and good,  
 Where kingdoms great we may at ease provide,  
 Far from these Frenchmen's malice, from their pride;

## LXX

"Then let us go, and no revengement take  
 For this brave knight, though it lie in our power:  
 No, no, that courage rather newly wake,  
 Which never sleeps in fear and dread one hour,  
 And this pestiferous serpent, poisoned snake,  
 Of all our knights that hath destroyed the flower,  
 First let us slay, and his deserved end  
 Example make to him that kills his friend.

## LXXI

"I will, I will, if your courageous force,  
 Dareth so much as it can well perform,  
 Tear out his cursed heart without remorse,  
 The nest of treason false and guile enorm."  
 Thus spake the angry knight with headlong course;  
 The rest him followed with a furious storm,  
 "Arm, arm." they cried, to arms the soldiers ran.  
 And as they run, "Arm, arm," cried every man.

## LXXII

Mongst them Alecto strowed wasteful fire,  
 Envenoming the hearts of most and least,  
 Folly, disdain, madness, strife, rancor, ire,  
 Thirst to shed blood, in every breast increased,  
 This ill spread far, and till it set on fire  
 With rage the Italian lodgings, never ceased,  
 From thence unto the Switzers' camp it went,  
 And last infected every English tent.

## LXXIII

Not public loss of their beloved knight,  
Alone stirred up their rage and wrath untamed,  
But fore-conceived griefs, and quarrels light,  
The ire still nourished, and still inflamed,  
Awaked was each former cause of spite,  
The Frenchmen cruel and unjust they named,  
And with bold threats they made their hatred known,  
Hate seld kept close, and oft unwisely shown:

## LXXIV

Like boiling liquor in a seething pot,  
That fumeth, swelleth high, and bubbleth fast,  
Till o'er the brims among the embers hot,  
Part of the broth and of the scum is cast,  
Their rage and wrath those few appeased not  
In whom of wisdom yet remained some taste,  
Camillo, William, Tancred were away,  
And all whose greatness might their madness stay.

## LXXV

Now headlong ran to harness in this heat  
These furious people, all on heaps confused,  
The roaring trumpets battle gan to threat,  
As it in time of mortal war is used,  
The messengers ran to Godfredo great,  
And bade him arm, while on this noise he mused,  
And Baldwin first well clad in iron hard,  
Stepped to his side, a sure and faithful guard.

## LXXVI

Their murmurs heard, to heaven he lift his een,  
As was his wont, to God for aid he fled;  
"O Lord, thou knowest this right hand of mine  
Abhorred ever civil blood to shed,  
Illumine their dark souls with light divine,  
Repress their rage, by hellish fury bred,  
The innocency of my guiltless mind  
Thou knowest, and make these know, with fury blind."

## LXXVII

Tis said he felt infused in each vein,  
A sacred heat from heaven above distilled,  
A heat in man that courage could constrain  
That his brave look with awful boldness filled.  
Well guarded forth he went to meet the train  
Of those that would revenge Rinaldo killed;  
And though their threats he heard, and saw them bent  
To arms on every side, yet on he went.

## LXXVIII

Above his hauberk strong a coat he ware,  
Embroidered fair with pearl and richest stone,  
His hands were naked, and his face was bare,  
Wherein a lamp of majesty bright shone;  
He shook his golden mace, wherewith he dare  
Resist the force of his rebellious foe:

Thus he appeared, and thus he gan them teach,  
In shape an angel, and a God in speech:

## LXXIX

"What foolish words? what threats be these I hear?  
What noise of arms? who dares these tumults move?  
Am I so honored? stand you so in fear?  
Where is your late obedience? where your love?  
Of Godfrey's falsehood who can witness bear?  
Who dare or will these accusations prove?  
Perchance you look I should entreaties bring,  
Sue for your favors, or excuse the thing.

## LXXX

"Ah, God forbid these lands should hear or see  
Him so disgraced at whose great name they quake;  
This sceptre and my noble acts for me  
A true defence before the world can make:  
Yet for sharp justice governed shall be  
With clemency, I will no vengeance take  
For this offence, but for Rinaldo's love,  
I pardon you, hereafter wiser prove.

## LXXXI

"But Argillano's guilty blood shall wash  
This stain away, who kindled this debate,  
And led by hasty rage and fury rash,  
To these disorders first undid the gate;"  
While thus he spoke, the lightning beams did flash  
Out of his eyes of majesty and state,  
That Argillan,—who would have thought it?—shook  
For fear and terror, conquered with his look.

## LXXXII

The rest with indiscreet and foolish wrath  
Who threatened late with words of shame and pride,  
Whose hands so ready were to harm and scath,  
And brandished bright swords on every side;  
Now hushed and still attend what Godfrey saith,  
With shame and fear their bashful looks they hide,  
And Argillan they let in chains be bound,  
Although their weapons him environed round.

## LXXXIII

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,  
And beats his tail with courage proud and wroth,  
If his commander come, who first took pain  
To tame his youth, his lofty crest down goeth,  
His threats he feareth, and obeys the rein  
Of thralldom base, and serviceage, though loth,  
Nor can his sharp teeth nor his armed paws,  
Force him rebel against his ruler's laws.

## LXXXIV

Fame as a winged warrior they beheld,  
With semblant fierce and furious look that stood,  
And in his left hand had a splendent shield  
Wherewith he covered safe their chieftain good,

His other hand a naked sword did wield,  
 From which distilling fell the lukewarm blood,  
 The blood pardie of many a realm and town,  
 Whereon the Lord his wrath had poured down.

LXXXV

Thus was the tumult, without bloodshed, ended.  
 Their arms laid down, strife into exile sent.  
 Godfrey his thoughts to greater actions bended.  
 And homeward to his rich pavilion went,  
 For to assault the fortress he intended  
 Before the second or third day were spent;  
 Meanwhile his timber wrought he oft surveyed  
 Whereof his ram and engines great he made.

## NINTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

Alecto false great Solyman doth move  
 By night the Christians in their tents to kill:  
 But God who their intents saw from above,  
 Sends Michael down from his sacred hill:  
 The spirits foul to hell the angels drove;  
 The knights delivered from the witch, at will  
 Destroy the Pagans, scatter all their host:  
 The Soldan flies when all his bands are lost.

I

The grisly child of Erebus the grim,  
 Who saw these tumults done and tempest spent,  
 Gainst stream of grace who ever strove to swim  
 And all her thoughts against Heaven's wisdom bent,  
 Departed now, bright Titan's beams were dim  
 And fruitful lands waxed barren as she went.  
 She sought the rest of her infernal crew,  
 New storms to raise, new broils, and tumults new.

II

She, that well wist her sisters had enticed,  
 By their false arts, far from the Christian host,  
 Tancred, Rinaldo, and the rest, best prized  
 For martial skill, for might esteemed most,  
 Said, of these discords and these strifes advised,  
 "Great Solyman, when day his light hath lost,  
 These Christians shall assail with sudden war,  
 And kill them all while thus they strive and jar."

III

With that where Solyman remained she flew,  
 And found him out with his Arabian bands,  
 Great Solyman, of all Christ's foes untrue,  
 Boldest of courage, mightiest of his hands,  
 Like him was none of all that earth-bred crew  
 That heaped mountains on the Aemonian sands,  
 Of Turks he sovereign was, and Nice his seat,  
 Where late he dwelt, and ruled that kingdom great.

## IV

The lands forenrest the Greekish shore he held,  
 From Sangar's mouth to crooked Meander's fall,  
 Where they of Phrygia, Mysia, Lydia dwelled,  
 Bithynia's towns, and Pontus' cities all:  
 But when the hearts of Christian princes swelled,  
 And rose in arms to make proud Asia thrall,  
 Those lands were won where he did sceptre wield  
 And he twice beaten was in pitched field.

## V

When Fortune oft he had in vain assayed,  
 And spent his forces, which availed him naught,  
 To Egypt's king himself he close conveyed,  
 Who welcomed him as he could best have thought,  
 Glad in his heart, and inly well apayed,  
 That to his court so great a lord was brought:  
 For he decreed his armies huge to bring  
 To succor Juda land and Juda's king.

## VI

But, ere he open war proclaimed, he would  
 That Solyman should kindle first the fire,  
 And with huge sums of false enticing gold  
 The Arabian thieves he sent him forth to hire,  
 While he the Asian lords and Morians hold  
 Unites; the Soldan won to his desire  
 Those outlaws, ready aye for gold to fight,  
 The hope of gain hath such alluring might.

## VII

Thus made their captain to destroy and burn,  
 In Juda land he entered is so far,  
 That all the ways whereby he should return  
 By Godfrey's people kept and stopped are,  
 And now he gan his former losses mourn,  
 This wound had hit him on an elder scar,  
 On great adventures ran his hardy thought,  
 But naught assured, he yet resolved on naught.

## VIII

To him Alecto came, and semblant bore  
 Of one whose age was great, whose looks were grave,  
 Whose cheeks were bloodless, and whose locks were hoar  
 Mustaches strouting long and chin close shave,  
 A steeped turban on her head she wore,  
 Her garment wide, and by her side, her glaive,  
 Her gilden quiver at her shoulders hung,  
 And in her hand a bow was, stiff and strong.

## IX

"We have." Quoth she, "through wildernesses gone,  
 Through sterile sands, strange paths, and uncouth ways,  
 Yet spoil or booty have we gotten none,  
 Nor victory deserving fame or praise,  
 Godfrey meanwhile to ruin stick and stone  
 Of this fair town, with battery sore assays;

And if awhile we rest, we shall behold  
This glorious city smoking lie in mould.

X

"Are sheep-cotes burnt, or preys of sheep or kine,  
The cause why Solyman these bands did arm?  
Canst thou that kingdom lately lost of thine  
Recover thus, or thus redress thy harm?  
No, no, when heaven's small candles next shall shine,  
Within their tents give them a bold alarm;  
Believe Araspes old, whose grave advice  
Thou hast in exile proved, and proved in Nice.

XI

"He feareth naught, he doubts no sudden broil  
From these ill-armed and worse-hearted bands,  
He thinks this people, used to rob and spoil,  
To such exploit dares not lift up their hands;  
Up then and with thy courage put to foil  
This fearless camp, while thus secure it stands."  
This said, her poison in his breast she hides,  
And then to shapeless air unseen she glides.

XII

The Soldan cried, "O thou which in my thought  
Increased hast my rage and fury so,  
Nor seem'st a wight of mortal metal wrought,  
I follow thee, whereso thee list to go,  
Mountains of men by dint of sword down brought  
Thou shalt behold, and seas of red blood flow  
Where'er I go; only be thou my guide  
When sable night the azure skies shall hide."

XIII

When this was said, he mustered all his crew,  
Reproved the cowards, and allowed the bold:  
His forward camp, inspired with courage new,  
Was ready dight to follow where he would:  
Alecto's self the warning trumpet blew  
And to the wind his standard great unrolled,  
Thus on they marched, and thus on they went,  
Of their approach their speed the news prevent.

XIV

Alecto left them, and her person dight  
Like one that came some tidings new to tell:  
It was the time, when first the rising night  
Her sparkling diamonds poureth forth to sell,  
When, into Sion come, she marched right  
Where Juda's aged tyrant used to dwell,  
To whom of Solyman's designment bold,  
The place, the manner, and the time she told.

XV

Their mantle dark, the grisly shadows spread,  
Stained with spots of deepest sanguine hue,  
Warm drops of blood, on earth's black visage shed,  
Supplied the place of pure and precious dew,

The moon and stars for fear of sprites were fled,  
The shrieking goblins eachwhere howling flew,  
The furies roar, the ghosts and fairies yell,  
The earth was filled with devils, and empty hell.

## XVI

The Soldan fierce, through all this horror, went  
Toward the camp of his redoubted foes,  
The night was more than half consumed and spent;  
Now headlong down the western hill she goes,  
When distant scant a mile from Godfrey's tent  
He let his people there awhile repose,  
And victualled them, and then he boldly spoke  
These words which rage and courage might provoke:

## XVII

"See there a camp, full stuffed of spoils and preys,  
Not half so strong as false report recordeth;  
See there the storehouse, where their captain lays  
Our treasures stolen, where Asia's wealth he hoardeth;  
Now chance the ball unto our racket plays,  
Take then the vantage which good luck affordeth;  
For all their arms, their horses, gold and treasure  
Are ours, ours without loss, harm or displeasure.

## XVIII

"Nor is this camp that great victorious host  
That slew the Persian lords, and Nice hath won:  
For those in this long war are spent and lost,  
These are the dregs, the wine is all outrun,  
And these few left, are drowned and dead almost  
In heavy sleep, the labor half is done  
To send them headlong to Avernus deep,  
For little differs death and heavy sleep.

## XIX

"Come, come, this sword the passage open shall  
Into their camp, and on their bodies slain  
We will pass o'er their rampire and their wall;  
This blade, as scythes cut down the fields of grain,  
Shall cut them so, Christ's kingdom now shall fall,  
Asia her freedom, you shall praise obtain."  
Thus he inflamed his soldiers to the fight,  
And led them on through silence of the night.

## XX

The sentinel by starlight, lo, descried  
This mighty Soldan and his host draw near,  
Who found not as he hoped the Christians' guide  
Unware, ne yet unready was his gear:  
The scouts, when this huge army they descried,  
Ran back, and gan with shouts the 'larum rear;  
The watch stert up and drew their weapons bright,  
And busked them bold to battle and to fight.

## XXI

The Arabians wist they could not come unseen,  
And therefore loud their jarring trumpets sound,

Their yelling cries to heaven upheaved been,  
The horses thundered on the solid ground,  
The mountains roared, and the valley green,  
The echoes sighed from the caves around,  
Alecto with her brand, kindled in hell,  
Tokened to them in David's tower that dwell.

## XXII

Before the rest forth pricked the Soldan fast,  
Against the watch, not yet in order just,  
As swift as hideous Boreas' hasty blast  
From hollow rocks when first his storms outburst,  
The raging floods, that trees and rocks down cast,  
Thunders, that towns and towers drive to dust:  
Earthquakes, to tear the world in twain that threat,  
Are naught, compared to his fury great.

## XXIII

He struck no blow, but that his foe he hit;  
And never hit, but made a grievous wound:  
And never wounded, but death followed it;  
And yet no peril, hurt or harm he found,  
No weapon on his hardened helmet bit,  
No puissant stroke his senses once astound,  
Yet like a bell his tinkling helmet rung,  
And thence flew flames of fire and sparks among.

## XXIV

Himself well nigh had put the watch to flight,  
A jolly troop of Frenchmen strong and stout,  
When his Arabians came by heaps to fight,  
Covering, like raging floods, the fields about;  
The beaten Christians run away full light,  
The Pagans, mingled with the flying rout,  
Entered their camp, and filled, as they stood,  
Their tents with ruin, slaughter, death and blood.

## XXV

High on the Soldan's helm enamelled laid  
An hideous dragon, armed with many a scale,  
With iron paws, and leathern wings displayed,  
Which twisted on a knot her forked tail,  
With triple tongue it seemed she hissed and brayed,  
About her jaws the froth and venom trail,  
And as he stirred, and as his foes him hit,  
So flames to cast and fire she seemed to spit.

## XXVI

With this strange light, the Soldan fierce appeared  
Dreadful to those that round about him been,  
As to poor sailors, when huge storms are reared,  
With lightning flash the rafting seas are seen;  
Some fled away, because his strength they feared,  
Some bolder gainst him bent their weapons keen,  
And forward night, in evils and mischiefs pleased,  
Their dangers hid, and dangers still increased.

## XXVII

Among the rest that strove to merit praise,

Was old Latinus, born by Tiber's bank,  
 To whose stout heart in fights and bloody frays,  
 For all his eild, base fear yet never sank;  
 Five sons he had, the comforts of his days,  
 That from his side in no adventure shrank,  
 But long before their time, in iron strong  
 They clad their members, tender, soft and young.

## XXVIII

The bold ensample of their father's might  
 Their weapons whetted and their wrath increased,  
 "Come let us go," quoth he, "where yonder knight  
 Upon our soldiers makes his bloody feast,  
 Let not their slaughter once your hearts affright,  
 Where danger most appears, there fear it least,  
 For honor dwells in hard attempts, my sons,  
 And greatest praise, in greatest peril, wons."

## XXIX

Her tender brood the forest's savage queen,  
 Ere on their crests their rugged manes appear,  
 Before their mouths by nature armed been,  
 Or paws have strength a silly lamb to tear,  
 So leadeth forth to prey, and makes them keen,  
 And learns by her ensample naught to fear  
 The hunter, in those desert woods that takes  
 The lesser beasts whereon his feast he makes.

## XXX

The noble father and his hardy crew  
 Fierce Solyman on every side invade,  
 At once all six upon the Soldan flew,  
 With lances sharp, and strong encounters made,  
 His broken spear the eldest boy down threw,  
 And boldly, over-boldly, drew his blade,  
 Wherewith he strove, but strove therewith in vain,  
 The Pagan's steed, unmarked, to have slain.

## XXXI

But as a mountain or a cape of land  
 Assailed with storms and seas on every side,  
 Doth unremoved, steadfast, still withstand  
 Storm, thunder, lightning, tempest, wind, and tide:  
 The Soldan so withstood Latinus' band,  
 And unremoved did all their justs abide,  
 And of that hapless youth, who hurt his steed,  
 Down to the chin he cleft in twain the head.

## XXXII

Kind Aramante, who saw his brother slain,  
 To hold him up stretched forth his friendly arm,  
 Oh foolish kindness, and oh pity vain,  
 To add our proper loss, to other's harm!  
 The prince let fall his sword, and cut in twain  
 About his brother twined, the child's weak arm.  
 Down from their saddles both together slide,  
 Together mourned they, and together died.

## XXXIII

That done, Sabino's lance with nimble force  
He cut in twain, and 'gainst the stripling bold  
He spurred his steed, that underneath his horse  
The hardy infant tumbled on the mould,  
Whose soul, out squeezed from his bruised corpse,  
With ugly painfulness forsook her hold,  
And deeply mourned that of so sweet a cage  
She left the bliss, and joys of youthful age.

## XXXIV

But Picus yet and Lawrence were on live,  
Whom at one birth their mother fair brought out,  
A pair whose likeness made the parents strive  
Oft which was which, and joyed in their doubt:  
But what their birth did undistinguished give,  
The Soldan's rage made known, for Picus stout  
Headless at one huge blow he laid in dust,  
And through the breast his gentle brother thrust.

## XXXV

Their father, but no father now, alas!  
When all his noble sons at once were slain,  
In their five deaths so often murdered was,  
I know not how his life could him sustain,  
Except his heart were forged of steel or brass,  
Yet still he lived, pardie, he saw not plain  
Their dying looks, although their deaths he knows,  
It is some ease not to behold our woes.

## XXXVI

He wept not, for the night her curtain spread  
Between his cause of weeping and his eyes,  
But still he mourned and on sharp vengeance fed,  
And thinks he conquers, if revenged he dies;  
He thirsts the Soldan's heathenish blood to shed,  
And yet his own at less than naught doth prize,  
Nor can he tell whether he liefer would,  
Or die himself, or kill the Pagan bold.

## XXXVII

At last, "Is this right hand," quoth he, "so weak,  
That thou disdain'st gainst me to use thy might?  
Can it naught do? can this tongue nothing speak  
That may provoke thine ire, thy wrath and spite?"  
With that he struck, his anger great to wreak,  
A blow, that pierced the mail and metal bright,  
And in his flank set ope a floodgate wide,  
Whereat the blood out streamed from his side.

## XXXVIII

Provoked with his cry, and with that blow,  
The Turk upon him gan his blade discharge,  
He cleft his breastplate, having first pierced through,  
Lined with seven bulls' hides, his mighty targe,  
And sheathed his weapons in his guts below;  
Wretched Latinus at that issue large,

And at his mouth, poured out his vital blood,  
And sprinkled with the same his murdered brood.

## XXXIX

On Apennine like as a sturdy tree,  
Against the winds that makes resistance stout,  
If with a storm it overturned be,  
Falls down and breaks the trees and plants about;  
So Latine fell, and with him felled he  
And slew the nearest of the Pagans' rout,  
A worthy end, fit for a man of fame,  
That dying, slew; and conquered, overcame.

## XL

Meanwhile the Soldan strove his rage  
To satisfy with blood of Christian spilled,  
The Arabians heartened by their captain stern,  
With murder every tent and cabin filled,  
Henry the English knight, and Olipherne,  
O fierce Draguto, by thy hands were killed!  
Gilbert and Philip were by Ariadene  
Both slain, both born upon the banks of Rhone.

## XLI

Albazar with his mace Ernesto slew,  
Under Algazel Engerlan down fell,  
But the huge murder of the meaner crew,  
Or manner of their deaths, what tongue can tell?  
Godfrey, when first the heathen trumpets blew,  
Awaked, which heard, no fear could make him dwell,  
But he and his were up and armed ere long,  
And marched forward with a squadron strong.

## XLII

He that well heard the rumor and the cry,  
And marked the tumult still grow more and more,  
The Arabian thieves he judged by and by  
Against his soldiers made this battle sore;  
For that they forayed all the countries nigh,  
And spoiled the fields, the duke knew well before,  
Yet thought he not they had the hardiment  
So to assail him in his armed tent.

## XLIII

All suddenly he heard, while on he went,  
How to the city-ward, "Arm, arm!" they cried,  
The noise upreared to the firmament,  
With dreadful howling filled the valleys wide:  
This was Clorinda, whom the king forth sent  
To battle, and Argantes by her side.  
The duke, this heard, to Guelpho turned, and prayed  
Him his lieutenant be, and to him said:

## XLIV

"You hear this new alarm from yonder part,  
That from the town breaks out with so much rage,  
Us needeth much your valor and your art  
To calm their fury, and their heat to 'suage;

Go thither then, and with you take some part  
Of these brave soldiers of mine equipage,  
While with the residue of my champions bold  
I drive these wolves again out of our fold."

## XLV

They parted, this agreed on them between,  
By divers paths, Lord Guelpho to the hill,  
And Godfrey hasted where the Arabians keen  
His men like silly sheep destroy and kill;  
But as he went his troops increased been,  
From every part the people flocked still,  
That now grown strong enough, he 'proached nigh  
Where the fierce Turk caused many a Christian die.

## XLVI

So from the top of Vesulus the cold,  
Down to the sandy valleys, tumbleth Po,  
Whose streams the further from the fountain rolled  
Still stronger wax, and with more puissance go;  
And horned like a bull his forehead bold  
He lifts, and o'er his broken banks doth flow,  
And with his horns to pierce the sea assays,  
To which he proffereth war, not tribute pays.

## XLVII

The duke his men fast flying did espy,  
And thither ran, and thus, displeased, spake,  
"What fear is this? Oh, whither do you fly?  
See who they be that this pursuit do make,  
A heartless band, that dare no battle try,  
Who wounds before dare neither give nor take,  
Against them turn your stern eye's threatening sight,  
An angry look will put them all to flight."

## XLVIII

This said, he spurred forth where Solyman  
Destroyed Christ's vineyard like a savage boar,  
Through streams of blood, through dust and dirt he ran,  
O'er heaps of bodies wallowing in their gore,  
The squadrons close his sword to ope began,  
He broke their ranks, behind, beside, before,  
And, where he goes, under his feet he treads  
The armed Saracens, and barbed steeds.

## XLIX

This slaughter-house of angry Mars he passed,  
Where thousands dead, half-dead, and dying were.  
The hardy Soldan saw him come in haste,  
Yet neither stepped aside nor shrunk for fear,  
But busked him bold to fight, aloft he cast  
His blade, prepared to strike, and stepped near,  
These noble princes twain, so Fortune wrought  
From the world's end here met, and here they fought:

## L

With virtue, fury; strength with courage strove,  
For Asia's mighty empire, who can tell

With how strange force their cruel blows they drove?  
 How sore their combat was? how fierce, how fell?  
 Great deeds they wrought, each other's harness clove;  
 Yet still in darkness, more the ruth, they dwell.  
 The night their acts her black veil covered under,  
 Their acts whereat the sun, the world might wonder.

## LI

The Christians by their guide's ensample hearted,  
 Of their best armed made a squadron strong,  
 And to defend their chieftain forth they started:  
 The Pagans also saved their knight from wrong,  
 Fortune her favors twixt them evenly parted,  
 Fierce was the encounter, bloody, doubtful, long;  
 These won, those lost; these lost, those won again;  
 The loss was equal, even the numbers slain.

## LII

With equal rage, as when the southern wind,  
 Meeteth in battle strong the northern blast,  
 The sea and air to neither is resigned,  
 But cloud gainst cloud, and wave gainst wave they cast:  
 So from this skirmish neither part declined,  
 But fought it out, and kept their footings fast,  
 And oft with furious shock together rush,  
 And shield gainst shield, and helm gainst helm they crush.

## LIII

The battle eke to Sionward grew hot,  
 The soldiers slain, the hardy knights were killed,  
 Legions of sprites from Limbo's prisons got,  
 The empty air, the hills and valleys filled,  
 Hearting the Pagans that they shrinked not,  
 Till where they stood their dearest blood they spilled;  
 And with new rage Argantes they inspire,  
 Whose heat no flames, whose burning need no fire.

## LIV

Where he came in he put to shameful flight  
 The fearful watch, and o'er the trenches leaped,  
 Even with the ground he made the rampire's height,  
 And murdered bodies in the ditch unheaped,  
 So that his greedy mates with labor light,  
 Amid the tents, a bloody harvest reaped:  
 Clorinda went the proud Circassian by,  
 So from a piece two chained bullets fly.

## LV

Now fled the Frenchmen, when in lucky hour  
 Arrived Guelpho, and his helping band,  
 He made them turn against this stormy shower,  
 And with bold face their wicked foes withstand.  
 Sternly they fought, that from their wounds downpour  
 The streams of blood and run on either hand:  
 The Lord of heaven meanwhile upon this fight,  
 From his high throne bent down his gracious sight.

## LVI

From whence with grace and goodness compassed round,

He ruleth, blesseth, keepeth all he wrought,  
Above the air, the fire, the sea and ground,  
Our sense, our wit, our reason and our thought,  
Where persons three, with power and glory crowned,  
Are all one God, who made all things of naught,  
Under whose feet, subjected to his grace,  
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time and place.

## LVII

This is the place, from whence like smoke and dust  
Of this frail world the wealth, the pomp and power,  
He tosseth, tumbleth, turneth as he lust,  
And guides our life, our death, our end and hour:  
No eye, however virtuous, pure and just,  
Can view the brightness of that glorious bower,  
On every side the blessed spirits be,  
Equal in joys, though differing in degree.

## LVIII

With harmony of their celestial song  
The palace echoed from the chambers pure,  
At last he Michael called, in harness strong  
Of never yielding diamonds armed sure,  
"Behold," quoth he, "to do despite and wrong  
To that dear flock my mercy hath in cure,  
How Satan from hell's loathsome prison sends  
His ghosts, his sprites, his furies and his fiends.

## LIX

"Go bid them all depart, and leave the care  
Of war to soldiers, as doth best pertain:  
Bid them forbear to infect the earth and air;  
To darken heaven's fair light, bid them refrain;  
Bid them to Acheron's black flood repair,  
Fit house for them, the house of grief and pain:  
There let their king himself and them torment,  
So I command, go tell them mine intent."

## LX

This said, the winged warrior low inclined  
At his Creator's feet with reverence due;  
Then spread his golden feathers to the wind,  
And swift as thought away the angel flew,  
He passed the light, and shining fire assigned  
The glorious seat of his selected crew,  
The mover first, and circle crystalline,  
The firmament, where fixed stars all shine;

## LXI

Unlike in working then, in shape and show,  
At his left hand, Saturn he left and Jove,  
And those untruly errant called I trow,  
Since he errs not, who them doth guide and move:  
The fields he passed then, whence hail and snow,  
Thunder and rain fall down from clouds above,  
Where heat and cold, dryness and moisture strive,  
Whose wars all creatures kill, and slain, revive.

## LXII

The horrid darkness, and the shadows dun  
Dispersed he with his eternal wings,  
The flames which from his heavenly eyes outrun  
Beguiled the earth and all her sable things;  
After a storm so spreadeth forth the sun  
His rays and binds the clouds in golden strings,  
Or in the stillness of a moonshine even  
A falling star so glideth down from Heaven.

## LXIII

But when the infernal troop he 'proached near,  
That still the Pagans' ire and rage provoke,  
The angel on his wings himself did bear,  
And shook his lance, and thus at last he spoke:  
"Have you not learned yet to know and fear  
The Lord's just wrath, and thunder's dreadful stroke?  
Or in the torments of your endless ill,  
Are you still fierce, still proud, rebellious still?

## LXIV

"The Lord hath sworn to break the iron bands  
The brazen gates of Sion's fort which close,  
Who is it that his sacred will withstands?  
Against his wrath who dares himself oppose?  
Go hence, you cursed, to your appointed lands,  
The realms of death, of torments, and of woes,  
And in the deeps of that infernal lake  
Your battles fight, and there your triumphs make.

## LXV

"There tyrannize upon the souls you find  
Condemned to woe, and double still their pains;  
Where some complain, where some their teeth do grind,  
Some howl, and weep, some clank their iron chains:"  
This said they fled, and those that stayed behind,  
With his sharp lance he driveth and constrains;  
They sighing left the lands, his silver sheep  
Where Hesperus doth lead, doth feed, and keep.

## LXVI

And toward hell their lazy wings display,  
To wreak their malice on the damned ghosts;  
The birds that follow Titan's hottest ray,  
Pass not in so great flocks to warmer coasts,  
Nor leaves in so great numbers fall away  
When winter nips them with his new-come frosts;  
The earth delivered from so foul annoy,  
Recalled her beauty, and resumed her joy.

## LXVII

But not for this in fierce Argantes' breast  
Lessened the rancor and decreased the ire,  
Although Alecto left him to infest  
With the hot brands of her infernal fire,  
Round his armed head his trenchant blade he blest,  
And those thick ranks that seemed moist entire

He breaks; the strong, the high, the weak, the low,  
Were equalized by his murdering blow.

## LXVIII

Not far from him amid the blood and dust,  
Heads, arms, and legs, Clorinda strewed wide  
Her sword through Berengarius' breast she thrust,  
Quite through the heart, where life doth chiefly bide,  
And that fell blow she struck so sure and just,  
That at his back his life and blood forth glide;  
Even in the mouth she smote Albinus then,  
And cut in twain the visage of the man.

## LXIX

Gernier's right hand she from his arm divided,  
Whereof but late she had received a wound;  
The hand his sword still held, although not guided,  
The fingers half alive stirred on the ground;  
So from a serpent slain the tail divided  
Moves in the grass, rolleth and tumbleth round,  
The championess so wounded left the knight,  
And gainst Achilles turned her weapon bright.

## LXX

Upon his neck light that unhappy blow,  
And cut the sinews and the throat in twain,  
The head fell down upon the earth below,  
And soiled with dust the visage on the plain;  
The headless trunk, a woful thing to know,  
Still in the saddle seated did remain;  
Until his steed, that felt the reins at large,  
With leaps and flings that burden did discharge.

## LXXI

While thus this fair and fierce Bellona slew  
The western lords, and put their troops to flight,  
Gildippes raged mongst the Pagan crew,  
And low in dust laid many a worthy knight:  
Like was their sex, their beauty and their hue,  
Like was their youth, their courage and their might;  
Yet fortune would they should the battle try  
Of mightier foes, for both were framed to die.

## LXXII

Yet wished they oft, and strove in vain to meet,  
So great betwixt them was the press and throng,  
But hardy Guelpho gainst Clorinda sweet  
Ventured his sword to work her harm and wrong,  
And with a cutting blow so did her greet,  
That from her side the blood streamed down along;  
But with a thrust an answer sharp she made,  
And 'twixt his ribs colored someddeal her blade.

## LXXIII

Lord Guelpho struck again, but hit her not,  
For strong Osmida haply passed by,  
And not meant him, another's wound he got,  
That cleft his front in twain above his eye:

Near Guelpho now the battle waxed hot,  
For all the troops he led gan thither hie,  
And thither drew eke many a Paynim knight,  
That fierce, stern, bloody, deadly waxed the fight.

## LXXIV

Meanwhile the purple morning peeped o'er  
The eastern threshold to our half of land,  
And Argillano in this great uproar  
From prison loosed was, and what he fand,  
Those arms he hent, and to the field them bore,  
Resolved to take his chance what came to hand,  
And with great acts amid the Pagan host  
Would win again his reputation lost.

## LXXV

As a fierce steed 'scaped from his stall at large,  
Where he had long been kept for warlike need,  
Runs through the fields unto the flowery marge  
Of some green forest where he used to feed,  
His curled mane his shoulders broad doth charge  
And from his lofty crest doth spring and spread,  
Thunder his feet, his nostrils fire breathe out,  
And with his neigh the world resounds about.

## LXXVI

So Argillan rushed forth, sparkled his eyes,  
His front high lifted was, no fear therein,  
Lightly he leaps and skips, it seems he flies,  
He left no sign in dust imprinted thin,  
And coming near his foes, he sternly cries,  
As one that forced not all their strength a pin,  
"You outcasts of the world, you men of naught  
What hath in you this boldness newly wrought?

## LXXVII

"Too weak are you to bear a helm or shield  
Unfit to arm your breast in iron bright,  
You run half-naked trembling through the field,  
Your blows are feeble, and your hope in flight,  
Your facts and all the actions that you wield,  
The darkness hides, your bulwark is the night,  
Now she is gone, how will your fights succeed?  
Now better arms and better hearts you need."

## LXXVIII

While thus he spoke, he gave a cruel stroke  
Against Algazel's throat with might and main;  
And as he would have answered him, and spoke,  
He stopped his words, and cut his jaws in twain;  
Upon his eyes death spread his misty cloak,  
A chilling frost congealed every vein,  
He fell, and with his teeth the earth he tore,  
Raging in death, and full of rage before.

## LXXIX

Then by his puissance mighty Saladine,  
Proud Agricalt and Muleasses died,

And at one wondrous blow his weapon fine,  
Did Adiazal in two parts divide,  
Then through the breast he wounded Ariadine,  
Whom dying with sharp taunts he gan deride,  
He lifting up uneath his feeble eyes,  
To his proud scorns thus answereth, ere he dies:

LXXX

"Not thou, whoe'er thou art, shall glory long  
Thy happy conquest in my death, I trow,  
Like chance awaits thee from a hand more strong,  
Which by my side will shortly lay thee low:"  
He smiled, and said, "Of mine hour short or long  
Let heaven take care; but here meanwhile die thou,  
Pasture for wolves and crows," on him his foot  
He set, and drew his sword and life both out.

LXXXI

Among this squadron rode a gentle page,  
The Soldan's minion, darling, and delight,  
On whose fair chin the spring-time of his age  
Yet blossomed out her flowers, small or light;  
The sweat spread on his cheeks with heat and rage  
Seemed pearls or morning dewes on lilies white,  
The dust therein uprolled adorned his hair,  
His face seemed fierce and sweet, wrathful and fair.

LXXXII

His steed was white, and white as purest snow  
That falls on tops of aged Apennine,  
Lightning and storm are not so 'swift I trow  
As he, to run, to stop, to turn and twine;  
A dart his right hand shaken, prest to throw;  
His cutlass by his thigh, short, hooked, fine,  
And braving in his Turkish pomp he shone,  
In purple robe, o'erfret with gold and stone.

LXXXIII

The hardy boy, while thirst of warlike praise  
Bewitched so his unadvised thought,  
Gainst every band his childish strength assays,  
And little danger found, though much he sought,  
Till Argillan, that watched fit time always  
In his swift turns to strike him as he fought,  
Did unawares his snow-white courser slay,  
And under him his master tumbling lay:

LXXXIV

And gainst his face, where love and pity stand,  
To pray him that rich throne of beauty spare,  
The cruel man stretched forth his murdering hand,  
To spoil those gifts, whereof he had no share:  
It seemed remorse and sense was in his brand  
Which, lighting flat, to hurt the lad forbare;  
But all for naught, gainst him the point he bent  
That, what the edge had spared, pierced and rent.

LXXXV

Fierce Solyman that with Godfredo strived

Who first should enter conquest's glorious gate,  
 Left off the fray and thither headlong driven,  
 When first he saw the lad in such estate;  
 He brake the press, and soon enough arrived  
 To take revenge, but to his aid too late,  
 Because he saw his Lesbine slain and lost,  
 Like a sweet flower nipped with untimely frost.

## LXXXVI

He saw wax dim the starlight of his eyes,  
 His ivory neck upon his shoulders fell,  
 In his pale looks kind pity's image lies,  
 That death even mourned, to hear his passing bell.  
 His marble heart such soft impression tries,  
 That midst his wrath his manly tears outwell,  
 Thou weapest, Solyman, thou that beheld  
 Thy kingdoms lost, and not one tear could yield.

## LXXXVII

But when the murderer's sword he hapt to view  
 Dropping with blood of his Lesbino dead,  
 His pity vanished, ire and rage renew,  
 He had no leisure bootless tears to shed;  
 But with his blade on Argillano flew,  
 And cleft his shield, his helmet, and his head,  
 Down to his throat; and worthy was that blow  
 Of Solyman, his strength and wrath to show:

## LXXXVIII

And not content with this, down from his horse  
 He lights, and that dead carcass rent and tore,  
 Like a fierce dog that takes his angry course  
 To bite the stone which had him hit before.  
 Oh comfort vain for grief of so great force,  
 To wound the senseless earth that feels no sore!  
 But mighty Godfrey 'gainst the Soldan's train  
 Spent not, this while, his force and blows in vain.

## LXXXIX

A thousand hardy Turks affront he had  
 In sturdy iron armed from head to foot,  
 Resolved in all adventures good or bad,  
 In actions wise, in execution stout,  
 Whom Solyman into Arabia lad,  
 When from his kingdom he was first cast out,  
 Where living wild with their exiled guide  
 To him in all extremes they faithful bide;

## XC

All these in thickest order sure unite,  
 For Godfrey's valor small or nothing shrank,  
 Corcutes first he on the face did smite,  
 Then wounded strong Rosteno in the flank,  
 At one blow Selim's head he stroke off quite,  
 Then both Rossano's arms, in every rank  
 The boldest knights, of all that chosen crew,  
 He felled, maimed, wounded, hurt and slew.

## XCI

While thus he killed many a Saracine  
And all their fierce assaults unhurt sustained,  
Ere fortune wholly from the Turks decline,  
While still they hoped much, though small they gained,  
Behold a cloud of dust, wherein doth shine  
Lightning of war in midst thereof contained,  
Whence unawares burst forth a storm of swords,  
Which tremble made the Pagan knights and lords.

## XCII

These fifty champions were, mongst whom there stands,  
In silver field, the ensign of Christ's death,  
If I had mouths and tongues as Briareus hands,  
If voice as iron tough, if iron breath,  
What harm this troop wrought to the heathen bands,  
What knights they slew, I could recount uneath  
In vain the Turks resist, the Arabians fly;  
If they fly, they are slain; if fight, they die.

## XCIII

Fear, cruelty, grief, horror, sorrow, pain,  
Run through the field, disguised in divers shapes,  
Death might you see triumphant on the plain,  
Drowning in blood him that from blows escapes.  
The king meanwhile with parcel of his train  
Comes hastily out, and for sure conquest gapes,  
And from a bank whereon he stood, beheld  
The doubtful hazard of that bloody field.

## XCIV

But when he saw the Pagans shrink away,  
He sounded the retreat, and gan desire  
His messengers in his behalf to pray  
Argantes and Clorinda to retire;  
The furious couple both at once said nay,  
Even drunk with shedding blood, and mad with ire,  
At last they went, and to recomfort thought  
And stay their troops from flight, but all for nought.

## XCV

For who can govern cowardice or fear?  
Their host already was begun to fly,  
They cast their shields and cutting swords arrear,  
As not defended but made slow thereby,  
A hollow dale the city's bulwarks near  
From west to south outstretched long doth lie,  
Thither they fled, and in a mist of dust,  
Toward the walls they run, they throng, they thrust.

## XCVI

While down the bank disordered thus they ran,  
The Christian knights huge slaughter on them made;  
But when to climb the other hill they gan,  
Old Aladine came fiercely to their aid:  
On that steep brae Lord Guelpho would not than  
Hazard his folk, but there his soldiers stayed,

And safe within the city's walls the king.  
The relics small of that sharp fight did bring:

XCVII

Meanwhile the Soldan in this latest charge  
Had done as much as human force was able,  
All sweat and blood appeared his members large,  
His breath was short, his courage waxed unstable,  
His arm grew weak to bear his mighty targe,  
His hand to rule his heavy sword unable,  
Which bruised, not cut, so blunted was the blade  
It lost the use for which a sword was made.

XCVIII

Feeling his weakness, he gan musing stand,  
And in his troubled thought this question tossed,  
If he himself should murder with his hand,  
Because none else should of his conquest boast,  
Or he should save his life, when on the land  
Lay slain the pride of his subdued host,  
"At last to fortune's power," quoth he, "I yield,  
And on my flight let her her trophies build.

XCIX

"Let Godfrey view my flight, and smile to see  
This mine unworthy second banishment,  
For armed again soon shall he hear of me,  
From his proud head the unsettled crown to rent,  
For, as my wrongs, my wrath etern shall be,  
At every hour the bow of war new bent,  
I will rise again, a foe, fierce, bold,  
Though dead, though slain, though burnt to ashes cold."

## TENTH BOOK

### THE ARGUMENT.

Ismen from sleep awakes the Soldan great,  
And into Sion brings the Prince by night  
Where the sad king sits fearful on his seat,  
Whom he emboldeneth and excites to fight;  
Godfredo hears his lords and knights repeat  
How they escaped Armida's wrath and spite:  
Rinaldo known to live, Peter foresays  
His Offspring's virtue, good deserts, and praise.

I

A gallant steed, while thus the Soldan said,  
Came trotting by him, without lord or guide,  
Quickly his hand upon the reins he laid,  
And weak and weary climbed up to ride;  
The snake that on his crest hot fire out-braid  
Was quite cut off, his helm had lost the pride,  
His coat was rent, his harness hacked and cleft,  
And of his kingly pomp no sign was left.

II

As when a savage wolf chased from the fold,  
To hide his head runs to some holt or wood,

Who, though he filled have while it might hold  
His greedy paunch, yet hungreth after food,  
With sanguine tongue forth of his lips out-rolled  
About his jaws that licks up foam and blood;  
So from this bloody fray the Soldan hied,  
His rage unquenched, his wrath unsatisfied.

## III

And, as his fortune would, he scaped free  
From thousand arrows which about him flew,  
From swords and lances, instruments that be  
Of certain death, himself he safe withdrew,  
Unknown, unseen, disguised, travelled he,  
By desert paths and ways but used by few,  
And rode revolving in his troubled thought  
What course to take, and yet resolved on naught.

## IV

Thither at last he meant to take his way,  
Where Egypt's king assembled all his host,  
To join with him, and once again assay  
To win by fight, by which so oft he lost:  
Determined thus, he made no longer stay,  
But thitherward spurred forth his steed in post,  
Nor need he guide, the way right well he could,  
That leads to sandy plains of Gaza old.

## V

Nor though his smarting wounds torment him oft,  
His body weak and wounded back and side,  
Yet rested he, nor once his armor doffed,  
But all day long o'er hills and dales doth ride:  
But when the night cast up her shade aloft  
And all earth's colors strange in sables dyed,  
He light, and as he could his wounds upbound,  
And shook ripe dates down from a palm he found.

## VI

On them he supped, and amid the field  
To rest his weary limbs awhile he sought,  
He made his pillow of his broken shield  
To ease the griefs of his distempered thought,  
But little ease could so hard lodging yield,  
His wounds so smarted that he slept right naught,  
And, in his breast, his proud heart rent in twain,  
Two inward vultures, Sorrow and Disdain.

## VII

At length when midnight with her silence deep  
Did heaven and earth hushed, still, and quiet make,  
Sore watched and weary, he began to steep  
His cares and sorrows in oblivion's lake,  
And in a little, short, unquiet sleep  
Some small repose his fainting spirits take;  
But, while he slept, a voice grave and severe  
At unawares thus thundered in his ear:

## VIII

"O Solyman! thou far-renowned king,

Till better season serve, forbear thy rest;  
 A stranger doth thy lands in thraldom bring,  
 Nice is a slave, by Christian yoke oppressed;  
 Sleepest thou here, forgetful of this thing,  
 That here thy friends lie slain, not laid in chest,  
 Whose bones bear witness of thy shame and scorn!  
 And wilt thou idly here attend the morn?"

## IX

The king awoke, and saw before his eyes  
 A man whose presence seemed grave and old,  
 A writhen staff his steps unstable guides,  
 Which served his feeble members to uphold.  
 "And what art thou?" the prince in scorn replies,  
 "What sprite to vex poor passengers so bold,  
 To break their sleep? or what to thee belongs  
 My shame, my loss, my vengeance or my wrongs."

## X

"I am the man of thine intent," quoth he,  
 "And purpose new that sure conjecture hath,  
 And better than thou weenest know I thee:  
 I proffer thee my service and my faith.  
 My speeches therefore sharp and biting be,  
 Because quick words the whetstones are of wrath,—  
 Accept in gree, my lord, the words I spoke,  
 As spurs thine ire and courage to provoke.

## XI

"But now to visit Egypt's mighty king,  
 Unless my judgment fall, you are prepared,  
 I prophesy, about a needless thing  
 You suffer shall a voyage long and hard:  
 For though you stay, the monarch great will bring  
 His new assembled host to Juda-ward,  
 No place of service there, no cause of fight,  
 Nor gainst our foes to use your force and might.

## XII

"But if you follow me, within this wall  
 With Christian arms hemmed in on every side,  
 Withouten battle, fight, or stroke at all,  
 Even at noonday, I will you safely guide,  
 Where you delight, rejoice, and glory shall  
 In perils great to see your prowess tried.  
 That noble town you may preserve and shield,  
 Till Egypt's host come to renew the field."

## XIII

While thus he parleyed, of this aged guest  
 The Turk the words and looks did both admire,  
 And from his haughty eyes and furious breast  
 He laid apart his pride, his rage and ire,  
 And humbly said, "I willing am and prest  
 To follow where thou ledest, reverend sire,  
 And that advice best fits my angry vein  
 That tells of greatest peril, greatest pain."

## XIV

The old man praised his words, and for the air  
His late received wounds to worse disposes,  
A quintessence therein he poured fair,  
That stops the bleeding, and incision closes:  
Beholding then before Apollo's chair  
How fresh Aurora violets strewed and roses,  
"It's time," he says, "to wend, for Titan bright  
To wonted labor summons every wight."

## XV

And to a chariot, that beside did stand,  
Ascended he, and with him Solyman,  
He took the reins, and with a mastering hand  
Ruled his steeds, and whipped them now and than,  
The wheels or horses' feet upon the land  
Had left no sign nor token where they ran,  
The coursers pant and smoke with lukewarm sweat  
And, foaming cream, their iron mouthfuls eat.

## XVI

The air about them round, a wondrous thing,  
Itself on heaps in solid thickness drew,  
The chariot hiding and environing,  
The subtle mist no mortal eye could view;  
And yet no stone from engine cast or sling  
Could pierce the cloud, it was of proof so true;  
Yet seen it was to them within which ride,  
And heaven and earth without, all clear beside.

## XVII

His beetle brows the Turk amazed bent,  
He wrinkled up his front, and wildly stared  
Upon the cloud and chariot as it went,  
For speed to Cynthia's car right well compared:  
The other seeing his astonishment  
How he bewondered was, and how he fared,  
All suddenly by name the prince gan call,  
By which awaked thus he spoke withal:

## XVIII

"Whoe'er thou art above all worldly wit  
That hast these high and wondrous marvels brought,  
And know'st the deep intents which hidden sit  
In secret closet of man's private thought,  
If in thy skilful heart this lot be writ,  
To tell the event of things to end unbrought;  
Then say, what issue and what ends the stars  
Allot to Asia's troubles, broils and wars.

## XIX

"But tell me first thy name, and by what art  
Thou dost these wonders strange, above our skill;  
For full of marvel is my troubled heart,  
Tell then and leave me not amazed still."  
The wizard smiled and answered, "In some part  
Easy it is to satisfy thy will,

Ismen I hight, called an enchanter great,  
Such skill have I in magic's secret feat;

XX

"But that I should the sure events unfold  
Of things to come, or destinies foretell,  
Too rash is your desire, your wish too bold,  
To mortal heart such knowledge never fell;  
Our wit and strength on us bestowed I hold,  
To shun the evils and harms, mongst which we dwell,  
They make their fortune who are stout and wise,  
Wit rules the heavens, discretion guides the skies.

XXI

"That puissant arm of thine that well can rend  
From Godfrey's brow the new usurped crown,  
And not alone protect, save and defend  
From his fierce people, this besieged town,  
Gainst fire and sword with strength and courage bend,  
Adventure, suffer, trust, tread perils down,  
And to content, and to encourage thee,  
Know this, which as I in a cloud foresee:

XXII

"I guess, before the over-gliding sun  
Shall many years mete out by weeks and days,  
A prince that shall in fertile Egypt won,  
Shall fill all Asia with his prosperous frays,  
I speak not of his acts in quiet done,  
His policy, his rule, his wisdom's praise,  
Let this suffice, by him these Christians shall  
In fight subdued fly, and conquered fall.

XXIII

"And their great empire and usurped state  
Shall overthrown in dust and ashes lie,  
Their woful remnant in an angle strait  
Compassed with sea themselves shall fortify,  
From thee shall spring this lord of war and fate."  
Whereto great Solyman gan thus reply:  
"O happy man to so great praise ybore!"  
Thus he rejoiced, but yet envied more;

XXIV

And said, "Let chance with good or bad aspect  
Upon me look as sacred Heaven's decree,  
This heart to her I never will subject,  
Nor ever conquered shall she look on me;  
The moon her chariot shall awry direct  
Ere from this course I will diverted be."  
While thus he spake, it seemed he breathed fire,  
So fierce his courage was, so hot his ire.

XXV

Thus talked they, till they arrived been  
Nigh to the place where Godfrey's tents were reared,  
There was a woful spectacle yseen,  
Death in a thousand ugly forms appeared,

The Soldan changed hue for grief and teen,  
On that sad book his shame and loss he lead,  
Ah, with what grief his men, his friends he found;  
And standards proud, inglorious lie on ground!

## XXVI

And saw one visage of some well-known friend.  
In foul despite, a rascal Frenchman tread,  
And there another ragged peasant rend  
The arms and garments from some champion dead,  
And there with stately pomp by heaps they wend,  
And Christians slain roll up in webs of lead;  
Lastly the Turks and slain Arabians, brought  
On heaps, he saw them burn with fire to naught.

## XXVII

Deeply he sighed, and with naked sword  
Out of the coach he leaped in the mire,  
But Ismen called again the angry lord,  
And with grave words appeased his foolish ire.  
The prince content remounted at his sword,  
Toward a hill on drove the aged sire,  
And hasting forward up the bank they pass,  
Till far behind the Christian leaguer was.

## XXVIII

There they alight and took their way on foot,  
The empty chariot vanished out of sight,  
Yet still the cloud environed them about.  
At their left hand down went they from the height  
Of Sion's Hill, till they approached the route  
On that side where to west he looketh right,  
There Ismen stayed, and his eyesight bent  
Upon the bushy rocks, and thither went.

## XXIX

A hollow cave was in the craggy stone,  
Wrought out by hand a number years tofore,  
And for of long that way had walked none,  
The vault was hid with plants and bushes hoar,  
The wizard stooping in thereat to gone,  
The thorns aside and scratching brambles bore,  
His right hand sought the passage through the cleft,  
And for his guide he gave the prince his left:

## XXX

"What," quoth the Soldan, "by what privy mine,  
What hidden vault behoves it me to creep?  
This sword can find a better way than thine,  
Although our foes the passage guard and keep."  
"Let not," quoth he, "thy princely foot repine  
To tread this secret path, though dark and deep;  
For great King Herod used to tread the same,  
He that in arms had whilom so great fame.

## XXXI

"This passage made he, when he would suppress  
His subjects' pride, and them in bondage hold;

By this he could from that small forteress  
 Antonia called, of Antony the bold,  
 Convey his folk unseen of more and less  
 Even to the midst of the temple old,  
 Thence, hither; where these privy ways begin,  
 And bring unseen whole armies out and in.

## XXXII

"But now saye I in all this world lives none  
 That knows the secret of this darksome place,  
 Come then where Aladine sits on his throne,  
 With lords and princes set about his grace;  
 He feareth more than fitteth such an one,  
 Such signs of doubt show in his cheer and face;  
 Fitly you come, hear, see, and keep you still,  
 Till time and season serve, then speak your fill."

## XXXIII

This said, that narrow entrance passed the knight,  
 So creeps a camel through a needle's eye,  
 And through the ways as black as darkest night  
 He followed him that did him rule and guie;  
 Strait was the way at first, withouten light,  
 But further in, did further amplify;  
 So that upright walked at ease the men  
 Ere they had passed half that secret den,

## XXXIV

A privy door Ismen unlocked at last,  
 And up they clomb a little-used stair,  
 Thereat the day a feeble beam in cast,  
 Dim was the light, and nothing clear the air;  
 Out of the hollow cave at length they passed  
 Into a goodly hall, high, broad and fair,  
 Where crowned with gold, and all in purple clad  
 Sate the sad king, among his nobles sad.

## XXXV

The Turk, close in his hollow cloud imbarred,  
 Unseen, at will did all the prease behold,  
 These heavy speeches of the king he heard,  
 Who thus from lofty siege his pleasure told;  
 "My lords, last day our state was much impaired,  
 Our friends were slain, killed were our soldiers bold,  
 Great helps and greater hopes are us bereft,  
 Nor aught but aid from Egypt land is left:

## XXXVI

"And well you see far distant is that aid,  
 Upon our heels our danger treadeth still,  
 For your advice was this assembly made,  
 Each what he thinketh speak, and what he will."  
 A whisper soft arose when this was said,  
 As gentle winds the groves with murmur fill,  
 But with bold face, high looks and merry cheer,  
 Argantes rose, the rest their talk forbear.

## XXXVII

"O worthy sovereign," thus began to say

The hardy young man to the tyrant wise,  
"What words be these? what fears do you dismay?  
Who knows not this, you need not our advice!  
But on your hand your hope of conquest lay,  
And, for no loss true virtue damnifies,  
Make her our shield, pray her us succors give,  
And without her let us not wish to live.

## XXXVIII

"Nor say I this for that I aught misdeem  
That Egypt's promised succors fail us might,  
Doubtful of my great master's words to seem  
To me were neither lawful, just, nor right!  
I speak these words, for spurs I them esteem  
To waken up each dull and fearful sprite,  
And make our hearts resolved to all assays,  
To win with honor, or to die with praise."

## XXXIX

Thus much Argantes said, and said no more,  
As if the case were clear of which he spoke.  
Orcano rose, of princely stem ybore,  
Whose presence 'mongst them bore a mighty stroke,  
A man esteemed well in arms of yore,  
But now was coupled new in marriage yoke;  
Young babes he had, to fight which made him loth,  
He was a husband and a father both.

## XL

"My lord," quoth he, "I will not reprehend  
The earnest zeal of this audacious speech,  
From courage sprung, which seld is close ypend  
In swelling stomach without violent breach:  
And though to you our good Circassian friend  
In terms too bold and fervent oft doth preach,  
Yet hold I that for good, in warlike feat  
For his great deeds respond his speeches great.

## XLI

"But if it you beseem, whom graver age  
And long experience hath made wise and sly,  
To rule the heat of youth and hardy rage,  
Which somewhat have misled this knight awry,  
In equal balance ponder then and gauge  
Your hopes far distant, with your perils nigh;  
This town's old walls and rampires new compare  
With Godfrey's forces and his engines rare.

## XLII

"But, if I may say what I think unblamed,  
This town is strong, by nature, site and art,  
But engines huge and instruments are framed  
Gainst these defences by our adverse part,  
Who thinks him most secure is eathest shamed;  
I hope the best, yet fear unconstant mart,  
And with this siege if we be long up pent,  
Famine I doubt, our store will all be spent.

## XLIII

"For all that store of cattle and of grain  
Which yesterday within these walls you brought,  
While your proud foes triumphant through the plain  
On naught but shedding blood, and conquest thought,  
Too little is this city to sustain,  
To raise the siege unless some means be sought;  
And it must last till the prefixed hour  
That it be raised by Egypt's aid and power.

## XLIV

"But what if that appointed day they miss?  
Or else, ere we expect, what if they came?  
The victory yet is not ours for this,  
Oh save this town from ruin, us from shame!  
With that same Godfrey still our warfare is,  
These armies, soldiers, captains are the same  
Who have so oft amid the dusty plain  
Turks, Persians, Syrians and Arabians slain.

## XLV

"And thou Argantes wotest what they be;  
Oft hast thou fled from that victorious host,  
Thy shoulders often hast thou let them see,  
And in thy feet hath been thy safeguard most;  
Clorinda bright and I fled eke with thee,  
None than his fellows had more cause to boast,  
Nor blame I any; for in every fight  
We showed courage, valor, strength and might.

## XLVI

"And though this hardy knight the certain threat  
Of near-approaching death to hear disdain;  
Yet to this state of loss and danger great,  
From this strong foe I see the tokens plain;  
No fort how strong soe'er by art or seat,  
Can hinder Godfrey why he should not reign:  
This makes me say,—to witness heaven I bring,  
Zeal to this state, love to my lord and king—

## XLVII

"The king of Tripoli was well advised  
To purchase peace, and so preserve his crown:  
But Solyman, who Godfrey's love despised,  
Is either dead or deep in prison thrown;  
Else fearful is he run away disguised,  
And scant his life is left him for his own,  
And yet with gifts, with tribute, and with gold,  
He might in peace his empire still have hold."

## XLVIII

Thus spake Orcanes, and some inkling gave  
In doubtful words of that he would have said;  
To sue for peace or yield himself a slave  
He durst not openly his king persuade:  
But at those words the Soldan gan to rave,  
And gainst his will wrapt in the cloud he stayed,

Whom Ismen thus bespake, "How can you bear  
These words, my lord? or these reproaches hear?"

## XLIX

"Oh, let me speak," quoth he, "with ire and scorn  
I burn, and gains, my will thus hid I stay!"  
This said, the smoky cloud was cleft and torn,  
Which like a veil upon them stretched lay,  
And up to open heaven forthwith was borne,  
And left the prince in view of lightsome day,  
With princely look amid the press he shined,  
And on a sudden, thus declared his mind.

## L

"Of whom you speak behold the Soldan here,  
Neither afraid nor run away for dread,  
And that these slanders, lies and fables were,  
This hand shall prove upon that coward's head,  
I, who have shed a sea of blood well near,  
And heaped up mountains high of Christians dead,  
I in their camp who still maintained the fray,  
My men all murdered, I that run away.

## LI

"If this, or any coward vile beside,  
False to his faith and country, dares reply;  
And speak of concord with yon men of pride,  
By your good leave, Sir King, here shall he die,  
The lambs and wolves shall in one fold abide,  
The doves and serpents in one nest shall lie,  
Before one town us and these Christians shall  
In peace and love unite within one wall."

## LII

While thus he spoke, his broad and trenchant sword  
His hand held high aloft in threatening guise;  
Dumb stood the knights, so dreadful was his word;  
A storm was in his front, fire in his eyes,  
He turned at last to Sion's aged lord,  
And calmed his visage stern in humbler wise:  
"Behold," quoth he, "good prince, what aid I bring,  
Since Solyman is joined with Juda's king."

## LIII

King Aladine from his rich throne upstart  
And said, "Oh how I joy thy face to view,  
My noble friend! it lesseneth in some part  
My grief, for slaughter of my subjects true;  
My weak estate to stablish come thou art,  
And mayest thine own again in time renew,  
If Heavens consent:" with that the Soldan bold  
In dear embracements did he long enfold.

## LIV

Their greetings done, the king resigned his throne  
To Solyman, and set himself beside,  
In a rich seat adorned with gold and stone,  
And Ismen sage did at his elbow bide,

Of whom he asked what way they two had gone,  
 And he declared all what had them betide:  
 Clorinda bright to Solyman addressed  
 Her salutations first, then all the rest.

## LV

Among them rose Ormusses' valiant knight,  
 Whom late the Soldan with a convoy sent,  
 And when most hot and bloody was the fight,  
 By secret paths and blind byways he went,  
 Till aided by the silence and the night  
 Safe in the city's walls himself he pent,  
 And there refreshed with corn and cattle store  
 The pined soldiers famished nigh before.

## LVI

With surly countenance and disdainful grace,  
 Sullen and sad, sat the Circassian stout,  
 Like a fierce lion grumbling in his place,  
 His fiery eyes that turns and rolls about;  
 Nor durst Orcanes view the Soldan's face,  
 But still upon the floor did pore and tout:  
 Thus with his lords and peers in counselling,  
 The Turkish monarch sat with Juda's king.

## LVII

Godfrey this while gave victory the rein,  
 And following her the straits he opened all;  
 Then for his soldiers and his captains slain,  
 He celebrates a stately funeral,  
 And told his camp within a day or twain  
 He would assault the city's mighty wall,  
 And all the heathen there enclosed doth threat,  
 With fire and sword, with death and danger great.

## LVIII

And for he had that noble squadron known,  
 In the last fight which brought him so great aid,  
 To be the lords and princes of his own  
 Who followed late the sly enticing maid,  
 And with them Tancred, who had late been thrown  
 In prison deep, by that false witch betrayed,  
 Before the hermit and some private friends,  
 For all those worthies, lords and knights, he sends;

## LIX

And thus he said, "Some one of you declare  
 Your fortunes, whether good or to be blamed,  
 And to assist us with your valors rare  
 In so great need, how was your coming framed?"  
 They blush, and on the ground amazed stare,  
 For virtue is of little guilt ashamed,  
 At last the English prince with countenance bold,  
 The silence broke, and thus their errors told:

## LX

"We, not elect to that exploit by lot,  
 With secret flight from hence ourselves withdrew,

Following false Cupid, I deny it not,  
Enticed forth by love and beauty's hue;  
A jealous fire burnt in our stomachs hot,  
And by close ways we passed least in view,  
Her words, her looks, alas I know too late,  
Nursed our love, our jealousy, our hate.

## LXI

"At last we gan approach that woful clime,  
Where fire and brimstone down from Heaven was sent  
To take revenge for sin and shameful crime  
Gainst kind commit, by those who nould repent;  
A loathsome lake of brimstone, pitch and lime,  
O'ergoes that land, erst sweet and redolent,  
And when it moves, thence stench and smoke up flies  
Which dim the welkin and infect the skies.

## LXII

"This is the lake in which yet never might  
Aught that hath weight sink to the bottom down,  
But like to cork or leaves or feathers light,  
Stones, iron, men, there fleet and never drown;  
Therein a castle stands, to which by sight  
But o'er a narrow bridge no way is known,  
Hither us brought, here welcomed us the witch,  
The house within was stately, pleasant, rich.

## LXIII

"The heavens were clear, and wholesome was the air,  
High trees, sweet meadows, waters pure and good;  
For there in thickest shade of myrtles fair  
A crystal spring poured out a silver flood;  
Amid the herbs, the grass and flowers rare,  
The falling leaves down pattered from the wood,  
The birds sung hymns of love; yet speak I naught  
Of gold and marble rich, and richly wrought.

## LXIV

"Under the curtain of the greenwood shade,  
Beside the brook upon the velvet grass,  
In massy vessel of pure silver made,  
A banquet rich and costly furnished was,  
All beasts, all birds beguiled by fowler's trade,  
All fish were there in floods or seas that pass,  
All dainties made by art, and at the table  
An hundred virgins served, for husbands able.

## LXV

"She with sweet words and false enticing smiles,  
Infused love among the dainties set,  
And with empoisoned cups our souls beguiles,  
And made each knight himself and God forget:  
She rose and turned again within short whiles,  
With changed looks where wrath and anger met,  
A charming rod, a book with her she brings,  
On which she mumbled strange and secret things.

## LXVI

"She read, and change I felt my will and thought,

I longed to change my life, and place of biding,  
 That virtue strange in me no pleasure wrought,  
 I leapt into the flood myself there hiding,  
 My legs and feet both into one were brought,  
 Mine arms and hands into my shoulders sliding,  
 My skin was full of scales, like shields of brass,  
 Now made a fish, where late a knight I was.

## LXVII

"The rest with me like shape, like garments wore,  
 And dived with me in that quicksilver stream,  
 Such mind, to my remembrance, then I bore,  
 As when on vain and foolish things men dream;  
 At last our shade it pleased her to restore,  
 Then full of wonder and of fear we seem,  
 And with an ireful look the angry maid  
 Thus threatened us, and made us thus afraid.

## LXVIII

"You see,' quoth she, 'my sacred might and skill,  
 How you are subject to my rule and power,  
 In endless thralldom damned if I will  
 I can torment and keep you in this tower,  
 Or make you birds, or trees on craggy hill,  
 To bide the bitter blasts of storm and shower;  
 Or harden you to rocks on mountains old,  
 Or melt your flesh and bones to rivers cold:

## LXIX

"Yet may you well avoid mine ire and wrath,  
 If to my will your yielding hearts you bend,  
 You must forsake your Christendom and faith,  
 And gainst Godfredo false my crown defend.'  
 We all refused, for speedy death each prayeth,  
 Save false Rambaldo, he became her friend,  
 We in a dungeon deep were helpless cast,  
 In misery and iron chained fast.

## LXX

"Then, for alone they say falls no mishap,  
 Within short while Prince Tancred thither came,  
 And was unwares surprised in the trap:  
 But there short while we stayed, the wily dame  
 In other folds our mischiefs would upwrap.  
 From Hidraort an hundred horsemen came,  
 Whose guide, a baron bold to Egypt's king,  
 Should us disarmed and bound in fetters bring.

## LXXI

"Now on our way, the way to death we ride,  
 But Providence Divine thus for us wrought,  
 Rinaldo, whose high virtue is his guide  
 To great exploits, exceeding human thought,  
 Met us, and all at once our guard defied,  
 And ere he left the fight to earth them brought.  
 And in their harness armed us in the place,  
 Which late were ours, before our late disgrace.

## LXXII

"I and all these the hardy champion knew,  
We saw his valor, and his voice we heard;  
Then is the rumor of his death untrue,  
His life is safe, good fortune long it guard,  
Three times the golden sun hath risen new,  
Since us he left and rode to Antioch-ward;  
But first his armors, broken, hacked and cleft,  
Unfit for service, there he doft and left."

## LXXIII

Thus spake the Briton prince, with humble cheer  
The hermit sage to heaven cast up his eyne,  
His color and his countenance changed were,  
With heavenly grace his looks and visage shine,  
Ravished with zeal his soul approached near  
The seat of angels pure, and saints divine,  
And there he learned of things and haps to come,  
To give foreknowledge true, and certain doom.

## LXXIV

At last he spoke, in more than human sound,  
And told what things his wisdom great foresaw,  
And at his thundering voice the folk around  
Attentive stood, with trembling and with awe:  
"Rinaldo lives," he said, "the tokens found  
From women's craft their false beginnings draw,  
He lives, and heaven will long preserve his days,  
To greater glory, and to greater praise.

## LXXV

"These are but trifles yet, though Asia's kings  
Shrink at his name, and tremble at his view,  
I well foresee he shall do greater things,  
And wicked emperors conquer and subdue;  
Under the shadow of his eagle's wings  
Shall holy Church preserve her sacred crew,  
From Caesar's bird he shall the sable train  
Pluck off, and break her talons sharp in twain.

## LXXVI

"His children's children at his hardiness  
And great attempts shall take example fair,  
From emperors unjust in all distress  
They shall defend the state of Peter's chair,  
To raise the humble up, pride to suppress,  
To help the innocents shall be their care.  
This bird of east shall fly with conquest great,  
As far as moon gives light or sun gives heat;

## LXXVII

"Her eyes behold the truth and purest light,  
And thunders down in Peter's aid she brings,  
And where for Christ and Christian faith men fight,  
There forth she spreadeth her victorious wings,  
This virtue nature gives her and this might;  
Then lure her home, for on her presence hings

The happy end of this great enterprise,  
So Heaven decrees, and so command the skies."

### LXXVIII

These words of his of Prince Rinaldo's death  
Out of their troubled hearts, the fear had rased;  
In all this joy yet Godfrey smiled uneath.  
In his wise thought such care and heed was placed.  
But now from deeps of regions underneath  
Night's veil arose, and sun's bright lustre chased,  
When all full sweetly in their cabins slept,  
Save he, whose thoughts his eyes still open kept.

## ELEVENTH BOOK

### THE ARGUMENT.

With grave procession, songs and psalms devout  
Heaven's sacred aid the Christian lords invoke;  
That done, they scale the wall which kept them out:  
The fort is almost won, the gates nigh broke:  
Godfrey is wounded by Clorinda stout,  
And lost is that day's conquest by the stroke;  
The angel cures him, he returns to fight,  
But lost his labor, for day lost his light.

### I

The Christian army's great and puissant guide,  
To assault the town that all his thoughts had bent,  
Did ladders, rams, and engines huge provide,  
When reverend Peter to him gravely went,  
And drawing him with sober grace aside,  
With words severe thus told his high intent;  
"Right well, my lord, these earthly strengths you move,  
But let us first begin from Heaven above:

### II

"With public prayer, zeal and faith devout,  
The aid, assistance, and the help obtain  
Of all the blessed of the heavenly rout,  
With whose support you conquest sure may gain;  
First let the priests before thine armies stout  
With sacred hymns their holy voices strain.  
And thou and all thy lords and peers with thee,  
Of godliness and faith examples be."

### III

Thus spake the hermit grave in words severe:  
Godfrey allowed his counsel, sage, and wise,  
"Of Christ the Lord," quoth he, "thou servant dear,  
I yield to follow thy divine advice,  
And while the princes I assemble here,  
The great procession, songs and sacrifice,  
With Bishop William, thou and Ademare,  
With sacred and with solemn pomp prepare."

### IV

Next morn the bishops twain, the heremite,  
And all the clerks and priests of less estate,

Did in the midst of the camp unite  
Within a place for prayer consecrate,  
Each priest adorned was in a surplice white,  
The bishops donned their albes and copes of state,  
Above their rochets buttoned fair before,  
And mitres on their heads like crowns they wore.

## V

Peter alone, before, spread to the wind  
The glorious sign of our salvation great,  
With easy pace the choir come all behind,  
And hymns and psalms in order true repeat,  
With sweet response in harmonious kind  
Their humble song the yielding air doth beat,  
"Lastly, together went the reverend pair  
Of prelates sage, William and Ademare,

## VI

The mighty duke came next, as princes do,  
Without companion, marching all alone,  
The lords and captains then came two and two,  
With easy pace thus ordered, passing through  
The trench and rampire, to the fields they gone,  
No thundering drum, no trumpet shrill they hear,  
Their godly music psalms and prayers were.

## VII

To thee, O Father, Son, and sacred Sprite,  
One true, eternal, everlasting King;  
To Christ's dear mother, Mary, vlrigin bright,  
Psalms of thanksgiving and of praise they sing;  
To them that angels down from heaven to fight  
Gainst the blasphemous beast and dragon bring;  
To him also that of our Saviour good,  
Washed the sacred font in Jordan's flood.

## VIII

Him likewise they invoke, called the Rock  
Whereon the Lord, they say, his Church did rear,  
Whose true successors close or else unlock  
The blessed gates of grace and mercy dear;  
And all the elected twelve the chosen flock,  
Of his triumphant death who witness bear;  
And them by torment, slaughter, fire and sword  
Who martyrs died to confirm his word;

## IX

And them also whose books and writings tell  
What certain path to heavenly bliss us leads;  
And hermits good, and ancesses that dwell  
Mewed up in walls, and mumble on their beads,  
And virgin nuns in close and private cell,  
Where, but shrift fathers, never mankind treads:  
On these they called, and on all the rout  
Of angels, martyrs, and of saints devout.

## X

Singing and saying thus, the camp devout

Spread forth her zealous squadrons broad and wide';  
Toward mount Olivet went all this route,  
So called of olive trees the hills which hide,  
A mountain known by fame the world throughout,  
Which riseth on the city's eastern side,  
From it divided by the valley green  
Of Josaphat, that fills the space between.

## XI

Hither the armies went, and chanted shrill,  
That all the deep and hollow dales resound;  
From hollow mounts and caves in every hill,  
A thousand echoes also sung around,  
It seemed some clever, that sung with art and skill,  
Dwelt in those savage dens and shady ground,  
For oft resounds from the banks they hear,  
The name of Christ and of his mother dear.

## XII

Upon the walls the Pagans old and young  
Stood hushed and still, amated and amazed,  
At their grave order and their humble song,  
At their strange pomp and customs new they gazed:  
But when the show they had beholden long,  
An hideous yell the wicked miscreants raised,  
That with vile blasphemies the mountain hoar,  
The woods, the waters, and the valleys roar.

## XIII

But yet with sacred notes the hosts proceed,  
Though blasphemies they hear and cursed things;  
So with Apollo's harp Pan tunes his reed,  
So adders hiss where Philomela sings;  
Nor flying darts nor stones the Christians dread,  
Nor arrows shot, nor quarries cast from slings;  
But with assured faith, as dreading naught,  
The holy work begun to end they brought.

## XIV

A table set they on the mountain's height  
To minister thereon the sacrament,  
In golden candlesticks a hallowed light  
At either end of virgin wax there brent;  
In costly vestments sacred William dight,  
With fear and trembling to the altar went,  
And prayer there and service loud begins,  
Both for his own and all the army's sins.

## XV

Humbly they heard his words that stood him nigh,  
The rest far off upon him bent their eyes,  
But when he ended had the service high,  
"You servants of the Lord depart," he cries:  
His hands he lifted then up to the sky,  
And blessed all those warlike companies;  
And they dismissed returned the way they came,  
Their order as before, their pomp the same.

## XVI

Within their camp arrived, this voyage ended,  
Toward his tent the duke himself withdrew,  
Upon their guide by heaps the bands attended,  
Till his pavilion's stately door they view,  
There to the Lord his welfare they commended,  
And with him left the worthies of the crew,  
Whom at a costly and rich feast he placed,  
And with the highest room old Raymond graced.

## XVII

Now when the hungry knights sufficed are  
With meat, with drink, with spices of the best,  
Quoth he, "When next you see the morning star,  
To assault the town be ready all and prest:  
To-morrow is a day of pains and war,  
This of repose, of quiet, peace, and rest;  
Go, take your ease this evening, and this night,  
And make you strong against to-morrow's fight."

## XVIII

They took their leave, and Godfrey's heralds rode  
To intimate his will on every side,  
And published it through all the lodgings broad,  
That gainst the morn each should himself provide;  
Meanwhile they might their hearts of cares unload,  
And rest their tired limbs that eveningtide;  
Thus fared they till night their eyes did close,  
Night friend to gentle rest and sweet repose.

## XIX

With little sign as yet of springing day  
Out peeped, not well appeared the rising morn,  
The plough yet tore not up the fertile lay,  
Nor to their feed the sheep from folds return,  
The birds sate silent on the greenwood spray  
Amid the groves unheard was hound and horn,  
When trumpets shrill, true signs of hardy fights,  
Called up to arms the soldiers, called the knights:

## XX

"Arm, arm at once!" an hundred squadrons cried,  
And with their cry to arm them all begin.  
Godfrey arose, that day he laid aside  
His hauberk strong he wents to combat in,  
And donned a breastplate fair, of proof untried,  
Such one as footmen use, light, easy, thin.  
Scantly the warlord thus clothed had his gromes,  
When aged Raymond to his presence comes.

## XXI

And furnished to us when he the man beheld,  
By his attire his secret thought he guessed,  
"Where is," quoth he, "your sure and trusty shield?  
Your helm, your hauberk strong? where all the rest?  
Why be you half disarmed? why to the field  
Approach you in these weak defences dressed?"

I see this day you mean a course to run,  
Wherein may peril much, small praise be won.

## XXII

"Alas, do you that idle prise expect,  
To set first foot this conquered wall above?  
Of less account some knight thereto object  
Whose loss so great and harmful cannot prove;  
My lord, your life with greater care protect,  
And love yourself because all us you love,  
Your happy life is spirit, soul, and breath  
Of all this camp, preserve it then from death."

## XXIII

To this he answered thus, "You know," he said,  
"In Clarimont by mighty Urban's hand  
When I was girded with this noble blade,  
For Christ's true faith to fight in every land,  
To God even then a secret vow I made,  
Not as a captain here this day to stand  
And give directions, but with shield and sword  
To fight, to win, or die for Christ my Lord.

## XXIV

"When all this camp in battle strong shall be  
Ordained and ordered, well disposed all,  
And all things done which to the high degree  
And sacred place I hold belongen shall;  
Then reason is it, nor dissuade thou me,  
That I likewise assault this sacred wall,  
Lest from my vow to God late made I swerve:  
He shall this life defend, keep and preserve."

## XXV

Thus he concludes, and every hardy knight  
His sample followed, and his brethren twain,  
The other princes put on harness light,  
As footmen use: but all the Pagan train  
Toward that side bent their defensive might  
Which lies exposed to view of Charles's wain  
And Zephyrus' sweet blasts, for on that part  
The town was weakest, both by side and art.

## XXVI

On all parts else the fort was strong by site,  
With mighty hills defenced from foreign rage,  
And to this part the tyrant gan unite  
His subjects born and bands that serve for wage,  
From this exploit he spared nor great nor lite,  
The aged men, and boys of tender age,  
To fire of angry war still brought new fuel,  
Stones, darts, lime, brimstone and bitumen cruel.

## XXVII

All full of arms and weapons was the wall,  
Under whose basis that fair plain doth run,  
There stood the Soldan like a giant tall,  
So stood at Rhodes the Coloss of the sun,

Waist high, Argantes showed himself withal,  
At whose stern looks the French to quake begun,  
Clorinda on the corner tower alone,  
In silver arms like rising Cynthia shone.

## XXVIII

Her rattling quiver at her shoulders hung,  
Therein a flash of arrows feathered weel.  
In her left hand her bow was bended strong,  
Therein a shaft headed with mortal steel,  
So fit to shoot she singled forth among  
Her foes who first her quarries' strength should feel,  
So fit to shoot Latona's daughter stood  
When Niobe she killed and all her brood.

## XXIX

The aged tyrant tottered on his feet  
From gate to gate, from wall to wall he flew,  
He comforts all his bands with speeches sweet,  
And every fort and bastion doth review,  
For every need prepared in every street  
New regiments he placed and weapons new.  
The matrons grave within their temples high  
To idols false for succors call and cry,

## XXX

"O Macon, break in twain the steeled lance  
On wicked Godfrey with thy righteous hands,  
Against thy name he doth his arm advance,  
His rebel blood pour out upon these sands;"  
These cries within his ears no enterance  
Could find, for naught he hears, naught understands.  
While thus the town for her defence ordains,  
His armies Godfrey ordereth on the plains;

## XXXI

His forces first on foot he forward brought,  
With goodly order, providence and art,  
And gainst these towers which to assail he thought,  
In battles twain his strength he doth depart,  
Between them crossbows stood, and engines wrought  
To cast a stone, a quarry, or a dart,  
From whence like thunder's dint or lightnings new  
Against the bulwark stones and lances flew.

## XXXII

His men at arms did back his bands on foot,  
The light horse ride far off and serve for wings,  
He gave the sign, so mighty was the rout  
Of those that shot with bows and cast with slings,  
Such storms of shafts and stones flew all about,  
That many a Pagan proud to death it brings,  
Some died, some at their loops durst scant outpeep,  
Some fled and left the place they took to keep.

## XXXIII

The hardy Frenchmen, full of heat and haste,  
Ran boldly forward to the ditches large,

And o'er their heads an iron pentice vast  
 They built, by joining many a shield and targe,  
 Some with their engines ceaseless shot and cast,  
 And volleys huge of arrows sharp discharge,  
 Upon the ditches some employed their pain  
 To fill the moat and even it with the plain.

## XXXIV

With slime or mud the ditches were not soft,  
 But dry and sandy, void of waters clear,  
 Though large and deep the Christians fill them oft,  
 With rubbish, fagots, stones, and trees they bear:  
 Adrastus first advanced his crest aloft,  
 And boldly gan a strong scalado rear,  
 And through the falling storm did upward climb  
 Of stones, darts, arrows, fire, pitch and lime:

## XXXV

The hardy Switzer now so far was gone  
 That half way up with mickle pain he got,  
 A thousand weapons he sustained alone,  
 And his audacious climbing ceased not;  
 At last upon him fell a mighty stone,  
 As from some engine great it had been shot,  
 It broke his helm, he tumbled from the height,  
 The strong Circassian cast that wondrous weight;

## XXXVI

Not mortal was the blow, yet with the fall  
 On earth sore bruised the man lay in a swoon.  
 Argantes gan with boasting words to call,  
 "Who cometh next? this first is tumbled down,  
 Come, hardy soldiers, come, assault this wall,  
 I will not shrink, nor fly, nor hide my crown,  
 If in your trench yourselves for dread you hold,  
 There shall you die like sheep killed in their fold."

## XXXVII

Thus boasted he; but in their trenches deep,  
 The hidden squadrons kept themselves from scath,  
 The curtain made of shields did well off keep  
 Both darts and shot, and scorned all their wrath.  
 But now the ram upon the rampiers steep,  
 On mighty beams his head advanced hath,  
 With dreadful horns of iron tough tree great,  
 The walls and bulwarks trembled at his threat.

## XXXVIII

An hundred able men meanwhile let fall  
 The weights behind, the engine tumbled down  
 And battered flat the battlements and wall:  
 So fell Taigetus hill on Sparta town,  
 It crushed the steeled shield in pieces small,  
 And beat the helmet to the wearers' crown,  
 And on the ruins of the walls and stones,  
 Dispersed left their blood their brains and bones.

## XXXIX

The fierce assailants kept no longer close

Under the shelter of their target fine,  
But their bold fronts to chance of war expose,  
And gainst those towers let their virtue shine,  
The scaling ladders up to skies arose,  
The ground-works deep some closely undermine,  
The walls before the Frenchmen shrink and shake,  
And gaping sign of headlong falling make:

## XL

And fallen they had, so far the strength extends  
Of that fierce ram and his redoubted stroke,  
But that the Pagan's care the place defends  
And saved by warlike skill the wall nigh broke:  
For to what part soe'er the engine bends,  
Their sacks of wool they place the blow to choke,  
Whose yielding breaks the strokes thereon which light,  
So weakness oft subdues the greatest might.

## XLI

While thus the worthies of the western crew  
Maintained their brave assault and skirmish hot,  
Her mighty bow Clorinda often drew,  
And many a sharp and deadly arrow shot;  
And from her bow no steeled shaft there flew  
But that some blood the cursed engine got,  
Blood of some valiant knight or man of fame,  
For that proud shootress scorned weaker game.

## XLII

The first she hit among the Christian peers  
Was the bold son of England's noble king,  
Above the trench himself he scanty rears,  
But she an arrow loosed from the string,  
The wicked steel his gauntlet breaks and tears,  
And through his right hand thrust the piercing sting;  
Disabled thus from fight, he gan retire,  
Groaning for pain, but fretting more for ire.

## XLIII

Lord Stephen of Amboise on the ditch's brim,  
And on a ladder high, Clotharius died,  
From back to breast an arrow pierced him,  
The other was shot through from side to side:  
Then as he managed brave his courser trim,  
On his left arm he hit the Flemings' guide,  
He stopped, and from the wound the reed out-twined,  
But left the iron in his flesh behind.

## XLIV

As Ademare stood to behold the fight  
High on the bank, withdrawn to breathe a space,  
A fatal shaft upon his forehead light,  
His hand he lifted up to feel the place,  
Whereon a second arrow chanced right,  
And nailed his hand unto his wounded face,  
He fell, and with his blood distained the land,  
His holy blood shed by a virgin's hand.

## XLV

While Palamede stood near the battlement,  
 Despising perils all, and all mishap,  
 And upward still his hardy footings bent,  
 On his right eye he caught a deadly clap,  
 Through his right eye Clorinda's seventh shaft went,  
 And in his neck broke forth a bloody gap;  
 He underneath that bulwark dying fell,  
 Which late to scale and win he trusted well.

## XLVI

Thus shot the maid: the duke with hard assay  
 And sharp assault, meanwhile the town oppressed,  
 Against that part which to his campward lay  
 An engine huge and wondrous he addressed,  
 A tower of wood built for the town's decay  
 As high as were the walls and bulwarks best,  
 A turret full of men and weapons pent,  
 And yet on wheels it rolled, moved, and went.

## XLVII

This rolling fort his nigh approaches made,  
 And darts and arrows spit against his foes,  
 As ships are wont in fight, so it assayed  
 With the strong wall to grapple and to close,  
 The Pagans on each side the piece invade,  
 And all their force against this mass oppose,  
 Sometimes the wheels, sometimes the battlement  
 With timber, logs and stones, they broke and rent,

## XLVIII

So thick flew stones and darts, that no man sees  
 The azure heavens, the sun his brightness lost,  
 The clouds of weapons, like to swarms of bees,  
 Move the air, and there each other crossed:  
 And look how falling leaves drop down from trees,  
 When the moist sap is nipped with timely frost,  
 Or apples in strong winds from branches fall;  
 The Saracens so tumbled from the wall.

## XLIX

For on their part the greatest slaughter light,  
 They had no shelter gainst so sharp a shower,  
 Some left on live betook themselves to flight,  
 So feared they this deadly thundering tower:  
 But Solyman stayed like a valiant knight,  
 And some with him, that trusted in his power,  
 Argantes with a long beech tree in hand,  
 Ran thither, this huge engine to withstand:

## L

With this he pushed the tower, and back it drives  
 The length of all his tree, a wondrous way,  
 The hardy virgin by his side arrives,  
 To help Argantes in this hard assay:  
 The band that used the ram, this season strives  
 To cut the cords, wherein the woolpacks lay,

Which done, the sacks down in the trenches fall,  
And to the battery naked left the wall.

## LI

The tower above, the ram beneath doth thunder,  
What lime and stone such puissance could abide?  
The wall began, new bruised and crushed asunder,  
Her wounded lap to open broad and wide,  
Godfrey himself and his brought safely under  
The shattered wall, where greatest breach he spied,  
Himself he saves behind his mighty targe,  
A shield not used but in some desperate charge.

## LII

From hence he sees where Solyman descends,  
Down to the threshold of the gaping breach,  
And there it seems the mighty prince intends  
Godfredo's hoped entrance to impeach:  
Argantes, and with him the maid, defends  
The walls above, to which the tower doth reach,  
His noble heart, when Godfrey this beheld,  
With courage new with wrath and valor swelled.

## LIII

He turned about and to good Sigiere spake,  
Who bare his greatest shield and mighty bow,  
"That sure and trusty target let me take,  
Impenetrable is that shield I know,  
Over these ruins will I passage make,  
And enter first, the way is eath and low,  
And time requires that by some noble feat  
I should make known my strength and puissance great."

## LIV

He scant had spoken, scant received the charge,  
When on his leg a sudden shaft him hit,  
And through that part a hole made wide and large,  
Where his strong sinews fastened were and knit.  
Clorinda, thou this arrow didst discharge,  
And let the Pagans bless thy hand for it,  
For by that shot thou savedst them that day  
From bondage vile, from death and sure decay.

## LV

The wounded duke, as though he felt no pain,  
Still forward went, and mounted up the breach  
His high attempt at first he nould refrain,  
And after called his lords with cheerful speech;  
But when his leg could not his weight sustain,  
He saw his will did far his power outreach,  
And more he strove his grief increased the more,  
The bold assault he left at length therefore:

## LVI

And with his hand he beckoned Guelpho near,  
And said, "I must withdraw me to my tent,  
My place and person in mine absence bear,  
Supply my want, let not the fight relent,

I go, and will ere long again be here;  
 I go and straight return:" this said, he went,  
 On a light steed he leaped, and o'er the green  
 He rode, but rode not, as he thought, unseen.

## LVII

When Godfrey parted, parted eke the heart,  
 The strength and fortune of the Christian bands,  
 Courage increased in their adverse part,  
 Wrath in their hearts, and vigor in their hands:  
 Valor, success, strength, hardiness and art,  
 Failed in the princes of the western lands,  
 Their swords were blunt, faint was their trumpet's blast,  
 Their sun was set, or else with clouds o'ercast.

## LVIII

Upon the bulwarks now appeared bold  
 That fearful band that late for dread was fled!  
 The women that Clorinda's strength behold,  
 Their country's love to war encouraged,  
 They weapons got, and fight like men they would,  
 Their gowns tucked up, their locks were loose and spread,  
 Sharp darts they cast, and without dread or fear,  
 Exposed their breasts to save their fortress dear.

## LIX

But that which most dismayed the Christian knights,  
 And added courage to the Pagans most,  
 Was Guelpho's sudden fall in all men's sights,  
 Who tumbled headlong down, his footing lost,  
 A mighty stone upon the worthy lights,  
 But whence it came none wist, nor from what coast;  
 And with like blow, which more their hearts dismayed,  
 Beside him low in dust old Raymond laid:

## LX

And Eustace eke within the ditches large,  
 To narrow shifts and last extremes they drive,  
 Upon their foes so fierce the Pagans charge,  
 And with good-fortune so their blows they give,  
 That whom they hit, in spite of helm or targe,  
 They deeply wound, or else of life deprive.  
 At this their good success Argantes proud,  
 Waxing more fell, thus roared and cried aloud:

## LXI

"This is not Antioch, nor the evening dark  
 Can help your privy sleights with friendly shade,  
 The sun yet shines, your falsehood can we mark,  
 In other wise this bold assault is made;  
 Of praise and glory quenched is the spark  
 That made you first these eastern lands invade,  
 Why cease you now? why take you not this fort?  
 What! are you weary for a charge so short?"

## LXII

Thus raged he, and in such hellish sort  
 Increased the fury in the brain-sick knight,

That he esteemed that large and ample fort  
Too strait a field, wherein to prove his might,  
There where the breach had framed a new-made port,  
Himself he placed, with nimble skips and light,  
He cleared the passage out, and thus he cried  
To Solyman, that fought close by his side:

## LXIII

"Come, Solyman, the time and place behold,  
That of our valors well may judge the doubt,  
What sayest thou? amongst these Christians bold,  
First leap he forth that holds himself most stout:"  
While thus his will the mighty champion told,  
Both Solyman and he at once leaped out,  
Fury the first provoked, disdain the last,  
Who scorned the challenge ere his lips it passed.

## LXIV

Upon their foes unlooked-for they flew,  
Each spited other for his virtue's sake,  
So many soldiers this fierce couple slew,  
So many shields they cleft and helms they break,  
So many ladders to the earth they threw,  
That well they seemed a mount thereof to make,  
Or else some vamure fit to save the town,  
Instead of that the Christians late beat down.

## LXV

The folk that strove with rage and haste before  
Who first the wall and rampire should ascend,  
Retire, and for that honor strive no more,  
Scantly they could their limbs and lives defend,  
They fled, their engines lost the Pagans tore  
In pieces small, their rams to naught they rend,  
And all unfit for further service make  
With so great force and rage their beams they brake.

## LXVI

The Pagans ran transported with their ire,  
Now here, now there, and woful slaughters wrought,  
At last they called for devouring fire,  
Two burning pines against the tower they brought,  
So from the palace of their hellish sire,  
When all this world they would consume to naught,  
The fury sisters come with fire in hands,  
Shaking their snaky locks and sparkling brands:

## LXVII

But noble Tancred, who this while applied  
Grave exhortations to his bold Latines,  
When of these knights the wondrous acts he spied,  
And saw the champions with their burning pines,  
He left his talk, and thither forthwith hied,  
To stop the rage of those fell Saracines.  
And with such force the fight he there renewed,  
That now they fled and lost who late pursued.

## LXVIII

Thus changed the state and fortune of the fray,

Meanwhile the wounded duke, in grief and teen,  
 Within his great pavilion rich and gay,  
 Good Sigiere and Baldwin stood between;  
 His other friends whom his mishap dismay,  
 With grief and tears about assembled been:  
 He strove in haste the weapon out to wind,  
 And broke the reed, but left the head behind.

## LXIX

He bade them take the speediest way they might,  
 Of that unlucky hurt to make him sound,  
 And to lay ope the depth thereof to sight,  
 He willed them open, search and lance the wound,  
 "Send me again," quoth he, "to end this fight,  
 Before the sun be sunken under ground;"  
 And leaning on a broken spear, he thrust  
 His leg straight out, to him that cure it must.

## LXX

Erotimus, born on the banks of Po,  
 Was he that undertook to cure the knight,  
 All what green herbs or waters pure could do,  
 He knew their power, their virtue, and their might,  
 A noble poet was the man also,  
 But in this science had a more delight,  
 He could restore to health death-wounded men,  
 And make their names immortal with his pen.

## LXXI

The mighty duke yet never changed cheer,  
 But grieved to see his friends lamenting stand;  
 The leech prepared his cloths and cleansing gear,  
 And with a belt his gown about him band,  
 Now with his herbs the steely head to tear  
 Out of the flesh he proved, now with his hand,  
 Now with his hand, now with his instrument  
 He shook and plucked it, yet not forth it went.

## LXXII

His labor vain, his art prevailed naught,  
 His luck was ill, although his skill were good,  
 To such extremes the wounded prince he brought,  
 That with fell pain he swooned as he stood:  
 But the angel pure, that kept him, went and sought  
 Divine dictamnum, out of Ida wood,  
 This herb is rough, and bears a purple flower,  
 And in his budding leaves lies all his power.

## LXXIII

Kind nature first upon the craggy clift  
 Bewrayed this herb unto the mountain goat,  
 That when her sides a cruel shaft hath rift,  
 With it she shakes the reed out of her coat;  
 This in a moment fetched the angel swift,  
 And brought from Ida hill, though far remote,  
 The juice whereof in a prepared bath  
 Unseen the blessed spirit poured hath.

## LXXIV

Pure nectar from that spring of Lydia than,  
And panaces divine therein he threw,  
The cunning leech to bathe the wound began,  
And of itself the steely head outflew;  
The bleeding stanch'd, no vermilion drop outran,  
The leg again waxed strong with vigor new:  
Erotimus cried out, "This hurt and wound  
No human art or hand so soon makes sound:

## LXXV

"Some angel good I think come down from skies  
Thy surgeon is, for here plain tokens are  
Of grace divine which to thy help applies,  
Thy weapon take and haste again to war."  
In precious cloths his leg the chieftain ties,  
Naught could the man from blood and fight debar;  
A sturdy lance in his right hand he braced,  
His shield he took, and on his helmet laced:

## LXXVI

And with a thousand knights and barons bold,  
Toward the town he hasted from his camp,  
In clouds of dust was Titan's face enrolled,  
Trembled the earth whereon the worthies stamp,  
His foes far off his dreadful looks behold,  
Which in their hearts of courage quenched the lamp,  
A chilling fear ran cold through every vein,  
Lord Godfrey shouted thrice and all his train:

## LXXVII

Their sovereign's voice his hardy people knew,  
And his loud cries that cheered each fearful heart;  
Thereat new strength they took and courage new,  
And to the fierce assault again they start.  
The Pagans twain this while themselves withdrew  
Within the breach to save that battered part,  
And with great loss a skirmish hot they hold  
Against Tancredi and his squadron bold.

## LXXVIII

Thither came Godfrey armed round about  
In trusty plate, with fierce and dreadful look;  
At first approach against Argantes stout  
Headed with poignant steel a lance he shook,  
No casting engine with such force throws out  
A knotty spear, and as the way it took,  
It whistled in the air, the fearless knight  
Opposed his shield against that weapon's might.

## LXXIX

The dreadful blow quite through his target drove,  
And bored through his breastplate strong and thick,  
The tender skin it in his bosom rove,  
The purple-blood out-streamed from the quick;  
To wrest it out the wounded Pagan strove  
And little leisure gave it there to stick;

At Godfrey's head the lance again he cast,  
And said, "Lo, there again thy dart thou hast."

LXXX

The spear flew back the way it lately came,  
And would revenge the harm itself had done,  
But missed the mark whereat the man did aim,  
He stepped aside the furious blow to shun:  
But Sigiere in his throat received the same,  
The murdering weapon at his neck out-run,  
Nor aught it grieved the man to lose his breath,  
Since in his prince's stead he suffered death.

LXXXI

Even then the Soldan struck with monstrous main  
The noble leader of the Norman band,  
He reeled awhile and staggered with the pain,  
And wheeling round fell grovelling on the sand:  
Godfrey no longer could the grief sustain  
Of these displeasures, but with flaming brand,  
Up to the breach in heat and haste he goes,  
And hand to hand there combats with his foes;

LXXXII

And there great wonders surely wrought he had,  
Mortal the fight, and fierce had been the fray,  
But that dark night, from her pavilion sad,  
Her cloudy wings did on the earth display,  
Her quiet shades she interposed glad  
To cause the knights their arms aside to lay;  
Godfrey withdrew, and to their tents they wend,  
And thus this bloody day was brought to end.

LXXXIII

The weak and wounded ere he left the field,  
The godly duke to safety thence conveyed,  
Nor to his foes his engines would he yield,  
In them his hope to win the fortress laid;  
Then to the tower he went, and it beheeld,  
The tower that late the Pagan lords dismayed  
But now stood bruised, broken, cracked and shivered,  
From some sharp storm as it were late delivered.

LXXXIV

From dangers great escaped, but late it was,  
And now to safety brought well-nigh it seems,  
But as a ship that under sail doth pass  
The roaring billows and the raging streams,  
And drawing nigh the wished port, alas,  
Breaks on some hidden rocks her ribs and beams;  
Or as a steed rough ways that well hath passed,  
Before his inn stumbleth and falls at last:

LXXXV

Such hap befell that tower, for on that side  
Gainst which the Pagans' force and battery bend,  
Two wheels were broke whereon the piece should ride,  
The maimed engine could no further wend,

The troop that guarded it that part provide  
To underprop with posts, and it defend  
Till carpenters and cunning workmen came  
Whose skill should help and rear again the same.

LXXXVI

Thus Godfrey bids, and that ere springing-day,  
The cracks and bruises all amend they should,  
Each open passage, and each privy way  
About the piece, he kept with soldiers bold:  
But the loud rumor, both of that they say,  
And that they do, is heard within the hold,  
A thousand lights about the tower they view,  
And what they wrought all night both saw and knew.

## TWELFTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

Clorinda hears her eunuch old report  
Her birth, her offspring, and her native land;  
Disguised she fireth Godfrey's rolling fort.  
The burned piece falls smoking on the sand:  
With Tancred long unknown in desperate sort  
She fights, and falls through pierced with his brand:  
Christened she dies; with sighs, with complaints and tears.  
He wails her death; Argant revengement swears.

I

Now in dark night was all the world embarred;  
But yet the tired armies took no rest,  
The careful French kept heedful watch and ward,  
While their high tower the workmen newly dressed,  
The Pagan crew to reinforce prepared  
The weakened bulwarks, late to earth down kest,  
Their rampiers broke and bruised walls to mend,  
Lastly their hurts the wounded knights attend.

II

Their wounds were dressed, part of the work was brought  
To wished end, part left to other days,  
A dull desire to rest deep midnight wrought,  
His heavy rod sleep on their eyelids lays:  
Yet rested not Clorinda's working thought,  
Which thirsted still for fame and warlike praise,  
Argantes eke accompanied the maid  
From place to place, which to herself thus said:

III

"This day Argantes strong, and Solyman,  
Strange things have done, and purchased great renown,  
Among our foes out of the walls they ran,  
Their rams they broke and rent their engines down:  
I used my bow, of naught else boast I can,  
My self stood safe meanwhile within this town,  
And happy was my shot, and prosperous too,  
But that was all a woman's hand could do.

## IV

"On birds and beasts in forests wild that feed  
It were more fit mine arrows to bestow,  
Than for a feeble maid in warlike deed  
With strong and hardy knights herself to show.  
Why take I not again my virgin's weed,  
And spend my days in secret cell unknow?"  
Thus thought, thus mused, thus devised the maid,  
And turning to the knight, at last thus said:

## V

"My thoughts are full, my lord, of strange desire  
Some high attempt of war to undertake,  
Whether high God my mind therewith inspire  
Or of his will his God mankind doth make,  
Among our foes behold the light and fire,  
I will among them wend, and burn or break  
The tower, God grant therein I have my will  
And that performed, betide me good or ill.

## VI

"But if it fortune such my chance should be,  
That to this town I never turn again,  
Mine eunuch, whom I dearly love, with thee  
I leave my faithful maids, and all my train,  
To Egypt then conducted safely see  
Those woful damsels and that aged swain,  
Help them, my lord, in that distressed case,  
Their feeble sex, his age, deserveth grace."

## VII

Argantes wondering stood, and felt the effect  
Of true renown pierce through his glorious mind,  
"And wilt thou go," quoth he, "and me neglect,  
Disgraced, despised, leave in this fort behind?  
Shall I while these strong walls my life protect  
Behold thy flames and fires tossed in the wind,  
No, no, thy fellow have I been in arms,  
And will be still, in praise, in death, in harms.

## VIII

"This heart of mine death's bitter stroke despiseth,  
For praise this life, for glory take this breath."  
"My soul and more," quoth she, "thy friendship prizeth,  
For this thy proffered aid required uneath,  
I but a woman am, no loss ariseth  
To this besieged city by my death,  
But if, as God forbid, this night thou fall,  
Ah! who shall then, who can, defend this wall!"

## IX

"Too late these 'scuses vain," the knight replied,  
"You bring; my will is firm, my mind is set,  
I follow you whereso you list me guide,  
Or go before if you my purpose let."  
This said, they hasted to the palace wide  
About their prince where all his lords were met,

Clorinda spoke for both, and said, "Sir king,  
Attend my words, hear, and allow the thing:

X

"Argantes here, this bold and hardy knight,  
Will undertake to burn the wondrous tower,  
And I with him, only we stay till night  
Bury in sleep our foes at dearest hour."  
The king with that cast up his hands on height,  
The tears for joy upon his cheeks down pour.  
"Praised," quoth he, "be Macon whom we serve,  
This land I see he keeps and will preserve:

XI

"Nor shall so soon this shaken kingdom fall,  
While such unconquered hearts my state defend:  
But for this act what praise or guerdon shall  
I give your virtues, which so far extend?  
Let fame your praises sound through nations all,  
And fill the world therewith to either end,  
Take half my wealth and kingdom for your meed?  
You are rewarded half even with the deed."

XII

Thus spake the prince, and gently 'gan distract,  
Now him, now her, between his friendly arms:  
The Soldan by, no longer could refrain  
That noble envy which his bosom warms,  
"Nor I," quoth he, "bear this broad sword in vain,  
Nor yet am unexpert in night alarms,  
Take me with you: ah." Quoth Clorinda, "no!  
Whom leave we here of prowess if you go?"

XIII

This spoken, ready with a proud refuse  
Argantes was his proffered aid to scorn,  
Whom Aladine prevents, and with excuse  
To Solyman thus gan his speeches torn:  
"Right noble prince, as aye hath been your use  
Your self so still you bear and long have borne,  
Bold in all acts, no danger can affright  
Your heart, nor tired is your strength with fight.

XIV

"If you went forth great things perform you would,  
In my conceit yet far unfit it seems  
That you, who most excel in courage bold,  
At once should leave this town in these extremes,  
Nor would I that these twain should leave this hold,  
My heart their noble lives far worthier deems,  
If this attempt of less importance were,  
Or weaker posts so great a weight could bear.

XV

"But for well-guarded is the mighty tower  
With hardy troops and squadrons round about,  
And cannot harmed be with little power,  
Nor fit the time to send whole armies out,

This pair who passed have many a dreadful stowre,  
 And proffer now to prove this venture stout,  
 Alone to this attempt let them go forth,  
 Alone than thousands of more price and worth.

## XVI

"Thou, as it best beseems a mighty king,  
 With ready bands besides the gate attend,  
 That when this couple have performed the thing,  
 And shall again their footsteps homeward bend,  
 From their strong foes upon them following  
 Thou may'st them keep, preserve, save and defend:"  
 Thus said the king, "The Soldan must consent,"  
 Silent remained the Turk, and discontent.

## XVII

Then Ismen said, "You twain that undertake  
 This hard attempt, awhile I pray you stay,  
 Till I a wildfire of fine temper make,  
 That this great engine burn to ashes may;  
 Haply the guard that now doth watch and wake,  
 Will then lie tumbled sleeping on the lay;"  
 Thus they conclude, and in their chambers sit,  
 To wait the time for this adventure fit.

## XVIII

Clorinda there her silver arms off rent,  
 Her helm, her shield, her hauberk shining bright,  
 An armor black as jet or coal she hent,  
 Wherein withouten plume herself she dight;  
 For thus disguised amid her foes she meant  
 To pass unseen, by help of friendly night,  
 To whom her eunuch, old Arsetes, came,  
 That from her cradle nursed and kept the dame.

## XIX

This aged sire had followed far and near,  
 Through lands and seas, the strong and hardy maid,  
 He saw her leave her arms and wonted gear,  
 Her danger nigh that sudden change foresaid:  
 By his white locks from black that changed were  
 In following her, the woful man her prayed,  
 By all his service and his taken pain,  
 To leave that fond attempt, but prayed in vain.

## XX

"At last," quoth he, "since hardened to thine ill,  
 Thy cruel heart is to thy loss prepared,  
 That my weak age, nor tears that down distil,  
 Not humble suit, nor plaint, thou list regard;  
 Attend awhile, strange things unfold I will,  
 Hear both thy birth and high estate declared;  
 Follow my counsel, or thy will that done,"  
 She sat to hear, the eunuch thus begun:

## XXI

"Senapus ruled, and yet perchance doth reign  
 In mighty Ethiop, and her deserts waste,

The lore of Christ both he and all his train  
Of people black, hath kept and long embraced,  
To him a Pagan was I sold for gain,  
And with his queen, as her chief eunuch, placed;  
Black was this queen as jet, yet on her eyes  
Sweet loveliness, in black attired, lies.

## XXII

"The fire of love and frost of jealousy,  
Her husband's troubled soul alike torment,  
The tide of fond suspicion flowed high,  
The foe to love and plague to sweet content,  
He mewed her up from sight of mortal eye,  
Nor day he would his beams on her had bent:  
She, wise and lowly, by her husband's pleasure,  
Her joy, her peace, her will, her wish did measure.

## XXIII

"Her prison was a chamber, painted round  
With goodly portraits and with stories old,  
As white as snow there stood a virgin bound,  
Besides a dragon fierce, a champion bold  
The monster did with poignant spear through wound,  
The gored beast lay dead upon the mould;  
The gentle queen before this image laid.  
She plained, she mourned, she wept, she sighed, she prayed:

## XXIV

"At last with child she proved, and forth she brought,  
And thou art she, a daughter fair and bright,  
In her thy color white new terror wrought,  
She wondered on thy face with strange affright,  
But yet she purposed in her fearful thought  
To hide thee from the king, thy father's sight,  
Lest thy bright hue should his suspect approve,  
For seld a crow begets a silver dove.

## XXV

"And to her spouse to show she was disposed  
A negro's babe late born, in room of thee,  
And for the tower wherein she lay enclosed,  
Was with her damsels only wond and me,  
To me, on whose true faith she most reposed,  
She gave thee, ere thou couldst christened be,  
Nor could I since find means thee to baptize,  
In Pagan lands thou knowest it's not the guise.

## XXVI

"To me she gave thee, and she wept withal,  
To foster thee in some far distant place.  
Who can her griefs and plaints to reckoning call,  
How oft she swooned at the last embrace:  
Her streaming tears amid her kisses fall,  
Her sighs, her dire complaints did interlace?  
And looking up at last, 'O God,' quoth she,  
'Who dost my heart and inward mourning see,

## XXVII

"If mind and body spotless to this day,

If I have kept my bed still undefiled,  
 Not for myself a sinful wretch I pray,  
 That in thy presence am an abject vilde,  
 Preserve this babe, whose mother must deny  
 To nourish it, preserve this harmless child,  
 Oh let it live, and chaste like me it make,  
 But for good fortune elsewhere sample take.

## XXVIII

"Thou heavenly soldier which delivered hast  
 That sacred virgin from the serpent old,  
 If on thine altars I have offerings placed,  
 And sacrificed myrrh, frankincense and gold,  
 On this poor child thy heavenly looks down cast,  
 With gracious eye this silly babe behold;  
 This said, her strength and living sprite was fled,  
 She sighed, she groaned, she swooned in her bed.

## XXIX

"Weeping I took thee, in a little chest,  
 Covered with herbs and leaves, I brought thee out  
 So secretly, that none of all the rest  
 Of such an act suspicion had or doubt,  
 To wilderness my steps I first addressed,  
 Where horrid shades enclosed me round about,  
 A tigress there I met, in whose fierce eyes  
 Fury and wrath, rage, death and terror lies:

## XXX

"Up to a tree I leaped, and on the grass,  
 Such was my sudden fear, I left thee lying,  
 To thee the beast with furious course did pass,  
 With curious looks upon thy visage prying,  
 All suddenly both meek and mild she was,  
 With friendly cheer thy tender body eying:  
 At last she licked thee, and with gesture mild  
 About thee played, and thou upon her smiled.

## XXXI

"Her fearful muzzle full of dreadful threat,  
 In thy weak hand thou took'st withouten dread;  
 The gentle beast with milk-outstretched teat,  
 As nurses' custom, proffered thee to feed.  
 As one that wondereth on some marvel great,  
 I stood this while amazed at the deed.  
 When thee she saw well filled and satisfied,  
 Unto the woods again the tigress hied.

## XXXII

"She gone, down from the tree I came in haste,  
 And took thee up, and on my journey wend,  
 Within a little thorp I stayed at last,  
 And to a nurse the charge of thee commend,  
 And sporting with thee there long time I passed,  
 Till term of sixteen months were brought to end,  
 And thou begun, as little children do,  
 With half clipped words to prattle, and to go.

## XXXIII

"But having passed the August of mine age,  
When more than half my tap of life was run,  
Rich by rewards given by your mother sage,  
For merits past, and service yet undone,  
I longed to leave this wandering pilgrimage,  
And in my native soil again to won,  
To get some seely home I had desire,  
Loth still to warm me at another's fire.

## XXXIV

"To Egypt-ward, where I was born, I went,  
And bore thee with me, by a rolling flood,  
Till I with savage thieves well-nigh was hent;  
Before the brook, the thieves behind me stood:  
Thee to forsake I never could consent,  
And gladly would I 'scape those outlaws wood,  
Into the flood I leaped far from the brim,  
My left hand bore thee, with the right I swim.

## XXXV

"Swift was the current, in the middle stream  
A whirlpool gaped with devouring jaws,  
The gulf, on such mishap ere I could dream,  
Into his deep abyss my carcass draws,  
There I forsook thee, the wild waters seem  
To pity thee, a gentle wind there blows  
Whose friendly puffs safe to the shore thee drive,  
Where wet and weary I at last arrive:

## XXXVI

"I took thee up, and in my dream that night,  
When buried was the world in sleep and shade,  
I saw a champion clad in armor bright  
That o'er my head shaked a flaming blade,  
He said, 'I charge thee execute aright,  
That charge this infant's mother on thee laid,  
Baptize the child, high Heaven esteems her dear,  
And I her keeper will attend her near:

## XXXVII

"I will her keep, defend, save and protect,  
I made the waters mild, the tigress tame,  
O wretch that heavenly warnings dost reject!  
The warrior vanished having said the same.  
I rose and journeyed on my way direct  
When blushing morn from Tithon's bed forth came,  
But for my faith is true and sure I ween,  
And dreams are false, you still unchristened been.

## XXXVIII

"A Pagan therefore thee I fostered have,  
Nor of thy birth the truth did ever tell,  
Since you increased are in courage brave,  
Your sex and nature's-self you both excel,  
Full many a realm have you made bond and slave,  
Your fortunes last yourself remember well,

And how in peace and war, in joy and teen,  
I have your servant, and your tutor been.

## XXXIX

"Last morn, from skies ere stars exiled were,  
In deep and deathlike sleep my senses drowned,  
The self-same vision did again appear,  
With stormy wrathful looks, and thundering sound,  
'Villain,' quoth he, 'within short while thy dear  
Must change her life, and leave this sinful ground,  
Thine be the loss, the torment, and the care,'  
This said, he fled through skies, through clouds and air.

## XL

"Hear then my joy, my hope, my darling, hear,  
High Heaven some dire misfortune threatened hath,  
Displeased pardie, because I did thee lere  
A lore repugnant to thy parents' faith;  
Ah, for my sake, this bold attempt forbear;  
Put off these sable arms, appease thy wrath."  
This said, he wept, she pensive stood and sad,  
Because like dream herself but lately had.

## XLI

With cheerful smile she answered him at last,  
"I will this faith observe, it seems me true,  
Which from my cradle age thou taught me hast;  
I will not change it for religion new,  
Nor with vain shows of fear and dread aghast  
This enterprise forbear I to pursue,  
No, not if death in his most dreadful face  
Wherewith he scareth mankind, kept the place."

## XLII

Approachen gan the time, while thus she spake,  
Wherein they ought that dreadful hazard try;  
She to Argantes went, who should partake  
Of her renown and praise, or with her die.  
Ismen with words more hasty still did make  
Their virtue great, which by itself did fly,  
Two balls he gave them made of hollow brass,  
Wherein enclosed fire, pitch, and brimstone was.

## XLIII

And forth they went, and over dale and hill  
They hasted forward with a speedy pace,  
Unseen, unmarked, undescried, until  
Beside the engine close themselves they place,  
New courage there their swelling hearts did fill,  
Rage in their breasts, fury shown in their face,  
They yearned to blow the fire, and draw the sword.  
The watch descried them both, and gave the word.

## XLIV

Silent they passed on, the watch begun  
To rear a huge alarm with hideous cries,  
Therewith the hardy couple forward run  
To execute their valiant enterprise:

So from a cannon or a roaring gun  
At once the noise, the flame, and bullet flies,  
They run, they give the charge, begin the fray,  
And all at once their foes break, spoil and slay.

## XLV

They passed first through thousand thousand blows,  
And then performed their designment bold,  
A fiery ball each on the engine throws,  
The stuff was dry, the fire took quickly hold,  
Furious upon the timber-work it grows,  
How it increased cannot well be told,  
How it crept up the piece, and how to skies  
The burning sparks and towering smoke upflies.

## XLVI

A mass of solid fire burning bright  
Rolled up in smouldering fumes, there bursteth out,  
And there the blustering winds add strength and might  
And gather close the sparsed flames about:  
The Frenchmen trembled at the dreadful light,  
To arms in haste and fear ran all the rout,  
Down fell the piece dreaded so much in war,  
Thus what long days do make one hour doth mar.

## XLVII

Two Christian bands this while came to the place  
With speedy haste, where they beheld the fire,  
Argantes to them cried with scornful grace,  
"Your blood shall quench these flames, and quench mine ire:"  
This said, the maid and he with sober pace  
Drew back, and to the banks themselves retire,  
Faster than brooks which falling showers increase  
Their foes augment, and faster on them press.

## XLVIII

The gilden port was opened, and forth stepped  
With all his soldiers bold, the Turkish king,  
Ready to aid the two his force he kept,  
When fortune should them home with conquest bring,  
Over the bars the hardy couple leapt  
And after them a band of Christians fling,  
Whom Solyman drove back with courage stout,  
And shut the gate, but shut Clorinda out.

## XLIX

Alone was she shut forth, for in that hour  
Wherein they closed the port, the virgin went,  
And full of heat and wrath, her strength and power  
Gainst Arimon, that struck her erst, she bent,  
She slew the knight, nor Argant in that stowre  
Wist of her parting, or her fierce intent,  
The fight, the press, the night, and darksome skies  
Care from his heart had ta'en, sight from his eyes.

## L

But when appeased was her angry mood,  
Her fury calmed, and settled was her head,

She saw the gates were shut, and how she stood  
 Amid her foes, she held herself for dead;  
 While none her marked at last she thought it good,  
 To save her life, some other path to tread,  
 She feigned her one of them, and close her drew  
 Amid the press that none her saw or knew:

## LI

Then as a wolf guilty of some misdeed  
 Flies to some grove to hide himself from view,  
 So favored with the night, with secret speed  
 Dissevered from the press the damsel flew:  
 Tancred alone of her escape took heed,  
 He on that quarter was arrived new,  
 When Arimon she killed he thither came,  
 He saw it, marked it, and pursued the dame.

## LII

He deemed she was some man of mickle might,  
 And on her person would he worship win,  
 Over the hills the nymph her journey dight  
 Toward another port, there to get in:  
 With hideous noise fast after spurred the knight,  
 She heard and stayed, and thus her words begin,  
 "What haste hast thou? ride softly, take thy breath,  
 What bringest thou?" He answered, "War and death."

## LIII

"And war and death," quoth she, "here mayest thou get  
 If thou for battle come," with that she stayed:  
 Tancred to ground his foot in haste down set,  
 And left his steed, on foot he saw the maid,  
 Their courage hot, their ire and wrath they whet,  
 And either champion drew a trenchant blade,  
 Together ran they, and together stroke,  
 Like two fierce bulls whom rage and love provoke.

## LIV

Worthy of royal lists and brightest day,  
 Worthy a golden trump and laurel crown,  
 The actions were and wonders of that fray  
 Which sable knight did in dark bosom drown:  
 Yet night, consent that I their acts display  
 And make their deeds to future ages known,  
 And in records of long enduring story  
 Enrol their praise, their fame, their worth and glory.

## LV

They neither shrunk, nor vantage sought of ground,  
 They traverse not, nor skipped from part to part,  
 Their blows were neither false nor feigned found,  
 The night, their rage would let them use no art,  
 Their swords together clash with dreadful sound,  
 Their feet stand fast, and neither stir nor start,  
 They move their hands, steadfast their feet remain,  
 Nor blow nor loin they struck, or thrust in vain.

## LVI

Shame bred desire a sharp revenge to take,

And vengeance taken gave new cause of shame:  
So that with haste and little heed they strake,  
Fuel enough they had to feed the flame;  
At last so close their battle fierce they make,  
They could not wield their swords, so nigh they came,  
They used the hilts, and each on other rushed,  
And helm to helm, and shield to shield they crushed.

## LVII

Thrice his strong arms he folds about her waist,  
And thrice was forced to let the virgin go,  
For she disdained to be so embraced,  
No lover would have strained his mistress so:  
They took their swords again, and each enchased  
Deep wounds in the soft flesh of his strong foe,  
Till weak and weary, faint, alive uneath,  
They both retired at once, at once took breath.

## LVIII

Each other long beheld, and leaning stood  
Upon their swords, whose points in earth were pight,  
When day-break, rising from the eastern flood,  
Put forth the thousand eyes of blindfold night;  
Tancred beheld his foe's out-streaming blood,  
And gaping wounds, and waxed proud with the sight,  
Oh vanity of man's unstable mind,  
Puffed up with every blast of friendly wind!

## LIX

Why joy'st thou, wretch? Oh, what shall be thy gain?  
What trophy for this conquest is't thou rears?  
Thine eyes shall shed, in case thou be not slain,  
For every drop of blood a sea of tears:  
The bleeding warriors leaning thus remain,  
Each one to speak one word long time forbears,  
Tancred the silence broke at last, and said,  
For he would know with whom this fight he made:

## LX

"Evil is our chance and hard our fortune is  
Who here in silence, and in shade debate,  
Where light of sun and witness all we miss  
That should our prowess and our praise dilate:  
If words in arms find place, yet grant me this,  
Tell me thy name, thy country, and estate;  
That I may know, this dangerous combat done,  
Whom I have conquered, or who hath me won."

## LXI

"What I nill tell, you ask," quoth she, "in vain,  
Nor moved by prayer, nor constrained by power,  
But thus much know, I am one of those twain  
Which late with kindled fire destroyed the tower."  
Tancred at her proud words swelled with disdain,  
"That hast thou said," quoth he, "in evil hour;  
Thy vaunting speeches, and thy silence both,  
Uncivil wretch, hath made my heart more wroth."

## LXII

Ire in their chafed breasts renewed the fray,  
Fierce was the fight, though feeble were their might,  
Their strength was gone, their cunning was away,  
And fury in their stead maintained the fight,  
Their swords both points and edges sharp embay  
In purple blood, whereso they hit or light,  
And if weak life yet in their bosoms lie,  
They lived because they both disdained to die.

## LXIII

As Aegean seas when storms be calmed again  
That rolled their tumbling waves with troublous blasts,  
Do yet of tempests past some shows retain,  
And here and there their swelling billows casts;  
So, though their strength were gone and might were vain,  
Of their first fierceness still the fury lasts,  
Wherewith sustained, they to their tackling stood,  
And heaped wound on wound, and blood on blood.

## LXIV

But now, alas, the fatal hour arrives  
That her sweet life must leave that tender hold,  
His sword into her bosom deep he drives,  
And bathed in lukewarm blood his iron cold,  
Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives  
Her curious square, embossed with swelling gold,  
Her knees grow weak, the pains of death she feels,  
And like a falling cedar bends and reels.

## LXV

The prince his hand upon her shield doth stretch,  
And low on earth the wounded damsel layeth,  
And while she fell, with weak and woful speech,  
Her prayers last and last complaints she sayeth,  
A spirit new did her those prayers teach,  
Spirit of hope, of charity, and faith;  
And though her life to Christ rebellious were,  
Yet died she His child and handmaid dear.

## LXVI

"Friend, thou hast won, I pardon thee, nor save  
This body, that all torments can endure,  
But save my soul, baptism I dying crave,  
Come wash away my sins with waters pure:"  
His heart relenting nigh in sunder rave,  
With woful speech of that sweet creature,  
So that his rage, his wrath, and anger died,  
And on his cheeks salt tears for ruth down slide.

## LXVII

With murmur loud down from the mountain's side  
A little runnel tumbled near the place,  
Thither he ran and filled his helmet wide,  
And quick returned to do that work of grace,  
With trembling hands her beaver he untied,  
Which done he saw, and seeing, knew her face,

And lost therewith his speech and moving quite,  
Oh woful knowledge, ah unhappy sight!

## LXVIII

He died not, but all his strength unites,  
And to his virtues gave his heart in guard,  
Bridling his grief, with water he requites  
The life that he bereft with iron hard,  
And while the sacred words the knight recites,  
The nymph to heaven with joy herself prepared;  
And as her life decays her joys increase,  
She smiled and said, "Farewell, I die in peace."

## LXIX

As violets blue mongst lilies pure men throw,  
So paleness midst her native white begun;  
Her looks to heaven she cast, their eyes I throw  
Downward for pity bent both heaven and sun,  
Her naked hand she gave the knight, in show  
Of love and peace, her speech, alas, was done,  
And thus the virgin fell on endless sleep,—  
Love, Beauty, Virtue, for your darling weep!

## LXX

But when he saw her gentle soul was went,  
His manly courage to relent began,  
Grief, sorrow, anguish, sadness, discontent,  
Free empire got and lordship on the man,  
His life within his heart they close up pent,  
Death through his senses and his visage ran:  
Like his dead lady, dead seemed Tancred good,  
In paleness, stillness, wounds and streams of blood.

## LXXI

And his weak sprite, to be unbodied  
From fleshly prison free that ceaseless strived,  
Had followed her fair soul but lately fled  
Had not a Christian squadron there arrived,  
To seek fresh water thither haply led,  
And found the princess dead, and him deprived  
Of signs of life; yet did the knight remain  
On live, nigh dead, for her himself had slain.

## LXXII

Their guide far off the prince knew by his shield,  
And thither hasted full of grief and fear,  
Her dead, him seeming so, he there beheld,  
And for that strange mishap shed many a tear;  
He would not leave the corpses fair in field  
For food to wolves, though she a Pagan were,  
But in their arms the soldiers both uphent,  
And both lamenting brought to Tancred's tent.

## LXXIII

With those dear burdens to their camp they pass,  
Yet would not that dead seeming knight awake,  
At last he deeply groaned, which token was  
His feeble soul had not her flight yet take:

The other lay a still and heavy mass,  
 Her spirit had that earthen cage forsake;  
 Thus were they brought, and thus they placed were  
 In sundry rooms, yet both adjoining near.

## LXXIV

All skill and art his careful servants used  
 To life again their dying lord to bring,  
 At last his eyes unclosed, with tears suffused,  
 He felt their hands and heard their whispering,  
 But how he thither came long time he mused,  
 His mind astonished was with everything;  
 He gazed about, his squires in fine he knew,  
 Then weak and woful thus his complaints out threw:

## LXXV

"What, live I yet? and do I breathe and see  
 Of this accursed day the hateful light?  
 This spiteful ray which still upbraideth me  
 With that accursed deed I did this night,  
 Ah, coward hand, afraid why should'st thou be;  
 Thou instrument of death, shame and despite,  
 Why should'st thou fear, with sharp and trenchant knife,  
 To cut the thread of this blood-guilty life?

## LXXVI

"Pierce through this bosom, and my cruel heart  
 In pieces cleave, break every string and vein;  
 But thou to slaughters vile which used art,  
 Think'st it were pity so to ease my pain:  
 Of luckless love therefore in torments' smart  
 A sad example must I still remain,  
 A woful monster of unhappy love,  
 Who still must live, lest death his comfort prove:

## LXXVII

"Still must I live in anguish, grief, and care;  
 Furies my guilty conscience that torment,  
 The ugly shades, dark night, and troubled air  
 In grisly forms her slaughter still present,  
 Madness and death about my bed repair,  
 Hell gapeth wide to swallow up this tent;  
 Swift from myself I run, myself I fear,  
 Yet still my hell within myself I bear.

## LXXVIII

"But where, alas, where be those relics sweet,  
 Wherein dwelt late all love, all joy, all good?  
 My fury left them cast in open street,  
 Some beast hath torn her flesh and licked her blood,  
 Ah noble prey! for savage beast unmeet,  
 Ah sweet! too sweet, and far too precious food,  
 Ah, seely nymph! whom night and darksome shade  
 To beasts, and me, far worse than beasts, betrayed.

## LXXIX

"But where you be, if still you be, I wend  
 To gather up those relics dear at least,

But if some beast hath from the hills descend,  
And on her tender bowels made his feast,  
Let that fell monster me in pieces rend,  
And deep entomb me in his hollow chest:  
For where she buried is, there shall I have  
A stately tomb, a rich and costly grave."

LXXX

Thus mourned the knight, his squires him told at last,  
They had her there for whom those tears he shed;  
A beam of comfort his dim eyes outcast,  
Like lightning through thick clouds of darkness spread,  
The heavy burden of his limbs in haste,  
With mickle pain, he drew forth of his bed,  
And scant of strength to stand, to move or go,  
Thither he staggered, reeling to and fro.

LXXXI

When he came there, and in her breast espied  
His handiwork, that deep and cruel wound,  
And her sweet face with leaden paleness dyed,  
Where beauty late spread forth her beams around,  
He trembled so, that nere his squires beside  
To hold him up, he had sunk down to ground,  
And said, "O face in death still sweet and fair!  
Thou canst not sweeten yet my grief and care:

LXXXII

"O fair right hand, the pledge of faith and love?  
Given me but late, too late, in sign of peace,  
How haps it now thou canst not stir nor move?  
And you, dear limbs, now laid in rest and ease,  
Through which my cruel blade this flood-gate rove,  
Your pains have end, my torments never cease,  
O hands, O cruel eyes, accursed alike!  
You gave the wound, you gave them light to strike.

LXXXIII

"But thither now run forth my guilty blood,  
Whither my complaints, my sorrows cannot wend."  
He said no more, but, as his passion wood  
Inforced him, he gan to tear and rend  
His hair, his face, his wounds, a purple flood  
Did from each side in rolling streams descend,  
He had been slain, but that his pain and woe  
Bereft his senses, and preserved him so.

LXXXIV

Cast on his bed his squires recalled his sprite  
To execute again her hateful charge,  
But tattling fame the sorrows of the knight  
And hard mischance had told this while at large:  
Godfrey and all his lords of worth and might,  
Ran thither, and the duty would discharge  
Of friendship true, and with sweet words the rage  
Of bitter grief and woe they would assuage.

LXXXV

But as a mortal wound the more doth smart

The more it searched is, handled or sought;  
 So their sweet words to his afflicted heart  
 More grief, more anguish, pain and torment brought  
 But reverend Peter that would set apart  
 Care of his sheep, as a good shepherd ought,  
 His vanity with grave advice reprov'd  
 And told what mourning Christian knights behov'd:

## LXXXVI

"O Tancred, Tancred, how far different  
 From thy beginnings good these follies be?  
 What makes thee deaf? what hath thy eyesight blent?  
 What mist, what cloud thus overshadoweth thee?  
 This is a warning good from heaven down sent,  
 Yet His advice thou canst not hear nor see  
 Who calleth and conducts thee to the way  
 From which thou willing dost and witting stray:

## LXXXVII

"To worthy actions and achievements fit  
 For Christian knights He would thee home recall;  
 But thou hast left that course and changed it,  
 To make thyself a heathen damsel's thrall;  
 But see, thy grief and sorrow's painful fit  
 Is made the rod to scourge thy sins withal,  
 Of thine own good thyself the means He makes,  
 But thou His mercy, goodness, grace forsakes.

## LXXXVIII

"Thou dost refuse of heaven the proffered  
 And gainst it still rebel with sinful ire,  
 Oh wretch! Oh whither doth thy rage thee chase?  
 Refrain thy grief, bridle thy fond desire,  
 At hell's wide gate vain sorrow doth thee place,  
 Sorrow, misfortune's son, despair's foul fire:  
 Oh see thine evil, thy plaint and woe refrain,  
 The guides to death, to hell, and endless pain."

## LXXXIX

This said, his will to die the patient  
 Abandoned, that second death he feared,  
 These words of comfort to his heart down went,  
 And that dark night of sorrow somewhat cleared;  
 Yet now and then his grief deep sighs forth sent,  
 His voice shrill plaints and sad laments oft reared,  
 Now to himself, now to his murdered love,  
 He spoke, who heard perchance from heaven above.

## XC

Till Phoebus' rising from his evening fall  
 To her, for her, he mourns, he calls, he cries;  
 The nightingale so when her children small  
 Some churl takes before their parents' eyes,  
 Alone, dismayed, quite bare of comforts all,  
 Tires with complaints the seas, the shores, the skies,  
 Till in sweet sleep against the morning bright  
 She fall at last; so mourned, so slept the knight.

## XCI

And clad in starry veil, amid his dream,  
For whose sweet sake he mourned, appeared the maid,  
Fairer than erst, yet with that heavenly beam.  
Not out of knowledge was her lovely shade,  
With looks of ruth her eyes celestial seem  
To pity his sad plight, and thus she said,  
"Behold how fair, how glad thy love appears,  
And for my sake, my dear, forbear these tears.

## XCII

"Thine be the thanks, my soul thou madest flit  
At unawares out of her earthly nest,  
Thine be the thanks, thou hast advanced it  
In Abraham's dear bosom long to rest,  
There still I love thee, there for Tancred fit  
A seat prepared is among the blest;  
There in eternal joy, eternal light,  
Thou shalt thy love enjoy, and she her knight;

## XCIII

"Unless thyself, thyself heaven's joys envy,  
And thy vain sorrow thee of bliss deprive,  
Live, know I love thee, that I nill deny,  
As angels, men: as saints may wights on live:"  
This said, of zeal and love forth of her eye  
An hundred glorious beams bright shining drive,  
Amid which rays herself she closed from sigh,  
And with new joy, new comfort left her knight.

## XCIV

Thus comforted he waked, and men discreet  
In surgery to cure his wounds were sought,  
Meanwhile of his dear love the relics sweet,  
As best he could, to grave with pomp he brought:  
Her tomb was not of varied Spartan greet,  
Nor yet by cunning hand of Scopas wrought,  
But built of polished stone, and thereon laid  
The lively shape and portrait of the maid.

## XCV

With sacred burning lamps in order long  
And mournful pomp the corpse was brought to ground  
Her arms upon a leafless pine were hung,  
The hearse, with cypress; arms, with laurel crowned:  
Next day the prince, whose love and courage strong  
Drew forth his limbs, weak, feeble, and unsound,  
To visit went, with care and reverence meet,  
The buried ashes of his mistress sweet:

## XCVI

Before her new-made tomb at last arrived,  
The woful prison of his living sprite,  
Pale, cold, sad, comfortless, of sense deprived,  
Upon the marble gray he fixed his sight,  
Two streams of tears were from his eyes derived:  
Thus with a sad "Alas!" began the knight,

"O marble dear on my dear mistress placed!  
My flames within, without my tears thou hast.

## XCVII

"Not of dead bones art thou the mournful grave,  
But of quick love the fortress and the hold,  
Still in my heart thy wonted brands I have  
More bitter far, alas! but not more cold;  
Receive these sighs, these kisses sweet receive,  
In liquid drops of melting tears enrolled,  
And give them to that body pure and chaste,  
Which in thy bosom cold entombed thou hast.

## XCVIII

"For if her happy soul her eye doth bend  
On that sweet body which it lately dressed,  
My love, thy pity cannot her offend,  
Anger and wrath is not in angels blessed,  
She pardon will the trespass of her friend,  
That hope relieves me with these griefs oppressed,  
This hand she knows hath only sinned, not I,  
Who living loved her, and for love now die:

## XCIX

"And loving will I die, oh happy day  
Whene'er it chanceth! but oh far more blessed  
If as about thy polished sides I stray,  
My bones within thy hollow grave might rest,  
Together should in heaven our spirits stay,  
Together should our bodies lie in chest;  
So happy death should join what life doth sever,  
O Death, O Life! sweet both, both blessed ever."

## C

Meanwhile the news in that besieged town  
Of this mishap was whispered here and there,  
Forthwith it spread, and for too true was known,  
Her woful loss was talked everywhere,  
Mingled with cries and plaints to heaven upthrown,  
As if the city's self new taken were  
With conquering foes, or as if flame and fire,  
Nor house, nor church, nor street had left entire.

## CI

But all men's eyes were on Arsetes bent,  
His sighs were deep, his looks full of despair,  
Out of his woful eyes no tear there went,  
His heart was hardened with his too much care,  
His silver locks with dust he foul besprent,  
He knocked his breast, his face he rent and tare,  
And while the press flocked to the eunuch old,  
Thus to the people spake Argantes bold:

## CII

"I would, when first I knew the hardy maid  
Excluded was among her Christian foes,  
Have followed her to give her timely aid,  
Or by her side this breath and life to lose,

What did I not, or what left I unsaid  
 To make the king the gates again unclosed?  
 But he denied, his power did aye restrain  
 My will, my suit was waste, my speech was vain:

## CIII

"Ah, had I gone, I would from danger free  
 Have brought to Sion that sweet nymph again,  
 Or in the bloody fight, where killed was she,  
 In her defence there nobly have been slain:  
 But what could I do more? the counsels be  
 Of God and man against my designments plain,  
 Dead is Clorinda fair, laid in cold grave,  
 Let me revenge her whom I could not save.

## CIV

"Jerusalem, hear what Argantes saith,  
 Hear Heaven, and if he break his oath and word,  
 Upon this head cast thunder in thy wrath:  
 I will destroy and kill that Christian lord  
 Who this fair dame by night thus murdered hath,  
 Nor from my side I will ungird this sword  
 Till Tancred's heart it cleave, and shed his blood,  
 And leave his corpse to wolves and crows for food."

## CV

This said, the people with a joyful shout  
 Applaud his speeches and his words approve,  
 And calmed their grief in hope the boaster stout  
 Would kill the prince, who late had slain his love.  
 O promise vain! it otherwise fell out:  
 Men purpose, but high gods dispose above,  
 For underneath his sword this boaster died  
 Whom thus he scorned and threatened in his pride.

## THIRTEENTH BOOK

## THE ARGUMENT.

Ismeno sets to guard the forest old  
 The wicked sprites, whose ugly shapes affray  
 And put to flight the men, whose labor would  
 To their dark shades let in heaven's golden ray:  
 Thither goes Tancred hardy, faithful, bold,  
 But foolish pity lets him not assay  
 His strength and courage: heat the Christian power  
 Annoys, whom to refresh God sends a shower.

## I

But scant, dissolved into ashes cold,  
 The smoking tower fell on the scorched grass,  
 When new device found out the enchanter old  
 By which the town besieged secured was,  
 Of timber fit his foes deprive he would,  
 Such terror bred that late consumed mass:  
 So that the strength of Sion's walls to shake,  
 They should no turrets, rams, nor engines make.

## II

From Godfrey's camp a grove a little way  
Amid the valleys deep grows out of sight,  
Thick with old trees whose horrid arms display  
An ugly shade, like everlasting night;  
There when the sun spreads forth his clearest ray,  
Dim, thick, uncertain, gloomy seems the light;  
As when in evening, day and darkness strive  
Which should his foe from our horizon drive.

## III

But when the sun his chair in seas doth steep,  
Night, horror, darkness thick the place invade,  
Which veil the mortal eyes with blindness deep  
And with sad terror make weak hearts afraid,  
Thither no groom drives forth his tender sheep  
To browse, or ease their faint in cooling shade,  
Nor traveller nor pilgrim there to enter,  
So awful seems that forest old, dare venture.

## IV

United there the ghosts and goblins meet  
To frolic with their mates in silent night,  
With dragons' wings some cleave the welkin fleet,  
Some nimbly run o'er hills and valleys light,  
A wicked troop, that with allurements sweet  
Draws sinful man from that is good and right,  
And there with hellish pomp their banquets brought  
They solemnize, thus the vain Parians thought.

## V

No twist, no twig, no bough nor branch, therefore,  
The Saracens cut from that sacred spring;  
But yet the Christians spared ne'er the more  
The trees to earth with cutting steel to bring:  
Thither went Ismen old with tresses hoar,  
When night on all this earth spread forth her wing,  
And there in silence deaf and mirksome shade  
His characters and circles vain he made:

## VI

He in the circle set one foot unshod,  
And whispered dreadful charms in ghastly wise,  
Three times, for witchcraft loveth numbers odd,  
Toward the east he gaped, westward thrice,  
He struck the earth thrice with his charmed rod  
Wherewith dead bones he makes from grave to rise,  
And thrice the ground with naked foot he smote,  
And thus he cried loud, with thundering note:

## VII

"Hear, hear, you spirits all that whilom fell,  
Cast down from heaven with dint of roaring thunder;  
Hear, you amid the empty air that dwell  
And storms and showers pour on these kingdoms under;  
Hear, all you devils that lie in deepest hell  
And rend with torments damned ghosts asunder,

And of those lands of death, of pain and fear,  
Thou monarch great, great Dis, great Pluto, hear!

## VIII

"Keep you this forest well, keep every tree,  
Numbered I give you them and truly told;  
As souls of men in bodies clothed be  
So every plant a sprite shall hide and hold,  
With trembling fear make all the Christians flee,  
When they presume to cut these cedars old:"  
This said, his charms he gan again repeat,  
Which none can say but they that use like feat.

## IX

At those strange speeches, still night's splendent fires  
Quenched their lights, and shrunk away for doubt,  
The feeble moon her silver beams retires,  
And wrapt her horns with folding clouds about,  
Ismen his sprites to come with speed requires,  
"Why come you not, you ever damned rout?  
Why tarry you so long? pardie you stay  
Till stronger charms and greater words I say.

## X

"I have not yet forgot for want of use,  
What dreadful terms belong this sacred feat,  
My tongue, if still your stubborn hearts refuse,  
That so much dreaded name can well repeat,  
Which heard, great Dis cannot himself excuse,  
But hither run from his eternal seat,  
O great and fearful!"—More he would have said,  
But that he saw the sturdy sprites obeyed.

## XI

Legions of devils by thousands thither come,  
Such as in sparsed air their bidding make,  
And thousands also which by Heavenly doom  
Condemned lie in deep Avernus lake,  
But slow they came, displeased all and some  
Because those woods they should in keeping take,  
Yet they obeyed and took the charge in hand,  
And under every branch and leaf they stand.

## XII

When thus his cursed work performed was,  
The wizard to his king declared the feat,  
"My lord, let fear, let doubt and sorrow pass,  
Henceforth in safety stands your regal seat,  
Your foe, as he supposed, no mean now has  
To build again his rams and engines great:"  
And then he told at large from part to part,  
All what he late performed by wondrous art.

## XIII

"Besides this help, another hap," quoth he,  
"Will shortly chance that brings not profit small.  
Within few days Mars and the Sun I see  
Their fiery beams unite in Leo shall;

And then extreme the scorching heat will be,  
Which neither rain can quench nor dews that fall,  
So placed are the planets high and low,  
That heat, fire, burning all the heavens foreshow:

## XIV

"So great with us will be the warmth therefore,  
As with the Garamants or those of Inde;  
Yet nill it grieve us in this town so sore,  
We have sweet shade and waters cold by kind:  
Our foes abroad will be tormented more,  
What shield can they or what refreshing find?  
Heaven will them vanquish first, then Egypt's crew  
Destroy them quite, weak, weary, faint and few:

## XV

"Thou shalt sit still and conquer; prove no more  
The doubtful hazard of uncertain fight.  
But if Argantes bold, that hates so sore  
All cause of quiet peace, though just and right,  
Provoke thee forth to battle, as before,  
Find means to calm the rage of that fierce knight,  
For shortly Heaven will send thee ease and peace,  
And war and trouble mongst thy foes increase."

## XVI

The king assured by these speeches fair,  
Held Godfrey's power, his might and strength in scorn,  
And now the walls he gan in part repair,  
Which late the ram had bruised with iron horn,  
With wise foresight and well advised care  
He fortified each breach and bulwark torn,  
And all his folk, men, women, children small,  
With endless toil again repaired the wall.

## XVII

But Godfrey nould this while bring forth his power  
To give assault against that fort in vain,  
Till he had builded new his dreadful tower,  
And reared high his down-fallen rams again:  
His workmen therefore he despatched that hour  
To hew the trees out of the forest main,  
They went, and scant the wood appeared in sight  
When wonders new their fearful hearts affright:

## XVIII

As silly children dare not bend their eye  
Where they are told strange bugbears haunt the place,  
Or as new monsters, while in bed they lie,  
Their fearful thoughts present before their face;  
So feared they, and fled, yet wist not why,  
Nor what pursued them in that fearful chase.  
Except their fear perchance while thus they fled,  
New chimeras, sphinxes, or like monsters bred:

## XIX

Swift to the camp they turned back dismayed,  
With words confused uncertain tales they told,

That all which heard them scorned what they said  
And those reports for lies and fables hold.  
A chosen crew in shining arms arrayed  
Duke Godfrey thither sent of soldiers bold,  
To guard the men and their faint arms provoke  
To cut the dreadful trees with hardy stroke:

XX

These drawing near the wood where close ypent  
The wicked sprites in sylvan pinfolds were,  
Their eyes upon those shades no sooner bent  
But frozen dread pierced through their entrails dear;  
Yet on they stalked still, and on they went,  
Under bold semblance hiding coward fear,  
And so far wandered forth with trembling pace,  
Till they approached nigh that enchanted place:

XXI

When from the grove a fearful sound outbreaks,  
As if some earthquake hill and mountain tore,  
Wherein the southern wind a rumbling makes,  
Or like sea waves against the scraggy shore;  
There lions grumble, there hiss scaly snakes,  
There howl the wolves, the rugged bears there roar,  
There trumpets shrill are heard and thunders fell,  
And all these sounds one sound expressed well.

XXII

Upon their faces pale well might you note  
A thousand signs of heart-amating fear,  
Their reason gone, by no device they wot  
How to press nigh, or stay still where they were,  
Against that sudden dread their breasts which smote,  
Their courage weak no shield of proof could bear,  
At last they fled, and one than all more bold,  
Excused their flight, and thus the wonders told:

XXIII

"My lord, not one of us there is, I grant,  
That dares cut down one branch in yonder spring,  
I think there dwells a sprite in every plant,  
There keeps his court great Dis infernal king,  
He hath a heart of hardened adamant  
That without trembling dares attempt the thing,  
And sense he wanteth who so hardy is  
To hear the forest thunder, roar and hiss."

XXIV

This said, Alcasto to his words gave heed,  
Alcasto leader of the Switzers grim,  
A man both void of wit and void of deed,  
Who feared not loss of life nor loss of limb.  
No savage beasts in deserts wild that feed  
Nor ugly monster could dishearten him,  
Nor whirlwind, thunder, earthquake, storm, or aught  
That in this world is strange or fearful thought.

XXV

He shook his head, and smiling thus gan say,

"The hardiness have I that wood to fell,  
 And those proud trees low in the dust to lay  
 Wherein such grisly fiends and monsters dwell;  
 No roaring ghost my courage can dismay,  
 No shriek of birds, beast's roar, or dragon's yell;  
 But through and through that forest will I wend,  
 Although to deepest hell the paths descend."

## XXVI

Thus boasted he, and leave to go desired,  
 And forward went with joyful cheer and will,  
 He viewed the wood and those thick shades admired,  
 He heard the wondrous noise and rumbling shrill;  
 Yet not one foot the audacious man retired,  
 He scorned the peril, pressing forward still,  
 Till on the forest's outmost marge he stepped,  
 A flaming fire from entrance there him kept.

## XXVII

The fire increased, and built a stately wall  
 Of burning coals, quick sparks, and embers hot,  
 And with bright flames the wood environed all,  
 That there no tree nor twist Alcasto got;  
 The higher stretched the flames seemed bulwarks tall,  
 Castles and turrets full of fiery shot,  
 With slings and engines strong of every sort;—  
 What mortal wight durst scale so strange a fort?

## XXVIII

Oh what strange monsters on the battlement  
 In loathsome forms stood to defend the place?  
 Their frowning looks upon the knight they bent,  
 And threatened death with shot, with sword and mace:  
 At last he fled, and though but slow he went,  
 As lions do whom jolly hunters chase;  
 Yet fled the man and with sad fear withdrew,  
 Though fear till then he never felt nor knew.

## XXIX

That he had fled long time he never wist,  
 But when far run he had discovered it,  
 Himself for wonder with his hand he blist,  
 A bitter sorrow by the heart him bit,  
 Amazed, ashamed, disgraced, sad, silent, trist,  
 Alone he would all day in darkness sit,  
 Nor durst he look on man of worth or fame,  
 His pride late great, now greater made his shame.

## XXX

Godfredo called him, but he found delays  
 And causes why he should his cabin keep,  
 At length perforce he comes, but naught he says,  
 Or talks like those that babble in their sleep.  
 His shamefacedness to Godfrey plain bewrays  
 His flight, so does his sighs and sadness deep:  
 Whereat amazed, "What chance is this?" quoth he.  
 "These witchcrafts strange or nature's wonders be.

XXXI

"But if his courage any champion move  
To try the hazard of this dreadful spring,  
I give him leave the adventure great to prove,  
Some news he may report us of the thing:"  
This said, his lords attempt the charmed grove,  
Yet nothing back but fear and flight they bring,  
For them inforced with trembling to retire,  
The sight, the sound, the monsters and the fire.

XXXII

This happed when woful Tancred left his bed  
To lay in marble cold his mistress dear,  
The lively color from his cheek was fled,  
His limbs were weak his helm or targe to bear;  
Nathless when need to high attempts him led,  
No labor would he shun, no danger fear,  
His valor, boldness, heart and courage brave,  
To his faint body strength and vigor gave.

XXXIII

To this exploit forth went the venturous knight,  
Fearless, yet heedful; silent, well advised,  
The terrors of that forest's dreadful sight,  
Storms, earthquakes, thunders, cries, he all despised:  
He feared nothing, yet a motion light,  
That quickly vanished, in his heart arised  
When lo, between him and the charmed wood,  
A fiery city high as heaven up stood.

XXXIV

The knight stepped back and took a sudden pause,  
And to himself, "What help these arms?" quoth he,  
"If in this fire, or monster's gaping jaws  
I headlong cast myself, what boots it me?  
For common profit, or my country's cause,  
To hazard life before me none should be:  
But this exploit of no such weight I hold,  
For it to lose a prince or champion bold.

XXXV

But if I fly, what will the Pagans say?  
If I retire, who shall cut down this spring?  
Godfredo will attempt it every day.  
What if some other knight perform the thing?  
These flames uprisen to forestall my way  
Perchance more terror far than danger bring.  
But hap what shall;" this said, he forward stepped,  
And through the fire, oh wondrous boldness, leapt!

XXXVI

He bolted through, but neither warmth nor heat!  
He felt, nor sign of fire or scorching flame;  
Yet wist he not in his dismayed conceit,  
If that were fire or no through which he came;  
For at first touch vanished those monsters great,  
And in their stead the clouds black night did frame

And hideous storms and showers of hail and rain;  
Yet storms and tempests vanished straight again.

## XXXVII

Amazed but not afraid the champion good  
Stood still, but when the tempest passed he spied,  
He entered boldly that forbidden wood,  
And of the forest all the secrets eyed,  
In all his walk no sprite or phantasm stood  
That stopped his way or passage free denied,  
Save that the growing trees so thick were set,  
That oft his sight, and passage oft they let.

## XXXVIII

At length a fair and spacious green he spied,  
Like calmest waters, plain, like velvet, soft,  
Wherein a cypress clad in summer's pride,  
Pyramid-wise, lift up his tops aloft;  
In whose smooth bark upon the evenest side,  
Strange characters he found, and viewed them oft,  
Like those which priests of Egypt erst instead  
Of letters used, which none but they could read.

## XXXIX

Mongst them he picked out these words at last,  
Writ in the Syriac tongue, which well he could,  
"Oh hardy knight, who through these woods hast passed:  
Where Death his palace and his court doth hold!  
Oh trouble not these souls in quiet placed,  
Oh be not cruel as thy heart is bold,  
Pardon these ghosts deprived of heavenly light,  
With spirits dead why should men living fight?"

## XL

This found he graven in the tender rind,  
And while he mused on this uncouth writ,  
Him thought he heard the softly whistling wind  
His blasts amid the leaves and branches knit  
And frame a sound like speech of human kind,  
But full of sorrow grief and woe was it,  
Whereby his gentle thoughts all filled were  
With pity, sadness, grief, compassion, fear.

## XLI

He drew his sword at last, and gave the tree  
A mighty blow, that made a gaping wound,  
Out of the rift red streams he trickling see  
That all bebled the verdant plain around,  
His hair start up, yet once again stroke he,  
He nould give over till the end he found  
Of this adventure, when with plaint and moan,  
As from some hollow grave, he heard one groan.

## XLII

"Enough, enough!" the voice lamenting said,  
"Tancred, thou hast me hurt, thou didst me drive  
Out of the body of a noble maid  
Who with me lived, whom late I kept on live,

And now within this woful cypress laid,  
My tender rind thy weapon sharp doth rive,  
Cruel, is't not enough thy foes to kill,  
But in their graves wilt thou torment them still?

## XLIII

"I was Clorinda, now imprisoned here,  
Yet not alone within this plant I dwell,  
For every Pagan lord and Christian peer,  
Before the city's walls last day that fell,  
In bodies new or graves I wot not clear,  
But here they are confined by magic's spell,  
So that each tree hath life, and sense each bough,  
A murderer if thou cut one twist art thou."

## XLIV

As the sick man that in his sleep doth see  
Some ugly dragon, or some chimera new,  
Though he suspect, or half persuaded be,  
It is an idle dream, no monster true,  
Yet still he fears, he quakes, and strives to flee,  
So fearful is that wondrous form to view;  
So feared the knight, yet he both knew and thought  
All were illusions false by witchcraft wrought:

## XLV

But cold and trembling waxed his frozen heart,  
Such strange effects, such passions it torment,  
Out of his feeble hand his weapon start,  
Himself out of his wits nigh, after went:  
Wounded he saw, he thought, for pain and smart,  
His lady weep, complain, mourn, and lament,  
Nor could he suffer her dear blood to see,  
Or hear her sighs that deep far fetched be.

## XLVI

Thus his fierce heart which death had scorned oft,  
Whom no strange shape or monster could dismay,  
With feigned shows of tender love made soft,  
A spirit false did with vain complaints betray;  
A whirling wind his sword heaved up aloft,  
And through the forest bare it quite away.  
O'ercome retired the prince, and as he came,  
His sword he found, and repossessed the same,

## XLVII

Yet nould return, he had no mind to try  
His courage further in those forests green;  
But when to Godfrey's tent he proached nigh,  
His spirits waked, his thoughts composed been,  
"My Lord," quoth he, "a witness true am I  
Of wonders strange, believe it scant though seen,  
What of the fire, the shades, the dreadful sound  
You heard, all true by proof myself have found;

## XLVIII

"A burning fire, so are those deserts charmed,  
Built like a battled wall to heaven was reared;

Whereon with darts and dreadful weapons armed,  
 Of monsters foul mis-shaped whole bands appeared;  
 But through them all I passed, unhurt, unharmed,  
 No flame or threatened blow I felt or feared,  
 Then rain and night I found, but straight again  
 To day, the night, to sunshine turned the rain.

## XLIX

"What would you more? each tree through all that wood  
 Hath sense, hath life, hath speech, like human kind,  
 I heard their words as in that grove I stood,  
 That mournful voice still, still I bear in mind:  
 And, as they were of flesh, the purple blood  
 At every blow streams from the wounded rind;  
 No, no, not I, nor any else, I trow,  
 Hath power to cut one leaf, one branch, one bough."

## L

While thus he said, the Christian's noble guide  
 Felt uncouth strife in his contentious thought,  
 He thought, what if himself in perzon tried  
 Those witchcrafts strange, and bring those charms to naught,  
 For such he deemed them, or elsewhere provide  
 For timber easier got though further sought,  
 But from his study he at last abraid,  
 Called by the hermit old that to him said:

## LI

"Leave off thy hardy thought, another's hands  
 Of these her plants the wood dispoilen shall,  
 Now, now the fatal ship of conquest lands,  
 Her sails are struck, her silver anchors fall,  
 Our champion broken hath his worthless bands,  
 And looseth from the soil which held him thrall,  
 The time draws nigh when our proud foes in field  
 Shall slaughtered lie, and Sion's fort shall yield."

## LII

This said, his visage shone with beams divine,  
 And more than mortal was his voice's sound,  
 Godfredo's thought to other acts incline,  
 His working brain was never idle found.  
 But in the Crab now did bright Titan shine,  
 And scorched with scalding beams the parched ground,  
 And made unfit for toil or warlike feat  
 His soldiers, weak with labor, faint with sweat:

## LIII

The planets mild their lamps benign quenched out,  
 And cruel stars in heaven did signorize,  
 Whose influence cast fiery flames about  
 And hot impressions through the earth and skies,  
 The growing heat still gathered deeper rout,  
 The noisome warmth through lands and kingdoms flies,  
 A harmful night a hurtful day succeeds,  
 And worse than both next morn her light outspreads.

## LIV

When Phoebus rose he left his golden weed,

And donned a gite in deepest purple dyed,  
His sanguine beams about his forehead spread,  
A sad presage of ill that should betide,  
With vermeil drops at even his tresses bleed,  
Foreshows of future heat, from the ocean wide  
When next he rose, and thus increased still  
Their present harms with dread of future ill,

## LV

While thus he bent gainst earth his scorching rays,  
He burnt the flowers, burnt his Clytie dear,  
The leaves grew wan upon the withered sprays,  
The grass and growing herbs all parched were,  
Earth cleft in rifts, in floods their streams decays,  
The barren clouds with lightning bright appear,  
And mankind feared lest Climenēs' child again  
Had driven awry his sire's ill-guided wain.

## LVI

As from a furnace flew the smoke to skies,  
Such smoke as that when damned Sodom Brent,  
Within his caves sweet Zephyr silent lies,  
Still was the air, the rack nor came nor went,  
But o'er the lands with lukewarm breathing flies  
The southern wind, from sunburnt Afric sent,  
Which thick and warm his interrupted blasts  
Upon their bosoms, throats, and faces casts.

## LVII

Nor yet more comfort brought the gloomy night,  
In her thick shades was burning heat uprolled,  
Her sable mantle was embroidered bright  
With blazing stars and gliding fires for gold,  
Nor to refresh, sad earth, thy thirsty sprite,  
The niggard moon let fall her May dews cold,  
And dried up the vital moisture was,  
In trees, in plants, in herbs, in flowers, in grass.

## LVIII

Sleep to his quiet dales exiled fled  
From these unquiet nights, and oft in vain  
The soldiers restless sought the god in bed,  
But most for thirst they mourned and most complain;  
For Judā's tyrant had strong poison shed,  
Poison that breeds more woe and deadly pain,  
Than Acheron or Stygian waters bring,  
In every fountain, cistern, well and spring:

## LIX

And little Siloe that his store bestows  
Of purest crystal on the Christian bands,  
The pebbles naked in his channel shows  
And scanty glides above the scorched sands,  
Nor Po in May when o'er his banks he flows,  
Nor Ganges, waterer of the Indian lands,  
Nor seven-mouthed Nile that yields all Egypt drink,  
To quench their thirst the men sufficient think.

## LX

He that the gliding rivers erst had seen  
Adown their verdant channels gently rolled,  
Or falling streams which to the valleys green  
Distilled from tops of Alpine mountains cold,  
Those he desired in vain, new torments been,  
Augmented thus with wish of comforts old,  
Those waters cool he drank in vain conceit,  
Which more increased his thirst, increased his heat.

## LXI

The sturdy bodies of the warriors strong,  
Whom neither marching far, nor tedious way,  
Nor weighty arms which on their shoulders hung,  
Could weary make, nor death itself dismay;  
Now weak and feeble cast their limbs along,  
Unwieldly burdens, on the burned clay,  
And in each vein a smouldering fire there dwelt,  
Which dried their flesh and solid bones did melt.

## LXII

Languished the steed late fierce, and proffered grass,  
His fodder erst, despised and from him cast,  
Each step he stumbled, and which lofty was  
And high advanced before now fell his crest,  
His conquests gotten all forgotten pass,  
Nor with desire of glory swelled his breast,  
The spoils won from his foe, his late rewards,  
He now neglects, despiseth, naught regards.

## LXIII

Languished the faithful dog, and wonted care  
Of his dear lord and cabin both forgot,  
Panting he laid, and gathered fresher air  
To cool the burning in his entrails hot:  
But breathing, which wise nature did prepare  
To suage the stomach's heat, now bootied not,  
For little ease, alas, small help, they win  
That breathe forth air and scalding fire suck in.

## LXIV

Thus languished the earth, in this estate  
Lay woful thousands of the Christians stout,  
The faithful people grew nigh desperate  
Of hoped conquest, shameful death they doubt,  
Of their distress they talk and oft debate,  
These sad complaints were heard the camp throughout:  
"What hope hath Godfrey? shall we still here lie  
Till all his soldiers, all our armies die?

## LXV

"Alas, with what device, what strength, thinks he  
To scale these walls, or this strong fort to get?  
Whence hath he engines new? doth he not see,  
How wrathful Heaven gainst us his sword doth whet?  
These tokens shown true signs and witness be  
Our angry God our proud attempts doth let,

And scorching sun so hot his beams outspreads,  
That not more cooling Inde nor Aethiop needs.

## LXVI

"Or thinks he it an eath or little thing  
That us despised, neglected, and disdained,  
Like abjects vile, to death he thus should bring,  
That so his empire may be still maintained?  
Is it so great a bliss to be a king,  
When he that wears the crown with blood is stained  
And buys his sceptre with his people's lives?  
See whither glory vain, fond mankind drives.

## LXVII

"See, see the man, called holy, just, and good,  
That courteous, meek, and humble would be thought,  
Yet never cared in what distress we stood  
If his vain honor were diminished naught,  
When dried up from us his spring and flood  
His water must from Jordan streams be brought,  
And how he sits at feasts and banquets sweet  
And minglenth waters fresh with wines of Crete."

## LXVIII

The French thus murmured, but the Greekish knight  
Tatine, that of this war was weary grown:  
"Why die we here," quoth he, "slain without fight,  
Killed, not subdued, murdered, not overthrown?  
Upon the Frenchmen let the penance light  
Of Godfrey's folly, let me save mine own,"  
And as he said, without farewell, the knight  
And all his comet stole away by night.

## LXIX

His bad example many a troop prepares  
To imitate, when his escape they know,  
Clotharius his band, and Ademare's,  
And all whose guides in dust were buried low,  
Discharged of duty's chains and bondage snares,  
Free from their oath, to none they service owe,  
But now concluded all on secret flight,  
And shrunk away by thousands every night.

## LXX

Godfredo this both heard, and saw, and knew,  
Yet nould with death them chastise though he mought,  
But with that faith wherewith he could renew  
The steadfast hills and seas dry up to naught  
He prayed the Lord upon his flock to rue,  
To ope the springs of grace and ease this drought,  
Out of his looks shone zeal, devotion, faith,  
His hands and eyes to heaven he heaves, and saith:

## LXXI

"Father and Lord, if in the deserts waste  
Thou hadst compassion on thy children dear,  
The craggy rock when Moses cleft and brast,  
And drew forth flowing streams of waters clear,

Like mercy, Lord, like grace on us down cast;  
 And though our merits less than theirs appear,  
 Thy grace supply that want, for though they be  
 Thy first-born son, thy children yet are we."

## LXXII

These prayers just, from humble hearts forth sent,  
 Were nothing slow to climb the starry sky,  
 But swift as winged bird themselves present  
 Before the Father of the heavens high:  
 The Lord accepted them, and gently bent  
 Upon the faithful host His gracious eye,  
 And in what pain and what distress it laid,  
 He saw, and grieved to see, and thus He said:

## LXXIII

"Mine armies dear till now have suffered woe,  
 Distress and danger, hell's infernal power  
 Their enemy hath been, the world their foe,  
 But happy be their actions from this hour:  
 What they begin to blessed end shall go,  
 I will refresh them with a gentle shower;  
 Rinaldo shall return, the Egyptian crew  
 They shall encounter, conquer, and subdue."

## LXXIV

At these high words great heaven began to shake,  
 The fixed stars, the planets wandering still,  
 Trembled the air, the earth and ocean quake,  
 Spring, fountain, river, forest, dale and hill;  
 From north to east, a lightning flash outbrake,  
 And coming drops presaged with thunders shrill:  
 With joyful shouts the soldiers on the plain,  
 These tokens bless of long-desired rain.

## LXXV

A sudden cloud, as when Helias prayed,  
 Not from dry earth exhaled by Phoebus' beams,  
 Arose, moist heaven his windows open laid,  
 Whence clouds by heaps out rush, and watery streams,  
 The world o'erspread was with a gloomy shade,  
 That like a dark mirksome even it seems;  
 The crashing rain from molten skies down fell,  
 And o'er their banks the brooks and fountains swell.

## LXXVI

In summer season, when the cloudy sky  
 Upon the parched ground doth rain down send,  
 As duck and mallard in the furrows dry  
 With merry noise the promised showers attend,  
 And spreading broad their wings displayed lie  
 To keep the drops that on their plumes descend,  
 And where the streams swell to a gathered lake,  
 Therein they dive, and sweet refreshing take:

## LXXVII

So they the streaming showers with shouts and cries  
 Salute, which heaven shed on the thirsty lands,

The falling liquor from the dropping skies  
 He catcheth in his lap, he barehead stands,  
 And his bright helm to drink therein unties,  
 In the fresh streams he dives his sweaty hands,  
 Their faces some, and some their temples wet,  
 And some to keep the drops large vessels set.

## LXXVIII

Nor man alone to ease his burning sore,  
 Herein doth dive and wash, and hereof drinks,  
 But earth itself weak, feeble, faint before,  
 Whose solid limbs were cleft with rifts and chinks,  
 Received the falling showers and gathered store  
 Of liquor sweet, that through her veins down sinks,  
 And moisture new infused largely was  
 In trees, in plants, in herbs, in flowers, in grass.

## LXXIX

Earth, like the patient was, whose lively blood  
 Hath overcome at last some sickness strong,  
 Whose feeble limbs had been the bait and food  
 Whereon this strange disease depastured long,  
 But now restored, in health and welfare stood,  
 As sound as erst, as fresh, as fair, as young;  
 So that forgetting all his grief and pain,  
 His pleasant robes and crowns he takes again.

## LXXX

Ceased the rain, the sun began to shine,  
 With fruitful, sweet, benign, and gentle ray,  
 Full of strong power and vigor masculine,  
 As be his beams in April or in May.  
 O happy zeal! who trusts in help divine  
 The world's afflictions thus can drive away,  
 Can storms appease, and times and seasons change,  
 And conquer fortune, fate, and destiny strange.

## FOURTEENTH BOOK

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Lord to Godfrey in a dream doth show  
 His will; Rinaldo must return at last;  
 They have their asking who for pardon sue:  
 Two knights to find the prince are sent in haste,  
 But Peter, who by vision all foreknew,  
 Sendeth the searchers to a wizard, placed  
 Deep in a vault, who first at large declares  
 Armida's trains, then how to shun those snares.

## I

Now from the fresh, the soft and tender bed  
 Of her still mother, gentle night out flew,  
 The fleeting balm on hills and dales she shed,  
 With honey drops of pure and precious dew,  
 And on the verdure of green forests spread  
 The virgin primrose and the violet blue,  
 And sweet-breathed Zephyr on his spreading wings,  
 Sleep, ease, repose, rest, peace and quiet brings.

## II

The thoughts and troubles of broad-waking day,  
 They softly dipped in mild Oblivion's lake;  
 But he whose Godhead heaven and earth doth sway,  
 In his eternal light did watch and wake,  
 And bent on Godfrey down the gracious ray  
 Of his bright eye, still ope for Godfrey's sake,  
 To whom a silent dream the Lord down sent.  
 Which told his will, his pleasure and intent.

## III

Far in the east, the golden gate beside  
 Whence Phoebus comes, a crystal port there is,  
 And ere the sun his broad doors open wide  
 The beam of springing day uncloseth this,  
 Hence comes the dreams, by which heaven's sacred guide  
 Reveals to man those high degrees of his,  
 Hence toward Godfrey ere he left his bed  
 A vision strange his golden plumes bespread.

## IV

Such semblances, such shapes, such portraits fair,  
 Did never yet in dream or sleep appear,  
 For all the forms in sea, in earth or air,  
 The signs in heaven, the stars in every sphere  
 All that was wondrous, uncouth, strange and rare,  
 All in that vision well presented were.  
 His dream had placed him in a crystal wide,  
 Beset with golden fires, top, bottom, side,

## V

There while he wondereth on the circles vast,  
 The stars, their motions, course and harmony,  
 A knight, with shining rays and fire embraced,  
 Presents himself unwares before his eye,  
 Who with a voice that far for sweetness passed  
 All human speech, thus said, approaching nigh:  
 "What, Godfrey, knowest thou not thy Hugo here?  
 Come and embrace thy friend and fellow dear!"

## VI

He answered him, "Thy glorious shining light  
 Which in thine eyes his glistening beams doth place,  
 Estranged hath from my foreknowledge quite  
 Thy countenance, thy favor, and thy face:"  
 This said, three times he stretched his hands outright  
 And would in friendly arms the knight embrace,  
 And thrice the spirit fled, that thrice he twined  
 Naught in his folded arms but air and wind.

## VII

Lord Hugo smiled, "Not as you think," quoth he,  
 "I clothed am in flesh and earthly mould,  
 My spirit pure, and naked soul, you see,  
 A citizen of this celestial hold:  
 This place is heaven, and here a room for thee  
 Prepared is among Christ's champions bold:"

"Ah when," quoth he, "these mortal bonds unknit,  
Shall I in peace, in ease and rest there sit?"

## VIII

Hugo replied, "Ere many years shall run,  
Amid the saints in bliss here shalt thou reign;  
But first great wars must by thy hand be done,  
Much blood be shed, and many Pagans slain,  
The holy city by assault be won,  
The land set free from servile yoke again,  
Wherein thou shalt a Christian empire frame,  
And after thee shall Baldwin rule the same.

## IX

"But to increase thy love and great desire  
To heavenward, this blessed place behold,  
These shining lamps, these globes of living fire,  
How they are turned, guided, moved and rolled;  
The angels' singing hear, and all their choir;  
Then bend thine eyes on yonder earth and mould,  
All in that mass, that globe and compass see,  
Land, sea, spring, fountain, man, beast, grass and tree.

## X

"How vile, how small, and of how slender price,  
Is their reward of goodness, virtue's gain!  
A narrow room our glory vain upties,  
A little circle doth our pride contain,  
Earth like an isle amid the water lies,  
Which sea sometime is called, sometime the main,  
Yet naught therein responds a name so great,  
It's but a lake, a pond, a marish strait."

## XI

Thus said the one, the other bended down  
His looks to ground, and half in scorn he smiled,  
He saw at once earth, sea, flood, castle, town,  
Strangely divided, strangely all compiled,  
And wondered folly man so far should drown,  
To set his heart on things so base and vild,  
That servile empire searcheth and dumb fame,  
And scorns heaven's bliss, yet proffereth heaven the same.

## XII

Wherefore he answered, "Since the Lord not yet  
Will free my spirit from this cage of clay,  
Lest worldly error vain my voyage let,  
Teach me to heaven the best and surest way:"  
Hugo replied, "Thy happy foot is set  
In the true path, nor from this passage stray,  
Only from exile young Rinaldo call,  
This give I thee in charge, else naught at all.

## XIII

"For as the Lord of hosts, the King of bliss,  
Hath chosen thee to rule the faithful band;  
So he thy stratagems appointed is  
To execute, so both shall win this land:

The first is thine, the second place is his,  
Thou art this army's head, and he the hand,  
No other champion can his place supply,  
And that thou do it doth thy state deny.

## XIV

"The enchanted forest, and her charmed treen,  
With cutting steel shall he to earth down hew,  
And thy weak armies which too feeble been  
To scale again these walls reinforced new,  
And fainting lie dispersed on the green,  
Shall take new strength new courage at his view,  
The high-built towers, the eastern squadrons all,  
Shall conquered be, shall fly, shall die, shall fall."

## XV

He held his peace; and Godfrey answered so:  
"Oh, how his presence would recomfort me!  
You that man's hidden thoughts perceive and know:  
If I say truth, or if I love him, see.  
But say, what messengers shall for him go?  
What shall their speeches, what their errand be?  
Shall I entreat, or else command the man?  
With credit neither well perform I can."

## XVI

"The eternal Lord," the other knight replied,  
"That with so many graces hath thee blest,  
Will, that among the troops thou hast to guide,  
Thou honored be and feared of most and least:  
Then speak not thou lest blemish some betide  
Thy sacred empire if thou make request;  
But when by suit thou moved art to ruth,  
Then yield, forgive, and home recall the youth.

## XVII

"Guelpho shall pray thee, God shall him inspire,  
To pardon this offence, this fault commit  
By hasty wrath, by rash and headstrong ire,  
To call the knight again; yield thou to it:  
And though the youth, enwrapped in fond desire,  
Far hence in love and looseness idle sit,  
Year fear it not, he shall return with speed,  
When most you wish him and when most you need.

## XVIII

"Your hermit Peter, to whose sapient heart  
High Heaven his secrets opens, tells and shews,  
Your messengers direct can to that part,  
Where of the prince they shall hear certain news,  
And learn the way, the manner, and the art  
To bring him back to these thy warlike crews,  
That all thy soldiers, wandered and misgone,  
Heaven may unite again and join in one.

## XIX

"But this conclusion shall my speeches end:  
Know that his blood shall mixed be with thine,

Whence barons bold and worthies shall descend,  
That many great exploits shall bring to fine."  
This said, he vanished from his sleeping friend,  
Like smoke in wind, or mist in Titan's shine;  
Sleep fled likewise, and in his troubled thought,  
With wonder, pleasure; joy, with marvel fought.

## XX

The duke looked up, and saw the azure sky  
With argent beams of silver morning spread,  
And started up, for praise axed virtue lie  
In toil and travel, sin and shame in bed:  
His arms he took, his sword girt to his thigh,  
To his pavilion all his lords them sped,  
And there in council grave the princes sit,  
For strength by wisdom, war is ruled by wit.

## XXI

Lord Guelpho there, within whose gentle breast  
Heaven had infused that new and sudden thought,  
His pleasing words thus to the duke addressed:  
"Good prince, mild, though unasked, kind, unbesought,  
Oh let thy mercy grant my just request,  
Pardon this fault by rage not malice wrought;  
For great offence, I grant, so late commit,  
My suit too hasty is, perchance unfit.

## XXII

But since to Godfrey meek benign and kind,  
For Prince Rinaldo bold, I humbly sue,  
And that the suitor's self is not behind  
Thy greatest friends in state or friendship true;  
I trust I shall thy grace and mercy find  
Acceptable to me and all this crew;  
Oh call him home, this trespass to amend,  
He shall his blood in Godfrey's service spend.

## XXIII

"And if not he, who else dares undertake  
Of this enchanted wood to cut one tree?  
Gainst death and danger who dares battle make,  
With so bold face, so fearless heart as he?  
Beat down these walls, these gates in pieces break,  
Leap o'er these rampires high, thou shalt him see,  
Restore therefore to this desirous band  
Their wish, their hope, their strength, their shield, their hand;

## XXIV

"To me my nephew, to thyself restore  
A trusty help, when strength of hand thou needs,  
In idleness let him consume no more,  
Recall him to his noble acts and deeds!  
Known be his worth as was his strength of yore  
Wher'er thy standard broad her cross outspreads,  
Oh, let his fame and praise spread far and wide,  
Be thou his lord, his teacher and his guidel"

## XXV

Thus he entreated, and the rest approve

His words, with friendly murmurs whispered low.  
Godfrey as though their suit his mind did move  
To that whereon he never thought tell now,  
"How can my heart," quoth he, "if you I love,  
To your request and suit but bend and bow?  
Let rigor go, that right and justice be  
Wherein you all consent and all agree.

## XXVI

"Rinaldo shall return; let him restrain  
Henceforth his headstrong wrath and hasty ire,  
And with his hardy deeds let him take pain  
To correspond your hope and my desire:  
Guelpho, thou must call home the knight again,  
See that with speed he to these tents retire,  
The messengers appoint as likes thy mind,  
And teach them where they should the young man find."

## XXVII

Up start the Dane that bare Prince Sweno's brand,  
"I will," quoth he, "that message undertake,  
I will refuse no pains by sea or land,  
To give the knight this sword, kept for his sake."  
This man was bold of courage, strong of hand,  
Guelpho was glad he did the proffer make:  
"Thou shalt," quoth he, "Ubaldo shalt thou have  
To go with thee, a knight, stout, wise, and grave."

## XXVIII

Ubaldo in his youth had known and seen  
The fashions strange of many an uncouth land,  
And travelled over all the realms between  
The Arctic circle and hot Meroe's strand,  
And as a man whose wit his guide had been,  
Their customs use he could, tongues understand,  
Forthy when spent his youthful seasons were  
Lord Guelpho entertained and held him dear.

## XXIX

To these committed was the charge and care  
To find and bring again the champion bold,  
Guelpho commands them to the fort repair,  
Where Boemond doth his seat and sceptre hold,  
For public fame said that Bertoldo's heir  
There lived, there dwelt, there stayed; the hermit old,  
That knew they were misled by false report,  
Among them came, and parleyed in this sort:

## XXX

"Sir knights," quoth he, "if you intend to ride,  
And follow each report fond people say,  
You follow but a rash and truthless guide  
That leads vain men amiss and makes them stray;  
Near Ascalon go to the salt seaside,  
Where a swift brook fails in with hideous sway,  
An aged sire, our friend, there shall you find,  
All what he saith, that do, that keep in mind.

XXXI

"Of this great voyage which you undertake,  
Much by his skill, and much by mine advise  
Hath he foreknown, and welcome for my sake  
You both shall be, the man is kind and wise."  
Instructed thus no further question make  
The twain elected for this enterprise,  
But humbly yielded to obey his word,  
For what the hermit said, that said the Lord.

XXXII

They took their leave, and on their journey went,  
Their will could brook no stay, their zeal, no let;  
To Ascalon their voyage straight they bent,  
Whose broken shores with brackish waves are wet,  
And there they heard how gainst the cliffs, besprent  
With bitter foam, the roaring surges bet,  
A tumbling brook their passage stopped and stayed,  
Which late-fall'n rain had proud and puissant made,

XXXIII

So proud that over all his banks he grew,  
And through the fields ran swift as shaft from bow,  
While here they stopped and stood, before them drew  
An aged sire, grave and benign in show,  
Crowned with a beechen garland gathered new,  
Clad in a linen robe that raught down low,  
In his right hand a rod, and on the flood  
Against the stream he marched, and dry shod yode.

XXXIV

As on the Rhene, when winter's freezing cold  
Congeals the streams to thick and hardened glass,  
The beauties fair of shepherds' daughters bold  
With wanton windlays run, turn, play and pass;  
So on this river passed the wizard old,  
Although unfrozen soft and swift it was,  
And thither stalked where the warriors stayed,  
To whom, their greetings done, he spoke and said:

XXXV

"Great pains, great travel, lords, you have begun,  
And of a cunning guide great need you stand,  
Far off, alas! is great Bertoldo's son,  
Imprisoned in a waste and desert land,  
What soil remains by which you must not run,  
What promontory, rock, sea, shore or sand  
Your search must stretch before the prince be found,  
Beyond our world, beyond our half of ground!

XXXVI

But yet vouchsafe to see my cell I pray,  
In hidden caves and vaults though builded low,  
Great wonders there, strange things I will bewray,  
Things good for you to hear, and fit to know:"  
This said, he bids the river make them way,  
The flood retired, backward gan to flow,

And here and there two crystal mountains rise,  
So fled the Red Sea once, and Jordan thrice.

## XXXVII

He took their hands, and led them headlong down  
Under the flood, through vast and hollow deeps,  
Such light they had as when through shadows brown  
Of thickest deserts feeble Cynthia peeps,  
Their spacious caves they saw all overflown,  
There all his waters pure great Neptune keeps,  
And thence to moisten all the earth he brings  
Seas, rivers, floods, lakes, fountains, wells and springs:

## XXXVIII

Whence Ganges, Indus, Volga, Ister, Po,  
Whence Euphrates, whence Tigris' spring they view,  
Whence Tanais, whence Nilus comes also,  
Although his head till then no creature knew,  
But under these a wealthy stream doth go,  
That sulphur yields and ore, rich, quick and new,  
Which the sunbeams doth polish, purge and fine,  
And makes it silver pure, and gold divine.

## XXXIX

And all his banks the rich and wealthy stream  
Hath fair beset with pearl and precious stone  
Like stars in sky or lamps on stage that seem,  
The darkness there was day, the night was gone,  
There sparkled, clothed in his azure-beam,  
The heavenly sapphire, there the jacinth shone,  
The carbuncle there flamed, the diamond sheen,  
There glistered bright, there smiled the emerald green.

## XL

Amazed the knights amid these wonders passed,  
And fixed so deep the marvels in their thought,  
That not one word they uttered, till at last  
Ubaldo spake, and thus his guide besought:  
"O father, tell me by what skill thou hast  
These wonders done? and to what place us brought?  
For well I know not if I wake or sleep,  
My heart is drowned in such amazement deep."

## XLI

"You are within the hollow womb," quoth he,  
"Of fertile earth, the nurse of all things made,  
And but you brought and guided are by me,  
Her sacred entrails could no wight invade;  
My palace shortly shall you splendent see,  
With glorious light, though built in night and shade.  
A Pagan was I born, but yet the Lord  
To grace, by baptism, hath my soul restored.

## XLII

"Nor yet by help of devil, or aid from hell,  
I do this uncouth work and wondrous feat,  
The Lord forbid I use or charm or spell  
To raise foul Dis from his infernal seat:

But of all herbs, of every spring and well,  
The hidden power I know and virtue great,  
And all that kind hath hid from mortal sight,  
And all the stars, their motions, and their might.

## XLIII

"For in these caves I dwell not buried still  
From sight of Heaven, but often I resort  
To tops of Lebanon or Carmel hill,  
And there in liquid air myself disport,  
There Mars and Venus I behold at will!  
As bare as erst when Vulcan took them short,  
And how the rest roll, glide and move, I see,  
How their aspects benign or froward be."

## XLIV

"And underneath my feet the clouds I view,  
Now thick, now thin, now bright with Iris' bow,  
The frost and snow, the rain, the hail, the dew,  
The winds, from whence they come and whence they blow,  
How Jove his thunder makes and lightning new,  
How with the bolt he strikes the earth below,  
How comate, crinite, caudate stars are framed  
I knew; my skill with pride my heart inflamed.

## XLV

"So learned, cunning, wise, myself I thought,  
That I supposed my wit so high might climb  
To know all things that God had framed or wrought,  
Fire, air, sea, earth, man, beast, sprite, place and time;  
But when your hermit me to baptism brought,  
And from my soul had washed the sin and crime,  
Then I perceived my sight was blindness still,  
My wit was folly, ignorance my skill.

## XLVI

"Then saw I, that like owls in shining sun,  
So gainst the beams of truth our souls are blind,  
And at myself to smile I then begun,  
And at my heart, puffed up with folly's wind,  
Yet still these arts, as I before had done,  
I practised, such was the hermit's mind:  
Thus hath he changed my thoughts, my heart, my will,  
And rules mine art, my knowledge, and my skill.

## XLVII

"In him I rest, on him my thoughts depend,  
My lord, my teacher, and my guide is he,  
This noble work he strives to bring to end,  
He is the architect, the workmen we,  
The hardy youth home to this camp to send  
From prison strong, my care, my charge shall be;  
So He commands, and me ere this foretold  
Your coming oft, to seek the champion bold."

## XLVIII

While this he said, he brought the champions twain  
Down to a vault, wherein he dwells and lies,

It was a cave, high, wide, large, ample, plain,  
 With goodly rooms, halls, chambers, galleries,  
 All what is bred in rich and precious vein  
 Of wealthy earth, and hid from mortal eyes,  
 There shines, and fair adorned was every part  
 With riches grown by kind, not framed by art:

XLIX

An hundred grooms, quick, diligent and neat,  
 Attendance gave about these strangers bold,  
 Against the wall there stood a cupboard great  
 Of massive plate, of silver, crystal, gold.  
 But when with precious wines and costly meat  
 They filled were, thus spake the wizard old:  
 "Now fits the time, sir knights, I tell and show  
 What you desire to hear, and long to know.

L

"Armida's craft, her sleight and hidden guile  
 You partly wot, her acts and arts untrue,  
 How to your camp she came, and by what wile  
 The greatest lords and princes thence she drew;  
 You know she turned them first to monsters vile,  
 And kept them since closed up in secret mew,  
 Lastly, to Gaza-ward in bonds them sent,  
 Whom young Rinaldo rescued as they went.

LI

"What chanced since I will at large declare,  
 To you unknown, a story strange and true.  
 When first her prey, got with such pain and care,  
 Escaped and gone the witch perceived and knew,  
 Her hands she wrung for grief, her clothes she tare,  
 And full of woe these heavy words outthrew:  
 'Alas! my knights are slain, my prisoners free,  
 Yet of that conquest never boast shall he,

LII

"He in their place shall serve me, and sustain  
 Their plagues, their torments suffer, sorrows bear,  
 And they his absence shall lament in vain,  
 And wail his loss and theirs with many a tear.'  
 Thus talking to herself she did ordain  
 A false and wicked guile, as you shall hear;  
 Thither she hasted where the valiant knight  
 Had overcome and slain her men in fight.

LIII

"Rinaldo there had dolt and left his own,  
 And on his back a Pagan's harness tied,  
 Perchance he deemed so to pass unknown,  
 And in those arms less noted false to ride.  
 A headless corse in fight late overthrown,  
 The witch in his forsaken arms did hide,  
 And by a brook exposed it on the sand  
 Whither she wished would come a Christian band:

LIV

"Their coming might the dame foreknow right well,

For secret spies she sent forth thousand ways,  
Which every day news from the camp might tell,  
Who parted thence, booties to search or preys:  
Beside, the sprites conjured by sacred spell,  
All what she asks or doubts, reveals and says,  
The body therefore placed she in that part  
That furthered best her sleight, her craft and art;

## LV

"And near the corpse a varlet false and sly  
She left, attired in shepherd's homely weed,  
And taught him how to counterfeit and lie  
As time required, and he performed the deed;  
With him your soldiers spoke, of jealousy  
And false suspect mongst them he strewed the seed,  
That since brought forth the fruit of strife and jar,  
Of civil brawls, contention, discord, war.

## LVI

"And as she wished so the soldiers thought  
By Godfrey's practice that the prince was slain,  
Yet vanished that suspicion false to naught  
When truth spread forth her silver wings again  
Her false devices thus Armida wrought,  
This was her first deceit, her foremost train;  
What next she practised, shall you hear me tell,  
Against our knight, and what thereof befell.

## LVII

"Armida hunted him through wood and plain,  
Till on Orontes' flowery banks he stayed,  
There, where the stream did part and meet again  
And in the midst a gentle island made,  
A pillar fair was pight beside the main,  
Near which a little frigate floating laid,  
The marble white the prince did long behold,  
And this inscription read, there writ in gold:

## LVIII

"'Whoso thou art whom will or chance doth bring  
With happy steps to flood Orontes' sides,  
Know that the world hath not so strange a thing,  
Twixt east and west, as this small island hides,  
Then pass and see, without more tarrying.'  
The hasty youth to pass the stream provides,  
And for the cogs was narrow, small and strait,  
Alone he rowed, and bade his squires there wait;

## LIX

"Landed he stalks about, yet naught he sees  
But verdant groves, sweet shades, and mossy rocks  
With caves and fountains, flowers, herbs and trees,  
So that the words he read he takes for mocks:  
But that green isle was sweet at all degrees,  
Wherewith enticed down sits he and unlocks  
His closed helm, and bares his visage fair,  
To take sweet breath from cool and gentle air.

## LX

"A rumbling sound amid the waters deep  
 Meanwhile he heard, and thither turned his sight,  
 And tumbling in the troubled stream took keep  
 How the strong waves together rush and fight,  
 Whence first he saw, with golden tresses, peep  
 The rising visage of a virgin bright,  
 And then her neck, her breasts, and all, as low  
 As he for shame could see, or she could show.

## LXI

"So in the twilight does sometimes appear  
 A nymph, a goddess, or a fairy queen,  
 And though no siren but a sprite this were  
 Yet by her beauty seemed it she had been  
 One of those sisters false which haunted near  
 The Tyrrhene shores and kept those waters sheen,  
 Like theirs her face, her voice was, and her sound,  
 And thus she sung, and pleased both skies and ground:

## LXII

"Ye happy youths, who April fresh and May  
 Attire in flowering green of lusty age,  
 For glory vain, or virtue's idle ray,  
 Do not your tender limbs to toil engage;  
 In calm streams, fishes; birds, in sunshine play,  
 Who followeth pleasure he is only sage,  
 So nature saith, yet gainst her sacred will  
 Why still rebel you, and why strive you still?

## LXIII

"O fools who youth possess, yet scorn the same,  
 A precious, but a short-abiding treasure,  
 Virtue itself is but an idle name,  
 Prized by the world 'bove reason all and measure,  
 And honor, glory, praise, renown and fame,  
 That men's proud harts bewitch with tickling pleasure,  
 An echo is, a shade, a dream, a flower,  
 With each wind blasted, spoiled with every shower.

## LXIV

"But let your happy souls in joy possess  
 The ivory castles of your bodies fair,  
 Your passed harms salve with forgetfulness,  
 Haste not your coming evils with thought and care,  
 Regard no blazing star with burning tress,  
 Nor storm, nor threatening sky, nor thundering air,  
 This wisdom is, good life, and worldly bliss,  
 Kind teacheth us, nature commands us this.'

## LXV

"Thus sung the spirit false, and stealing sleep,  
 To which her tunes enticed his heavy eyes,  
 By step and step did on his senses creep,  
 Still every limb therein unmoved lies,  
 Not thunders loud could from this slumber deep,  
 Of quiet death true image, make him rise:

Then from her ambush forth Armida start,  
Swearing revenge, and threatening torments smart.

## LXVI

"But when she looked on his face awhile,  
And saw how sweet he breathed, how still he lay,  
How his fair eyes though closed seemed to smile,  
At first she stayed, astound with great dismay,  
Then sat her down, so love can art beguile,  
And as she sat and looked, fled fast away  
Her wrath, that on his forehead gazed the maid,  
As in his spring Narcissus tooting laid;

## LXVII

"And with a veil she wiped now and then  
From his fair cheeks the globes of silver sweat,  
And cool air gathered with a trembling fan,  
To mitigate the rage of melting heat,  
Thus, who would think it, his hot eye-glance can  
Of that cold frost dissolve the hardness great  
Which late congealed the heart of that fair dame,  
Who late a foe, a lover now became.

## LXVIII

"Of woodbines, lilies, and of roses sweet,  
Which proudly flowered through that wanton plain,  
All platted fast, well knit, and joined meet,  
She framed a soft but surely holding chain,  
Wherewith she bound his neck his hands and feet;  
Thus bound, thus taken, did the prince remain,  
And in a coach which two old dragons drew,  
She laid the sleeping knight, and thence she flew:

## LXIX

"Nor turned she to Damascus' kingdoms large,  
Nor to the fort built in Asphalte's lake,  
But jealous of her dear and precious charge,  
And of her love ashamed, the way did take,  
To the wide ocean whither skiff or barge  
From us doth seld or never voyage make,  
And there to frolic with her love awhile,  
She chose a waste, a sole and desert isle.

## LXX

"An isle that with her fellows bears the name  
Of Fortunate, for temperate air and mould,  
There in a mountain high alight the dame,  
A hill obscured with shades of forests old,  
Upon whose sides the witch by art did frame  
Continual snow, sharp frost and winter cold,  
But on the top, fresh, pleasant, sweet and green,  
Beside a lake a palace built this queen.

## LXXI

"There in perpetual sweet and flowering spring,  
She lives at ease, and joys her lord at will;  
The hardy youth from this strange prison bring  
Your valors must, directed by my skill,

And overcome each monster and each thing,  
That guards the palace or that keeps the hill,  
Nor shall you want a guide, or engines fit,  
To bring you to the mount, or conquer it.

## LXXII

"Beside the stream, yparted shall you find  
A dame, in visage young, but old in years,  
Her curled locks about her front are twined,  
A party-colored robe of silk she wears:  
This shall conduct you swift as air or wind,  
Or that flit bird that Jove's hot weapon bears,  
A faithful pilot, cunning, trusty, sure,  
As Tiphys was, or skilful Palinure.

## LXXIII

"At the hill's foot, whereon the witch doth dwell,  
The serpents hiss, and cast their poison vilde,  
The ugly boars do rear their bristles fell,  
There gape the bears, and roar the lions wild;  
But yet a rod I have can easily quell  
Their rage and wrath, and make them meek and mild.  
Yet on the top and height of all the hill,  
The greatest danger lies, and greatest ill:

## LXXIV

"There welletth out a fair, clear, bubbling spring,  
Whose waters pure the thirsty guests entice,  
But in those liquors cold the secret sting  
Of strange and deadly poison closed lies,  
One sup thereof the drinker's heart doth bring  
To sudden joy, whence laughter vain doth rise,  
Nor that strange merriment once stops or stays,  
Till, with his laughter's end, he end his days:

## LXXV

"Then from those deadly, wicked streams refrain  
Your thirsty lips, despise the dainty cheer  
You find exposed upon the grassy plain,  
Nor those false damsels once vouchsafe to hear,  
That in melodious tunes their voices strain,  
Whose faces lovely, smiling, sweet, appear;  
But you their looks, their voice, their songs despise,  
And enter fair Armida's paradise.

## LXXVI

"The house is builded like a maze within,  
With turning stairs, false doors and winding ways,  
The shape whereof plotted in vellum thin  
I will you give, that all those sleights bewrays,  
In midst a garden lies, where many a gin  
And net to catch frail hearts, false Cupid lays;  
There in the verdure of the arbors green,  
With your brave champion lies the wanton queen.

## LXXVII

"But when she haply riseth from the knight,  
And hath withdrawn her presence from the place,

Then take a shield I have of diamonds bright,  
 And hold the same before the young man's face,  
 That he may glass therein his garments light,  
 And wanton soft attire, and view his case,  
 That with the sight shame and disdain may move  
 His heart to leave that base and servile love.

LXXVIII

"Now resteth naught that needful is to tell,  
 But that you go secure, safe, sure and bold,  
 Unseen the palace may you enter well,  
 And pass the dangers all I have foretold,  
 For neither art, nor charm, nor magic spell,  
 Can stop your passage or your steps withhold,  
 Nor shall Armida, so you guarded be,  
 Your coming aught foreknow or once foresee:

LXXIX

"And eke as safe from that enchanted fort  
 You shall return and scape unhurt away;  
 But now the time doth us to rest exhort,  
 And you must rise by peep of springing day."  
 This said, he led them through a narrow port,  
 Into a lodging fair wherein they lay,  
 There glad and full of thoughts he left his guests,  
 And in his wonted bed the old man rests.

## FIFTEENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

The well instructed knights forsake their host,  
 And come where their strange bark in harbor lay,  
 And setting sail behold on Egypt's coast  
 The monarch's ships and armies in array:  
 Their wind and pilot good, the seas in post  
 They pass, and of long journeys make short way:  
 The far-sought isle they find; Armida's charms  
 They scorn, they shun her sleights, despise her arms.

I

The rosy-fingered morn with gladsome ray  
 Rose to her task from old Tithonus' lap  
 When their grave host came where the warriors lay,  
 And with him brought the shield, the rod, the map.  
 "Arise," quoth he, "ere lately broken day,  
 In his bright arms the round world fold or wrap,  
 All what I promised, here I have them brought,  
 Enough to bring Armida's charms to naught."

II

They started up, and every tender limb  
 In sturdy steel and stubborn plate they dight,  
 Before the old man stalked, they followed him  
 Through gloomy shades of sad and sable night,  
 Through vaults obscure again and entries dim,  
 The way they came their steps remeasured right;  
 But at the flood arrived, "Farewell," quoth he,  
 "Good luck your aid, your guide good fortune be."

## III

The flood received them in his bottom low  
And lilt them up above his billows thin;  
The waters so east up a branch or bough,  
By violence first plunged and dived therein:  
But when upon the shore the waves them throw,  
The knights for their fair guide to look begin,  
And gazing round a little bark they spied,  
Wherein a damsel sate the stern to guide.

## IV

Upon her front her locks were curled new,  
Her eyes were courteous, full of peace and love;  
In look a saint, an angel bright in show,  
So in her visage grace and virtue strove;  
Her robe seemed sometimes red and sometimes blue,  
And changed still as she did stir or move;  
That look how oft man's eye beheld the same  
So oft the colors changed, went and came.

## V

The feathers so, that tender, soft, and plain,  
About the dove's smooth neck close couched been,  
Do in one color never long remain,  
But change their hue gainst glimpse of Phoebus' sheen;  
And now of rubies bright a vermeil chain,  
Now make a carknet rich of emeralds green;  
Now mingle both, now alter, turn and change  
To thousand colors, rich, pure, fair, and strange.

## VI

"Enter this boat, you happy men," she says,  
"Wherein through raging waves secure I ride,  
To which all tempest, storm, and wind obeys,  
All burdens light, benign is stream and tide:  
My lord, that rules your journeys and your ways,  
Hath sent me here, your servant and your guide."  
This said, her shallop drove she gainst the sand,  
And anchor cast amid the steadfast land.

## VII

They entered in, her anchors she upwound,  
And launched forth to sea her pinnace flit,  
Spread to the wind her sails she broad unbound,  
And at the helm sat down to govern it,  
Swelled the flood that all his banks he drowned  
To bear the greatest ship of burthen fit;  
Yet was her fatigue little, swift and light,  
That at his lowest ebb bear it he might.

## VIII

Swifter than thought the friendly wind forth bore  
The sliding boat upon the rolling wave,  
With curded foam and froth the billows hoar  
About the cable murmur roar and rave;  
At last they came where all his watery store  
The flood in one deep channel did engrave,

And forth to greedy seas his streams he sent,  
And so his waves, his name, himself he spent.

## IX

The wondrous boat scant touched the troubled main  
But all the sea still, hushed and quiet was,  
Vanished the clouds, ceased the wind and rain,  
The tempests threatened overblow and pass,  
A gentle breathing air made even and plain  
The azure face of heaven's smooth looking-glass,  
And heaven itself smiled from the skies above  
With a calm clearness on the earth his love.

## X

By Ascalon they sailed, and forth drove,  
Toward the west their speedy course they frame,  
In sight of Gaza till the bark arrived,  
A little port when first it took that name;  
But since, by others' loss so well it thrived  
A city great and rich that it became,  
And there the shores and borders of the land  
They found as full of armed men as sand.

## XI

The passengers to landward turned their sight,  
And there saw pitched many a stately tent,  
Soldier and footman, captain, lord and knight,  
Between the shore and city, came and went:  
Huge elephants, strong camels, coursers light,  
With horned hoofs the sandy ways outrent,  
And in the haven many a ship and boat,  
With mighty anchors fastened, swim and float;

## XII

Some spread their sails, some with strong oars sweep  
The waters smooth, and brush the buxom wave,  
Their breasts in sunder cleave the yielding deep,  
The broken seas for anger foam and rave,  
When thus their guide began, "Sir knights, take heed  
How all these shores are spread with squadrons brave  
And troops of hardy knights, yet on these sands  
The monarch scant hath gathered half his bands.

## XIII

"Of Egypt only these the forces are,  
And aid from other lands they here attend,  
For twixt the noon-day sun and morning star,  
All realms at his command do bow and bend;  
So that I trust we shall return from far,  
And bring our journey long to wished end,  
Before this king or his lieutenant shall  
These armies bring to Zion's conquered wall."

## XIV

While thus she said, as soaring eagles fly  
Mongst other birds securely through the air,  
And mounting up behold with wakeful eye,  
The radiant beams of old Hyperion's hair,

Her gondola so passed swiftly by  
 Twixt ship and ship, withouten fear or care  
 Who should her follow, trouble, stop or stay,  
 And forth to sea made lucky speed and way.

## XV

Themselves fornenst old Raffia's town they fand,  
 A town that first to sailors doth appear  
 As they from Syria pass to Egypt land:  
 The sterile coasts of barren Rhinocere  
 They passed, and seas where Casius hill doth stand  
 That with his trees o'erspreads the waters near,  
 Against whose roots breaketh the brackish wave  
 Where Jove his temple, Pompey hath his grave:

## XVI

Then Damiata next, where they behold  
 How to the sea his tribute Nilus pays  
 By his seven mouths renowned in stories old,  
 And by an hundred more ignoble ways:  
 They pass the town built by the Grecian bold,  
 Of him called Alexandria till our days,  
 And Pharaoh's tower and isle removed of yore  
 Far from the land, now joined to the shore:

## XVII

Both Crete and Rhodes they left by north unseen,  
 And sailed along the coasts of Afric lands,  
 Whose sea towns fair, but realms more inward been  
 All full of monsters and of desert sands:  
 With her five cities then they left Cyrene,  
 Where that old temple of false Hammon stands:  
 Next Ptolemais, and that sacred wood  
 Whence spring the silent streams of Lethe flood.

## XVIII

The greater Syrte, that sailors often cast  
 In peril great of death and loss extreme,  
 They compassed round about, and safely passed,  
 The Cape Judeca and flood Magra's stream;  
 Then Tripoli, gainst which is Malta placed,  
 That low and hid, to lurk in seas doth seem:  
 The little Syrte then, and Alzerhes isle,  
 Where dwelt the folk that Lotos ate erewhile.

## XIX

Next Tunis on the crooked shore they spied,  
 Whose bay a rock on either side defends,  
 Tunis all towns in beauty, wealth and pride  
 Above, as far as Libya's bounds extends;  
 Gainst which, from fair Sicilia's fertile side,  
 His rugged front great Lilybaeum bends.  
 The dame there pointed out where sometime stood  
 Rome's stately rival whilom, Carthage proud;

## XX

Great Carthage low in ashes cold doth lie,  
 Her ruins poor the herbs in height scant pass,

So cities fall, so perish kingdoms high,  
Their pride and pomp lies hid in sand and grass:  
Then why should mortal man repine to die,  
Whose life, is air; breath, wind; and body, glass?  
From thence the seas next Bisert's walls they cleft,  
And far Sardinia on their right hand left.

## XXI

Numidia's mighty plains they coasted then,  
Where wandering shepherds used their flocks to feed,  
Then Bugia and Argier, the infamous den  
Of pirates false, Oran they left with speed,  
All Tingitan they swiftly overren,  
Where elephants and angry lions breed,  
Where now the realms of Fez and Maroc be,  
Gainst which Granada's shores and coasts they see.

## XXII

Now are they there, where first the sea brake in  
By great Alcides' help, as stories feign,  
True may it be that where those floods begin  
It whilom was a firm and solid main  
Before the sea there through did passage win  
And parted Afric from the land of Spain,  
Abila hence, thence Calpe great upsprings,  
Such power hath time to change the face of things.

## XXIII

Four times the sun had spread his morning ray  
Since first the dame launched forth her wondrous barge  
And never yet took port in creek or bay,  
But fairly forward bore the knights her charge;  
Now through the strait her jolly ship made way,  
And boldly sailed upon the ocean large;  
But if the sea in midst of earth was great,  
Oh what was this, wherein earth hath her seat?

## XXIV

Now deep engulfed in the mighty flood  
They saw not Gades, nor the mountains near,  
Fled was the land, and towns on land that stood,  
Heaven covered sea, sea seemed the heavens to bear.  
"At last, fair lady," quoth Ubaldo good,  
"That in this endless main dost guide us here,  
If ever man before here sailed tell,  
Or other lands here be wherein men dwell."

## XXV

"Great Hercules," quoth she, "when he had quailed  
The monsters fierce in Afric and in Spain,  
And all along your coasts and countries sailed,  
Yet durst he not assay the ocean main,  
Within his pillars would he have impaled  
The overdaring wit of mankind vain,  
Till Lord Ulysses did those bounders pass,  
To see and know he so desirous was.

## XXVI

"He passed those pillars, and in open wave

Of the broad sea first his bold sails untwined,  
 But yet the greedy ocean was his grave,  
 Naught helped him his skill gainst tide and wind;  
 With him all witness of his voyage brave  
 Lies buried there, no truth thereof we find,  
 And they whom storm hath forced that way since,  
 Are drowned all, or unreturned from thence:

## XXVII

"So that this mighty sea is yet unsought,  
 Where thousand isles and kingdoms lie unknown,  
 Not void of men as some have vainly thought,  
 But peopled well, and wonned like your own;  
 The land is fertile ground, but scant well wrought,  
 Air wholesome, temperate sun, grass proudly grown."  
 "But," quoth Ubaldo, "dame, I pray thee teach  
 Of that hid world, what be the laws and speech?"

## XXVIII

"As diverse be their nations," answered she,  
 "Their tongues, their rites, their laws so different are;  
 Some pray to beasts, some to a stone or tree,  
 Some to the earth, the sun, or morning star;  
 Their meats unwholesome, vile, and hateful be,  
 Some eat man's flesh, and captives ta'en in war,  
 And all from Calpe's mountain west that dwell,  
 In faith profane, in life are rude and fell."

## XXIX

"But will our gracious God," the knight replied,  
 "That with his blood all sinful men hath bought,  
 His truth forever and his gospel hide  
 From all those lands, as yet unknown, unsought?"  
 "Oh no," quoth she, "his name both far and wide  
 Shall there be known, all learning thither brought,  
 Nor shall these long and tedious ways forever  
 Your world and theirs, their lands, your kingdoms sever."

## XXX

"The time shall come that sailors shall disdain  
 To talk or argue of Alcides' treat,  
 And lands and seas that nameless yet remain,  
 Shall well be known, their boundaries, site and seat,  
 The ships encompass shall the solid main,  
 As far as seas outstretch their waters great,  
 And measure all the world, and with the sun  
 About this earth, this globe, this compass, run."

## XXXI

"A knight of Genes shall have the hardiment  
 Upon this wondrous voyage first to wend,  
 Nor winds nor waves, that ships in sunder rent,  
 Nor seas unused, strange clime, or pool unkennd,  
 Nor other peril nor astonishment  
 That makes frail hearts of men to bow and bend,  
 Within Abilas' strait shall keep and hold  
 The noble spirit of this sailor bold."

## XXXII

"Thy ship, Columbus, shall her canvas wing  
Spread o'er that world that yet concealed lies,  
That scant swift fame her looks shall after bring,  
Though thousand plumes she have, and thousand eyes;  
Let her of Bacchus and Alcides sing,  
Of thee to future age let this suffice,  
That of thine acts she some forewarning give,  
Which shall in verse and noble story live."

## XXXIII

Thus talking, swift twixt south and west they run,  
And sliced out twixt froth and foam their way;  
At once they saw before, the setting sun;  
Behind, the rising beam of springing day;  
And when the morn her drops and dews begun  
To scatter broad upon the flowering lay,  
Far off a hill and mountain high they spied,  
Whose top the clouds environ, clothe and hide;

## XXXIV

And drawing near, the hill at ease they view,  
When all the clouds were molten, fallen and fled,  
Whose top pyramid-wise did pointed show,  
High, narrow, sharp, the sides yet more outspread,  
Thence now and then fire, flame and smoke outflew,  
As from that hill, whereunder lies in bed  
Enceladus, whence with imperious sway  
Bright fire breaks out by night, black smoke by day.

## XXXV

About the hill lay other islands small,  
Where other rocks, crags, cliffs, and mountains stood,  
The Isles Fortunate these elder time did call,  
To which high Heaven they reigned so kind and good,  
And of his blessings rich so liberal,  
That without tillage earth gives corn for food,  
And grapes that swell with sweet and precious wine  
There without pruning yields the fertile vine.

## XXXVI

The olive fat there ever buds and flowers,  
The honey-drops from hollow oaks distil,  
The falling brook her silver streams downpours  
With gentle murmur from their native hill,  
The western blast tempereth with dews and showers  
The sunny rays, lest heat the blossoms kill,  
The fields Elysian, as fond heathen sain,  
Were there, where souls of men in bliss remain.

## XXXVII

To these their pilot steered, "And now," quoth she,  
"Your voyage long to end is brought well-near,  
The happy Isles of Fortune now you see,  
Of which great fame, and little truth, you hear,  
Sweet, wholesome, pleasant, fertile, fat they be,  
Yet not so rich as fame reports they were."

This said, toward an island fresh she bore,  
The first of ten, that lies next Afric's shore;

## XXXVIII

When Charles thus, "If, worthy governess,  
To our good speed such tarriance be no let,  
Upon this isle that Heaven so fair doth bless,  
To view the place, on land awhile us set,  
To know the folk and what God they confess,  
And all whereby man's heart may knowledge get,  
That I may tell the wonders therein seen  
Another day, and say, there have I been."

## XXXIX

She answered him, "Well fits this high desire  
Thy noble heart, yet cannot I consent;  
For Heaven's decree, firm, stable, and entire,  
Thy wish repugns, and gainst thy will is bent,  
Nor yet the time hath Titan's gliding fire  
Met forth, prefixed for this discoverment,  
Nor is it lawful of the ocean main  
That you the secrets know, or known explain.

## XL

"To you withouten needle, map or card  
It's given to pass these seas, and there arrive  
Where in strong prison lies your knight imbarred,  
And of her prey you must the witch deprive:  
If further to aspire you be prepared,  
In vain gainst fate and Heaven's decree you strive."  
While thus she said, the first seen isle gave place,  
And high and rough the second showed his face.

## XLI

They saw how eastward stretched in order long,  
The happy islands sweetly flowering lay;  
And how the seas betwixt those isles enthrong,  
And how they shouldered land from land away:  
In seven of them the people rude among  
The shady trees their sheds had built of clay,  
The rest lay waste, unless wild beasts unseen,  
Or wanton nymphs, roamed on the mountains green.

## XLII

A secret place they found in one of those,  
Where the cleft shore sea in his bosom takes,  
And 'twixt his stretched arms doth fold and close  
An ample bay, a rock the haven makes,  
Which to the main doth his broad back oppose,  
Whereon the roaring billow cleaves and breaks,  
And here and there two crags like turrets high,  
Point forth a port to all that sail thereby:

## XLIII

The quiet seas below lie safe and still,  
The green wood like a garland grows aloft,  
Sweet caves within, cool shades and waters shrill,  
Where lie the nymphs on moss and ivy soft;

No anchor there needs hold her frigate still,  
Nor cable twisted sure, though breaking oft:  
Into this desert, silent, quiet, glad,  
Entered the dame, and there her haven made.

## XLIV

"The palace proudly built," quoth she, "behold,  
That sits on top of yonder mountain's height,  
Of Christ's true faith there lies the champion bold  
In idleness, love, fancy, folly light;  
When Phoebus shall his rising beams unfold,  
Prepare you gainst the hill to mount upright,  
Nor let this stay in your bold hearts breed care,  
For, save that one, all hours unlucky are;

## XLV

"But yet this evening, if you make good speed,  
To that hill's foot with daylight might you pass."  
Thus said the dame their guide, and they agreed,  
And took their leave and leaped forth on the grass;  
They found the way that to the hill doth lead,  
And softly went that neither tired was,  
But at the mountain's foot they both arrived,  
Before the sun his team in waters dived.

## XLVI

They saw how from the crags and clefts below  
His proud and stately pleasant top grew out,  
And how his sides were clad with frost and snow,  
The height was green with herbs and flowerets sown,  
Like hairy locks the trees about him grow,  
The rocks of ice keep watch and ward about,  
The tender roses and the lilies new,  
Thus art can nature change, and kind subdue.

## XLVII

Within a thick, a dark and shady plot,  
At the hill's foot that night the warriors dwell,  
But when the sun his rays bright, shining, hot,  
Dispread of golden light the eternal well,  
"Up, up," they cried, and fiercely up they got,  
And climbed boldly gainst the mountain fell;  
But forth there crept, from whence I cannot say,  
An ugly serpent which forestalled their way.

## XLVIII

Armed with golden scales his head and crest  
He lifted high, his neck swelled great with ire,  
Flamed his eyes, and hiding with his breast  
All the broad path, he poison breathed and fire,  
Now reached he forth in folds and forward pressed,  
Now would he back in rolls and heaps retire,  
Thus he presents himself to guard the place,  
The knights pressed forward with assured pace:

## XLIX

Charles drew forth his brand to strike the snake;  
Ubaldo cried, "Stay, my companion dear,

Will you with sword or weapon battle make  
 Against this monster that affronts us here?"  
 This said, he gan his charmed rod to shake,  
 So that the serpent durst not hiss for fear,  
 But fled, and dead for dread fell on the grass,  
 And so the passage plain, eath, open was.

## L

A little higher on the way they met  
 A lion fierce that hugely roared and cried,  
 His crest he reared high, and open set  
 Of his broad-gaping jaws the furnace wide,  
 His stern his back oft smote, his rage to whet,  
 But when the sacred staff he once espied  
 A trembling fear through his bold heart was spread,  
 His native wrath was gone, and swift he fled.

## LI

The hardy couple on their way forth wend,  
 And met a host that on them roar and gape,  
 Of savage beasts, tofore unseen, unkend,  
 Differing in voice, in semblance, and in shape;  
 All monsters which hot Afric doth forthsend,  
 Twixt Nilus, Atlas, and the southern cape,  
 Were all there met, and all wild beasts besides  
 Hyrcania breeds, or Hyrcane forest hides.

## LII

But yet that fierce, that strange and savage host  
 Could not in presence of those worthies stand,  
 But fled away, their heart and courage lost,  
 When Lord Ubaldo shook his charming wand.  
 No other let their passage stopped or crossed;  
 Till on the mountain's top themselves they land,  
 Save that the ice, the frost, and drifted snow,  
 Oft made them feeble, weary, faint and slow.

## LIII

But having passed all that frozen ground,  
 And overgone that winter sharp and keen,  
 A warm, mild, pleasant, gentle sky they found,  
 That overspread a large and ample green,  
 The winds breathed spikenard, myrrh, and balm around,  
 The blasts were firm, unchanged, stable been,  
 Not as elsewhere the winds now rise now fall,  
 And Phoebus there aye shines, sets not at all.

## LIV

Not as elsewhere now sunshine bright now showers,  
 Now heat now cold, there interchanged were,  
 But everlasting spring mild heaven down pours,—  
 In which nor rain, nor storm, nor clouds appear,—  
 Nursing to fields, their grass; to grass, his flowers;  
 To flowers their smell; to trees, the leaves they bear:  
 There by a lake a stately palace stands,  
 That overlooks all mountains, seas and lands:

## LV

The passage hard against the mountain steep

These travellers had faint and weary made,  
That through those grassy plains they scanty creep;  
They walked, they rested oft, they went, they stayed,  
When from the rocks, that seemed for joy to weep,  
Before their feet a dropping crystal played  
Enticing them to drink, and on the flowers  
The plenteous spring a thousand streams down pours,

## LVI

All which, united in the springing grass,  
Ate forth a channel through the tender green  
And underneath eternal shade did pass,  
With murmur shrill, cold, pure, and scanty seen;  
Yet so transparent, that perceived was  
The bottom rich, and sands that golden been,  
And on the brims the silken grass aloft  
Proffered them seats, sweet, easy, fresh and soft.

## LVII

"See here the stream of laughter, see the spring,"  
Quoth they, "of danger and of deadly pain,  
Here fond desire must by fair governing  
Be ruled, our lust bridled with wisdom's rein,  
Our ears be stopped while these Sirens sing,  
Their notes enticing man to pleasure vain."  
Thus passed they forward where the stream did make  
An ample pond, a large and spacious lake.

## LVIII

There on a table was all dainty food  
That sea, that earth, or liquid air could give,  
And in the crystal of the laughing flood  
They saw two naked virgins bathe and dive,  
That sometimes toying, sometimes wrestling stood,  
Sometimes for speed and skill in swimming strive,  
Now underneath they dived, now rose above,  
And ticing baits laid forth of lust and love.

## LIX

These naked wantons, tender, fair and white,  
Moved so far the warriors' stubborn hearts,  
That on their shapes they gazed with delight;  
The nymphs applied their sweet alluring arts,  
And one of them above the waters quite,  
Lift up her head, her breasts and higher parts,  
And all that might weak eyes subdue and take,  
Her lower beauties veiled the gentle lake.

## LX

As when the morning star, escaped and fled  
From greedy waves, with dewy beams up flies,  
Or as the Queen of Love, new born and bred  
Of the Ocean's fruitful froth, did first arise:  
So vented she her golden locks forth shed  
Round pearls and crystal moist therein which lies:  
But when her eyes upon the knights she cast,  
She start, and feigned her of their sight aghast.

## LXI

And her fair locks, that in a knot were tied  
 High on her crown, she 'gan at large unfold;  
 Which falling long and thick and spreading wide,  
 The ivory soft and white mantled in gold:  
 Thus her fair skin the dame would clothe and hide,  
 And that which hid it no less fair was hold;  
 Thus clad in waves and locks, her eyes divine,  
 From them ashamed did she turn and twine.

## LXII

Withal she smiled and she blushed withal,  
 Her blush, her smilings, smiles her blushing graced:  
 Over her face her amber tresses fall,  
 Whereunder Love himself in ambush placed:  
 At last she warbled forth a treble small,  
 And with sweet looks her sweet songs interlaced;  
 "Oh happy men I that have the grace," quoth she,  
 "This bliss, this heaven, this paradise to see.

## LXIII

"This is the place wherein you may assuage  
 Your sorrows past, here is that joy and bliss  
 That flourished in the antique golden age,  
 Here needs no law, here none doth aught amiss:  
 Put off those arms and fear not Mars his rage,  
 Your sword, your shield, your helmet needless is;  
 Then consecrate them here to endless rest,  
 You shall love's champions be, and soldiers blest.

## LXIV

"The fields for combat here are beds of down,  
 Or heaped lilies under shady brakes;  
 But come and see our queen with golden crown,  
 That all her servants blest and happy makes,  
 She will admit you gently for her own,  
 Numbered with those that of her joy partakes:  
 But first within this lake your dust and sweat  
 Wash off, and at that table sit and eat."

## LXV

While thus she sung, her sister lured them nigh  
 With many a gesture kind and loving show,  
 To music's sound as dames in court apply  
 Their cunning feet, and dance now swift now slow:  
 But still the knights unmoved passed by,  
 These vain delights for wicked charms they know,  
 Nor could their heavenly voice or angel's look,  
 Surprise their hearts, if eye or ear they took.

## LXVI

For if that sweetness once but touched their hearts,  
 And proffered there to kindle Cupid's fire,  
 Straight armed Reason to his charge up starts,  
 And quencheth Lust, and killeth fond Desire;  
 Thus scorned were the dames, their wiles and arts  
 And to the palace gates the knights retire,

While in their stream the damsels dived sad,  
Ashamed, disgraced, for that repulse they had.

## SIXTEENTH BOOK

### THE ARGUMENT.

The searchers pass through all the palace bright  
Where in sweet prison lies Rinaldo pent,  
And do so much, that full of rage and spite,  
With them he goes sad, shamed, discontent:  
With plaints and prayers to retain her knight  
Armida strives; he hears, but thence he went,  
And she forlorn her palace great and fair  
Destroys for grief, and flies thence through the air.

#### I

The palace great is builded rich and round,  
And in the centre of the inmost hold  
There lies a garden sweet, on fertile ground,  
Fairer than that where grew the trees of gold:  
The cunning sprites had buildings reared around  
With doors and entries false a thousandfold,  
A labyrinth they made that fortress brave,  
Like Daedal's prison, or Porsenna's grave.

#### II

The knights passed through the castle's largest gate,  
Though round about an hundred ports there shine,  
The door-leaves framed of carved silver-plate,  
Upon their golden hinges turn and twine.  
They stayed to view this work of wit and state.  
The workmanship excelled the substance fine,  
For all the shapes in that rich metal wrought,  
Save speech, of living bodies wanted naught.

#### III

Alcides there sat telling tales, and spun  
Among the feeble troops of damsels mild,  
He that the fiery gates of hell had won  
And heaven upheld; false Love stood by and smiled:  
Armed with his club fair Iole forth run,  
His club with blood of monsters foul defiled,  
And on her back his lion's skin had she,  
Too rough a bark for such a tender tree.

#### IV

Beyond was made a sea, whose azure flood  
The hoary froth crushed from the surges blue,  
Wherein two navies great well ranged stood  
Of warlike ships, fire from their arms outflow,  
The waters burned about their vessels good,  
Such flames the gold therein enchased threw,  
Caesar his Romans hence, the Asian kings  
Thence Antony and Indian princes brings.

#### V

The Cyclades seemed to swim amid the main,  
And hill gainst hill, and mount gainst mountain smote,

With such great fury met those armies twain;  
 Here burnt a ship, there sunk a bark or boat,  
 Here darts and wild-fire flew, there drowned or slain  
 Of princes dead the bodies fleet and float;  
 Here Caesar wins, and yonder conquered been  
 The Eastern ships, there fled the Egyptian queen:

## VI

Antonius eke himself to flight betook,  
 The empire lost to which he would aspire,  
 Yet fled not he nor fight for fear forsook,  
 But followed her, drawn on by fond desire:  
 Well might you see within his troubled look,  
 Strive and contend, love, courage, shame and ire;  
 Oft looked he back, oft gazed he on the fight,  
 But oftener on his mistress and her flight.

## VII

Then in the secret creeks of fruitful Nile,  
 Cast in her lap, he would sad death await,  
 And in the pleasure of her lovely smile  
 Sweeten the bitter stroke of cursed fate:  
 All this did art with curious hand compile  
 In the rich metal of that princely gate.  
 The knights these stories viewed first and last,  
 Which seen, they forward pressed, and in they passed:

## VIII

As through his channel crooked Meander glides  
 With turns and twines, and rolls now to, now fro,  
 Whose streams run forth there to the salt sea sides  
 Here back return and to their springward go:  
 Such crooked paths, such ways this palace hides;  
 Yet all the maze their map described so,  
 That through the labyrinth they got in fine,  
 As Theseus did by Ariadne's line.

## IX

When they had passed all those troubled ways,  
 The garden sweet spread forth her green to show,  
 The moving crystal from the fountains plays,  
 Fair trees, high plants, strange herbs and flowerets new,  
 Sunshiny hills, dales hid from Phoebus' rays,  
 Groves, arbors, mossy caves, at once they view,  
 And that which beauty moat, most wonder brought,  
 Nowhere appeared the art which all this wrought.

## X

So with the rude the polished mingled was  
 That natural seemed all and every part,  
 Nature would craft in counterfeiting pass,  
 And imitate her imitator art:  
 Mild was the air, the skies were clear as glass,  
 The trees no whirlwind felt, nor tempest smart,  
 But ere the fruit drop off, the blossom comes,  
 This springs, that falls, that ripeneth and this blooms.

## XI

The leaves upon the self-same bough did hide

Beside the young the old and ripened fig,  
Here fruit was green, there ripe with vermeil side,  
The apples new and old grew on one twig,  
The fruitful vine her arms spread high and wide  
That bended underneath their clusters big,  
The grapes were tender here, hard, young and sour,  
There purple ripe, and nectar sweet forth pour.

## XII

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade,  
Sung merry notes on every branch and bough,  
The wind that in the leaves and waters played  
With murmur sweet, now sung, and whistled now;  
Ceased the birds, the wind loud answer made,  
And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low;  
Thus were it hap or cunning, chance or art,  
The wind in this strange music bore his part.

## XIII

With party-colored plumes' and purple bill,  
A wondrous bird among the rest there flew,  
That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and shrill,  
Her leden was like human language true;  
So much she talked, and with such wit and skill,  
That strange it seemed how much good she knew,  
Her feathered fellows all stood hush to hear,  
Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were.

## XIV

"The gently budding rose," quoth she, "behold,  
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,  
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth upfold  
In their dear leaves, and less seen, fairer seems,  
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,  
Then languisheth and dies in last extremes,  
Nor seems the same, that decked bed and bower  
Of many a lady late, and paramour;

## XV

"So, in the passing of a day, doth pass  
The bud and blossom of the life of man,  
Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass  
Cut down, becometh withered, pale and wan:  
Oh gather then the rose while time thou hast  
Short is the day, done when it scant began,  
Gather the rose of love, while yet thou mayest,  
Loving, be loved; embracing, be embraced."

## XVI

He ceased, and as approving all he spoke,  
The choir of birds their heavenly tunes renew,  
The turtles sighed, and sighs with kisses broke,  
The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew;  
It seemed the laurel chaste, and stubborn oak,  
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,  
It seemed the land, the sea, and heaven above,  
All breathed out fancy sweet, and sighed out love.

## XVII

Through all this music rare, and strong consent  
 Of strange allurements, sweet bove mean and measure,  
 Severe, firm, constant, still the knights forthwent,  
 Hardening their hearts gainst false enticing pleasure,  
 Twixt leaf and leaf their sight before they sent,  
 And after crept themselves at ease and leisure,  
 Till they beheld the queen, set with their knight  
 Besides the lake, shaded with boughs from sight:

## XVIII

Her breasts were naked, for the day was hot,  
 Her locks unbound waved in the wanton wind;  
 Some deal she sweat, tired with the game you wot,  
 Her sweat-drops bright, white, round, like pearls of Ind;  
 Her humid eyes a fiery smile forthshot  
 That like sunbeams in silver fountains shined,  
 O'er him her looks she hung, and her soft breast  
 The pillow was, where he and love took rest.

## XIX

His hungry eyes upon her face he fed,  
 And feeding them so, pined himself away;  
 And she, declining often down her head,  
 His lips, his cheeks, his eyes kissed, as he lay,  
 Wherewith he sighed, as if his soul had fled  
 From his frail breast to hers, and there would stay  
 With her beloved sprite: the armed pair  
 These follies all beheld and this hot fare.

## XX

Down by the lovers' side there pendent was  
 A crystal mirror, bright, pure, smooth, and neat,  
 He rose, and to his mistress held the glass,  
 A noble page, graced with that service great;  
 She, with glad looks, he with inflamed, alas,  
 Beauty and love beheld, both in one seat;  
 Yet them in sundry objects each espies,  
 She, in the glass, he saw them in her eyes:

## XXI

Her, to command; to serve, it pleased the knight;  
 He proud of bondage; of her empire, she;  
 "My dear," he said, "that blassest with thy sight  
 Even blessed angels, turn thine eyes to me,  
 For painted in my heart and portrayed right  
 Thy worth, thy beauties and perfections be,  
 Of which the form; the shape and fashion best,  
 Not in this glass is seen, but in my breast.

## XXII

"And if thou me disdain, yet be content  
 At least so to behold thy lovely hue,  
 That while thereon thy looks are fixed and bent  
 Thy happy eyes themselves may see and view;  
 So rare a shape no crystal can present,  
 No glass contain that heaven of beauties true;

Oh let the skies thy worthy mirror be!  
And in dear stars try shape and image see."

## XXIII

And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless  
Her love-toys still she used, and pleasures bold!  
Her hair, that done, she twisted up in tress,  
And looser locks in silken laces rolled,  
Her curls garlandwise she did up-dress,  
Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold,  
The twisted flowers smiled, and her white breast  
The lilies there that spring with roses dressed.

## XXIV

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair  
The eyed feathers of his pompous train;  
Nor golden Iris so bends in the air  
Her twenty-colored bow, through clouds of rain;  
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich and rare,  
Her girdle did in price and beauty stain,  
Nor that, with scorn, which Tuscan Guilla lost,  
Igor Venus Ceston, could match this for cost.

## XXV

Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet  
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear,  
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad regret,  
Sighs, sorrows, tears, embracements, kisses dear,  
That mixed first by weight and measure meet,  
Then at an easy fire attempered were,  
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,  
And, when she would be loved, wore the same.

## XXVI

But when her wooing fit was brought to end,  
She congee took, kissed him, and went her way;  
For once she used every day to wend  
Bout her affairs, her spells and charms to say:  
The youth remained, yet had no power to bend  
One step from thence, but used there to stray  
Mongst the sweet birds, through every walk and grove  
Alone, save for an hermit false called Love.

## XXVII

And when the silence deep and friendly shade  
Recalled the lovers to their wonted sport,  
In a fair room for pleasure built, they laid,  
And longest nights with joys made sweet and short.  
Now while the queen her household things surveyed,  
And left her lord her garden and disport,  
The twain that hidden in the bushes were  
Before the prince in glistening arms appear:

## XXVIII

As the fierce steed for age withdrawn from war  
Wherein the glorious beast had always wone,  
That in vile rest from fight sequestered far,  
Feeds with the mares at large, his service done,

If arms he see, or hear the trumpet's jar,  
 He neigheth loud and thither fast doth run,  
 And wiseth on his back the armed knight,  
 Longing for jousts, for tournament and fight:

## XXIX

So fared Rinaldo when the glorious light  
 Of their bright harness glistered in his eyes,  
 His noble sprite awaked at that sight  
 His blood began to warm, his heart to rise,  
 Though, drunk with ease, devoid of wonted might  
 On sleep till then his weakened virtue lies.  
 Ubaldo forward stepped, and to him hield  
 Of diamonds clear that pure and precious shield.

## XXX

Upon the targe his looks amazed he bent,  
 And therein all his wanton habit spied,  
 His civet, balm, and perfumes redolent,  
 How from his locks they smoked and mantle wide,  
 His sword that many a Pagan stout had shent,  
 Bewrapped with flowers, hung idly by his side,  
 So nicely decked that it seemed the knight  
 Wore it for fashion's sake but not for fight.

## XXXI

As when, from sleep and idle dreams abraid,  
 A man awaked calls home his wits again;  
 So in beholding his attire he played,  
 But yet to view himself could not sustain,  
 His looks he downward cast and naught he said,  
 Grieved, shamed, sad, he would have died fain,  
 And oft he wished the earth or ocean wide  
 Would swallow him, and so his errors hide.

## XXXII

Ubaldo took the time, and thus begun,  
 "All Europe now and Asia be in war,  
 And all that Christ adore and fame have won,  
 In battle strong, in Syria fighting are;  
 But thee alone, Bertoldo's noble son,  
 This little corner keeps, exiled far  
 From all the world, buried in sloth and shame,  
 A carpet champion for a wanton dame.

## XXXIII

"What letharge hath in drowsiness up-penned  
 Thy courage thus? what sloth doth thee infect?  
 Up, up, our camp and Godfrey for thee send,  
 Thee fortune, praise and victory expect,  
 Come, fatal champion, bring to happy end  
 This enterprise begun, all that sect  
 Which oft thou shaken hast to earth full low  
 With thy sharp brand strike down, kill, overthrow."

## XXXIV

This said, the noble infant stood a space  
 Confused, speechless, senseless, ill-ashamed;

But when that shame to just disdain gave place,  
To fierce disdain, from courage sprung untamed,  
Another redness blushed through his face,  
Whence worthy anger shone, displeasure flamed,  
His nice attire in scorn he rent and tore,  
For of his bondage vile that witness bore;

XXXV

That done, he hasted from the charmed fort,  
And through the maze passed with his searchers twain.  
Armida of her mount and chiefest port  
Wondered to find the furious keeper slain,  
Awhile she feared, but she knew in short,  
That her dear lord was fled, then saw she plain,  
Ah, woful sight! how from her gates the man  
In haste, in fear, in wrath, in anger ran.

XXXVI

"Whither, O cruel! leavest thou me alone?"  
She would have cried, her grief her speeches stayed,  
So that her woful words are backward gone,  
And in her heart a bitter echo made;  
Poor soul, of greater skill than she was one  
Whose knowledge from her thus her joy conveyed,  
This wist she well, yet had desire to prove  
If art could keep, if charms recall her love.

XXXVII

All what the witches of Thessalia land,  
With lips unpure yet ever said or spake,  
Words that could make heaven's rolling circles stand,  
And draw the damned ghosts from Limbo lake,  
All well she knew, but yet no time she fand  
To use her knowledge or her charms to make,  
But left her arts, and forth she ran to prove  
If single beauty were best charm for love.

XXXVIII

She ran, nor of her honor took regard,  
Oh where be all her vaunts and triumphs now?  
Love's empire great of late she made or marred,  
To her his subjects humbly bend and bow,  
And with her pride mixed was a scorn so hard,  
That to be loved she loved, yet whilst they woo  
Her lovers all she hates; that pleased her will  
To conquer men, and conquered so, to kill.

XXXIX

But now herself disdained, abandoned,  
Ran after him; that from her fled in scorn,  
And her despised beauty labored  
With humble complaints and prayers to adorn:  
She ran and hasted after him that fled,  
Through frost and snow, through brier, bush and thorn,  
And sent her cries on message her before,  
That reached not him till he had reached the shore.

XL

"Oh thou that leav'st but half behind," quoth she,

"Of my poor heart, and half with thee dost carry,  
 Oh take this part, or render that to me,  
 Else kill them both at once, ah tarry, tarry:  
 Hear my last words, no parting kiss of thee  
 I crave, for some more fit with thee to marry  
 Keep them, unkind; what fear'st thou if thou stay?  
 Thou may'st deny, as well as run away."

## XLI

At this Rinaldo stopped, stood still, and stayed,  
 She came, sad, breathless, weary, faint and weak,  
 So woe-begone was never nymph or maid  
 And yet her beauty's pride grief could not break,  
 On him she looked, she gazed, but naught she said,  
 She would not, could not, or she durst not speak,  
 At her he looked not, glanced not, if he did,  
 Those glances shamefaced were, close, secret, hid.

## XLII

As cunning singers, ere they strain on high,  
 In loud melodious tunes, their gentle voice,  
 Prepare the hearers' ears to harmony  
 With feignings sweet, low notes and warbles choice:  
 So she, not having yet forgot pardie  
 Her wonted shifts and sleights in Cupid's toys,  
 A sequence first of sighs and sobs forthcast,  
 To breed compassion dear, then spake at last:

## XLIII

"Suppose not, cruel, that I come to vow  
 Or pray, as ladies do their loves and lords;  
 Such were we late, if thou disdain it now,  
 Or scorn to grant such grace as love affords,  
 At least yet as an enemy listen thou:  
 Sworn foes sometimes will talk and chaffer words,  
 For what I ask thee, may'st thou grant right well,  
 And lessen naught thy wrath and anger fell.

## XLIV

"If me thou hate, and in that hate delight,  
 I come not to appease thee, hate me still,  
 It's like for like; I bore great hate and spite  
 Gainst Christians all, chiefly I wish thee ill:  
 I was a Pagan born, and all my might  
 Against Godfredo bent, mine art and skill:  
 I followed thee, took thee, and bore thee far,  
 To this strange isle, and kept thee safe from war.

## XLV

"And more, which more thy hate may justly move,  
 More to thy loss, more to thy shame and grief,  
 I thee enchanted, and allured to love,  
 Wicked deceit, craft worthy sharp reproof;  
 Mine honor gave I thee all gifts above,  
 And of my beauties made thee lord and chief,  
 And to my suitors old what I denayed,  
 That gave I thee, my lover new, unprayed.

## XLVI

"But reckon that among, my faults, and let  
Those many wrongs provoke thee so to wrath,  
That hence thou run, and that at naught thou set  
This pleasant house, so many joys which hath;  
Go, travel, pass the seas, fight, conquest get,  
Destroy our faith, what shall I say, our faith?  
Ah no! no longer ours; before thy shrine  
Alone I pray, thou cruel saint of mine;

## XLVII

"All only let me go with thee, unkind,  
A small request although I were thy foe,  
The spoiler seldom leaves the prey behind,  
Who triumphs lets his captives with him go;  
Among thy prisoners poor Armida bind,  
And let the camp increase thy praises so,  
That thy beguiler so thou couldst beguile,  
And point at me, thy thrall and bondslave vile.

## XLVIII

"Despised bondslave, since my lord doth hate  
These locks, why keep I them or hold them dear?  
Come cut them off, that to my servile state  
My habit answer may, and all my gear:  
I follow thee in spite of death and fate,  
Through battles fierce where dangers most appear,  
Courage I have, and strength enough perchance,  
To lead thy courser spare, and bear thy lance:

## XLIX

"I will or bear, or be myself, thy shield,  
And to defend thy life, will lose mine own:  
This breast, this bosom soft shall be thy bield  
Gainst storms of arrows, darts and weapons thrown;  
Thy foes, pardie, encountering thee in field,  
Will spare to strike thee, mine affection known,  
Lest me they wound, nor will sharp vengeance take  
On thee, for this despised beauty's sake.

## L

"O wretch! dare I still vaunt, or help invoke  
From this poor beauty, scorned and disdained?"  
She said no more, her tears her speeches broke,  
Which from her eyes like streams from springs down rained:  
She would have caught him by the hand or cloak,  
But he stepped backward, and himself restrained,  
Conquered his will, his heart ruth softened not,  
There plaints no issue, love no entrance got.

## LI

Love entered not to kindle in his breast,  
Which Reason late had quenched, his wonted flame;  
Yet entered Pity in the place at least,  
Love's sister, but a chaste and sober dame,  
And stirred him so, that hardly he suppressed  
The springing tears that to his eyes up came;

But yet even there his plaints repressed were,  
And, as he could, he looked, and feigned cheer.

## LII

"Madam," quoth he, "for your distress I grieve,  
And would amend it, if I might or could.  
From your wise heart that fond affection drive:  
I cannot hate nor scorn you though I would,  
I seek no vengeance, wrongs I all forgive,  
Nor you my servant nor my foe I hold,  
Truth is, you erred, and your estate forgot,  
Too great your hate was, and your love too hot.

## LIII

"But those are common faults, and faults of kind,  
Excused by nature, by your sex and years;  
I erred likewise, if I pardon find  
None can condemn you, that our trespass hears;  
Your dear remembrance will I keep in mind,  
In joys, in woes, in comforts, hopes and fears,  
Call me your soldier and your knight, as far  
As Christian faith permits, and Asia's war.

## LIV

"Ah, let our faults and follies here take end,  
And let our errors past you satisfy,  
And in this angle of the world ypend,  
Let both the fame and shame thereof now die,  
From all the earth where I am known and kenned,  
I wish this fact should still concealed lie:  
Nor yet in following me, poor knight, disgrace  
Your worth, your beauty, and your princely race.

## LV

"Stay here in peace, I go, nor wend you may  
With me, my guide your fellowship denies,  
Stay here or hence depart some better way,  
And calm your thoughts, you are both sage and wise."  
While thus he spoke, her passions found no stay,  
But here and there she turned and rolled her eyes,  
And staring on his face awhile, at last  
Thus in foul terms, her bitter wrath forth brast:

## LVI

"Of Sophia fair thou never wert the child,  
Nor of the Azzain race ysprung thou art,  
The mad sea-waves thee hare, some tigress wild  
On Caucasus' cold crags nursed thee apart;  
Ah, cruel man I in whom no token mild  
Appears, of pity, ruth, or tender heart,  
Could not my griefs, my woes, my plaints, and all  
One sigh strain from thy breast, one tear make fall?

## LVII

"What shall I say, or how renew my speech?  
He scorns me, leaves me, bids me call him mine:  
The victor hath his foe within his reach;  
Yet pardons her, that merits death and pine;

Hear how he counsels me; how he can preach,  
Like chaste Xenocrates, gainst love divine;  
O heavens, O gods! why do these men of shame,  
Thus spoil your temples and blaspheme your name?

## LVIII

"Go cruel, go, go with such peace, such rest,  
Such joy, such comfort, as thou leavest me here:  
My angry soul discharged from this weak breast,  
Shall haunt thee ever, and attend thee near,  
And fury-like in snakes and firebrands dressed,  
Shall aye torment thee, whom it late held dear:  
And if thou 'scape the seas, the rocks, and sands  
And come to fight among the Pagan bands,

## LIX

"There lying wounded, mongst the hurt and slain,  
Of these my wrongs thou shalt the vengeance bear,  
And oft Armida shalt thou call in vain,  
At thy last gasp; this hope I soon to hear:"  
Here fainted she, with sorrow, grief and pain,  
Her latest words scant well expressed were,  
But in a swoon on earth outstretched she lies,  
Stiff were her frozen limbs, closed were her eyes.

## LX

Thou closed thine eyes, Armida, heaven envied  
Ease to thy grief, or comfort to thy woe;  
Ah, open then again, see tears down slide  
From his kind eyes, whom thou esteem'st thy foe,  
If thou hadst heard, his sighs had mollified  
Thine anger, hard he sighed and mourned so;  
And as he could with sad and rueful look  
His leave of thee and last farewell he took.

## LXI

What should he do? leave on the naked sand  
This woful lady half alive, half dead?  
Kindness forbade, pity did that withstand;  
But hard constraint, alas! did thence him lead;  
Away he went, the west wind blew from land  
Mongst the rich tresses of their pilot's head,  
And with that golden sail the waves she cleft,  
To land he looked, till land unseen he left.

## LXII

Waked from her trance, foresaken, speechless, sad,  
Armida wildly stared and gazed about,  
"And is he gone," quoth she, "nor pity had  
To leave me thus twixt life and death in doubt?  
Could he not stay? could not the traitor-lad  
From this last trance help or recall me out?  
And do I love him still, and on this sand  
Still unrevenged, still mourn, still weeping stand?"

## LXIII

"Fie no! complaints farewell! with arms and art  
I will pursue to death this spiteful knight,

Not earth's low centre, nor sea's deepest part,  
 Not heaven, nor hell, can shield him from my might,  
 I will o'ertake him, take him, cleave his heart,  
 Such vengeance fits a wronged lover's spite,  
 In cruelty that cruel knight surpass  
 I will, but what avail vain words, alas?

## LXIV

"O fool! thou shouldest have been cruel than,  
 For then this cruel well deserved thine ire,  
 When thou in prison hadst entrapped the man,  
 Now dead with cold, too late thou askest fire;  
 But though my wit, my cunning nothing can,  
 Some other means shall work my heart's desire,  
 To thee, my beauty, thine be all these wrongs,  
 Vengeance to thee, to thee revenge belongs.

## LXV

"Thou shalt be his reward, with murdering brand  
 That dare this traitor of his head deprive,  
 O you my lovers, on this rock doth stand  
 The castle of her love for whom you strive,  
 I, the sole heir of all Damascus land,  
 For this revenge myself and kingdom give,  
 If by this price my will I cannot gain,  
 Nature gives beauty; fortune, wealth in vain.

## LXVI

"But thee, vain gift, vain beauty, thee I scorn,  
 I hate the kingdom which I have to give,  
 I hate myself, and rue that I was born,  
 Only in hope of sweet revenge I live."  
 Thus raging with fell ire she gan return  
 From that bare shore in haste, and homeward drive,  
 And as true witness of her frantic ire,  
 Her locks waved loose, face shone, eyes sparkled fire.

## LXVII

When she came home, she called with outcries shrill,  
 A thousand devils in Limbo deep that won,  
 Black clouds the skies with horrid darkness fill,  
 And pale for dread became the eclipsed sun,  
 The whirlwind blustered big on every hill,  
 And hell to roar under her feet begun,  
 You might have heard how through the palace wide,  
 Some spirits howled, some barked, some hissed, some cried.

## LXVIII

A shadow, blacker than the mirkest night,  
 Environed all the place with darkness sad,  
 Wherein a firebrand gave a dreadful light,  
 Kindled in hell by Tisiphone the mad;  
 Vanished the shade, the sun appeared in sight,  
 Pale were his beams, the air was nothing glad,  
 And all the palace vanished was and gone,  
 Nor of so great a work was left one stone.

## LXIX

As oft the clouds frame shapes of castles great

Amid the air, that little time do last,  
But are dissolved by wind or Titan's heat,  
Or like vain dreams soon made, and sooner past:  
The palace vanished so, nor in his seat  
Left aught but rocks and crags, by kind there placed;  
She in her coach which two old serpents drew,  
Sate down, and as she used, away she flew.

## LXX

She broke the clouds, and cleft the yielding sky,  
And bout her gathered tempest, storm and wind,  
The lands that view the south pole flew she by,  
And left those unknown countries far behind,  
The Straits of Hercules she passed, which lie  
Twixt Spain and Afric, nor her flight inclined  
To north or south, but still did forward ride  
O'er seas and streams, till Syria's coasts she spied.

## LXXI

Now she went forward to Damascus fair,  
But of her country dear she fled the sight,  
And guided to Asphaltes' lake her chair,  
Where stood her castle, there she ends her flight,  
And from her damsels far, she made repair  
To a deep vault, far from resort and light,  
Where in sad thoughts a thousand doubts she cast,  
Till grief and shame to wrath gave place at last.

## LXXII

"I will not hence," quoth she, "till Egypt's lord  
In aid of Zion's king his host shall move;  
Then will I use all helps that charms afford,  
And change my shape or sex if so behove:  
Well can I handle bow, or lance, or sword,  
The worthies all will aid me, for my love:  
I seek revenge, and to obtain the same,  
Farewell, regard of honor; farewell, shame.

## LXXIII

"Nor let mine uncle and protector me  
Reprove for this, he most deserves the blame,  
My heart and sex, that weak and tender be,  
He bent to deeds that maidens ill became;  
His niece a wandering damsel first made he,  
He spurred my youth, and I cast off my shame,  
His be the fault, if aught gainst mine estate  
I did for love, or shall commit for hate."

## LXXIV

This said, her knights, her ladies, pages, squires  
She all assembleth, and for journey fit  
In such fair arms and vestures them attires  
As showed her wealth, and well declared her wit;  
And forward marched, full of strange desires,  
Nor rested she by day or night one whit,  
Till she came there, where all the eastern bands,  
Their kings and princes, lay on Gaza's sands.

## SEVENTEENTH BOOK

### THE ARGUMENT.

Egypt's great host in battle-ray forth brought,  
 The Caliph sends with Godfrey's power to fight;  
 Armida, who Rinaldo's ruin sought,  
 To them adjoins herself and Syria's might.  
 To satisfy her cruel will and thought,  
 She gives herself to him that kills her knight:  
 He takes his fatal arms, and in his shield  
 His ancestors and their great deeds beheld.

### I

Gaza the city on the frontier stands  
 Of Juda's realm, as men to Egypt ride,  
 Built near the sea, beside it of dry sands  
 Huge wildernesses lie and deserts wide  
 Which the strong winds lift from the parched lands  
 And toss like roaring waves in roughest tide,  
 That from those storms poor passengers almost  
 No refuge find, but there are drowned and lost.

### II

Within this town, won from the Turks of yore  
 Strong garrison the king of Egypt placed,  
 And for it nearer was, and fitted more  
 That high emprise to which his thoughts he cast,  
 He left great Memphis, and to Gaza bore  
 His regal throne, and there, from countries vast  
 Of his huge empire all the puissant host  
 Assembled he, and mustered on the coast.

### III

Come say, my Muse, what manner times these were,  
 And in those times how stood the state of things,  
 What power this monarch had, what arms they bear,  
 What nations subject, and what friends he brings;  
 From all lands the southern ocean near,  
 Or morning star, came princes, dukes and kings,  
 And only thou of half the world well-nigh  
 The armies, lords, and captains canst descry.

### IV

When Egypt from the Greekish emperor  
 Rebelled first, and Christ's true faith denied,  
 Of Mahomet's descent a warrior  
 There set his throne and ruled that kingdom wide,  
 Caliph he hight, and Caliphs since that hour  
 Are his successors named all beside:  
 So Nilus old his kings long time had seen  
 That Ptolemies and Pharaohs called had been.

### V

Established was that kingdom in short while,  
 And grew so great, that over Asia's lands  
 And Lybia's realms it stretched many a mile,  
 From Syria's coasts as far as Cirene sands,  
 And southward passed gainst the course of Nile,

Through the hot clime where burnt Syene stands,  
Hence bounded in with sandy deserts waste,  
And thence with Euphrates' rich flood embraced.

## VI

Maremma, myrrh and spices that doth bring,  
And all the rich red sea it comprehends,  
And to those lands, toward the morning spring  
That lie beyond that gulf, it far extends;  
Great is that empire, greater by the king  
That rules it now, whose worth the land amends,  
And makes more famous, lord thereof by blood,  
By wisdom, valor, and all virtues good.

## VII

With Turks and Persians war he oft did wage,  
And oft he won, and sometimes lost the field,  
Nor could his adverse fortune aught assuage  
His valor's heat or make his proud heart yield,  
But when he grew unfit for war through age,  
He sheathed his sword and laid aside his shield:  
But yet his warlike mind he laid not down,  
Nor his great thirst of rule, praise and renown,

## VIII

But by his knights still cruel wars maintained.  
So wise his words, so quick his wit appears,  
That of the kingdom large o'er which he reigned,  
The charge seemed not too weighty for his years;  
His greatness Afric's lesser kings constrained  
To tremble at his name, all Ind him fears,  
And other realms that would his friendship hold;  
Some armed soldiers sent, some gifts, some gold.

## IX

This mighty prince assembled had the flower  
Of all his realms, against the Frenchmen stout,  
To break their rising empire and their power,  
Nor of sure conquest had he fear or doubt:  
To him Armida came, even at the hour  
When in the plains, old Gaza's walls without,  
The lords and leaders all their armies bring  
In battle-ray, mustered before their king.

## X

He on his throne was set, to which on height  
Who clomb an hundred ivory stairs first told,  
Under a pentise wrought of silver bright,  
And trod on carpets made of silk and gold;  
His robes were such as best beseemen might  
A king, so great, so grave, so rich, so old,  
And twined of sixty ells of lawn and more  
A turban strange adorned his tresses hoar.

## XI

His right hand did his precious sceptre wield,  
His beard was gray, his looks severe and grave,  
And from his eyes, not yet made dim with eild,

Sparkled his former worth and vigor brave,  
His gestures all the majesty upheild  
And state, as his old age and empire crave,  
So Phidias carved, Apelles so, pardie,  
Erst painted Jove, Jove thundering down from sky.

## XII

On either side him stood a noble lord,  
Whereof the first held in his upright hand  
Of severe justice the impartial sword;  
The other bare the seal, and causes scanned,  
Keeping his folk in peace and good accord,  
And termed was lord chancellor of the land;  
But marshal was the first, and used to lead  
His armies forth to war, oft with good speed.

## XIII

Of bold Circassians with their halberts long,  
About his throne his guards stood in a ring,  
All richly armed in gilden corslets strong,  
And by their sides their crooked swords down hing:  
Thus set, thus seated, his grave lords among,  
His hosts and armies great beheld the king,  
And every band as by his throne it went,  
Their ensigns low inclined, and arms down bent:

## XIV

Their squadrons first the men of Egypt show,  
In four troops, and each his several guide,  
Of the high country two, two of the low  
Which Nile had won out of the salt seaside,  
His fertile slime first stopped the waters' flow,  
Then hardened to firm land the plough to bide,  
So Egypt still increased, within far placed  
That part is now where ships erst anchor cast.

## XV

The foremost band the people were that dwelled  
In Alexandria's rich and fertile plain,  
Along the western shore, whence Nile expelled  
The greedy billows of the swelling main;  
Araspes was their guide, who more excelled  
In wit and craft than strength or warlike pain,  
To place an ambush close, or to devise  
A treason false, was none so sly, so wise.

## XVI

The people next that gainst the morning rays  
Along the coasts of Asia have their seat,  
Arontes led them, whom no warlike praise  
Ennobled, but high birth and titles great,  
His helm ne'er made him sweat in toilsome frays,  
Nor was his sleep e'er broke with trumpet's threat,  
But from soft ease to try the toil of fight  
His fond ambition brought this carpet knight.

## XVII

The third seemed not a troop or squadron small,

But an huge host; nor seemed it so much grain  
In Egypt grew as to sustain them all;  
Yet from one town thereof came all that train,  
A town in people to huge shires equal,  
That did a thousand streets and more contain,  
Great Caire it hight, whose commons from each side  
Came swarming out to war, Campson their guide.

## XVIII

Next under Gazel marched they that plough  
The fertile lands above that town which lie  
Up to the place where Nilus tumbling low  
Falls from his second cataract from high;  
The Egyptians weaponed were with sword and bow,  
No weight of helm or hauberk list they try,  
And richly armed, in their strong foes no dreed  
Of death but great desire of spoil they breed.

## XIX

The naked folk of Barca these succeed,  
Unarmed half, Alarcon led that band,  
That long in deserts lived, in extreme need,  
On spoils and preys purchased by strength of hand.  
To battle strong unfit, their king did lead  
His army next brought from Zumara land.  
Then he of Tripoli, for sudden fight  
And skirmish short, both ready, bold, and light.

## XX

Two captains next brought forth their bands to show  
Whom Stony sent and Happy Araby,  
Which never felt the cold of frost and snow,  
Or force of burning heat, unless fame lie,  
Where incense pure and all sweet odors grow,  
Where the sole phoenix doth revive, not die,  
And midst the perfumes rich and flowerets brave  
Both birth and burial, cradle hath and grave.

## XXI

Their clothes not rich, their garments were not gay,  
But weapons like the Egyptian troops they had,  
The Arabians next that have no certain stay,  
No house, no home, no mansion good or bad,  
But ever, as the Scythian hordes stray,  
From place to place their wandering cities gad:  
These have both voice and stature feminine,  
Hair long and black, black face, and fiery eyne.

## XXII

Long Indian canes, with iron armed, they bear,  
And as upon their nimble steeds they ride,  
Like a swift storm their speedy troops appear,  
If winds so fast bring storms from heavens wide:  
By Syphax led the first Arabians were;  
Aldine the second squadron had no guide,  
And Abiazar proud, brought to the fight  
The third, a thief, a murderer, not a knight.

## XXIII

The islanders came then their prince before  
Whose lands Arabia's gulf enclosed about,  
Wherein they fish and gather oysters store,  
Whose shells great pearls rich and round pour out;  
The Red Sea sent with them from his left shore,  
Of negroes grim a black and ugly rout;  
These Agricalt and those Osmida brought,  
A man that set law, faith and truth at naught.

## XXIV

The Ethiops next which Meroe doth breed,  
That sweet and gentle isle of Meroe,  
Twixt Nile and Astrabore that far doth spread,  
Where two religions are, and kingdoms three,  
These Assimiro and Canario led,  
Both kings, both Pagans, and both subjects be  
To the great Caliph, but the third king kept  
Christ's sacred faith, nor to these wars outstepped.

## XXV

After two kings, both subjects also, ride,  
And of two bands of archers had the charge,  
The first Soldan of Ormus placed in the wide  
Huge Persian Bay, a town rich, fair, and large:  
The last of Boecan, which at every tide  
The sea cuts off from Persia's southern marge,  
And makes an isle; but when it ebbs again,  
The passage there is sandy, dry and plain.

## XXVI

Nor thee, great Altamore, in her chaste bed  
Thy loving queen kept with her dear embrace,  
She tore her locks, she smote her breast, and shed  
Salt tears to make thee stay in that sweet place,  
"Seem the rough seas more calm, cruel," she said,  
"Than the mild looks of thy kind spouse's face?  
Or is thy shield, with blood and dust defiled,  
A dearer armful than thy tender child?"

## XXVII

This was the mighty king of Samarcand,  
A captain wise, well skilled in feats of war,  
In courage fierce, matchless for strength of hand,  
Great was his praise, his force was noised far;  
His worth right well the Frenchmen understand,  
By whom his virtues feared and loved are:  
His men were armed with helms and hauberks strong,  
And by their sides broad swords and maces hong.

## XXVIII

Then from the mansions bright of fresh Aurore  
Adrastus came, the glorious king of Ind,  
A snake's green skin spotted with black he wore,  
That was made rich by art and hard by kind,  
An elephant this furious giant bore,  
He fierce as fire, his mounture swift as wind;

Much people brought he from his kingdoms wide,  
Twixt Indus, Ganges, and the salt seaside.

## XXIX

The king's own troop come next, a chosen crew,  
Of all the camp the strength, the crown, the flower,  
Wherein each soldier had with honors due  
Rewarded been, for service ere that hour;  
Their arms were strong for need, and fair for show,  
Upon fierce steeds well mounted rode this power,  
And heaven itself with the clear splendor shone  
Of their bright armor, purple, gold and stone.

## XXX

Mongst these Alarco fierce, and Odemare  
The muster master was, and Hidraort,  
And Rimedon, whose rashness took no care  
To shun death's bitter stroke, in field or fort,  
Tigranes, Rapold stem, the men that fare  
By sea, that robbed in each creek and port,  
Ormond, and Marlabust the Arabian named,  
Because that land rebellious he reclaimed.

## XXXI

There Pirga, Arimon, Orindo are,  
Brimarte the scaler, and with him Suifant  
The breaker of wild horses brought from far;  
Then the great wresteler strong Aridamant,  
And Tisapherne, the thunderbolt of war,  
Whom none surpassed, whom none to match durst vaunt  
At tilt, at tourney, or in combat brave,  
With spear or lance, with sword, with mace or glaive.

## XXXII

A false Armenian did this squadron guide,  
That in his youth from Christ's true faith and light  
To the blind lore of Paganism did slide,  
That Clement late, now Emireno, hight;  
Yet to his king he faithful was, and tried  
True in all causes, his in wrong and right:  
A cunning leader and a soldier bold,  
For strength and courage, young; for wisdom, old.

## XXXIII

When all these regiments were passed and gone,  
Appeared Armide, and came her troop to show;  
Set in a chariot bright with precious stone,  
Her gown tucked up, and in her hand a bow;  
In her sweet face her new displeasures shone,  
Mixed with the native beauties there which grow,  
And quickened so her looks that in sharp wise  
It seems she threats and yet her threats entice.

## XXXIV

Her chariot like Aurora's glorious wain,  
With carbuncles and jacinths glistered round:  
Her coachman guided with the golden rein  
Four unicorns, by couples yoked and bound;

Of squires and lovely ladies hundreds twain,  
 Whose rattling quivers at their backs resound,  
 On milk-white steeds, wait on the chariot bright,  
 Their steeds to manage, ready; swift, to flight.

## XXXV

Followed her troop led forth by Aradin,  
 Which Hidraort from Syria's kingdom sent,  
 As when the new-born phoenix doth begin  
 To fly to Ethiop-ward, at the fair bent  
 Of her rich wings strange plumes and feathers thin  
 Her crowns and chains with native gold besprent,  
 The world amazed stands; and with her fly  
 An host of wondering birds, that sing and cry:

## XXXVI

So passed Armida, looked on, gazed on, so,  
 A wondrous dame in habit, gesture, face;  
 There lived no wight to love so great a foe  
 But wished and longed those beauties to embrace,  
 Scant seen, with anger sullen, sad for woe,  
 She conquered all the lords and knights in place,  
 What would she do, her sorrows passed, think you,  
 When her fair eyes, her looks and smiles shall woo?

## XXXVII

She passed, the king commanded Emiren  
 Of his rich throne to mount the lofty stage,  
 To whom his host, his army, and his men,  
 He would commit, now in his graver age.  
 With stately grace the man approached then;  
 His looks his coming honor did presage:  
 The guard asunder cleft and passage made,  
 He to the throne up went, and there he stayed.

## XXXVIII

To earth he cast his eyes, and bent his knee:  
 To whom the king thus gan his will explain,  
 "To thee this sceptre, Emiren, to thee  
 These armies I commit, my place sustain  
 Mongst them, go set the king of Judah free,  
 And let the Frenchmen feel my just disdain,  
 Go meet them, conquer them, leave none alive;  
 Or those that scape from battle, bring captive."

## XXXIX

Thus spake the tyrant, and the sceptre laid  
 With all his sovereign power upon the knight:  
 "I take this sceptre at your hand," he said,  
 "And with your happy fortune go to fight,  
 And trust, my lord, in your great virtue's aid  
 To venge all Asia's harms, her wrongs to right,  
 Nor e'er but victor will I see your face;  
 Our overthrow shall bring death, not disgrace.

## XL

"Heavens grant if evil, yet no mishap I dread,  
 Or harm they threaten against this camp of thine,

That all that mischief fall upon my head,  
Theirs be the conquest, and the danger mine;  
And let them safe bring home their captain dead,  
Buried in pomp of triumph's glorious shine."  
He ceased, and then a murmur loud up went,  
With noise of joy and sound of instrument.

## XLI

Amid the noise and shout uprose the king,  
Environed with many a noble peer  
That to his royal tent the monarch bring,  
And there he feasted them and made them cheer,  
To him and him he talked, and carved each thing,  
The greatest honored, meanest graced were;  
And while this mirth, this joy and feast doth last,  
Armida found fit time her nets to cast:

## XLII

But when the feast was done, she, that espied  
All eyes on her fair visage fixed and bent,  
And by new notes and certain signs described,  
How love's empoisoned fire their entrails brent,  
Arose, and where the king sate in his pride,  
With stately pace and humble gestures, went;  
And as she could in looks in voice she strove  
Fierce, stern, bold, angry, and severe to prove.

## XLIII

"Great Emperor, behold me here," she said.  
"For thee, my country, and my faith to fight,  
A dame, a virgin, but a royal maid;  
And worthy seems this war a princess hight,  
For by the sword the sceptre is upstayed,  
This hand can use them both with skill and might,  
This hand of mine can strike, and at each blow  
Thy foes and ours kill, wound, and overthrow.

## XLIV

"Nor yet suppose this is the foremost day  
Wherein to war I bent my noble thought,  
But for the surety of thy realms, and stay  
Of our religion true, ere this I wrought:  
Yourself best know if this be true I say,  
Or if my former deeds rejoiced you aught,  
When Godfrey's hardy knights and princes strong  
I captive took, and held in bondage long.

## XLV

"I took them, bound them, and so sent them bound  
To thee, a noble gift, with whom they had  
Condemned low in dungeon under ground  
Forever dwelt, in woe and torment sad:  
So might thine host an easy way have found  
To end this doubtful war, with conquest glad,  
Had not Rinaldo fierce my knights all slain,  
And set those lords, his friends, at large again.

## XLVI

"Rinaldo is well known," and there a long

And true rehearsal made she of his deeds,  
 "This is the knight that since hath done me wrong,  
 Wrong yet untold, that sharp revengement needs:  
 Displeasure therefore, mixed with reason strong,  
 This thirst of war in me, this courage breeds;  
 Nor how he injured me time serves to tell,  
 Let this suffice, I seek revengement fell,

## XLVII

"And will procure it, for all shafts that fly  
 Light not in vain; some work the shooter's will,  
 And Jove's right hand with thunders cast from sky  
 Takes open vengeance oft for secret ill:  
 But if some champion dare this knight defy  
 To mortal battle, and by fight him kill,  
 And with his hateful head will me present,  
 That gift my soul shall please, my heart content:

## XLVIII

"So please, that for reward enjoy he shall,  
 The greatest gift I can or may afford,  
 Myself, my beauty, wealth, and kingdoms all,  
 To marry him, and take him for my lord,  
 This promise will I keep whate'er befall,  
 And thereto bind myself by oath and word:  
 Now he that deems this purchase worth his pain,  
 Let him step forth and speak, I none disdain."

## XLIX

While thus the princess said, his hungry eyne  
 Adrastus fed on her sweet beauty's light,  
 "The gods forbid," quoth he, "one shaft of thine  
 Should be discharged gainst that discourteous knight,  
 His heart unworthy is, shootress divine,  
 Of thine artillery to feel the might;  
 To wreak thine ire behold me prest and fit,  
 I will his head cut off, and bring thee it.

## L

"I will his heart with this sharp sword divide,  
 And to the vultures cast his carcass out."  
 Thus threatened he, but Tisapherne envied  
 To hear his glorious vaunt and boasting stout,  
 And said, "But who art thou, that so great pride  
 Thou showest before the king, me, and this rout?  
 Pardie here are some such, whose worth exceeds  
 Thy vaunting much yet boast not of their deeds."

## LI

The Indian fierce replied, "I am the man  
 Whose acts his words and boasts have aye surpassed;  
 But if elsewhere the words thou now began  
 Had uttered been, that speech had been thy last."  
 Thus quarrelled they; the monarch stayed them than,  
 And 'twixt the angry knights his sceptre cast:  
 Then to Armida said, "Fair Queen, I see  
 Thy heart is stout, thy thoughts courageous be;

## LII

"Thou worthy art that their disdain and ire  
At thy commands these knights should both appease,  
That gainst thy foe their courage hot as fire  
Thou may'st employ, both when and where you please,  
There all their power and force, and what desire  
They have to serve thee, may they show at ease."  
The monarch held his peace when this was said,  
And they new proffer of their service made.

## LIII

Nor they alone, but all that famous were  
In feats of arms boast that he shall be dead,  
All offer her their aid, all say and swear,  
To take revenge on his condemned head:  
So many arms moved she against her dear,  
And swore her darling under foot to tread,  
But he, since first the enchanted isle he left,  
Safe in his barge the roaring waves still cleft.

## LIV

By the same way returned the well-taught boat  
By which it came, and made like haste, like speed;  
The friendly wind, upon her sail that smote,  
So turned as to return her ship had need:  
The youth sometimes the Pole or Bear did note,  
Or wandering stars which dearest nights forthspread:  
Sometimes the floods, the hills, or mountains steep,  
Whose woody fronts o'ershad the silent deep.

## LV

Now of the camp the man the state inquires,  
Now asks the customs strange of sundry lands;  
And sailed, till clad in beams and bright attires  
The fourth day's sun on the eastern threshold stands:  
But when the western seas had quenched those fires,  
Their frigate struck against the shore and sands;  
Then spoke their guide, "The land of Palestine  
This is, here must your journey end and mine."

## LVI

The knights she set upon the shore all three,  
And vanished thence in twinkling of an eye,  
Uprose the night in whose deep blackness be  
All colors hid of things in earth or sky,  
Nor could they house, or hold, or harbor see,  
Or in that desert sign of dwelling spy,  
Nor track of man or horse, or aught that might  
Inform them of some path or passage right.

## LVII

When they had mused what way they travel should,  
From the west shore their steps at last they twined,  
And lo, far off at last their eyes behold  
Something, they wist not what, that clearly shined  
With rays of silver and with beams of gold  
Which the dark folds of night's black mantle lined.

Forward they went and marched against the light,  
To see and find the thing that shone so bright.

## LVIII

High on a tree they saw an armor new,  
That glistered bright gainst Cynthia's silver ray,  
Therein, like stars in skies, the diamonds show  
Fret in the gilden helm and hauberk gay,  
The mighty shield all scored full they view  
Of pictures fair, ranged in meet array;  
To keep them sate an aged man beside,  
Who to salute them rose, when them he spied.

## LIX

The twain who first were sent in this pursuit  
Of their wise friend well knew the aged face:  
But when the wizard sage their first salute  
Received and quitted had with kind embrace,  
To the young prince, that silent stood and mute,  
He turned his speech, "In this unused place  
For you alone I wait, my lord," quoth he,  
"My chieftest care your state and welfare be.

## LX

"For, though you wot it not, I am your friend,  
And for your profit work, as these can tell,  
I taught them how Armida's charms to end,  
And bring you thither from love's hateful cell,  
Now to my words, though sharp perchance, attend,  
Nor be aggrieved although they seem too fell,  
But keep them well in mind, till in the truth  
A wise and holier man instruct thy youth.

## LXI

"Not underneath sweet shades and fountains shrill,  
Among the nymphs, the fairies, leaves and flowers;  
But on the steep, the rough and craggy hill  
Of virtue stands this bliss, this good of ours:  
By toil and travel, not by sitting still  
In pleasure's lap, we come to honor's bowers;  
Why will you thus in sloth's deep valley lie?  
The royal eagles on high mountains fly.

## LXII

"Nature lifts up thy forehead to the skies,  
And fills thy heart with high and noble thought,  
That thou to heavenward aye shouldst lift thine eyes,  
And purchase fame by deeds well done and wrought;  
She gives thee ire, by which not courage flies  
To conquests, not through brawls and battles fought  
For civil jars, nor that thereby you might  
Your wicked malice wreak and cursed spite.

## LXIII

"But that your strength spurred forth with noble wrath,  
With greater fury might Christ's foes assault,  
And that your bridle should with lesser scath  
Each secret vice, and kill each inward fault;

For so his godly anger ruled hath  
Each righteous man beneath heaven's starry vault,  
And at his will makes it now hot, now cold,  
Now lets it run, now doth it fettered hold."

## LXIV

Thus parleyed he; Rinaldo, hushed and still,  
Great wisdom heard in those few words compiled,  
He marked his speech, a purple blush did fill  
His guilty checks, down went his eyesight mild.  
The hermit by his bashful looks his will  
Well understood, and said, "Look up, my child,  
And painted in this precious shield behold  
The glorious deeds of thy forefathers old.

## LXV

"Thine elders' glory herein see and know,  
In virtue's path how they trod all their days,  
Whom thou art far behind, a runner slow  
In this true course of honor, fame and praise:  
Up, up, thyself incite by the fair show  
Of knightly worth which this bright shield bewrays,  
That be thy spur to praise!" At last the knight  
Looked up, and on those portraits bent his sight.

## LXVI

The cunning workman had in little space  
Infinite shapes of men there well expressed,  
For there described was the worthy race  
And pedigree of all of the house of Est:  
Come from a Roman spring o'er all the place  
Flowed pure streams of crystals east and west,  
With laurel crowned stood the princes old,  
Their wars the hermit and their battles told.

## LXVII

He showed them Caius first, when first in prey  
To people strange the falling empire went,  
First Prince of Est, that did the sceptre sway  
O'er such as chose him lord by tree consent;  
His weaker neighbors to his rule obey,  
Need made them stoop, constraint doth force content;  
After, when Lord Honorius called the train  
Of savage Goths into his land again,

## LXVIII

And when all Italy did burn and flame  
With bloody war, by this fierce people mad,  
When Rome a captive and a slave became,  
And to be quite destroyed was most afraid,  
Aurelius, to his everlasting fame,  
Preserved in peace the folk that him obeyed:  
Next whom was Forest, who the rage withstood  
Of the bold Huns, and of their tyrant proud.

## LXIX

Known by his look was Attila the fell,  
Whose dragon eyes shone bright with anger's spark,

Worse faced than a dog, who viewed him well  
 Supposed they saw him grin and heard him bark;  
 But when in single fight he lost the bell,  
 How through his troops he fled there might you mark,  
 And how Lord Forest after fortified  
 Aquilea's town, and how for it he died.

## LXX

For there was wrought the fatal end and fine,  
 Both of himself and of the town he kept:  
 But his great son renowned Acarine,  
 Into his father's place and honor stepped:  
 To cruel fate, not to the Huns, Altime  
 Gave place, and when time served again forth leapt,  
 And in the vale of Po built for his seat  
 Of many a village a small city great;

## LXXI

Against the swelling flood he banked it strong,  
 And thence uprose the fair and noble town  
 Where they of Est should by succession long  
 Command, and rule in bliss and high renown:  
 Gainst Odoacer then he fought, but wrong  
 Oft spoileth right, fortune treads courage down,  
 For there he died for his dear country's sake,  
 And of his father's praise did so partake.

## LXXII

With him died Alforisio, Azzo was  
 With his dear brother into exile sent,  
 But homeward they in arms again repass—  
 The Herule king oppressed—from banishment.  
 His front through pierced with a dart, alas,  
 Next them, of Est the Epaminondas went,  
 That smiling seemed to cruel death to yield,  
 When Totila was fled, and safe his shield.

## LXXIII

Of Boniface I speak; Valerian,  
 His son, in praise and power succeeded him,  
 Who durst sustain, in years though scant a man,  
 Of the proud Goths an hundred squadrons trim:  
 Then he that gainst the Slaves much honor wan,  
 Ernesto, threatening stood with visage grim;  
 Before him Aldoard, the Lombard stout  
 Who from Monselce boldly erst shut out.

## LXXIV

There Henry was and Berengare the bold  
 That served great Charles in his conquest high,  
 Who in each battle give the onset would,  
 A hardy soldier and a captain sly;  
 After, Prince Lewis did he well uphold  
 Against his nephew, King of Italy,  
 He won the field and took that king on live:  
 Next him stood Otho with his children five.

## LXXV

Of Almeric the image next they view,

Lord Marquis of Ferrara first create,  
Founder of many churches, that upthrew  
His eyes, like one that used to contemplate;  
Gainst him the second Azzo stood in rew,  
With Berengarius that did long debate,  
Till after often change of fortune stroke,  
He won, and on all Italy laid the yoke.

## LXXVI

Albert his son the Germans warred among,  
And there his praise and fame was spread so wide,  
That having foiled the Danes in battle strong,  
His daughter young became great Otho's bride.  
Behind him Hugo stood with warfare long,  
That broke the horn of all the Romans' pride,  
Who of all Italy the marquis hight,  
And Tuscan whole possessed as his right.

## LXXVII

After Tebaldo, puissant Boniface  
And Beatrice his dear possessed the stage;  
Nor was there left heir male of that great race,  
To enjoy the sceptre, state and heritage;  
The Princess Maud alone supplied the place,  
Supplied the want in number, sex and age;  
For far above each sceptre, throne and crown,  
The noble dame advanced her veil and gown.

## LXXVIII

With manlike vigor shone her noble look,  
And more than manlike wrath her face o'erspread,  
There the fell Normans, Guichard there forsook  
The field, till then who never feared nor fled;  
Henry the Fourth she beat, and from him took  
His standard, and in Church it offered;  
Which done, the Pope back to the Vatican  
She brought, and placed in Peter's chair again.

## LXXIX

As he that honored her and held her dear,  
Azzo the Fifth stood by her lovely side;  
But the fourth Azzo's offspring far and near  
Spread forth, and through Germania fructified;  
Sprung from the branch did Guelpho bold appear,  
Guelpho his son by Cunigond his bride,  
And in Bavaria's field transplanted new  
The Roman graft flourished, increased and grew.

## LXXX

A branch of Est there in the Guelfian tree  
Engrafted was, which of itself was old,  
Whereon you might the Guelfoes fairer see,  
Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold,  
Of which Heaven's good aspects so bended be  
That high and broad it spread and flourished bold,  
Till underneath his glorious branches laid  
Half Germany, and all under his shade.

## LXXXI

This regal plant from his Italian rout  
Sprung up as high, and blossomed fair above,  
Fornest Lord Guelpho, Bertold issued out,  
With the sixth Azzo whom all virtues love;  
This was the pedigree of worthies stout,  
Who seemed in that bright shield to live and move.  
Rinaldo waked up and cheered his face,  
To see these worthies of his house and race.

## LXXXII

To do like acts his courage wished and sought,  
And with that wish transported him so far  
That all those deeds which filled aye his thought,  
Towns won, forts taken, armies killed in war,  
As if they were things done indeed and wrought,  
Before his eyes he thinks they present are,  
He hastily arms him, and with hope and haste,  
Sure conquest met, prevented and embraced.

## LXXXIII

But Charles, who had told the death and fall  
Of the young prince of Danes, his late dear lord,  
Gave him the fatal weapon, and withal,  
"Young knight," quoth he, "take with good luck this sword,  
Your just, strong, valiant hand in battle shall  
Employ it long, for Christ's true faith and word,  
And of his former lord revenge the wrongs,  
Who loved you so, that deed to you belongs."

## LXXXIV

He answered, "God for his mercy's sake,  
Grant that this hand which holds this weapon good  
For thy dear master may sharp vengeance take,  
May cleave the Pagan's heart, and shed his blood."  
To this but short reply did Charles make,  
And thanked him much, nor more on terms they stood:  
For lo, the wizard sage that was their guide  
On their dark journey hastes them forth to ride.

## LXXXV

"High time it is," quoth he, "for you to wend  
Where Godfrey you awaits, and many a knight,  
There may we well arrive ere night doth end,  
And through this darkness can I guide you right."  
This said, up to his coach they all ascend,  
On his swift wheels forth rolled the chariot light,  
He gave his coursers fleet the rod and rein,  
And galloped forth and eastward drove amain;

## LXXXVI

While silent so through night's dark shade they fly,  
The hermit thus bespake the young man stout:  
"Of thy great house, thy race, thine offspring high,  
Here hast thou seen the branch, the bole, the root,  
And as these worthies born to chivalry  
And deeds of arms it hath tofore brought out,

So is it, so it shall be fertile still,  
Nor time shall end, nor age that seed shall kill.

LXXXVII

"Would God, as drawn from the forgetful lap  
Of antique time, I have thine elders shown;  
That so I could the catalogue unwrap  
Of thy great nephews yet unborn, unknown,  
That ere this light they view, their fate and hap  
I might foretell, and how their chance is thrown,  
That like thine elders so thou mightst behold  
Thy children, many, famous, stout and bold.

LXXXVIII

"But not by art or skill, of things future  
Can the plain truth revealed be and told,  
Although some knowledge doubtful, dark, obscure  
We have of coming haps in clouds uprolled;  
Nor all which in this cause I know for sure  
Dare I foretell: for of that father old,  
The hermit Peter, learned I much, and he  
Withouten veil heaven's secrets great doth see.

LXXXIX

"But this, to him revealed by grace divine,  
By him to me declared, to thee I say,  
Was never race Greek, barbarous, or Latine,  
Great in times past, or famous at this day,  
Richer in hardy knights than this of thine;  
Such blessings Heaven shall on thy children lay  
That they in fame shall pass, in praise o'ercome,  
The worthies old of Sparta, Carthage, Rome.

XC

"But mongst the rest I chose Alphonsus bold,  
In virtue first, second in place and name,  
He shall be born when this frail world grows old,  
Corrupted, poor, and bare of men of fame,  
Better than he none shall, none can, or could,  
The sword or sceptre use or guide the same,  
To rule in peace or to command in fight,  
Thine offspring's glory and thy house's light.

XCI

"His younger age foretokens true shall yield  
Of future valor, puissance, force and might,  
From him no rock the savage beast shall shield;  
At tilt or tourney match him shall no knight:  
After, he conquer shall in pitched field  
Great armies and win spoils in single fight,  
And on his locks, rewards for knightly praise,  
Shall garlands wear of grass, of oak, of bays.

XCII

"His graver age, as well that eild it fits,  
Shall happy peace preserve and quiet blest,  
And from his neighbors strong mongst whom he sits  
Shall keep his cities safe in wealth and rest,

Shall nourish arts and cherish pregnant wits,  
 Make triumphs great, and feast his subjects best,  
 Reward the good, the evil with pains torment,  
 Shall dangers all foresee, and seen, prevent.

## XCIII

"But if it hap against those wicked bands  
 That sea and earth invest with blood and war,  
 And in these wretched times to noble lands  
 Give laws of peace false and unjust that are,  
 That he be sent, to drive their guilty hands  
 From Christ's pure altars and high temples far,  
 Oh, what revenge, what vengeance shall he bring  
 On that false sect, and their accursed king!

## XCIV

"Too late the Moors, too late the Turkish king,  
 Gainst him should arm their troops and legions bold  
 For he beyond great Euphrates should bring,  
 Beyond the frozen tops of Taurus cold,  
 Beyond the land where is perpetual spring,  
 The cross, the eagle white, the lily of gold,  
 And by baptizing of the Ethiops brown  
 Of aged Nile reveal the springs unknown."

## XCV

Thus said the hermit, and his prophecy  
 The prince accepted with content and pleasure,  
 The secret thought of his posterity  
 Of his concealed joys heaped up the measure.  
 Meanwhile the morning bright was mounted high,  
 And changed Heaven's silver wealth to golden treasure,  
 And high above the Christian tents they view  
 How the broad ensigns trembled, waved and blew,

## XCVI

When thus again their leader sage begun,  
 "See how bright Phoebus clears the darksome skies,  
 See how with gentle beams the friendly sun  
 The tents, the towns, the hills and dales describes,  
 Through my well guiding is your voyage done,  
 From danger safe in travel off which lies,  
 Hence without fear of harm or doubt of foe  
 March to the camp, I may no nearer go."

## XCVII

Thus took he leave, and made a quick return,  
 And forward went the champions three on foot,  
 And marching right against the rising morn  
 A ready passage to the camp found out,  
 Meanwhile had speedy fame the tidings borne  
 That to the tents approached these barons stout,  
 And starting from his throne and kingly seat  
 To entertain them, rose Godfredo great.

**EIGHTEENTH BOOK**

## THE ARGUMENT.

The charms and spirits false therein which lie  
 Rinaldo chaseth from the forest old;  
 The host of Egypt comes; Vafrin the spy  
 Entereth their camp, stout, crafty, wise and bold;  
 Sharp is the fight about the bulwarks high  
 And ports of Zion, to assault the hold:  
 Godfrey hath aid from Heaven, by force the town  
 Is won, the Pagans slain, walls beaten down.

## I

Arrived where Godfrey to embrace him stood,  
 "My sovereign lord," Rinaldo meekly said,  
 "To venge my wrongs against Gernando proud  
 My honor's care provoked my wrath unstayed;  
 But that I you displeased, my chieftain good,  
 My thoughts yet grieve, my heart is still dismayed,  
 And here I come, prest all exploits to try  
 To make me gracious in your gracious eye."

## II

To him that kneeled, folding his friendly arms  
 About his neck, the duke this answer gave:  
 "Let pass such speeches sad, of passed harms.  
 Remembrance is the life of grief; his grave,  
 Forgetfulness; and for amends, in arms  
 Your wonted valor use and courage brave;  
 For you alone to happy end must bring  
 The strong enchantments of the charmed spring.

## III

"That aged wood whence heretofore we got,  
 To build our scaling engines, timber fit,  
 Is now the fearful seat, but how none wot,  
 Where ugly fiends and damned spirits sit;  
 To cut one twist thereof adventureth not  
 The boldest knight we have, nor without it  
 This wall can battered be: where others doubt  
 There venture thou, and show thy courage stout."

## IV

Thus said he, and the knight in speeches few  
 Proffered his service to attempt the thing,  
 To hard assays his courage willing flew,  
 To him praise was no spur, words were no sting;  
 Of his dear friends then he embraced the crew  
 To welcome him which came; for in a ring  
 About him Guelpho, Tancred and the rest  
 Stood, of the camp the greatest, chief and best.

## V

When with the prince these lords had iterate  
 Their welcomes oft, and oft their dear embrace,  
 Toward the rest of lesser worth and state,  
 He turned, and them received with gentle grace;  
 The merry soldiers bout him shout and prate,

With cries as joyful and as cheerful face  
As if in triumph's chariot bright as sun,  
He had returned Afric or Asia won.

## VI

Thus marched to his tent the champion good,  
And there sat down with all his friends around;  
Now of the war he asked, now of the wood,  
And answered each demand they list propound;  
But when they left him to his ease, up stood  
The hermit, and, fit time to speak once found,  
"My lord," he said, "your travels wondrous are,  
Far have you strayed, erred, wandered far.

## VII

"Much are you bound to God above, who brought  
You safe from false Armida's charmed hold,  
And thee a straying sheep whom once he bought  
Hath now again reduced to his fold,  
And gainst his heathen foes these men of naught  
Hath chosen thee in place next Godfrey bold;  
Yet mayest thou not, polluted thus with sin,  
In his high service war or fight begin.

## VIII

"The world, the flesh, with their infection vile  
Pollute the thoughts impure, thy spirit stain;  
Not Po, not Ganges, not seven-mouthed Nile,  
Not the wide seas, can wash thee clean again,  
Only to purge all faults which thee defile  
His blood hath power who for thy sins was slain:  
His help therefore invoke, to him bewray  
Thy secret faults, mourn, weep, complain and pray."

## IX

This said, the knight first with the witch unchaste  
His idle loves and follies vain lamented;  
Then kneeling low with heavy looks downcast,  
His other sins confessed and all repented,  
And meekly pardon craved for first and last.  
The hermit with his zeal was well contented,  
And said, "On yonder hill next morn go pray  
That turns his forehead against the morning ray.

## X

"That done, march to the wood, whence each one brings  
Such news of furies, goblins, fiends, and sprites,  
The giants, monsters, and all dreadful things  
Thou shalt subdue, which that dark grove unites:  
Let no strange voice that mourns or sweetly sings,  
Nor beauty, whose glad smile frail hearts delights,  
Within thy breast make ruth or pity rise,  
But their false looks and prayers false despise."

## XI

Thus he advised him, and the hardy knight  
Prepared him gladly to this enterprise,  
Thoughtful he passed the day, and sad the night;

And ere the silver morn began to rise,  
His arms he took, and in a coat him dight  
Of color strange, cut in the warlike guise;  
And on his way sole, silent, forth he went  
Alone, and left his friends, and left his tent.

## XII

It was the time when gainst the breaking day  
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined,  
For in the east appeared the morning gray  
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,  
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,  
And saw, as round about his eyes he twined,  
Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine,  
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine.

## XIII

Thus to himself he thought, how many bright  
And splendid lamps shine in heaven's temple high,  
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,  
Her fixed and wandering stars the azure sky,  
So framed all by their Creator's might  
That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall die  
Till, in a moment, with the last day's brand  
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

## XIV

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,  
And there kneeled down with reverence and fear,  
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent,  
His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were:  
"The sins and errors, which I now repent,  
Of mine unbridled youth, O Father dear,  
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall,  
And purge my faults and mine offences all."

## XV

Thus prayed he, with purple wings upflew  
In golden weed the morning's lusty queen,  
Begirding with the radiant beams she threw  
His helm, his harness, and the mountain green;  
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew  
The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen,  
And o'er his head let down from clearest skies  
A cloud of pure and precious clew there flies.

## XVI

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,  
To which compared, his clothes pale ashes seem,  
And sprinkled so, that all that paleness fled  
And thence, of purest white, bright rays outstream;  
So cheered are the flowers late withered  
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam,  
And so, returned to youth, a serpent old  
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

## XVII

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed,

The Prince perceived well, and long admired;  
Toward the forest marched he on with speed,  
Resolved, as such adventures great required;  
Thither he came whence shrinking back for dread  
Of that strange desert's sight the first retired,  
But not to him fearful or loathsome made  
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade:

## XVIII

Forward he passed, mid in the grove before  
He heard a sound that strange, sweet, pleasing was;  
There rolled a crystal brook with gentle roar,  
There sighed the winds as through the leaves they pass,  
There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,  
There sung the swan, and singing died, alas!  
There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,  
And all these sounds one sound right well declared.

## XIX

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,  
The aged trees and plants well-nigh that rent;  
Yet heard the nymphs and sirens afterward,  
Birds, winds, and waters, sing with sweet consent:  
Whereat amazed he stayed, and well prepared  
For his defence, heedful and slow forth went:  
Nor in his way his passage aught withstood,  
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood.

## XX

On the green banks which that fair stream inbound,  
Flowers and odors sweetly smiled and smelled,  
Which reaching out his stretched arms around,  
All the large desert in his bosom held,  
And through the grove one channel passage found;  
That in the wood; in that, the forest dwelled:  
Trees clad the streams; streams green those trees aye made  
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

## XXI

The knight some way sought out the flood to pass,  
And as he sought, a wondrous bridge appeared,  
A bridge of gold, a huge and weighty mass,  
On arches great of that rich metal reared;  
When through that golden way he entered was,  
Down fell the bridge, swelled the stream, and wearied  
The work away, nor sign left where it stood,  
And of a river calm became a flood.

## XXII

He turned, amazed to see it troubled so,  
Like sudden brooks increased with molten snow,  
The billows fierce that tossed to and fro,  
The whirlpools sucked down to their bosoms low;  
But on he went to search for wonders mo,  
Through the thick trees there high and broad which grow,  
And in that forest huge and desert wide,  
The more he sought, more wonders still he spied.

## XXIII

Whereso he stepped, it seemed the joyful ground  
Renewed the verdure of her flowery weed,  
A fountain here, a wellspring there he found;  
Here bud the roses, there the lilies spread  
The aged wood o'er and about him round  
Flourished with blossoms new, new leaves, new seed,  
And on the boughs and branches of those treen,  
The bark was softened, and renewed the green.

## XXIV

The manna on each leaf did pearled lie,  
The honey stilled from the tender rind;  
Again he heard that wondrous harmony,  
Of songs and sweet complaints of lovers kind,  
The human voices sung a triple high,  
To which respond the birds, the streams, the wind,  
But yet unseen those nymphs, those singers were,  
Unseen the lutes, harps, viols which they bear.

## XXV

He looked, he listened, yet his thoughts denied  
To think that true which he both heard and see,  
A myrtle in an ample plain he spied,  
And thither by a beaten path went he:  
The myrtle spread her mighty branches wide,  
Higher than pine or palm or cypress tree:  
And far above all other plants was seen  
That forest's lady and that desert's queen.

## XXVI

Upon the trees his eyes Rinaldo bent,  
And there a marvel great and strange began;  
An aged oak beside him cleft and rent,  
And from his fertile hollow womb forth ran,  
Clad in rare weeds and strange habiliment,  
A nymph, for age able to go to man,  
An hundred plants beside, even in his sight,  
Childed an hundred nymphs, so great, so dight.

## XXVII

Such as on stages play, such as we see  
The Dryads painted whom wild Satyrs love,  
Whose arms half-naked, locks untrussed be,  
With buskins laced on their legs above,  
And silken robes tucked short above their knee;  
Such seemed the sylvan daughters of this grove,  
Save that instead of shafts and boughs of tree,  
She bore a lute, a harp, or cittern she.

## XXVIII

And wantonly they cast them in a ring,  
And sung and danced to move his weaker sense,  
Rinaldo round about environing,  
As centres are with their circumference;  
The tree they compassed eke, and gan to sing,  
That woods and streams admired their excellence;

"Welcome, dear lord, welcome to this sweet grove,  
Welcome our lady's hope, welcome her love.

## XXIX

"Thou com'st to cure our princess, faint and sick  
For love, for love of thee, faint, sick, distressed;  
Late black, late dreadful was this forest thick,  
Fit dwelling for sad folk with grief oppressed,  
See with thy coming how the branches quick  
Revived are, and in new blossoms dressed:"  
This was their song, and after, from it went  
First a sweet sound, and then the myrtle rent.

## XXX

If antique times admired Silenus old  
That oft appeared set on his lazy ass,  
How would they wonder if they had behold  
Such sights as from the myrtle high did pass?  
Thence came a lady fair with locks of gold,  
That like in shape, in face and beauty was  
To sweet Armide; Rinaldo thinks he spies  
Her gestures, smiles, and glances of her eyes.

## XXXI

On him a sad and smiling look she cast,  
Which twenty passions strange at once bewrays:  
"And art thou come," quoth she, "returned at last  
To her from whom but late thou ran'st thy ways?  
Com'st thou to comfort me for sorrows past?  
To ease my widow nights and careful days?  
Or comest thou to work me grief and harm?  
Why nilt thou speak?—why not thy face disarm?"

## XXXII

"Com'st thou a friend or foe? I did not frame  
That golden bridge to entertain my foe,  
Nor opened flowers and fountains as you came,  
To welcome him with joy that brings me woe:  
Put off thy helm, rejoice me with the flame  
Of thy bright eyes, whence first my fires did grow.  
Kiss me, embrace me, if you further venture,  
Love keeps the gate, the fort is eath to enter."

## XXXIII

Thus as she woos she rolls her rueful eyes  
With piteous look, and changeth oft her cheer,  
An hundred sighs from her false heart upflies,  
She sobs, she mourns, it is great ruth to hear;  
The hardest breast sweet pity mollifies,  
What stony heart resists a woman's tear?  
But yet the knight, wise, wary, not unkind,  
Drew forth his sword and from her careless twined.

## XXXIV

Toward the tree he marched, she thither start,  
Before him stepped, embraced the plant and cried,  
"Ah, never do me such a spiteful part,  
To cut my tree, this forest's joy and pride,

Put up thy sword, else pierce therewith the heart  
Of thy forsaken and despised Armide;  
For through this breast, and through this heart unkind  
To this fair tree thy sword shall passage find."

## XXXV

He lift his brand, nor cared though oft she prayed,  
And she her form to other shape did change;  
Such monsters huge when men in dreams are laid  
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:  
Her body swelled, her face obscure was made,  
Vanished her garments, her face and vestures strange,  
A giantess before him high she stands,  
Like Briareus armed with an hundred hands.

## XXXVI

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright,  
She threatened death, she roared, cried and fought,  
Each other nymph in armor likewise dight,  
A Cyclops great became: he feared them naught,  
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,  
That groaned like living souls to death nigh brought,  
The sky seemed Pluto's court, the air seemed hell,  
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell.

## XXXVII

Lightened the heavens above, the earth below  
Roared loud, that thundered, and this shook;  
Blustered the tempests strong, the whirlwinds blow,  
The bitter storm drove hailstones in his look;  
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,  
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,  
Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended;  
Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

## XXXVIII

The heavens grew clear, the air waxed calm and still,  
The wood returned to his wonted state,  
Of withcrafts free, quite void of spirits ill;  
Of horror full, but horror there innate;  
He further proved if aught withstood his will  
To cut those trees as did the charms of late,  
And finding naught to stop him, smiled, and said,  
"O shadows vain! O fools, of shades afraid!"

## XXXIX

From thence home to the campward turned the knight,  
The hermit cried, upstarting from his seat,  
"Now of the wood the charms have lost their might,  
The sprites are conquered, ended is the feat,  
See where he comes!" In glistening white all dight  
Appeared the man, bold, stately, high and great,  
His eagle's silver wings to shine begun  
With wondrous splendor gainst the golden sun.

## XL

The camp received him with a joyful cry,  
A cry the dales and hills about that fled;

Then Godfrey welcomed him with honors high,  
His glory quenched all spite, all envy killed:  
"To yonder dreadful grove," quoth he, "went I,  
And from the fearful wood, as me you willed,  
Have driven the sprites away, thither let be  
Your people sent, the way is safe and free."

## XLI

Sent were the workmen thither, thence they brought  
Timber enough, by good advice select,  
And though by skillless builders framed and wrought  
Their engines rude and rams were late elect,  
Yet now the forts and towers from whence they fought  
Were framed by a cunning architect,  
William, of all the Genoese lord and guide,  
Which late ruled all the seas from side to side;

## XLII

But forced to retire from him at last,  
The Pagan fleet the seas moist empire won,  
His men with all their stuff and store in haste  
Home to the camp with their commander run,  
In skill, in wit, in cunning him surpassed  
Yet never engineer beneath the sun,  
Of carpenters an hundred large he brought,  
That what their lord devised made and wrought.

## XLIII

This man began with wondrous art to make,  
Not rams, not mighty brakes, not slings alone,  
Wherewith the firm and solid walls to shake,  
To cast a dart, or throw a shaft or stone;  
But framed of pines and firs, did undertake  
To build a fortress huge, to which was none  
Yet ever like, whereof he clothed the sides  
Against the balls of fire with raw bull's hides.

## XLIV

In mortices and sockets framed just,  
The beams, the studs and puncheons joined he fast;  
To beat the city's wall, beneath forth burst  
A ram with horned front, about her waist  
A bridge the engine from her side out thrust,  
Which on the wall when need she cast;  
And from her top a turret small up stood,  
Strong, surely armed, and builded of like wood.

## XLV

Set on an hundred wheels the rolling mass,  
On the smooth lands went nimbly up and down,  
Though full of arms and armed men it was,  
Yet with small pains it ran, as it had flown:  
Wondered the camp so quick to see it pass,  
They praised the workmen and their skill unknown,  
And on that day two towers they builded more,  
Like that which sweet Clorinda burned before.

## XLVI

Yet wholly were not from the Saracines

Their works concealed and their labors hid,  
Upon that wall which next the camp confines  
They placed spies, who marked all they did:  
They saw the ashes wild and squared pines,  
How to the tents, trailed from the grove, they slid:  
And engines huge they saw, yet could not tell  
How they were built, their forms they saw not well.

## XLVII

Their engines eke they reared, and with great art  
Repaired each bulwark, turret, port and tower,  
And fortified the plain and easy part,  
To bide the storm of every warlike stoure,  
Till as they thought no sleight or force of Mart  
To undermine or scale the same had power;  
And false Ismeno gan new balls prepare  
Of wicked fire, wild, wondrous, strange and rare.

## XLVIII

He mingled brimstone with bitumen fell  
Fetched from that lake where Sodom erst did sink,  
And from that flood which nine times compassed hell  
Some of the liquor hot he brought, I think,  
Wherewith the quenchless fire he tempered well,  
To make it smoke and flame and deadly stink:  
And for his wood cut down, the aged sire  
Would thus revengement take with flame and fire.

## XLIX

While thus the camp, and thus the town were bent,  
These to assault, these to defend the wall,  
A speedy dove through the clear welkin went,  
Straight o'er the tents, seen by the soldiers all;  
With nimble fans the yielding air she rent,  
Nor seemed it that she would alight or fall,  
Till she arrived near that besieged town,  
Then from the clouds at last she stooped down:

## L

But lo, from whence I nolt, a falcon came,  
Armed with crooked bill and talons long,  
And twixt the camp and city crossed her game,  
That durst nor bide her foe's encounter strong;  
But right upon the royal tent down came,  
And there, the lords and princes great among,  
When the sharp hawk nigh touched her tender head  
In Godfrey's lap she fell, with fear half dead:

## LI

The duke received her, saved her, and spied,  
As he beheld the bird, a wondrous thing,  
About her neck a letter close was tied,  
By a small thread, and thrust under her wing,  
He loosed forth the writ and spread it wide,  
And read the intent thereof, "To Judah's king,"  
Thus said the schedule, "honors high increase,  
The Egyptian chieftain wisheth health and peace:

## LII

"Fear not, renowned prince, resist, endure  
Till the third day, or till the fourth at most,  
I come, and your deliverance will procure,  
And kill your coward foes and all their host."  
This secret in that brief was closed up sure,  
Writ in strange language, to the winged post  
Given to transport; for in their warlike need  
The east such message used, oft with good speed.

## LIII

The duke let go the captive dove at large,  
And she that had his counsel close betrayed,  
Traitor to her great Lord, touched not the marge  
Of Salem's town, but fled far thence afraid.  
The duke before all those which had or charge  
Or office high, the letter read, and said:  
"See how the goodness of the Lord foreshows  
The secret purpose of our crafty foes.

## LIV

"No longer then let us protract the time,  
But scale the bulwark of this fortress high,  
Through sweat and labor gainst those rocks sublime  
Let us ascend, which to the southward lie;  
Hard will it be that way in arms to climb,  
But yet the place and passage both know I,  
And that high wall by site strong on that part,  
Is least defenced by arms, by work and art.

## LV

"Thou, Raymond, on this side with all thy might  
Assault the wall, and by those crags ascend,  
My squadrons with mine engines huge shall fight  
And gainst the northern gate my puissance bend,  
That so our foes, beguiled with the sight,  
Our greatest force and power shall there attend,  
While my great tower from thence shall nimbly slide,  
And batter down some worse defended side;

## LVI

"Camillo, thou not far from me shalt rear  
Another tower, close to the walls ybrought."  
This spoken, Raymond old, that sate him near,  
And while he talked great things tossed in his thought,  
Said, "To Godfredo's counsel, given us here,  
Naught can be added, from it taken naught:  
Yet this I further wish, that some were sent  
To spy their camp, their secret and intent,

## LVII

"That may their number and their squadrons brave  
Describe, and through their tents disguised mask."  
Quoth Tancred, "Lo, a subtle squire I have,  
A person fit to undertake this task,  
A man quick, ready, bold, sly to deceive,  
To answer, wise, and well advised to ask;

Well languaged, and that with time and place,  
Can change his look, his voice, his gait, his grace."

## LVIII

Sent for, he came, and when his lord him told  
What Godfrey's pleasure was and what his own,  
He smiled and said forthwith he gladly would.  
"I go," quoth he, "careless what chance be thrown,  
And where encamped be these Pagans bold,  
Will walk in every tent a spy unknown,  
Their camp even at noon-day I enter shall,  
And number all their horse and footmen all;

## LIX

"How great, how strong, how armed this army is,  
And what their guide intends, I will declare,  
To me the secrets of that heart of his  
And hidden thoughts shall open lie and bare."  
Thus Vafrine spoke, nor longer stayed on this,  
But for a mantle changed the coat he wore,  
Naked was his neck, and bare his forehead bold,  
Of linen white full twenty yards he rolled.

## LX

His weapons were a Syrian bow and quiver,  
His gestures barbarous, like the Turkish train,  
Wondered all they that heard his tongue deliver  
Of every land the language true and plain:  
In Tyre a born Phoenician, by the river  
Of Nile a knight bred in the Egyptian main,  
Both people would have thought him; forth he rides  
On a swift steed, o'er hills and dales that glides.

## LXI

But ere the third day came the French forth sent  
Their pioneers to even the rougher ways,  
And ready made each warlike instrument,  
Nor aught their labor interrupts or stays;  
The nights in busy toil they likewise spent  
And with long evenings lengthened forth short days,  
Till naught was left the hosts that hinder might  
To use their utmost power and strength in fight.

## LXII

That day, which of the assault the day forerun,  
The godly duke in prayer spent well-nigh,  
And all the rest, because they had misdane,  
The sacrament receive and mercy cry;  
Then oft the duke his engines great begun  
To show where least he would their strength apply;  
His foes rejoiced, deluded in that sort,  
To see them bent against their surest port:

## LXIII

But after, aided by the friendly night,  
His greatest engine to that side he brought  
Where plainest seemed the wall, where with their might  
The flankers least could hurt them as they fought;

And to the southern mountain's greatest height  
To raise his turret old Raymondo sought;  
And thou Camillo on that part hadst thine,  
Where from the north the walls did westward twine.

## LXIV

But when amid the eastern heaven appeared  
The rising morning bright as shining glass,  
The troubled Pagans saw, and seeing feared,  
How the great tower stood not where late it was,  
And here and there tofore unseen was reared  
Of timber strong a huge and fearful mass,  
And numberless with beams, with ropes and strings,  
They view the iron rams, the barks and slings.

## LXV

The Syrian people now were no whit slow,  
Their best defences to that side to bear,  
Where Godfrey did his greatest engine show,  
From thence where late in vain they placed were:  
But he who at his back right well did know  
The host of Egypt to be proaching near,  
To him called Guelpho, and the Roberts twain,  
And said, "On horseback look you still remain,

## LXVI

"And have regard, while all our people strive  
To scale this wall, where weak it seems and thin,  
Lest unawares some sudden host arrive,  
And at our backs unlooked-for war begin."  
This said, three fierce assaults at once they give,  
The hardy soldiers all would die or win,  
And on three parts resistance makes the king,  
And rage gainst strength, despair gainst hope doth bring.

## LXVII

Himself upon his limbs with feeble eild  
That shook, unwieldy with their proper weight,  
His armor laid and long unused shield,  
And marched gainst Raymond to the mountain's height;  
Great Solyman gainst Godfrey took the field;  
Fornest Camillo stood Argantes straight  
Where Tancred strong he found, so fortune will  
That this good prince his wonted foe shall kill.

## LXVIII

The archers shot their arrows sharp and keen,  
Dipped in the bitter juice of poison strong,  
The shady face of heaven was scanty seen,  
Hid with the clouds of shafts and quarries long;  
Yet weapons sharp with greater fury been  
Cast from the towers the Pagan troops among,  
For thence flew stones and clifts of marble rocks,  
Trees shod with iron, timber, logs and blocks.

## LXIX

A thunderbolt seemed every stone, it brake  
His limbs and armors on whom so it light,

That life and soul it did not only take  
But all his shape and face disfigured quite;  
The lances stayed not in the wounds they make,  
But through the gored body took their flight,  
From side to side, through flesh, through skin and rind  
They flew, and flying, left sad death behind.

LXX

But yet not all this force and fury drove  
The Pagan people to forsake the wall,  
But to revenge these deadly blows they strove,  
With darts that fly, with stones and trees that fall;  
For need so cowards oft courageous prove,  
For liberty they fight, for life and all,  
And oft with arrows, shafts, and stones that fly,  
Give bitter answer to a sharp reply.

LXXI

This while the fierce assailants never cease,  
But sternly still maintain a threefold charge,  
And gainst the clouds of shafts draw nigh at ease,  
Under a pentise made of many a targe,  
The armed towers close to the bulwarks press,  
And strive to grapple with the battled marge,  
And launch their bridges out, meanwhile below  
With iron fronts the rams the walls down throw.

LXXII

Yet still Rinaldo unresolved went,  
And far unworthy him this service thought,  
If mongst the common sort his pains he spent;  
Renown so got the prince esteemed naught:  
His angry looks on every side he bent,  
And where most harm, most danger was, he fought,  
And where the wall high, strong and surest was,  
That part would he assault, and that way pass.

LXXIII

And turning to the worthies him behind,  
All hardy knights, whom Dudon late did guide,  
"Oh shame," quoth he, "this wall no war doth find,  
When battered is elsewhere each part, each side;  
All pain is safety to a valiant mind,  
Each way is eath to him that dares abide,  
Come let us scale this wall, though strong and high,  
And with your shields keep off the darts that fly."

LXXIV

With him united all while thus he spake,  
Their targets hard above their heads they threw,  
Which joined in one an iron pentise make  
That from the dreadful storm preserved the crew.  
Defended thus their speedy course they take,  
And to the wall without resistance drew,  
For that strong penticle protected well  
The knights, from all that flew and all that fell.

LXXV

Against the fort Rinaldo gan uprear

A ladder huge, an hundred steps of height,  
And in his arm the same did easily bear  
And move as winds do reeds or rushes light,  
Sometimes a tree, a rock, a dart or spear,  
Fell from above, yet forward clomb the knight,  
And upward fearless pierced, careless still,  
Though Mount Olympus fell, or Ossa hill:

## LXXVI

A mount of ruins, and of shafts a wood  
Upon his shoulders and his shield he bore,  
One hand the ladder held whereon he stood,  
The other bare his targe his face before;  
His hardy troop, by his example good  
Provoked, with him the place assaulted sore,  
And ladders long against the wall they clap,  
Unlike in courage yet, unlike in hap:

## LXXVII

One died, another fell; he forward went,  
And these he comforts, and he threateneth those,  
Now with his hand outstretched the battlement  
Well-nigh he reached, when all his armed foes  
Ran thither, and their force and fury bent  
To throw him headlong down, yet up he goes,  
A wondrous thing, one knight whole armed bands  
Alone, and hanging in the air, withstands:

## LXXVIII

Withstands, and forceth his great strength so far,  
That like a palm whereon huge weight doth rest,  
His forces so resisted stronger are,  
His virtues higher rise the more oppressed,  
Till all that would his entrance bold debar,  
He backward drove, upleaped and possessed  
The wall, and safe and easy with his blade,  
To all that after came, the passage made.

## LXXIX

There killing such as durst and did withstand,  
To noble Eustace that was like to fall  
He reached forth his friendly conquering hand,  
And next himself helped him to mount the wall.  
This while Godfredo and his people land  
Their lives to greater harms and dangers thrall,  
For there not man with man, nor knight with knight  
Contend, but engines there with engines fight.

## LXXX

For in that place the Paynims reared a post,  
Which late had served some gallant ship for mast,  
And over it another beam they crossed,  
Pointed with iron sharp, to it made fast  
With ropes which as men would the dormant tossed,  
Now out, now in, now back, now forward cast.  
In his swift pulleys oft the men withdrew  
The tree, and oft the riding-balk forth threw:

## LXXXI

The mighty beam redoubted oft his blows,  
And with such force the engine smote and hit,  
That her broad side the tower wide open throws,  
Her joints were broke, her rafters cleft and split;  
But yet gainst every hap whence mischief grows,  
Prepared the piece, gainst such extremes made fit,  
Launch forth two scythes, sharp, cutting, long and broad  
And cut the ropes whereon the engine rode:

## LXXXII

As an old rock, which age or stormy wind  
Tears from some craggy hill or mountain steep,  
Doth break, doth bruise, and into dust doth grind  
Woods, houses, hamlets, herds, and folds of sheep,  
So fell the beam, and down with it all kind  
Of arms, of weapons, and of men did sweep,  
Wherewith the towers once or twice did shake,  
Trembled the walls, the hills and mountains quake.

## LXXXIII

Victorious Godfrey boldly forward came,  
And had great hope even then the place to win;  
But lo, a fire, with stench, with smoke and flame  
Withstood his passage, stopped his entrance in:  
Such burning Aetna yet could never frame,  
When from her entrails hot her fires begin,  
Nor yet in summer on the Indian plain,  
Such vapors warm from scorching air down rain.

## LXXXIV

There balls of wildfire, there fly burning spears,  
This flame was black, that blue, this red as blood;  
Stench well-nigh choked them, noise deafs their ears,  
Smoke blinds their eyes, fire kindleth on the wood;  
Nor those raw hides which for defence it wears  
Could save the tower, in such distress it stood;  
For now they wrinkle, now it sweats and fries,  
Now burns, unless some help come down from skies.

## LXXXV

The hardy duke before his folk abides,  
Nor changed he color, countenance or place,  
But comforts those that from the scalded hides  
With water strove the approaching flames to chase:  
In these extremes the prince and those he guides  
Half roasted stood before fierce Vulcan's face,  
When lo, a sudden and unlooked-for blast  
The flames against the kindlers backward cast:

## LXXXVI

The winds drove back the fire, where heaped lie  
The Pagans' weapons, where their engines were,  
Which kindling quickly in that substance dry,  
Burnt all their store and all their warlike gear:  
O glorious captain! whom the Lord from high  
Defends, whom God preserves, and holds so dear;

For thee heaven fights, to thee the winds, from far,  
Called with thy trumpet's blast, obedient are!

## LXXXVII

But wicked Ismen to his harm that saw  
How the fierce blast drove back the fire and flame,  
By art would nature change, and thence withdraw  
Those noisome winds, else calm and still the same;  
'Twixt two false wizards without fear or awe  
Upon the walls in open sight he came,  
Black, grisly, loathsome, grim and ugly faced,  
Like Pluto old, betwixt two furies placed;

## LXXXVIII

And now the wretch those dreadful words begun,  
Which trouble make deep hell and all her flock,  
Now trembled is the air, the golden sun  
His fearful beams in clouds did close and lock,  
When from the tower, which Ismen could not shun,  
Out fled a mighty stone, late half a rock,  
Which light so just upon the wizards three,  
That driven to dust their bones and bodies be.

## LXXXIX

To less than naught their members old were torn,  
And shivered were their heads to pieces small,  
As small as are the bruised grains of corn  
When from the mill dissolved to meal they fall;  
Their damned souls, to deepest hell down borne  
Far from the joy and light celestial,  
The furies plunged in the infernal lake:  
O mankind, at their ends ensample take!

## XC

This while the engine which the tempest cold  
Had saved from burning with his friendly blast,  
Approached had so near the battered hold  
That on the walls her bridge at ease she cast:  
But Solyman ran thither fierce and bold,  
To cut the plank whereon the Christians passed.  
And had performed his will, save that upreared  
High in the skies a turret new appeared;

## XCI

Far in the air up clomb the fortress tall,  
Higher than house, than steeple, church or tower;  
The Pagans trembled to behold the wall  
And city subject to her shot and power;  
Yet kept the Turk his stand, though on him fall  
Of stones and darts a sharp and deadly shower,  
And still to cut the bridge he hopes and strives,  
And those that fear with cheerful speech revives.

## XCII

The angel Michael, to all the rest  
Unseen, appeared before Godfredo's eyes,  
In pure and heavenly armor richly dressed,  
Brighter than Titan's rays in clearest skies;

"Godfrey," quoth he, "this is the moment blest  
To free this town that long in bondage lies,  
See, see what legions in thine aid I bring,  
For Heaven assists thee, and Heaven's glorious King:

## XCIII

"Lift up thine eyes, and in the air behold  
The sacred armies, how they mustered be,  
That cloud of flesh in which for times of old  
All mankind wrapped is, I take from thee,  
And from thy senses their thick mist unfold,  
That face to face thou mayest these spirits see,  
And for a little space right well sustain  
Their glorious light and view those angels plain.

## XCIV

"Behold the souls of every lord and knight  
That late bore arms and died for Christ's dear sake,  
How on thy side against this town they fight,  
And of thy joy and conquest will partake:  
There where the dust and smoke blind all men's sight,  
Where stones and ruins such an heap do make,  
There Hugo fights, in thickest cloud imbarred,  
And undermines that bulwark's groundwork hard.

## XCV

"See Dudon yonder, who with sword and fire  
Assails and helps to scale the northern port,  
That with bold courage doth thy folk inspire  
And rears their ladders gainst the assaulted fort:  
He that high on the mount in grave attire  
Is clad, and crowned stands in kingly sort,  
Is Bishop Ademare, a blessed spirit,  
Blest for his faith, crowned for his death and merit.

## XCVI

"But higher lift thy happy eyes, and view  
Where all the sacred hosts of Heaven appear."  
He looked, and saw where winged armies flew,  
Innumerable, pure, divine and clear;  
A battle round of squadrons three they show  
And all by threes those squadrons ranged were,  
Which spreading wide in rings still wider go,  
Moved with a stone calm water circleth so.

## XCVII

With that he winked, and vanished was and gone;  
That wondrous vision when he looked again,  
His worthies fighting viewed he one by one,  
And on each side saw signs of conquest plain,  
For with Rinaldo gainst his yielding lone,  
His knights were entered and the Pagans slain,  
This seen, the duke no longer stay could brook,  
But from the bearer bold his ensign took:

## XCVIII

And on the bridge he stepped, but there was stayed  
By Solyman, who entrance all denied,

That narrow tree to virtue great was made,  
 The field as in few blows right soon was tried,  
 "Here will I give my life for Sion's aid,  
 Here will I end my days," the Soldan cried,  
 "Behind me cut or break this bridge, that I  
 May kill a thousand Christians first, then die."

## XCIX

But thither fierce Rinaldo threatening went,  
 And at his sight fled all the Soldan's train,  
 "What shall I do? If here my life be spent,  
 I spend and spill," quoth he, "my blood in vain!"  
 With that his steps from Godfrey back he bent,  
 And to him let the passage free remain,  
 Who threatening followed as the Soldan fled,  
 And on the walls the purple Cross dispread:

## C

About his head he tossed, he turned, he cast,  
 That glorious ensign, with a thousand twines,  
 Thereon the wind breathes with his sweetest blast,  
 Thereon with golden rays glad Phoebus shines,  
 Earth laughs for joy, the streams forbear their haste,  
 Floods clap their hands, on mountains dance the pines,  
 And Sion's towers and sacred temples smile  
 For their deliverance from that bondage vile.

## CI

And now the armies reared the happy cry  
 Of victory, glad, joyful, loud, and shrill.  
 The hills resound, the echo showereth high,  
 And Tancred bold, that fights and combats still  
 With proud Argantes, brought his tower so nigh,  
 That on the wall, against the boaster's will,  
 In his despite, his bridge he also laid,  
 And won the place, and there the cross displayed.

## CII

But on the southern hill, where Raymond fought  
 Against the townsmen and their aged king,  
 His hardy Gascoigns gained small or naught;  
 Their engine to the walls they could not bring,  
 For thither all his strength the prince had brought,  
 For life and safety sternly combating,  
 And for the wall was feeblest on that coast,  
 There were his soldiers best, and engines most.

## CIII

Besides, the tower upon that quarter found  
 Unsure, uneasy, and uneven the way,  
 Nor art could help, but that the rougher ground  
 The rolling mass did often stop and stay;  
 But now of victory the joyful sound  
 The king and Raymond heard amid their fray;  
 And by the shout they and their soldiers know,  
 The town was entered on the plain below.

## CIV

Which heard, Raymondo thus bespake this crew,

"The town is won, my friends, and doth it yet  
Resist? are we kept out still by these few?  
Shall we no share in this high conquest get?"  
But from that part the king at last withdrew,  
He strove in vain their entrance there to let,  
And to a stronger place his folk he brought,  
Where to sustain the assault awhile he thought.

CV

The conquerors at once now entered all,  
The walls were won, the gates were opened wide,  
Now bruised, broken down, destroyed fall  
The ports and towers that battery durst abide;  
Rageth the sword, death murdereth great and small,  
And proud 'twixt woe and horror sad doth ride.  
Here runs the blood, in ponds there stands the gore,  
And drowns the knights in whom it lived before.

## NINETEENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

Tancred in single combat kills his foe,  
Argantes strong: the king and Soldan fly  
To David's tower, and save their persons so;  
Erminia well instructs Vafrene the spy,  
With him she rides away, and as they go  
Finds where her lord for dead on earth doth lie;  
First she laments, then cures him: Godfrey hears  
Ormondo's treason, and what marks he bears.

I

Now death or fear or care to save their lives  
From their forsaken walls the Pagans chase:  
Yet neither force nor fear nor wisdom drives  
The constant knight Argantes from his place;  
Alone against ten thousand foes he strives,  
Yet dreadless, doubtless, careless seemed his face,  
Nor death, nor danger, but disgrace he fears,  
And still unconquered, though o'erset, appears.

II

But mongst the rest upon his helmet gay  
With his broad sword Tancredi came and smote:  
The Pagan knew the prince by his array,  
By his strong blows, his armor and his coat;  
For once they fought, and when night stayed that fray,  
New time they chose to end their combat hot,  
But Tancred failed, wherefore the Pagan knight  
Cried, "Tancred, com'st thou thus, thus late to fight?"

III

"Too late thou com'st, and not alone to war,  
But yet the fight I neither shun nor fear,  
Although from knighthood true thou errest far,  
Since like an engineer thou dost appear,  
That tower, that troop, thy shield and safety are,  
Strange kind of arms in single fight to bear;

Yet shalt thou not escape, O conqueror strong  
Of ladies fair, sharp death, to avenge that wrong."

## IV

Lord Tancred smiled, with disdain and scorn,  
And answerd thus, "To end our strife," quoth he,  
"Behold at last I come, and my return,  
Though late, perchance will be too soon for thee;  
For thou shalt wish, of hope and help forlorn,  
Some sea or mountain placed twixt thee and me,  
And well shalt know before we end this fray  
No fear of cowardice hath caused my stay.

## V

"But come aside, thou by whose prowess dies  
The monsters, knights and giants in all lands,  
The killer of weak women thee defies."  
This said, he turned to his fighting bands,  
And bids them all retire. "Forbear," he cries,  
"To strike this knight, on him let none lay hands;  
For mine he is, more than a common foe,  
By challenge new and promise old also."

## VI

"Descend," the fierce Circassian gan reply,  
"Alone, or all this troop for succor take  
To deserts waste, or place frequented high,  
For vantage none I will the fight forsake:"  
Thus given and taken was the bold defy,  
And through the press, agreed so, they brake,  
Their hatred made them one, and as they went,  
Each knight his foe did for despite defend:

## VII

Great was his thirst of praise, great the desire  
That Tancred had the Pagan's blood to spill,  
Nor could that quench his wrath or calm his ire  
If other hand his foe should foil or kill.  
He saved him with his shield, and cried "Retire!"  
To all he met, "and do this knight none ill:"  
And thus defending gainst his friends his foe,  
Through thousand angry weapons safe they go.

## VII

They left the city, and they left behind  
Godfredo's camp, and far beyond it passed,  
And came where into creeks and bosoms blind  
A winding hill his corners turned and cast,  
A valley small and shady dale they find  
Amid the mountains steep so laid and placed  
As if some theatre or closed place  
Had been for men to fight or beasts to chase.

## IX

There stayed the champions both with rueful eyes,  
Argantes gan the fortress won to view;  
Tancred his foe withouten shield espies,  
And said, "Whereon doth thy sad heart devise?

Think'st thou this hour must end thy life untrue?  
If this thou fear, and dost foresee thy fate,  
Thy fear is vain, thy foresight comes too late."

X

"I think," quoth he, "on this distressed town,  
The aged Queen of Judah's ancient land,  
Now lost, now sacked, spoiled and trodden down,  
Whose fall in vain I strived to withstand,  
A small revenge for Sion's fort o'erthrown,  
That head can be, cut off by my strong hand."  
This said, together with great heed they flew,  
For each his foe for bold and hardy knew.

XI

Tancred of body active was and light,  
Quick, nimble, ready both of hand and foot;  
But higher by the head, the Pagan knight  
Of limbs far greater was, of heart as stout:  
Tancred laid low and traversed in his fight,  
Now to his ward retired, now struck out,  
Oft with his sword his foe's fierce blows he broke,  
And rather chose to ward-than bear his stroke.

XII

But bold and bolt upright Argantes fought,  
Unlike in gesture, like in skill and art,  
His sword outstretched before him far he brought,  
Nor would his weapon touch, but pierce his heart,  
To catch his point Prince Tancred strove and sought,  
But at his breast or helm's unclosed part  
He threatened death, and would with stretched-out brand  
His entrance close, and fierce assaults withstand.

XIII

With a tall ship so doth a galley fight,  
When the still winds stir not the unstable main;  
Where this in nimbleness as that in might  
Excels; that stands, this goes and comes again,  
And shifts from prow to poop with turnings light;  
Meanwhile the other doth unmoved remain,  
And on her nimble foe approaching nigh,  
Her weighty engines tumbleth down from high.

XIV

The Christian sought to enter on his foe,  
Voiding his point, which at his breast was bent;  
Argantes at his face a thrust did throw,  
Which while the Prince awards and doth prevent,  
His ready hand the Pagan turned so,  
That all defence his quickness far o'erwent,  
And pierced his side, which done, he said and smiled,  
"The craftsman is in his own craft beguiled."

XV

Tancredi bit his lip for scorn and shame,  
Nor longer stood on points of fence and skill,  
But to revenge so fierce and fast he came

As if his hand could not o'ertake his will,  
 And at his visor aiming just, gan frame  
 To his proud boast an answer sharp, but still  
 Argantes broke the thrust; and at half-sword,  
 Swift, hardy, bold, in stepped the Christian lord.

## XVI

With his left foot fast forward gan he stride,  
 And with his left the Pagan's right arm bent,  
 With his right hand meanwhile the man's right side  
 He cut, he wounded, mangled, tore and rent.  
 "To his victorious teacher," Tancred cried,  
 "His conquered scholar hath this answer sent;"  
 Argantes chafed, struggled, turned and twined,  
 Yet could not so his captive arm unbind:

## XVII

His sword at last he let hang by the chain,  
 And griped his hardy foe in both his hands,  
 In his strong arms Tancred caught him again,  
 And thus each other held and wrapped in bands.  
 With greater might Alcides did not strain  
 The giant Antheus on the Lybian sands,  
 On holdfast knots their brawny arms they cast,  
 And whom he hateth most, each held embraced:

## XVIII

Such was their wrestling, such their shocks and throws  
 That down at once they tumbled both to ground,  
 Argantes,—were it hap or skill, who knows,  
 His better hand loose and in freedom found;  
 But the good Prince, his hand more fit for blows,  
 With his huge weight the Pagan underbound;  
 But he, his disadvantage great that knew,  
 Let go his hold, and on his feet up flew:

## XIX

Far slower rose the unwieldy Saracine,  
 And caught a rap ere he was reared upright.  
 But as against the blustering winds a pine  
 Now bends his top, now lifts his head on height,  
 His courage so, when it 'gan most decline,  
 The man reinforced, and advanced his might,  
 And with fierce change of blows renewed the fray,  
 Where rage for skill, horror for art, bore sway.

## XX

The purple drops from Tancred's sides down railed,  
 But from the Pagan ran whole streams of blood,  
 Wherewith his force grew weak, his courage quailed  
 As fires die which fuel want or food.  
 Tancred that saw his feeble arm now failed  
 To strike his blows, that scant he stirred or stood,  
 Assuaged his anger, and his wrath allayed,  
 And stepping back, thus gently spoke and said:

## XXI

"Yield, hardy knight, and chance of war or me

Confess to have subdued thee in this fight,  
I will no trophy, triumph, spoil of thee,  
Nor glory wish, nor seek a victor's right  
More terrible than erst;" herewith grew he  
And all awaked his fury, rage and might,  
And said, "Dar'st thou of vantage speak or think,  
Or move Argantes once to yield or shrink?

## XXII

"Use, use thy vantage, thee and fortune both  
I scorn, and punish will thy foolish pride:"  
As a hot brand flames most ere it forth go'th,  
And dying blazeth bright on every side;  
So he, when blood was lost, with anger wroth,  
Revived his courage when his puissance died,  
And would his latest hour which now drew nigh,  
Illustrate with his end, and nobly die.

## XXIII

He joined his left hand to her sister strong,  
And with them both let fall his weighty blade.  
Tancred to ward his blow his sword up slung,  
But that it smote aside, nor there it stayed,  
But from his shoulder to his side along  
It glanced, and many wounds at once it made:  
Yet Tancred feared naught, for in his heart  
Found coward dread no place, fear had no part.

## XXIV

His fearful blow he doubled, but he spent  
His force in waste, and all his strength in vain;  
For Tancred from the blow against him bent,  
Leaped aside, the stroke fell on the plain.  
With thine own weight o'erthrown to earth thou went,  
Argantes stout, nor could'st thyself sustain,  
Thyself thou threwest down, O happy man,  
Upon whose fall none boast or triumph can!

## XXV

His gaping wounds the fall set open wide,  
The streams of blood about him made a lake,  
Helped with his left hand, on one knee he tried  
To rear himself, and new defence to make:  
The courteous prince stepped back, and "Yield thee!" cried,  
No hurt he proffered him, no blow he strake.  
Meanwhile by stealth the Pagan false him gave  
A sudden wound, threatening with speeches brave:

## XXVI

Herewith Tancredi furious grew, and said,  
"Villain, dost thou my mercy so despise?"  
Therewith he thrust and thrust again his blade,  
And through his ventril pierced his dazzled eyes,  
Argantes died, yet no complaint he made,  
But as he furious lived he careless dies;  
Bold, proud, disdainful, fierce and void of fear  
His motions last, last looks, last speeches were.

## XXVII

Tancred put up his sword, and praises glad  
 Gave to his God that saved him in this fight;  
 But yet this bloody conquest feeble had  
 So much the conqueror's force, strength and might,  
 That through the way he feared which homeward led  
 He had not strength enough to walk upright;  
 Yet as he could his steps from thence he bent,  
 And foot by foot a heavy pace forth-went;

## XXVIII

His legs could bear him but a little stound,  
 And more he hastes, more tired, less was his speed,  
 On his right hand, at last, laid on the ground  
 He leaned, his hand weak like a shaking reed,  
 Dazzled his eyes, the world on wheels ran round,  
 Day wrapped her brightness up in sable weed;  
 At length he swooned, and the victor knight  
 Naught differed from his conquered foe in fight.

## XXIX

But while these lords their private fight pursue,  
 Made fierce and cruel through their secret hate,  
 The victor's ire destroyed the faithless crew  
 From street to street, and chased from gate to gate.  
 But of the sacked town the image true  
 Who can describe, or paint the woful state,  
 Or with fit words this spectacle express  
 Who can? or tell the city's great distress?

## XXX

Blood, murder, death, each street, house, church defiled,  
 There heaps of slain appear, there mountains high;  
 There underneath the unburied hills up-piled  
 Of bodies dead, the living buried lie;  
 There the sad mother with her tender child  
 Doth tear her tresses loose, complain and fly,  
 And there the spoiler by her amber hair  
 Draws to his lust the virgin chaste and fair.

## XXXI

But through the way that to the west-hill yood  
 Whereon the old and stately temple stands,  
 All soiled with gore and wet with lukewarm blood  
 Rinaldo ran, and chased the Pagan bands;  
 Above their heads he heaved his curtlex good,  
 Life in his grace, and death lay in his hands,  
 Nor helm nor target strong his blows off bears,  
 Best armed there seemed he no arms that wears;

## XXXII

For gainst his armed foes he only bends  
 His force, and scorns the naked folk to wound;  
 Them whom no courage arms, no arms defends,  
 He chased with his looks and dreadful sound:  
 Oh, who can tell how far his force extends?  
 How these he scorns, threats those, lays them on ground?

How with unequal harm, with equal fear  
Fled all, all that well armed or naked were:

## XXXIII

Fast fled the people weak, and with the same  
A squadron strong is to the temple gone  
Which, burned and builded oft, still keeps the name  
Of the first founder, wise King Solomon;  
That prince this stately house did whilom frame  
Of cedar trees, of gold and marble stone;  
Now not so rich, yet strong and sure it was,  
With turrets high, thick walls, and doors of brass.

## XXXIV

The knight arrived where in warklike sort  
The men that ample church had fortified.  
And closed found each wicket, gate and port,  
And on the top defences ready spied,  
He left his frowning looks, and twice that fort  
From his high top down to the groundwork eyed,  
And entrance sought, and twice with his swift foot  
The mighty place he measured about.

## XXXV

Like as a wolf about the closed fold  
Rangeth by night his hoped prey to get,  
Enraged with hunger and with malice old  
Which kind 'twixt him and harmless sheep hath set:  
So searched he high and low about that hold,  
Where he might enter without stop or let,  
In the great court he stayed, his foes above  
Attend the assault, and would their fortune prove.

## XXXVI

There lay by chance a posted tree thereby,  
Kept for some needful use, whate'er it were,  
The armed galleys not so thick nor high  
Their tall and lofty masts at Genes uprear;  
This beam the knight against the gates made fly  
From his strong hands all weights which lift and bear,  
Like a light lance that tree he shook and tossed,  
And bruised the gate, the threshold and the post.

## XXXVII

No marble stone, no metal strong outbore  
The wondrous might of that redoubled blow,  
The brazen hinges from the wall it tore,  
It broke the locks, and laid the doors down low,  
No iron ram, no engine could do more,  
Nor cannons great that thunderbolts forth throw,  
His people like a flowing stream inthrong,  
And after them entered the victor strong;

## XXXVIII

The woful slaughter black and loathsome made  
That house, sometime the sacred house of God,  
O heavenly justice, if thou be delayed,  
On wretched sinners sharper falls thy rod!

In them this place profaned which invade  
 Thou kindled ire, and mercy all forbode,  
 Until with their hearts' blood the Pagans vile  
 This temple washed which they did late defile.

## XXXIX

But Solyman this while himself fast sped  
 Up to the fort which David's tower is named,  
 And with him all the soldiers left he led,  
 And gainst each entrance new defences framed:  
 The tyrant Aladine eke thither fled,  
 To whom the Soldan thus, far off, exclaimed,  
 Thyself, within this fortress safe uplock:

## XL

"For well this fortress shall thee and thy crown  
 Defend, awhile here may we safe remain."  
 "Alas!" quoth he, "alas, for this fair town,  
 Which cruel war beats down even with the plain,  
 My life is done, mine empire trodden down,  
 I reigned, I lived, but now nor live nor reign;  
 For now, alas! behold the fatal hour  
 That ends our life, and ends our kingly power."

## XLI

"Where is your virtue, where your wisdom grave,  
 And courage stout?" the angry Soldan said,  
 "Let chance our kingdoms take which erst she gave,  
 Yet in our hearts our kingly worth is laid;  
 But come, and in this fort your person save,  
 Refresh your weary limbs and strength decayed:"  
 Thus counselled he, and did to safety bring  
 Within that fort the weak and aged king.

## XLII

His iron mace in both his hands he hent,  
 And on his thigh his trusty sword he tied,  
 And to the entrance fierce and fearless went,  
 And kept the strait, and all the French defied:  
 The blows were mortal which he gave or lent,  
 For whom he hit he slew, else by his side  
 Laid low on earth, that all fled from the place  
 Where they beheld that great and dreadful mace.

## XLIII

But old Raymondo with his hardy crew  
 By chance came thither, to his great mishap;  
 To that defended path the old man flew,  
 And scorned his blows and him that kept the gap,  
 He struck his foe, his blow no blood forth drew,  
 But on the front with that he caught a rap,  
 Which in a swoon, low in the dust him laid,  
 Wide open, trembling, with his arms displayed.

## XLIV

The Pagans gathered heart at last, though fear  
 Their courage weak had put to flight but late,  
 So that the conquerors repulsed were,

And beaten back, else slain before the Gate:  
The Soldan, mongst the dead beside him near  
That saw Lord Raymond lie in such estate,  
Cried to his men, "Within these bars," quoth he,  
"Come draw this knight, and let him captive be."

## XLV

Forward they rushed to execute his word,  
But hard and dangerous that emprise they found,  
For none of Raymond's men forsook their lord,  
But to their guide's defence they flocked round,  
Thence fury fights, hence pity draws the sword,  
Nor strive they for vile cause or on light ground,  
The life and freedom of that champion brave,  
Those spoil, these would preserve, those kill, these save.

## XLVI

But yet at last if they had longer fought  
The hardy Soldan would have won the field;  
For gainst his thundering mace availed naught  
Or helm of temper fine or sevenfold shield:  
But from each side great succor now was brought  
To his weak foes, now fit to faint and yield,  
And both at once to aid and help the same  
The sovereign Duke and young Rinaldo came.

## XLVII

As when a shepherd, raging round about  
That sees a storm with wind, hail, thunder, rain,  
When gloomy clouds have day's bright eye put out,  
His tender flocks drives from the open plain  
To some thick grove or mountain's shady foot,  
Where Heaven's fierce wrath they may unhurt sustain,  
And with his hook, his whistle and his cries  
Drives forth his fleecy charge, and with them flies:

## XLVIII

So fled the Soldan, when he gan descry  
This tempest come from angry war forthcast,  
The armor clashed and lightened gainst the sky,  
And from each side swords, weapons, fire outbrast:  
He sent his folk up to the fortress high,  
To shun the furious storm, himself stayed last,  
Yet to the danger he gave place at length,  
For wit, his courage; wisdom ruled his strength.

## XLIX

But scant the knight was safe the gate within,  
Scant closed were the doors, when having broke  
The bars, Rinaldo doth assault begin  
Against the port, and on the wicket stroke  
His matchless might, his great desire to win,  
His oath and promise, doth his wrath provoke,  
For he had sworn, nor should his word be vain,  
To kill the man that had Prince Sweno slain.

## L

And now his armed hand that castle great

Would have assaulted, and had shortly won,  
 Nor safe pardie the Soldan there a seat  
 Had found his fatal foes' sharp wrath to shun,  
 Had not Godfredo sounded the retreat;  
 For now dark shades to shroud the earth begun,  
 Within the town the duke would lodge that night,  
 And with the morn renew the assault and fight.

## LI

With cheerful look thus to his folk he said,  
 "High God hath holpen well his children dear,  
 This work is done, the rest this night delayed  
 Doth little labor bring, less doubt, no fear,  
 This tower, our foe's weak hope and latest aid,  
 We conquer will, when sun shall next appear:  
 Meanwhile with love and tender ruth go see  
 And comfort those which hurt and wounded be;

## LII

"Go cure their wounds which boldly ventured  
 Their lives, and spilt their bloods to get this hold,  
 That fitteth more this host for Christ forth led,  
 Than thirst of vengeance, or desire of gold;  
 Too much, ah, too much blood this day is shed!  
 In some we too much haste to spoil behold,  
 But I command no more you spoil and kill,  
 And let a trumpet publish forth my will."

## LIII

This said, he went where Raymond panting lay,  
 Waked from the swoon wherein he late had been.  
 Nor Solyman with countenance less gay  
 Bespake his troops, and kept his grief unseen;  
 "My friends, you are unconquered this day,  
 In spite of fortune still our hope is green,  
 For underneath great shows of harm and fear,  
 Our dangers small, our losses little were:

## LIV

"Burnt are your houses, and your people slain,  
 Yet safe your town is, though your walls be gone,  
 For in yourselves and in your sovereign  
 Consists your city, not in lime and stone;  
 Your king is safe, and safe is all his train  
 In this strong fort defended from their fone,  
 And on this empty conquest let them boast,  
 Till with this town again, their lives be lost;

## LV

"And on their heads the loss at last will light,  
 For with good fortune proud and insolent,  
 In spoil and murder spend they day and night,  
 In riot, drinking, lust and ravishment,  
 And may amid their preys with little fight  
 At ease be overthrown, killed, slain and spent,  
 If in this carelessness the Egyptian host  
 Upon them fall, which now draws near this coast.

## LVI

"Meanwhile the highest buildings of this town  
We may shake down with stones about their ears,  
And with our darts and spears from engines thrown,  
Command that hill Christ's sepulchre that bears:"  
Thus comforts he their hopes and hearts cast down,  
Awakes their valors, and exiles their fears.  
But while the things hapt thus, Vafrino goes  
Unknown, amid ten thousand armed foes.

## LVII

The sun nigh set had brought to end the day,  
When Vafrine went the Pagan host to spy,  
He passed unknown a close and secret way;  
A traveller, false, cunning, crafty, sly,  
Past Ascalon he saw the morning gray  
Step o'er the threshold of the eastern sky,  
And ere bright Titan half his course had run,  
That camp, that mighty host to show begun.

## LVIII

Tents infinite, and standards broad he spies,  
This red, that white, that blue, this purple was,  
And hears strange tongues, and stranger harmonies  
Of trumpets, clarions, and well-sounding brass:  
The elephant there brays, the camel cries.  
The horses neigh as to and fro they pass:  
Which seen and heard, he said within his thought,  
Hither all Asia is, all Afric, brought.

## LIX

He viewed the camp awhile, her site and seat,  
What ditch, what trench it had, what rampire strong,  
Nor close, nor secret ways to work his feat  
He longer sought, nor hid him from the throng;  
But entered through the gates, broad, royal, great,  
And oft he asked, and answered oft among,  
In questions wise, in answers short and sly;  
Bold was his look, eyes quick, front lifted high:

## LX

On every side he pried here and there,  
And marked each way, each passage and each tent:  
The knights he notes, their steeds, and arms they bear,  
Their names, their armor, and their government;  
And greater secrets hopes to learn, and hear,  
Their hidden purpose, and their close intent:  
So long he walked and wandered, till he spied  
The way to approach the great pavilions' side:

## LXI

There as he looked he saw the canvas rent,  
Through which the voice found eath and open way  
From the close lodgings of the regal tent  
And inmost closet where the captain lay;  
So that if Emireno spake, forth went  
The sound to them that listen what they say,

There Vafrine watched, and those that saw him thought  
To mend the breach that there he stood and wrought.

## LXII

The captain great within bare-headed stood,  
His body armed and clad in purple weed,  
Two pages bore his shield and helmet good,  
He leaning on a bending lance gave heed  
To a big man whose looks were fierce and proud,  
With whom he parleyed of some haughty deed,  
Godfredo's name as Vafrine watched he heard,  
Which made him give more heed, take more regard:

## LXIII

Thus spake the chieftain to that surly sir,  
"Art thou so sure that Godfrey shall be slain?"  
"I am," quoth he, "and swear ne'er to retire,  
Except he first be killed, to court again.  
I will prevent those that with me conspire:  
Nor other guerdon ask I for my pain  
But that I may hang up his harness brave  
At Gair, and under them these words engrave:

## LXIV

"These arms Ormondo took in noble fight  
From Godfrey proud, that spoiled all Asia's lands,  
And with them took his life, and here on high,  
In memory thereof, this trophy stands."  
The duke replied, "Ne'er shall that deed, bold knight,  
Pass unrewarded at our sovereign's hands,  
What thou demandest shall he gladly grant,  
Nor gold nor guerdon shalt thou wish or want.

## LXV

"Those counterfeited armors then prepare,  
Because the day of fight approacheth fast."  
"They ready are," quoth he; then both forbare  
From further talk, these speeches were the last.  
Vafrine, these great things heard, with grief and care  
Remained astound, and in his thoughts oft cast  
What treason false this was, how feigned were  
Those arms, but yet that doubt he could not clear.

## LXVI

From thence he parted, and broad waking lay  
All that long night, nor slumbered once nor slept:  
But when the camp by peep of springing day  
Their banner spread, and knights on horseback leapt,  
With them he marched forth in meet array,  
And where they pitched lodged, and with them kept,  
And then from tent to tent he stalked about,  
To hear and see, and learn this secret out;

## LXVII

Searching about, on a rich throne he fand  
Armida set with dames and knights around,  
Sullen she sat, and sighed, it seemed she scanned  
Some weighty matters in her thoughts profounds,

Her rosy cheek leaned on her lily hand,  
Her eyes, love's twinkling stars, she bent to ground,  
Weep she, or no, he knows not, yet appears  
Her humid eyes even great with child with tears.

## LXVIII

He saw before her set Adrastus grim,  
That seemed scant to live, move, or respire,  
So was he fixed on his mistress trim,  
So gazed he, and fed his fond desire;  
But Tisiphern beheld now her now him,  
And quaked sometime for love, sometime for ire,  
And in his cheeks the color went and came,  
For there wrath's fire now burnt, now shone love's flame.

## LXIX

Then from the garland fair of virgins bright,  
Mongst whom he lay enclosed, rose Altamore,  
His hot desire he hid and kept from sight,  
His looks were ruled by Cupid's crafty lore,  
His left eye viewed her hand, her face, his right  
Both watched her beauties hid and secret store,  
And entrance found where her thin veil bewrayed  
The milken-way between her breasts that laid.

## LXX

Her eyes Armida lift from earth at last,  
And cleared again her front and visage sad,  
Midst clouds of woe her looks which overcast  
She lightened forth a smile, sweet, pleasant, glad;  
"My lord," quoth she, "your oath and promise passed,  
Hath freed my heart of all the griefs it had,  
That now in hope of sweet revenge it lives,  
Such joy, such ease, desired vengeance gives."

## LXXI

"Cheer up thy looks," answered the Indian king,  
"And for sweet beauty's sake, appease thy woe,  
Cast at your feet ere you expect the thing,  
I will present the head of thy strong foe;  
Else shall this hand his person captive bring  
And cast in prison deep;" he boasted so.  
His rival heard him well, yet answered naught,  
But bit his lips, and grieved in secret thought.

## LXXII

To Tisipherne the damsel turning right,  
"And what say you, my noble lord?" quoth she.  
He taunting said, "I that am slow to fight  
Will follow far behind, the worth to see  
Of this your terrible and puissant knight,"  
In scornful words this bitter scoff gave he.  
"Good reason," quoth the king, "thou come behind,  
Nor e'er compare thee with the Prince of Ind."

## LXXIII

Lord Tisiphernes shook his head, and said,  
"Oh, had my power free like my courage been,

Or had I liberty to use this blade,  
 Who slow, who weakest is, soon should be seen,  
 Nor thou, nor thy great vaunts make me afraid,  
 But cruel love I fear, and this fair queen."  
 This said, to challenge him the king forth leapt,  
 But up their mistress start, and twixt them stepped:

## LXXIV

"Will you thus rob me of that gift," quoth she,  
 "Which each hath vowed to give by word and oath?  
 You are my champions, let that title be  
 The bond of love and peace between you both;  
 He that displeased is, is displeased with me,  
 For which of you is grieved, and I not wroth?"  
 Thus warned she them, their hearts, for ire nigh broke,  
 In forced peace and rest thus bore love's yoke.

## LXXV

All this heard Vafrine as he stood beside,  
 And having learned the truth, he left the tent,  
 That treason was against the Christian's guide  
 Contrived, he wist, yet wist not how it went,  
 By words and questions far off, he tried  
 To find the truth; more difficult, more bent  
 Was he to know it, and resolved to die,  
 Or of that secret close the intent to spy.

## LXXVI

Of sly intelligence he proved all ways,  
 All crafts, all wiles, that in his thoughts abide,  
 Yet all in vain the man by wit assays,  
 To know that false compact and practice hid:  
 But chance, what wisdom could not tell, bewrays,  
 Fortune of all his doubt the knots undid,  
 So that prepared for Godfrey's last mishap  
 At ease he found the net, and spied the trap.

## LXXVII

Thither he turned again where seated was,  
 The angry lover, 'twixt her friends and lords,  
 For in that troop much talk he thought would pass,  
 Each great assembly store of news affords,  
 He sided there a lusty lovely lass,  
 And with some courtly terms the wench he boards,  
 He feigns acquaintance, and as bold appears  
 As he had known that virgin twenty years.

## LXXVIII

He said, "Would some sweet lady grace me so,  
 To chose me for her champion, friend and knight,  
 Proud Godfrey's or Rinaldo's head, I trow,  
 Should feel the sharpness of my curtlax bright;  
 Ask me the head, fair mistress, of some foe,  
 For to your beauty wooed is my might;"  
 So he began, and meant in speeches wise  
 Further to wade, but thus he broke the ice.

## LXXIX

Therewith he smiled, and smiling gan to frame

His looks so to their old and native grace,  
That towards him another virgin came,  
Heard him, beheld him, and with bashful face  
Said, "For thy mistress choose no other dame  
But me, on me thy love and service place,  
I take thee for my champion, and apart  
Would reason with thee, if my knight thou art."

LXXX

Withdrawn, she thus began, "Vafrine, pardie,  
I know thee well, and me thou knowest of old,"  
To his last trump this drove the subtle spy,  
But smiling towards her he turned him bold,  
"Ne'er that I wot I saw thee erst with eye,  
Yet for thy worth all eyes should thee behold,  
Thus much I know right well, for from the same  
Which erst you gave me different is my name.

LXXXI

"My mother bore me near Bisertus wall,  
Her name was Lesbine, mine is Almansore!"  
"I knew long since," quoth she, "what men thee call,  
And thine estate, dissemble it no more,  
From me thy friend hide not thyself at all,  
If I betray thee let me die therefore,  
I am Erminia, daughter to a prince,  
But Tancred's slave, thy fellow-servant since;

LXXXII

"Two happy months within that prison kind,  
Under thy guard rejoiced I to dwell,  
And thee a keeper meek and good did find,  
The same, the same I am; behold me well."  
The squire her lovely beauty called to mind,  
And marked her visage fair: "From thee expel  
All fear," she says, "for me live safe and sure,  
I will thy safety, not thy harm procure.

LXXXIII

"But yet I pray thee, when thou dost return,  
To my dear prison lead me home again;  
For in this hateful freedom even and morn  
I sigh for sorrow, mourn and weep for pain:  
But if to spy perchance thou here sojourn,  
Great hap thou hast to know these secrets plain,  
For I their treasons false, false trains can say,  
Which few beside can tell, none will betray."

LXXXIV

On her he gazed, and silent stood this while,  
Armida's sleights he knew, and trains unjust,  
Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,  
They will, they will not, fools that on them trust,  
For in their speech is death, hell in their smile;  
At last he said, "If hence depart you lust,  
I will you guide; on this conclude we here,  
And further speech till fitter time forbear."

## LXXXV

Forthwith, ere thence the camp remove, to ride  
 They were resolved, their flight that season fits,  
 Vafrine departs, she to the dames beside  
 Returns, and there on thorns awhile she sits,  
 Of her new knight she talks, till time and tide  
 To scape unmarked she find, then forth she gets,  
 Thither where Vafrine her unseen abode,  
 There took she horse, and from the camp they rode.

## LXXXVI

And now in deserts waste and wild arrived,  
 Far from the camp, far from resort and sight,  
 Vafrine began, "Gainst Godfrey's life contrived  
 The false compacts and trains unfold aright:"  
 Then she those treasons, from their spring derived,  
 Repeats, and brings their hid deceits to light,  
 "Eight knights," she says, "all courtiers brave, there are,  
 But Ormond strong the rest surpasseth far:

## LXXXVII

"These, whether hate or hope of gain them move,  
 Conspired have, and framed their treason so,  
 That day when Emiren by fight shall prove  
 To win lost Asia from his Christian foe,  
 These, with the cross scored on their arms above,  
 And armed like Frenchmen will disguised go,  
 Like Godfrey's guard that gold and white do wear,  
 Such shall their habit be, and such their gear:

## LXXXVIII

"Yet each will bear a token in his crest,  
 That so their friends for Pagans may them know:  
 But in close fight when all the soldiers best  
 Shall mingled be, to give the fatal blow  
 They will keep near, and pierce Godfredo's breast,  
 While of his faithful guard they bear false show,  
 And all their swords are dipped in poison strong,  
 Because each wound shall bring sad death ere long.

## LXXXIX

"And for their chieftain wist I knew your guise,  
 What garments, ensigns, and what arms you carry,  
 Those feigned arms he forced me to devise,  
 So that from yours but small or naught they vary;  
 But these unjust commands my thoughts despise,  
 Within their camp therefore I list not tarry,  
 My heart abhors I should this hand defile  
 With spot of treason, or with act of guile.

## XC

"This is the cause, but not the cause alone:"  
 And there she ceased, and blushed, and on the main  
 Cast down her eyes, these last words scant outgone,  
 She would have stopped, nor durst pronounce them plain.  
 The squire what she concealed would know, as one  
 That from her breast her secret thoughts could strain,

"Of little faith," quoth he, "why would'st thou hide  
Those causes true, from me thy squire and guide?"

## XCI

With that she fetched a sigh, sad, sore and deep,  
And from her lips her words slow trembling came,  
"Fruitless," she said, "untimely, hard to keep,  
Vain modesty farewell, and farewell shame,  
Why hope you restless love to bring on sleep?  
Why strive you fires to quench, sweet Cupid's flame?  
No, no, such cares, and such respects besem  
Great ladies, wandering maids them naught esteem.

## XCII

"That night fatal to me and Antioch town,  
Then made a prey to her commanding foe,  
My loss was greater than was seen or known,  
There ended not, but thence began my woe:  
Light was the loss of friends, of realm or crown;  
But with my state I lost myself also,  
Ne'er to be found again, for then I lost  
My wit, my sense, my heart, my soul almost.

## XCIII

"Through fire and sword, through blood and death, Vafrine,  
Which all my friends did burn, did kill, did chase,  
Thou know'st I ran to thy dear lord and mine,  
When first he entered had my father's place,  
And kneeling with salt ears in my swollen eyne;  
'Great prince,' quoth I, 'grant mercy, pity, grace,  
Save not my kingdom, not my life I said,  
But save mine honor, let me die a maid.'

## XCIV

"He lift me by the trembling hand from ground,  
Nor stayed he till my humble speech was done;  
But said, 'A friend and keeper hast thou found,  
Fair virgin, nor to me in vain you run:'  
A sweetness strange from that sweet voice's sound  
Pierced my heart, my breast's weak fortress won,  
Which creeping through my bosom soft became  
A wound, a sickness, and a quenchless flame.

## XCV

"He visits me, with speeches kind and grave  
He sought to ease my grief, and sorrows' smart.  
He said, 'I give thee liberty, receive  
All that is thine, and at thy will depart:'  
Alas, he robbed me when he thought he gave,  
Free was Erminia, but captived her heart,  
Mine was the body, his the soul and mind,  
He gave the cage but kept the bird behind.

## XCVI

"But who can hide desire, or love suppress?  
Oft of his worth with thee in talk I strove,  
Thou, by my trembling fit that well could'st guess  
What fever held me, saidst, 'Thou art in love;'

But I denied, for what can maids do less?  
 And yet my sighs thy sayings true did prove,  
 Instead of speech, my looks, my tears, mine eyes,  
 Told in what flame, what fire thy mistress fries.

## XCVII

"Unhappy silence, well I might have told  
 My woes, and for my harms have sought relief,  
 Since now my pains and complaints I utter bold,  
 Where none that hears can help or ease my grief.  
 From him I parted, and did close upfold  
 My wounds within my bosom, death was chief  
 Of all my hopes and helps, till love's sweet flame  
 Plucked off the bridle of respect and shame,

## XCVIII

"And caused me ride to seek my lord and knight,  
 For he that made me sick could make me sound:  
 But on an ambush I mischanced to light  
 Of cruel men, in armour clothed round,  
 Hardly I scaped their hand by mature flight.  
 And fled to wilderness and desert ground,  
 And there I lived in groves and forests wild,  
 With gentle grooms and shepherds' daughters mild.

## XCIX

"But when hot love which fear had late suppressed,  
 Revived again, there nould I longer sit,  
 But rode the way I came, nor e'er took rest,  
 Till on like danger, like mishap I hit,  
 A troop to forage and to spoil addressed,  
 Encountered me, nor could I fly from it:  
 Thus was I ta'en, and those that had me caught,  
 Egyptians were, and me to Gaza brought,

## C

"And for a present to their captain gave,  
 Whom I entreated and besought so well,  
 That he mine honor had great care to save,  
 And since with fair Armida let me dwell.  
 Thus taken oft, escaped oft I have,  
 Ah, see what haps I passed, what dangers fell,  
 So often captive, free so oft again,  
 Still my first bands I keep, still my first chain.

## CI

"And he that did this chain so surely bind  
 About my heart, which none can loose but he,  
 Let him not say, 'Go, wandering damsel, find  
 Some other home, thou shalt not bide with me,'  
 But let him welcome me with speeches kind,  
 And in my wonted prison set me free:"  
 Thus spake the princess, thus she and her guide  
 Talked day and night, and on their journey ride.

## CII

Through the highways Vafrino would not pass,  
 A path more secret, safe and short, he knew,

And now close by the city's wall he was,  
 When sun was set, night in the east upflew,  
 With drops of blood besmeared he found the grass,  
 And saw where lay a warrior murdered new,  
 That all be-bled the ground, his face to skies  
 He turns, and seems to threat, though dead he lies:

## CIII

His harness and his habit both betrayed  
 He was a Pagan; forward went the squire,  
 And saw whereas another champion laid  
 Dead on the land, all soiled with blood and mire,  
 "This was some Christian knight," Vafrino said:  
 And marking well his arms and rich attire,  
 He loosed his helm, and saw his visage plain,  
 And cried, "Alas, here lies Tancredi slain!"

## CIV

The woful virgin tarried, and gave heed  
 To the fierce looks of that proud Saracine,  
 Till that high cry, full of sad fear and dread,  
 Pierced through her heart with sorrow, grief and pine,  
 At Tancred's name thither she ran with speed,  
 Like one half mad, or drunk with too much wine,  
 And when she saw his face, pale, bloodless, dead,  
 She lighted, nay, she stumbled from her steed:

## CV

Her springs of tears she looseth forth, and cries,  
 "Hither why bring'st thou me, ah, Fortune blind?  
 Where dead, for whom I lived, my comfort lies,  
 Where war for peace, travail for rest I find;  
 Tancred, I have thee, see thee, yet thine eyes  
 Looked not upon thy love and handmaid kind,  
 Undo their doors, their lids fast closed sever,  
 Alas, I find thee for to lose thee ever.

## CVI

"I never thought that to mine eyes, my dear,  
 Thou couldst have grievous or unpleasant been;  
 But now would blind or rather dead I were,  
 That thy sad plight might be unknown, unseen!  
 Alas! where is thy mirth and smiling cheer?  
 Where are thine eyes' clear beams and sparkles sheen?  
 Of thy fair cheek where is the purple red,  
 And forehead's whiteness? are all gone, all dead?

## CVII

"Though gone, though dead, I love thee still, behold;  
 Death wounds, but kills not love; yet if thou live,  
 Sweet soul, still in his breast, my follies bold  
 Ah, pardon love's desires, and stealths forgive;  
 Grant me from his pale mouth some kisses cold,  
 Since death doth love of just reward deprive;  
 And of thy spoils sad death afford me this,  
 Let me his mouth, pale, cold and bloodless, kiss;

## CVIII

"O gentle mouth! with speeches kind and sweet

Thou didst relieve my grief, my woe and pain,  
 Ere my weak soul from this frail body fleet,  
 Ah, comfort me with one dear kiss or twain!  
 Perchance if we alive had happed to meet,  
 They had been given which now are stolen, O vain,  
 O feeble life, betwixt his lips out fly,  
 Oh, let me kiss thee first, then let me die!

## CIX

"Receive my yielding spirit, and with thine  
 Guide it to heaven, where all true love hath place:"  
 This said, she sighed, and tore her tresses fine,  
 And from her eyes two streams poured on his face,  
 The man revived, with those showers divine  
 Awaked, and opened his lips a space;  
 His lips were open; but fast shut his eyes,  
 And with her sighs, one sigh from him upflies.

## CX

The dame perceived that Tancred breathed and sighed,  
 Which calmed her grief somedeal and eased her fears:  
 "Unclose thine eyes," she says, "my lord and knight,  
 See my last services, my complaints and tears,  
 See her that dies to see thy woful plight,  
 That of thy pain her part and portion bears;  
 Once look on me, small is the gift I crave,  
 The last which thou canst give, or I can have."

## CXI

Tancred looked up, and closed his eyes again,  
 Heavy and dim, and she renewed her woe.  
 Quoth Vafrine, "Cure him first, and then complain,  
 Medicine is life's chief friend; plaint her most foe:"  
 They plucked his armor off, and she each vein,  
 Each joint, and sinew felt, and handled so,  
 And searched so well each thrust, each cut and wound,  
 That hope of life her love and skill soon found.

## CXII

From weariness and loss of blood she spied  
 His greatest pains and anguish most proceed,  
 Naught but her veil amid those deserts wide  
 She had to bind his wounds, in so great need,  
 But love could other bands, though strange, provide,  
 And pity wept for joy to see that deed,  
 For with her amber locks cut off, each wound  
 She tied: O happy man, so cured so bound!

## CXIII

For why her veil was short and thin, those deep  
 And cruel hurts to fasten, roll and blind,  
 Nor salve nor simple had she, yet to keep  
 Her knight on live, strong charms of wondrous kind  
 She said, and from him drove that deadly sleep,  
 That now his eyes he lifted, turned and twined,  
 And saw his squire, and saw that courteous dame  
 In habit strange, and wondered whence she came.

## CXIV

He said, "O Vafrine, tell me, whence com'st thou?  
And who this gentle surgeon is, disclose;"  
She smiled, she sighed, she looked she wist not how,  
She wept, rejoiced, she blushed as red as rose.  
"You shall know all," she says, "your surgeon now  
Commands you silence, rest and soft repose,  
You shall be sound, prepare my guerdon meet,"  
His head then laid she in her bosom sweet.

## CXV

Vafrine devised this while how he might bear  
His master home, ere night obscured the land,  
When lo, a troop of soldiers did appear,  
Whom he descried to be Tancredi's band,  
With him when he and Argant met they were;  
But when they went to combat hand for hand,  
He bade them stay behind, and they obeyed,  
But came to seek him now, so long he stayed.

## CXVI

Besides them, many followed that enquest,  
But these alone found out the rightest way,  
Upon their friendly arms the men addressed  
A seat whereon he sat, he leaned, he lay:  
Quoth Tancred, "Shall the strong Circassian rest  
In this broad field, for wolves and crows a prey?  
Ah no, defraud not you that champion brave  
Of his just praise, of his due tomb and grave:

## CXVII

"With his dead bones no longer war have I,  
Boldly he died and nobly was he slain,  
Then let us not that honor him deny  
Which after death alonely doth remain:"  
The Pagan dead they lifted up on high,  
And after Tancred bore him through the plain.  
Close by the virgin chaste did Vafrine ride,  
As he that was her squire, her guard, her guide.

## CXVIII

"Not home," quoth Tancred, "to my wonted tent,  
But bear me to this royal town, I pray,  
That if cut short by human accident  
I die, there I may see my latest day,  
The place where Christ upon his cross was rent  
To heaven perchance may easier make the way,  
And ere I yield to Death's and Fortune's rage,  
Performed shall be my vow and pilgrimage."

## CXIX

Thus to the city was Tancredi borne,  
And fell on sleep, laid on a bed of down.  
Vafrino where the damsel might sojourn  
A chamber got, close, secret, near his own;  
That done he came the mighty duke beforne,  
And entrance found, for till his news were known,

Naught was concluded mongst those knights and lords,  
Their counsel hung on his report and words.

## CXX

Where weak and weary wounded Raymond laid,  
Godfrey was set upon his couch's side,  
And round about the man a ring was made  
Of lords and knights that filled the chamber wide;  
There while the squire his late discovery said,  
To break his talk, none answered, none replied,  
"My lord," he said, "at your command I went  
And viewed their camp, each cabin, booth and tent;

## CXXI

"But of that mighty host the number true  
Expect not that I can or should descry,  
All covered with their armies might you view  
The fields, the plains, the dales and mountains high,  
I saw what way soe'er they went and drew,  
They spoiled the land, drunk floods and fountains dry,  
For not whole Jordan could have given them drink,  
Nor all the grain in Syria, bread, I think.

## CXXII

"But yet amongst them many bands are found  
Both horse and foot, of little force and might,  
That keep no order, know no trumpet's sound,  
That draw no sword, but far off shoot and fight,  
But yet the Persian army doth abound  
With many a footman strong and hardy knight,  
So doth the King's own troop which all is framed  
Of soldiers old, the Immortal Squadron named.

## CXXIII

"Immortal called is that band of right,  
For of that number never wanteth one,  
But in his empty place some other knight  
Steps in, when any man is dead or gone:  
This army's leader Emireno hight,  
Like whom in wit and strength are few or none,  
Who hath in charge in plain and pitched field,  
To fight with you, to make you fly or yield.

## CXXIV

"And well I know their army and their host  
Within a day or two will here arrive:  
But thee Rinaldo it behoveth most  
To keep thy noble head, for which they strive,  
For all the chief in arms or courage boast  
They will the same to Queen Armida give,  
And for the same she gives herself in price,  
Such hire will many hands to work entice.

## CXXV

"The chief of these that have thy murder sworn,  
Is Altamore, the king of Samarcand!  
Adrastus then, whose realm lies near the morn,  
A hardy giant, bold, and strong of hand,

This king upon an elephant is borne,  
For under him no horse can stir or stand;  
The third is Tisipherne, as brave a lord  
As ever put on helm or girt on sword."

## CXXVI

This said, from young Rinaldo's angry eyes,  
Flew sparks of wrath, flames in his visage shined,  
He longed to be amid those enemies,  
Nor rest nor reason in his heart could find.  
But to the Duke Vafrine his talk applies,  
"The greatest news, my lord, are yet behind,  
For all their thoughts, their crafts and counsels tend  
By treason false to bring thy life to end."

## CXXVII

Then all from point to point he gan expose  
The false compact, how it was made and wrought,  
The arms and ensigns feigned, poison close,  
Ormondo's vaunt, what praise, what thank he sought,  
And what reward, and satisfied all those  
That would demand, inquire, or ask of aught.  
Silence was made awhile, when Godfrey thus,—  
"Raymondo, say, what counsel givest thou us?"

## CXXVIII

"Not as we purposed late, next morn," quoth he,  
"Let us not scale, but round besiege this tower,  
That those within may have no issue free  
To sally out, and hurt us with their power,  
Our camp well rested and refreshed see,  
Provided well gainst this last storm and shower,  
And then in pitched field, fight, if you will;  
If not, delay and keep this fortress still.

## CXXIX

"But lest you be endangered, hurt, or slain,  
Of all your cares take care yourself to save,  
By you this camp doth live, doth win, doth reign,  
Who else can rule or guide these squadrons brave?  
And for the traitors shall be noted plain,  
Command your guard to change the arms they have,  
So shall their guile be known, in their own net  
So shall they fall, caught in the snare they set."

## CXXX

"As it hath ever," thus the Duke begun,  
"Thy counsel shows thy wisdom and thy love,  
And what you left in doubt shall thus be done,  
We will their force in pitched battle prove;  
Closed in this wall and trench, the fight to shun,  
Doth ill this camp beseem, and worse behove,  
But we their strength and manhood will assay,  
And try, in open field and open day.

## CXXXI

"The fame of our great conquests to sustain,  
Or bide our looks and threats, they are not able,

And when this army is subdued and slain  
 Then is our empire settled, firm and stable,  
 The tower shall yield, or but resist in vain,  
 For fear her anchor is, despair her cable."  
 Thus he concludes, and rolling down the west  
 Fast set the stars, and called them all to rest.

## TWENTIETH BOOK

### THE ARGUMENT.

The Pagan host arrives, and cruel fight  
 Makes with the Christians and their faithful power;  
 The Soldan longs in field to prove his might,  
 With the old king quits the besieged tower;  
 Yet both are slain, and in eternal night  
 A famous hand gives each his fatal hour;  
 Rinald appeased Armida; first the field  
 The Christians win, then praise to God they yield.

#### I

The sun called up the world from idle sleep,  
 And of the day ten hours were gone and past  
 When the bold troop that had the tower to keep  
 Espied a sudden mist, that overcast  
 The earth with mirksome clouds and darkness deep,  
 And saw it was the Egyptian camp at last  
 Which raised the dust, for hills and valleys broad  
 That host did overspread and overload.

#### II

Therewith a merry shout and joyful cry  
 The Pagans reared from their besieged hold;  
 The cranes from Thrace with such a rumor fly,  
 His hoary frost and snow when Hyems old  
 Pours down, and fast to warmer regions hie,  
 From the sharp winds, fierce storms and tempests cold;  
 And quick, and ready this new hope and aid,  
 Their hands to shoot, their tongues to threaten made.

#### III

From whence their ire, their wrath and hardy threat  
 Proceeds, the French well knew, and plain espied,  
 For from the walls and ports the army great  
 They saw; her strength, her number, pomp, and pride,  
 Swelled their breasts with valor's noble heat;  
 Battle and fight they wished, "Arm, arm!" they cried;  
 The youth to give the sign of fight all prayed  
 Their Duke, and were displeased because delayed

#### IV

Till morning next, for he refused to fight;  
 Their haste and heat he bridled, but not brake,  
 Nor yet with sudden fray or skirmish light  
 Of these new foes would he vain trial make.  
 "After so many wars," he says, "good right  
 It is, that one day's rest at least you take,"  
 For thus in his vain foes he cherish would  
 The hope which in their strength they have and hold.

## V

To see Aurora's gentle beam appear,  
The soldiers armed, prest and ready lay,  
The skies were never half so fair and clear  
As in the breaking of that blessed day,  
The merry morning smiled, and seemed to wear  
Upon her silver crown sun's golden ray,  
And without cloud heaven his redoubled light  
Bent down to see this field, this fray, this fight.

## VI

When first he saw the daybreak show and shine,  
Godfrey his host in good array brought out,  
And to besiege the tyrant Aladine  
Raymond he left, and all the faithful rout  
That from the towns was come of Palestine  
To serve and succor their deliverer stout,  
And with them left a hardy troop beside  
Of Gascoigns strong, in arms well proved, oft tried.

## VII

Such was Godfredo's countenance, such his cheer,  
That from his eye sure conquest flames and streams,  
Heaven's gracious favors in his looks appear,  
And great and goodly more than erst he seems;  
His face and forehead full of noblesse were,  
And on his cheek smiled youth's purple beams,  
And in his gait, his grace, his acts, his eyes,  
Somewhat, far more than mortal, lives and lies.

## VIII

He had not marched far ere he espied  
Of his proud foes the mighty host draw nigh;  
A hill at first he took and fortified  
At his left hand which stood his army by,  
Broad in the front behind more strait uptied  
His army ready stood the fight to try,  
And to the middle ward well armed he brings  
His footmen strong, his horsemen served for wings.

## IX

To the left wing, spread underneath the bent  
Of the steep hill that saved their flank and side,  
The Roberts twain, two leaders good, he sent;  
His brother had the middle ward to guide;  
To the right wing himself in person went  
Down, where the plain was dangerous, broad and wide,  
And where his foes with their great numbers would  
Perchance environ round his squadrons bold.

## X

There all his Lorrainers and men of might,  
All his best armed he placed, and chosen bands,  
And with those horse some footmen armed light,  
That archers were, used to that service, stands;  
The adventurers then, in battle and in fight  
Well tried, a squadron famous through all lands,

On the right hand he set, somedeal aside,  
Rinaldo was their leader, lord and guide.

## XI

To whom the Duke, "In thee our hope is laid  
Of victory, thou must the conquest gain,  
Behind this mighty wing, so far displayed,  
Thou with thy noble squadron close remain;  
And when the Pagans would our backs invade,  
Assail them then, and make their onset vain;  
For if I guess aright, they have in mind  
To compass us, and charge our troops behind."

## XII

Then through his host, that took so large a scope,  
He rode, and viewed them all, both horse and foot;  
His face was bare, his helm unclosed and ope,  
Lightened his eyes, his looks bright fire shot out;  
He cheers the fearful, comforts them that hope,  
And to the bold recounts his boasting stout,  
And to the valiant his adventures hard,  
These bids he look for praise, those for reward.

## XIII

At last he stayed where of his squadrons bold  
And noblest troops assembled was best part;  
There from a rising bank his will he told,  
And all that heard his speech thereat took heart:  
And as the mountain snow from mountains cold  
Runs down in streams with eloquence and art,  
So from his lips his words and speeches fell,  
Shrill, speedy, pleasant, sweet, and placed well.

## XIV

"My hardy host, you conquerors of the East,  
You scourge wherewith Christ whips his heathen fone,  
Of victory behold the latest feast,  
See the last day for which you wished alone;  
Not without cause the Saracens most and least  
Our gracious Lord hath gathered here in one,  
For all your foes and his assembled are,  
That one day's fight may end seven years of war.

## XV

"This fight shall bring us many victories,  
The danger none, the labor will be small,  
Let not the number of your enemies  
Dismay your hearts, grant fear no place at all;  
For strife and discord through their army flies,  
Their bands ill ranked themselves entangle shall,  
And few of them to strike or fight shall come,  
For some want strength, some heart, some elbow-room.

## XVI

"This host, with whom you must encounter now,  
Are men half naked, without strength or skill,  
From idleness, or following the plough,  
Late pressed forth to war against their will,

Their swords are blunt, shields thin, soon pierced through,  
Their banners shake, their bearers shrink, for ill  
Their leaders heard, obeyed, or followed be,  
Their loss, their flight, their death I will foresee.

## XVII

"Their captain clad in purple, armed in gold,  
That seems so fierce, so hardy, stout and strong,  
The Moors or weak Arabians vanquish could,  
Yet can he not resist your valors long.  
What can he do, though wise, though sage, though bold,  
In that confusion, trouble, thrust and throng?  
Ill known he is, and worse he knows his host,  
Strange lords ill feared are, ill obeyed of most.

## XVIII

"But I am captain of this chosen crew,  
With whom I oft have conquered, triumphed oft,  
Your lands and lineages long since I knew,  
Each knight obeys my rule, mild, easy, soft,  
I know each sword, each dart, each shaft I view,  
Although the quarrel fly in skies aloft,  
Whether the same of Ireland be, or France,  
And from what bow it comes, what hand perchance.

## XIX

"I ask an easy and a usual thing,  
As you have oft, this day, so win the field,  
Let zeal and honor be your virtue's sting,  
Your lives, my fame, Christ's faith defend and shield,  
To earth these Pagans slain and wounded bring,  
Tread on their necks, make them all die or yield,—  
What need I more exhort you? from your eyes  
I see how victory, how conquest flies."

## XX

Upon the captain, when his speech was done,  
It seemed a lamp and golden light down came,  
As from night's azure mantle oft doth run  
Or fall, a sliding star, or shining flame;  
But from the bosom of the burning sun  
Proceeded this, and garland-wise the same  
Godfredo's noble head encompassed round,  
And, as some thought, foreshowed he should be crowned.

## XXI

Perchance, if man's proud thought or saucy tongue  
Have leave to judge or guess at heavenly things,  
This was the angel which had kept him long,  
That now came down, and hid him with his wings.  
While thus the Duke bespeaks his armies strong,  
And every troop and band in order brings.  
Lord Emiren his host disposed well,  
And with bold words whet on their courage fell;

## XXII

The man brought forth his army great with speed,  
In order good, his foes at hand he spied,

Like the new moon his host two horns did spread,  
 In midst the foot, the horse were on each side,  
 The right wing kept he for himself to lead,  
 Great Altamore received the left to guide,  
 The middle ward led Muleasses proud,  
 And in that battle fair Armida stood.

## XXIII

On the right quarter stood the Indian grim,  
 With Tisipherne and all the king's own band;  
 But when the left wing spread her squadrons trim  
 O'er the large plain, did Altamoro stand,  
 With African and Persian kings with him,  
 And two that came from Meroe's hot sand,  
 And all his crossbows and his slings he placed,  
 Where room best served to shoot, to throw, to cast.

## XXIV

Thus Emiren his host put in array,  
 And rode from band to band, from rank to rank,  
 His truchmen now, and now himself, doth say,  
 What spoil his folk shall gain, what praise, what thank.  
 To him that feared, "Look up, ours is the day,"  
 He says, "Vile fear to bold hearts never sank,  
 How dareth one against an hundred fight?  
 Our cry, our shade, will put them all to flight."

## XXV

But to the bold, "Go, hardy knight," he says,  
 "His prey out of this lion's paws go tear:"  
 To some before his thoughts the shape he lays,  
 And makes therein the image true appear,  
 How his sad country him entreats and prays,  
 His house, his loving wife, and children dear:  
 "Suppose," quoth he, "thy country doth beseech  
 And pray thee thus, suppose this is her speech.

## XXVI

"Defend my laws, uphold my temples brave,  
 My blood from washing of my streets withhold,  
 From ravishing my virgins keep, and save  
 Thine ancestors' dead bones and ashes cold!  
 To thee thy fathers dear and parents grave  
 Show their uncovered heads, white, hoary, old,  
 To thee thy wife—her breasts with tears o'erspread—  
 Thy sons, their cradles, shows, thy marriage bed."

## XXVII

To all the rest, "You for her honor's sake  
 Whom Asia makes her champions, by your might  
 Upon these thieves, weak, feeble, few, must take  
 A sharp revenge, yet just, deserved and right."  
 Thus many words in several tongues he spake,  
 And all his sundry nations to sharp fight  
 Encouraged, but now the dukes had done  
 Their speeches all, the hosts together run.

## XXVIII

It was a great, a strange and wondrous sight,

When front to front those noble armies met,  
How every troop, how in each troop each knight  
Stood prest to move, to fight, and praise to get,  
Loose in the wind waved their ensigns light,  
Trembled the plumes that on their crests were set;  
Their arms, impresses, colors, gold and stone,  
Against the sunbeams smiled, flamed, sparkled, shone.

## XXIX

Of dry topped oaks they seemed two forests thick,  
So did each host with spears and pikes abound,  
Bent were their bows, in rests their lances stick,  
Their hands shook swords, their slings held cobbles round:  
Each steed to run was ready, prest and quick,  
At his commander's spur, his hand, his sound,  
He chafes, he stamps, careers, and turns about,  
He foams, snorts, neighs, and fire and smoke breathes out.

## XXX

Horror itself in that fair fight seemed fair,  
And pleasure flew amid sad dread and fear;  
The trumpets shrill, that thundered in the air,  
Were music mild and sweet to every ear:  
The faithful camp, though less, yet seemed more rare  
In that strange noise, more warlike, shrill and clear,  
In notes more sweet, the Pagan trumpets jar,  
These sung, their armors shined, these glistened far.

## XXXI

The Christian trumpets give the deadly call,  
The Pagans answer, and the fight accept;  
The godly Frenchmen on their knees down fall  
To pray, and kissed the earth, and then up leapt  
To fight, the land between was vanished all,  
In combat close each host to other stepped;  
For now the wings had skirmish hot begun,  
And with their battles forth the footmen run.

## XXXII

But who was first of all the Christian train,  
That gave the onset first, first won renown?  
Gildippes thou wert she, for by thee slain  
The King of Orms, Hircano, tumbled down,  
The man's breastbone thou clov'st and rent in twain,  
So Heaven with honor would thee bless and crown,  
Pierced through he fell, and falling hard withal  
His foe praised for her strength and for his fall.

## XXXIII

Her lance thus broke, the hardy dame forth drew  
With her strong hand a fine and trenchant blade,  
And gainst the Persians fierce and bold she flew,  
And in their troop wide streets and lanes she made,  
Even in the girdling-stead divided new  
In pieces twain, Zopire on earth she laid;  
And then Alarco's head she swept off clean,  
Which like a football tumbled on the green.

## XXXIV

A blow felled Artaxerxes, with a thrust  
Was Argeus slain, the first lay in a trance,  
Ismael's left hand cut off fell in the dust,  
For on his wrist her sword fell down by chance:  
The hand let go the bridle where it lust,  
The blow upon the courser's ears did glance,  
Who felt the reins at large, and with the stroke  
Half mad, the ranks disordered, troubled, broke.

## XXXV

All these, and many mo, by time forgot,  
She slew and wounded, when against her came  
The angry Persians all, cast on a knot,  
For on her person would they purchase fame:  
But her dear spouse and husband wanted not  
In so great need, to aid the noble dame;  
Thus joined, the haps of war unhurt they prove,  
Their strength was double, double was their love.

## XXXVI

The noble lovers use well might you see,  
A wondrous guise, till then unseen, unheard,  
To save themselves forgot both he and she,  
Each other's life did keep, defend, and guard;  
The strokes that gainst her lord discharged be,  
The dame had care to bear, to break, to ward,  
His shield kept off the blows bent on his dear,  
Which, if need be, his naked head should bear.

## XXXVII

So each saved other, each for other's wrong  
Would vengeance take, but not revenge their own:  
The valiant Soldan Artabano strong  
Of Boecan Isle, by her was overthrown,  
And by his hand, the bodies dead among,  
Alvante, that durst his mistress wound, fell down,  
And she between the eyes hit Arimont,  
Who hurt her lord, and cleft in twain his front.

## XXXVIII

But Altamore who had that wing to lead  
Far greater slaughter on the Christians made;  
For where he turned his sword, or twined his steed,  
He slew, or man and beast on earth down laid,  
Happy was he that was at first struck dead,  
That fell not down on live, for whom his blade  
Had speared, the same cast in the dusty street  
His horse tore with his teeth, bruised with his feet.

## XXXIX

By this brave Persian's valor, killed and slain  
Were strong Brunello and Ardonia great;  
The first his head and helm had cleft in twain,  
The last in stranger-wise he did intreat,  
For through his heart he pierced, and his seat,  
Where laughter hath his fountain and his seat,

So that, a dreadful thing, believed uneath,  
He laughed for pain, and laughed himself to death.

## XL

Nor these alone with that accursed knife,  
Of this sweet light and breath deprived lie;  
But with that cruel weapon lost their life  
Gentonio, Guascar, Rosimond, and Guy;  
Who knows how many in that fatal strife  
He slew? what knights his courser fierce made die?  
The names and countries of the people slain  
Who tells? their wounds and deaths who can explain?

## XLI

With this fierce king encounter durst not one.  
Not one durst combat him in equal field,  
Gildippes undertook that task alone;  
No doubt could make her shrink, no danger yield,  
By Thermodont was never Amazone,  
Who managed steeled axe, or carried shield,  
That seemed so bold as she, so strong, so light,  
When forth she run to meet that dreadful knight.

## XLII

She hit him, where with gold and rich anmail,  
His diadem did on his helmet flame,  
She broke and cleft the crown, and caused him veil  
His proud and lofty top, his crest down came,  
Strong seemed her arm that could so well assail:  
The Pagan shook for spite and blushed for shame,  
Forward he rushed, and would at once requite  
Shame with disgrace, and with revenge despite.

## XLIII

Right on the front he gave that lady kind  
A blow so huge, so strong, so great, so sore,  
That out of sense and feeling, down she twined:  
But her dear knight his love from ground upbore,  
Were it their fortune, or his noble mind,  
He stayed his hand and strook the dame no more:  
A lion so stalks by, and with proud eyes  
Beholds, but scorns to hurt a man that lies.

## XLIV

This while Ormondo false, whose cruel hand  
Was armed and prest to give the trait'rous blow,  
With all his fellows mongst Godfredo's band  
Entered unseen, disguised that few them know:  
The thievish wolves, when night o'ershades the land,  
That seem like faithful dogs in shape and show,  
So to the closed folds in secret creep,  
And entrance seek; to kill some harmless sheep.

## XLV

He proached nigh, and to Godfredo's side  
The bloody Pagan now was placed near:  
But when his colors gold and white he spied,  
And saw the other signs that forged were,

"See, see, this traitor false!" the captain cried,  
 "That like a Frenchman would in show appear,  
 Behold how near his mates and he are crept!"  
 This said, upon the villain forth he leapt;

LXVI

Deadly he wounded him, and that false knight  
 Nor strikes nor wards nor striveth to be gone;  
 But, as Medusa's head were in his sight,  
 Stood like a man new turned to marble stone,  
 All lances broke, unsheathed all weapons bright,  
 All quivers emptied were on them alone,  
 In parts so many were the traitors cleft,  
 That those dead men had no dead bodies left.

LXVII

When Godfrey was with Pagan blood bespread,  
 He entered then the fight and that was past  
 Where the bold Persian fought and combated,  
 Where the close ranks he opened, cleft and brast;  
 Before the knight the troops and squadrons fled,  
 As Afric dust before the southern blast;  
 The Duke recalled them, in array them placed,  
 Stayed those that fled, and him assailed that chased.

LXVIII

The champions strong there fought a battle stout,  
 Troy never saw the like by Xanthus old:  
 A conflict sharp there was meanwhile on foot  
 Twixt Baldwin good and Muleasses bold:  
 The horsemen also near the mountains rout,  
 And in both wings, a furious skirmish hold,  
 And where the barbarous duke in person stood,  
 Twixt Tisiphernes and Adrastus proud;

XLIX

With Emiren Robert the Norman strove,  
 Long time they fought, yet neither lost nor won;  
 The other Robert's helm the Indian clove,  
 And broke his arms, their fight would soon be done:  
 From place to place did Tisiphernes rove,  
 And found no match, against him none dust run,  
 But where the press was thickest thither flew  
 The knight, and at each stroke felled, hurt, or slew.

L

Thus fought they long, yet neither shrink nor yield,  
 In equal balance hung their hope and fear:  
 All full of broken lances lay the field,  
 All full of arms that cloven and shattered were;  
 Of swords, some to the body nail the shield,  
 Some cut men's throats, and some their bellies tear;  
 Of bodies, some upright, some grovelling lay,  
 And for themselves eat graves out of the clay.

LI

Beside his lord slain lay the noble steed,  
 There friend with friend lay killed like lovers true,

There foe with foe, the live under the dead,  
The victor under him whom late he slew:  
A hoarse unperfect sound did eachwhere spread,  
Whence neither silence, nor plain outcries flew:  
There fury roars, ire threats, and woe complains,  
One weeps, another cries, he sighs for pains.

## LII

The arms that late so fair and glorious seem,  
Now soiled and slubbered, sad and sullen grow,  
The steel his brightness lost, the gold his beam;  
The colors had no pride nor beauty's show;  
The plumes and feathers on their crests that stream,  
Are strowed wide upon the earth below:  
The hosts both clad in blood, in dust and mire,  
Had changed their cheer, their pride, their rich attire.

## LIII

But now the Moors, Arabians, Ethiops black,  
Of the left wing that held the utmost marge,  
Spread forth their troops, and purposed at the back  
And side their heedless foes to assail and charge:  
Slingers and archers were not slow nor slack  
To shoot and cast, when with his battle large  
Rinaldo came, whose fury, haste and ire,  
Seemed earthquake, thunder, tempest, storm and fire.

## LIV

The first he met was Asimire, his throne  
That set in Meroe's hot sunburnt land,  
He cut his neck in twain, flesh, skin and bone,  
The sable head down tumbled on the sand;  
But when by death of this black prince alone  
The taste of blood and conquest once he fand,  
Whole squadrons then, whole troops to earth he brought,  
Things wondrous, strange, incredible he wrought.

## LV

He gave more deaths than strokes, and yet his blows  
Upon his feeble foes fell oft and thick,  
To move three tongues as a fierce serpent shows,  
Which rolls the one she hath swift, speedy, quick,  
So thinks each Pagan; each Arabian trows  
He wields three swords, all in one hilt that stick;  
His readiness their eyes so blinded hath,  
Their dread that wonder bred, fear gave it faith.

## LVI

The Afric tyrants and the negro kings  
Fell down on heaps, drowned each in other's blood,  
Upon their people ran the knights he brings,  
Pricked forward by their guide's example good,  
Killed were the Pagans, broke their bows and slings:  
Some died, some fell; some yielded, none withstood:  
A massacre was this, no fight; these put  
Their foes to death, those hold their throats to cut.

## LVII

Small while they stood, with heart and hardy face,

On their bold breasts deep wounds and hurts to bear,  
 But fled away, and troubled in the chase  
 Their ranks disordered be with too much fear:  
 Rinaldo followed them from place to place,  
 Till quite discomfit and dispersed they were.  
 That done, he stays, and all his knights recalls,  
 And scorns to strike his foe that flies or falls.

## LVIII

Like as the wind stopped by some wood or hill,  
 Grows strong and fierce, tears boughs and trees in twain,  
 But with mild blasts, more temperate, gentle, still,  
 Blows through the ample field or spacious plain;  
 Against the rocks as sea-waves murmur shrill,  
 But silent pass amid the open main:  
 Rinaldo so, when none his force withstood,  
 Assuaged his fury, calmed his angry mood;

## LIX

He scorned upon their fearful backs that fled  
 To wreak his ire and spend his force in vain,  
 But gainst the footmen strong his troops he led,  
 Whose side the Moors had open left and plain,  
 The Africans that should have succored  
 That battle, all were run away or slain,  
 Upon their flank with force and courage stout  
 His men at arms assailed the bands on foot:

## LX

He brake their pikes, and brake their close array,  
 Entered their battle, felled them down around,  
 So wind or tempest with impetuous sway  
 The ears of ripened corn strikes flat to ground:  
 With blood, arms, bodies dead, the hardened clay  
 Plastered the earth, no grass nor green was found;  
 The horsemen running through and through their bands,  
 Kill, murder, slay, few scape, not one withstands.

## LXI

Rinaldo came where his forlorn Armide  
 Sate on her golden chariot mounted high,  
 A noble guard she had on every side  
 Of lords, of lovers, and much chivalry:  
 She knew the man when first his arms she spied,  
 Love, hate, wrath, sweet desire strove in her eye,  
 He changed someddeal his look and countenance bold,  
 She changed from frost to fire, from heat to cold.

## LXII

The prince passed by the chariot of his dear  
 Like one that did his thoughts elsewhere bestow,  
 Yet suffered not her knights and lovers near  
 Their rival so to scape withouten blow,  
 One drew his sword, another couched his spear,  
 Herself an arrow sharp set in her bow,  
 Disdain her ire new sharpened and kindled hath,  
 But love appeased her, love assuaged her wrath.

## LXIII

Love bridled fury, and revived of new  
His fire, not dead, though buried in displeasure,  
Three times her angry hand the bow updrew,  
And thrice again let slack the string at leisure;  
But wrath prevailed at last, the reed outflow,  
For love finds mean, but hatred knows no measure,  
Outflow the shaft, but with the shaft, this charm,  
This wish she sent: Heaven grant it do no harm:

## LXIV

She bids the reed return the way it went,  
And pierce her heart which so unkind could prove,  
Such force had love, though lost and vainly spent,  
What strength hath happy, kind and mutual love?  
But she that gentle thought did straight repent,  
Wrath, fury, kindness, in her bosom strove,  
She would, she would not, that it missed or hit,  
Her eyes, her heart, her wishes followed it.

## LXV

But yet in vain the quarrel lighted not,  
For on his hauberk hard the knight it hit,  
Too hard for woman's shaft or woman's shot,  
Instead of piercing, there it broke and split;  
He turned away, she burnt with fury hot,  
And thought he scorned her power, and in that fit  
Shot oft and oft, her shafts no entrance found,  
And while she shot, love gave her wound on wound.

## LXVI

"And is he then unpierceable," quoth she,  
"That neither force nor foe he needs regard?  
His limbs, perchance, armed with that hardness be,  
Which makes his heart so cruel and so hard,  
No shot that flies from eye or hand I see  
Hurts him, such rigor doth his person guard,  
Armed, or disarmed; his foe or mistress kind  
Despised alike, like hate, like scorn I find.

## LXVII

"But what new form is left, device or art,  
By which, to which exchanged, I might find grace?  
For in my knights, and all that take my part,  
I see no help; no hope, no trust I place;  
To his great prowess, might, and valiant heart,  
All strength is weak, all courage vile and base."  
This said she, for she saw how through the field  
Her champions fly, faint, tremble, fall and yield.

## LXVIII

Nor left alone can she her person save,  
But to be slain or taken stands in fear,  
Though with a bow a javelin long she have,  
Yet weak was Phebe's bow, blunt Pallas' spear.  
But, as the swan, that sees the eagle brave  
Threatening her flesh and silver plumes to tear,

Falls down, to hide her mongst the shady brooks:  
Such were her fearful motions, such her looks.

## LXIX

But Altamore, this while that strove and sought  
From shameful flight his Persian host to stay,  
That was discomfit and destroyed to nought,  
Whilst he alone maintained the fight and fray,  
Seeing distressed the goddess of his thought,  
To aid her ran, nay flew, and laid away  
All care both of his honor and his host:  
If she were safe, let all the world be lost.

## LXX

To the ill-guarded chariot swift he flew,  
His weapon made him way with bloody war:  
Meanwhile Lord Godfrey and Rinaldo slew  
His feeble bands, his people murdered are,  
He saw their loss, but aided not his crew,  
A better lover than a leader far,  
He set Armida safe, then turned again  
With tardy succor, for his folk were slain.

## LXXI

And on that side the woful prince beheld  
The battle lost, no help nor hope remained;  
But on the other wing the Christians yield,  
And fly, such vantage there the Egyptians gained,  
One of the Roberts was nigh slain in field;  
The other by the Indian strong constrained  
To yield himself his captive and his slave;  
Thus equal loss and equal foil they have.

## LXXII

Godfredo took the time and season fit  
To bring again his squadrons in array,  
And either camp well ordered, ranged and knit,  
Renewed the furious battle, fight and fray,  
New streams of blood were shed, new swords them hit;  
New combats fought, new spoils were borne away,  
And unresolved and doubtful, on each side,  
Did praise and conquest, Mars and Fortune ride.

## LXXIII

Between the armies twain while thus the fight  
Waxed sharp, hot, cruel, though renewed but late,  
The Soldan clomb up to the tower's height,  
And saw far off their strife and fell debate,  
As from some stage or theatre the knight  
Saw played the tragedy of human state,  
Saw death, blood, murder, woe and horror strange,  
And the great acts of fortune, chance, and change.

## LXXIV

At first astonished and amazed he stood  
Then burnt with wrath, and self-consuming ire,  
Swelled his bosom like a raging flood,  
To be amid that battle; such desire,

Such haste he had; he donned his helmet good,  
His other arms he had before entire,  
"Up, up!" he cried, "no more, no more, within  
This fortress stay, come follow, die or win."

## LXXV

Whether the same were Providence divine  
That made him leave the fortress he possessed,  
For that the empire proud of Palestine  
This day should fall, to rise again more blessed;  
Or that he breaking felt the fatal line  
Of life, and would meet death with constant breast,  
Furious and fierce he did the gates unbar,  
And sudden rage brought forth, and sudden war.

## LXXVI

Nor stayed he till the folk on whom he cried  
Assemble might, but out alone he flies,  
A thousand foes the man alone defied,  
And ran among a thousand enemies:  
But with his fury called from every side,  
The rest run out, and Aladine forth hies,  
The cowards had no fear, the wise no care,  
This was not hope, nor courage, but despair.

## LXXVII

The dreadful Turk with sudden blows down cast  
The first he met, nor gave them time to plain  
Or pray, in murdering them he made such haste  
That dead they fell ere one could see them slain;  
From mouth to mouth, from eye to eye forth passed  
The fear and terror, that the faithful train  
Of Syrian folk, not used to dangerous fight,  
Were broken, scattered, and nigh put to flight.

## LXXVIII

But with less terror, and disorder less,  
The Gascoigns kept array, and kept their ground,  
Though most the loss and peril them oppress,  
Unwares assailed they were, unready found.  
No ravening tooth or talon hard I guess  
Of beast or eager hawk, doth slay and wound  
So many sheep or fowls, weak, feeble, small,  
As his sharp sword killed knights and soldiers tall.

## LXXIX

It seemed his thirst and hunger 'suage he would  
With their slain bodies, and their blood poured out,  
With him his troops and Aladino old  
Slew their besiegers, killed the Gascoign rout:  
But Raymond ran to meet the Soldan bold,  
Nor to encounter him had fear or doubt,  
Though his right hand by proof too well he know,  
Which laid him late for dead at one huge blow.

## LXXX

They met, and Raymond fell amid the field,  
This blow again upon his forehead light,

It was the fault and weakness of his eild,  
 Age is not fit to bear strokes of such might,  
 Each one lift up his sword, advanced his shield,  
 Those would destroy, and these defend the knight.  
 On went the Soldan, for the man he thought  
 Was slain, or easily might be captive brought.

## LXXXI

Among the rest he ran, he raged, he smote,  
 And in small space, small time, great wonders wrought  
 And as his rage him led and fury hot,  
 To kill and murder, matter new he sought:  
 As from his supper poor with hungry throat  
 A peasant hastes, to a rich feast ybrought;  
 So from this skirmish to the battle great  
 He ran, and quenched with blood his fury's heat.

## LXXXII

Where battered was the wall he sallied out,  
 And to the field in haste and heat he goes,  
 With him went rage and fury, fear and doubt  
 Remained behind, among his scattered foes:  
 To win the conquest strove his squadron stout,  
 Which he unperfect left; yet loth to lose  
 The day, the Christians fight, resist and die,  
 And ready were to yield, retire and fly.

## LXXXIII

The Gascoign bands retired, but kept array,  
 The Syrian people ran away outright,  
 The fight was near the place where Tancred lay,  
 His house was full of noise and great affright,  
 He rose and looked forth to see the fray,  
 Though every limb were weak, faint, void of might;  
 He saw the country lie, his men o'erthrown,  
 Some beaten back, some killed, some felled down.

## LXXXIV

Courage in noble hearts that ne'er is spent,  
 Yet fainted not, though faint were every limb,  
 But reinforced each member cleft and rent,  
 And want of blood and strength supplied in him;  
 In his left hand his heavy shield he hent,  
 Nor seemed the weight too great, his curtlax trim  
 His right hand drew, nor for more arms he stood  
 Or stayed, he needs no more whose heart is good:

## LXXXV

But coming forth, cried, "Whither will you run,  
 And leave your leader to his foes in prey?  
 What! shall these heathen of his armor won,  
 In their vile temples hang up trophies gay?  
 Go home to Gascoign then, and tell his son  
 That where his father died, you ran away:"  
 This said, against a thousand armed foes,  
 He did his breast weak, naked, sick, oppose.

## LXXXVI

And with his heavy, strong and mighty targe,

That with seven hard bulls' hides was surely lined,  
And strengthened with a cover thick and large  
Of stiff and well-tempered steel behind,  
He shielded Raymond from the furious charge,  
From swords, from darts, from weapons of each kind,  
And all his foes drove back with his sharp blade,  
That sure and safe he lay, as in a shade.

## LXXXVII

Thus saved, thus shielded, Raymond 'gan respire,  
He rose and reared himself in little space,  
And in his bosom burned the double fire  
Of vengeance; wrath his heart; shame filled his face;  
He looked around to spy, such was his ire,  
The man whose stroke had laid him in that place,  
Whom when he sees not, for disdain he quakes,  
And on his people sharp revengement takes.

## LXXXVIII

The Gascoigns turn again, their lord in haste  
To venge their loss his hand recorded brings,  
The troop that durst so much now stood aghast,  
For where sad fear grew late, now boldness springs,  
Now followed they that fled, fled they that chased;  
So in one hour altereth the state of things,  
Raymond requites his loss, shame, hurt and all,  
And with an hundred deaths revenged one fall.

## LXXXIX

Whilst Raymond wreaked thus his just disdain  
On the proud-heads of captains, lords and peers,  
He spies great Sion's king amid the train,  
And to him leaps, and high his sword he rears,  
And on his forehead strikes, and strikes again,  
Till helm and head he breaks, he cleaves, he tears;  
Down fell the king, the guiltless land he bit,  
That now keeps him, because he kept not it.

## XC

Their guides, one murdered thus, the other gone,  
The troops divided were, in diverse thought,  
Despair made some run headlong gainst their fone,  
To seek sharp death that comes uncalled, unsought;  
And some, that laid their hope on flight alone,  
Fled to their fort again; yet chance so wrought,  
That with the flyers in the victors pass,  
And so the fortress won and conquered was.

## XCI

The hold was won, slain were the men that fled,  
In courts, halls, chambers high; above, below,  
Old Raymond fast up to the leads him sped,  
And there, of victory true sign and show,  
His glorious standard to the wind he spread,  
That so both armies his success might know.  
But Solyman saw not the town was lost,  
For far from thence he was, and near the host;

## XCII

Into the field he came, the lukewarm blood  
 Did smoke and flow through all the purple field,  
 There of sad death the court and palace stood,  
 There did he triumphs lead, and trophies build;  
 An armed steed fast by the Soldan yood,  
 That had no guide, nor lord the reins to wield,  
 The tyrant took the bridle, and bestrode  
 The courser's empty back, and forth he rode.

## XCIII

Great, yet but short and sudden was the aid  
 That to the Pagans, faint and weak, he brought,  
 A thunderbolt he was, you would have said,  
 Great, yet that comes and goes as swift as thought  
 And of his coming swift and flight unstayed  
 Eternal signs in hardest rocks hath wrought,  
 For by his hand a hundred knights were slain,  
 But time forgot hath all their names but twain;

## XCIV

Gildippes fair, and Edward thy dear lord,  
 Your noble death, sad end, and woful fate,  
 If so much power our vulgar tongue afford,  
 To all strange wits, strange ears let me dilate,  
 That ages all your love and sweet accord,  
 Your virtue, prowess, worth may imitate,  
 And some kind servant of true love that hears,  
 May grace your death, my verses, with some tears.

## XCV

The noble lady thither boldly flew,  
 Where first the Soldan fought, and him defied,  
 Two mighty blows she gave the Turk untrue,  
 One cleft his shield, the other pierced his side;  
 The prince the damsel by her habit knew,  
 "See, see this mankind strumpet, see," he cried,  
 "This shameless whore, for thee fit weapons were  
 Thy neeld and spindle, not a sword and spear."

## XCVI

This said, full of disdain, rage and despite,  
 A strong, a fierce, a deadly stroke he gave,  
 And pierced her armor, pierced her bosom white,  
 Worthy no blows, but blows of love to have:  
 Her dying hand let go the bridle quite,  
 She faints, she falls, 'twixt life and death she strave,  
 Her lord to help her came, but came too late,  
 Yet was not that his fault, it was his fate.

## XCVII

What should he do? to diverse parts him call  
 Just ire and pity kind, one bids him go  
 And succor his dear lady, like to fall,  
 The other calls for vengeance on his foe;  
 Love biddeth both, love says he must do all,  
 And with his ire joins grief, with pity woe.

What did he then? with his left hand the knight  
Would hold her up, revenge her with his right.

## XCVIII

But to resist against a knight so bold  
Too weak his will and power divided were;  
So that he could not his fair love uphold,  
Nor kill the cruel man that slew his dear.  
His arm that did his mistress kind enfold,  
The Turk cut off, pale grew his looks and cheer,  
He let her fall, himself fell by her side,  
And, for he could not save her, with her died.

## XCIX

As the high elm, whom his dear vine hath twined  
Fast in her hundred arms and holds embraced,  
Bears down to earth his spouse and darling kind  
If storm or cruel steel the tree down cast,  
And her full grapes to naught doth bruise and grind,  
Spoils his own leaves, faints, withers, dies at last,  
And seems to mourn and die, not for his own,  
But for her death, with him that lies o'erthrown:

## C

So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame  
Whom life and death had made forever his;  
They would have spoke, but not one word could frame,  
Deep sobs their speech, sweet sighs their language is,  
Each gazed on other's eyes, and while the same  
Is lawful, join their hands, embrace and kiss:  
And thus sharp death their knot of life untied,  
Together fainted they, together died.

## CI

But now swift fame her nimble wings dispread,  
And told eachwhere their chance, their fate, their fall,  
Rinaldo heard the case, by one that fled  
From the fierce Turk and brought him news of all.  
Disdain, good-will, woe, wrath the champion led  
To take revenge; shame, grief, for vengeance call;  
But as he went, Adrastus with his blade  
Forestalled the way, and show of combat made.

## CII

The giant cried, "By sundry signs I note  
That whom I wish, I search, thou, thou art he,  
I marked each worthy's shield, his helm, his coat,  
And all this day have called and cried for thee,  
To my sweet saint I have thy head devote,  
Thou must my sacrifice, my offering be,  
Come let us here our strength and courage try,  
Thou art Armida's foe, her champion I."

## CIII

Thus he defied him, on his front before,  
And on his throat he struck him, yet the blow  
His helmet neither bruised, cleft nor tore,  
But in his saddle made him bend and bow;

Rinaldo hit him on the flank so sore,  
 That neither art nor herb could help him now;  
 Down fell the giant strong, one blow such power,  
 Such puissance had; so falls a thundered tower.

## CIV

With horror, fear, amazedness and dread,  
 Cold were the hearts of all that saw the fray,  
 And Solyman, that viewed that noble deed,  
 Trembled, his paleness did his fear bewray;  
 For in that stroke he did his end areed,  
 He wist not what to think, to do, to say,  
 A thing in him unused, rare and strange,  
 But so doth heaven men's hearts turn, alter, change.

## CV

As when the sick or frantic men oft dream  
 In their unquiet sleep and slumber short,  
 And think they run some speedy course, and seem  
 To move their legs and feet in hasty sort,  
 Yet feel their limbs far slower than the stream  
 Of their vain thoughts that bears them in this sport,  
 And oft would speak, would cry, would call or shout,  
 Yet neither sound, nor voice, nor word send out:

## CVI

So run to fight the angry Soldan would,  
 And did enforce his strength, his might, his ire,  
 Yet felt not in himself his courage old,  
 His wonted force, his rage and hot desire,  
 His eyes, that sparkled wrath and fury bold,  
 Grew dim and feeble, fear had quenched that fire,  
 And in his heart an hundred passions fought,  
 Yet none on fear or base retire he thought.

## CVII

While unresolved he stood, the victor knight  
 Arrived, and seemed in quickness, haste and speed,  
 In boldness, greatness, goodness and might,  
 Above all princes born of human seed:  
 The Turk small while resists, not death nor fight  
 Made him forget his state or race, through dread,  
 He fled no strokes, he fetched no groan nor sigh,  
 Bold were his motions last, proud, stately, high.

## CVIII

Now when the Soldan, in these battles past  
 That Antheus-like oft fell oft rose again,  
 Evermore fierce, more fell, fell down at last  
 To lie forever, when this prince was slain,  
 Fortune, that seld is stable, firm or fast,  
 No longer durst resist the Christian train,  
 But ranged herself in row with Godfrey's knights,  
 With them she serves, she runs, she rides, she fights.

## CIX

The Pagan troops, the king's own squadron fled,  
 Of all the east, the strength, the pride, the flower,

Late called Immortal, now discomfited,  
It lost that title proud, and lost all power;  
To him that with the royal standard fled,  
Thus Emireno said, with speeches sour,  
"Art not thou he to whom to bear I gave  
My king's great banner, and his standard brave?"

CX

"This ensign, Rimedon, I gave not thee  
To be the witness of thy fear and flight,  
Coward, dost thou thy lord and captain see  
In battle strong, and runn'st thyself from fight?  
What seek'st thou? safety? come, return with me,  
The way to death is path to virtue right,  
Here let him fight that would escape; for this  
The way to honor, way to safety is."

CXI

The man returned and swelled with scorn and shame,  
The duke with speeches grave exhorts the rest;  
He threats, he strikes sometime, till back they came,  
And rage gainst force, despair gainst death addressed.  
Thus of his broken armies gan he frame  
A battle now, some hope dwelt in his breast,  
But Tisiphernes bold revived him most,  
Who fought and seemed to win, when all was lost;

CXII

Wonders that day wrought noble Tisipherne,  
The hardy Normans all he overthrew;  
The Flemings fled before the champion stern,  
Gernier, Rogero, Gerard bold he slew;  
His glorious deeds to praise and fame etern  
His life's short date prolonged, enlarged and drew,  
And then, as he that set sweet life at nought,  
The greatest peril, danger, most he sought.

CXIII

He spied Rinaldo, and although his field  
Of azure purple now and sanguine shows,  
And though the silver bird amid his shield  
Were armed gules; yet he the champion knows.  
And says, "Here greatest peril is, heavens yield  
Strength to my courage, fortune to my blows,  
That fair Armida her revenge may see,  
Help, Macon, for his arms I vow to thee."

CXIV

Thus prayed he, but all his vows were vain,  
Mahound was deaf, or slept in heavens above,  
And as a lion strikes him with his train,  
His native wrath to quicken and to move,  
So he awaked his fury and disdain,  
And sharpened his courage on the whetstone love;  
Himself he saved behind his mighty targe,  
And forward spurred his steed and gave the charge.

CXV

The Christian saw the hardy warrior come,

And leaped forth to undertake the fight,  
 The people round about gave place and room,  
 And wondered on that fierce and cruel sight,  
 Some praised their strength, their skill and courage some,  
 Such and so desperate blows struck either knight,  
 That all that saw forgot both ire and strife,  
 Their wounds, their hurts, forgot both death and life.

## CXVI

One struck, the other did both strike and wound,  
 His arms were surer, and his strength was more;  
 From Tisipheme the blood streamed down around;  
 His shield was deft, his helm was rent and tore.  
 The dame, that saw his blood besmear the ground,  
 His armor broke, limbs weak, wounds deep and sore,  
 And all her guard dead, fled, and overthrown,  
 Thought, now her field lay waste, her hedge lay down:

## CXVII

Environed with so brave a troop but late,  
 Now stood she in her chariot all alone,  
 She feared bondage, and her life did hate,  
 All hope of conquest and revenge was gone,  
 Half mad and half amazed from where she sate,  
 She leaped down, and fled from friends' and fone,  
 On a swift horse she mounts, and forth she rides  
 Alone, save for disdain and love, her guides.

## CXVIII

In days of old, Queen Cleopatra so  
 Alone fled from the fight and cruel fray,  
 Against Augustus great his happy foe,  
 Leaving her lord to loss and sure decay.  
 And as that lord for love let honor go,  
 Followed her flying sails and lost the day:  
 So Tisipherne the fair and fearful dame  
 Would follow, but his foe forbids the same.

## CXIX

But when the Pagan's joy and comfort fled,  
 It seemed the sun was set, the day was night,  
 Gainst the brave prince with whom he combated  
 He turned, and on the forehead struck the knight:  
 When thunders forged are in Typhoius' bed,  
 Not Brontes' hammer falls so swift, so right;  
 The furious stroke fell on Rinaldo's crest,  
 And made him bend his head down to his breast.

## CXX

The champion in his stirrups high upstart,  
 And cleft his hauberk hard and tender side,  
 And sheathed his weapon in the Pagan's heart,  
 The castle where man's life and soul do bide;  
 The cruel sword his breast and hinder part  
 With double wound unclosed, and opened wide;  
 And two large doors made for his life and breath,  
 Which passed, and cured hot love with frozen death.

## CXXI

This done, Rinaldo stayed and looked around,  
Where he should harm his foes, or help his friends;  
Nor of the Pagans saw he squadron sound:  
Each standard falls, ensign to earth descends;  
His fury quiet then and calm he found,  
There all his wrath, his rage, and rancor ends,  
He called to mind how, far from help or aid,  
Armida fled, alone, amazed, afraid:

## CXXII

Well saw he when she fled, and with that sight  
The prince had pity, courtesy and care;  
He promised her to be her friend and knight  
When erst he left her in the island bare:  
The way she fled he ran and rode aright,  
Her palfrey's feet signs in the grass outware:  
But she this while found out an ugly shade,  
Fit place for death, where naught could life persuade.

## CXXIII

Well pleased was she with those shadows brown,  
And yet displeased with luck, with life, with love;  
There from her steed she lighted, there laid down  
Her bow and shafts, her arms that helpless prove.  
"There lie with shame," she says, "disgraced, o'erthrown,  
Blunt are the weapons, blunt the arms I move,  
Weak to revenge my harms, or harm my foe,  
My shafts are blunt, ah, love, would thine were so!

## CXXIV

Alas, among so many, could not one,  
Not one draw blood, one wound or rend his skin?  
All other breasts to you are marble stone,  
Dare you then pierce a woman's bosom thin?  
See, see, my naked heart, on this alone  
Employ your force this fort is eath to win,  
And love will shoot you from his mighty bow,  
Weak is the shot that dripile falls in snow.

## CXXV

"I pardon will your fear and weakness past,  
Be strong, mine arrows, cruel, sharp, gainst me,  
Ah, wretch, how is thy chance and fortune cast,  
If placed in these thy good and comfort be?  
But since all hope is vain all help is waste,  
Since hurts ease hurts, wounds must cure wounds in thee;  
Then with thine arrow's stroke cure stroke of love,  
Death for thy heart must salve and surgeon prove.

## CXXVI

"And happy me if, being dead and slain,  
I bear not with me this strange plague to hell:  
Love, stay behind, come thou with me disdain,  
And with my wronged soul forever dwell;  
Or else with it turn to the world again  
And vex that knight with dreams and visions fell,

And tell him, when twixt life and death I strove  
My last wish, was revenge—last word, was love."

## CXXVII

And with that word half mad, half dead, she seems,  
An arrow, poignant, strong and sharp she took,  
When her dear knight found her in these extremes,  
Now fit to die, and pass the Stygian brook,  
Now prest to quench her own and beauty's beams;  
Now death sat on her eyes, death in her look,  
When to her back he stepped, and stayed her arm  
Stretched forth to do that service last, last harm.

## CXXVIII

She turns and, ere she knows, her lord she spies,  
Whose coming was unwished, unthought, unknown,  
She shrieks, and twines away her sdainful eyes  
From his sweet face, she falls dead in a swoon,  
Falls as a flower half cut, that bending lies:  
He held her up, and lest she tumble down,  
Under her tender side his arm he placed,  
His hand her girdle loosed, her gown unlaced;

## CXXIX

And her fair face, fair bosom he bedews  
With tears, tears of remorse, of ruth, of sorrow.  
As the pale rose her color lost renews  
With the fresh drops fallen from the silver morrow,  
So she revives, and cheeks empurpled shows  
Moist with their own tears and with tears they borrow;  
Thrice looked she up, her eyes thrice closed she;  
As who say, "Let me die, ere look on thee."

## CXXX

And his strong arm, with weak and feeble hand  
She would have thrust away, loosed and untwined:  
Oft strove she, but in vain, to break that band,  
For he the hold he got not yet resigned,  
Herself fast bound in those dear knots she fand,  
Dear, though she feigned scorn, strove and repined:  
At last she speaks, she weeps, complains and cries;  
Yet durst not, did not, would not see his eyes.

## CXXXI

"Cruel at thy departure, at return  
As cruel, say, what chance thee hither guideth,  
Would'st thou prevent her death whose heart forlorn  
For thee, for thee death's strokes each hour divideth?  
Com'st thou to save my life? alas, what scorn,  
What torment for Armida poor abideth?  
No, no, thy crafts and sleights I well descry,  
But she can little do that cannot die.

## CXXXII

"Thy triumph is not great nor well arrayed  
Unless in chains thou lead a captive dame:  
A dame now ta'en by force, before betrayed,  
This is thy greatest glory, greatest fame:

Time was that thee of love and life I prayed,  
Let death now end my love, my life, my shame.  
Yet let not thy false hand bereave this breath,  
For if it were thy gift, hateful were death.

## CXXXIII

"Cruel, myself an hundred ways can find,  
To rid me from thy malice, from thy hate,  
If weapons sharp, if poisons of all kind,  
If fire, if strangling fail, in that estate,  
Yet ways enough I know to stop this wind:  
A thousand entries hath the house of fate.  
Ah, leave these flatteries, leave weak hope to move,  
Cease, cease, my hope is dead, dead is my love."

## CXXXIV

Thus mourned she, and from her watery eyes  
Disdain and love dropped down, rolled up in tears;  
From his pure fountains ran two streams likewise,  
Wherein chaste pity and mild ruth appears:  
Thus with sweet words the queen he pacifies,  
"Madam, appease your grief, your wrath, your fears,  
For to be crowned, not scorned, your life I save;  
Your foe nay, but your friend, your knight, your slave.

## CXXXV

"But if you trust no speech, no oath, no word;  
Yet in mine eyes, my zeal, my truth behold:  
For to that throne, whereof thy sire was lord,  
I will restore thee, crown thee with that gold,  
And if high Heaven would so much grace afford  
As from thy heart this cloud this veil unfold  
Of Paganism, in all the east no dame  
Should equalize thy fortune, state and fame."

## CXXXVI

Thus plaineth he, thus prays, and his desire  
Endears with sighs that fly and tears that fall;  
That as against the warmth of Titan's fire,  
Snowdrifts consume on tops of mountains tall,  
So melts her wrath; but love remains entire.  
"Behold," she says, "your handmaid and your thrall:  
My life, my crown, my wealth use at your pleasure;"  
Thus death her life became, loss proved her tensure.

## CXXXVII

This while the captain of the Egyptian host,—  
That saw his royal standard laid on ground,  
Saw Rimedon, that ensign's prop and post,  
By Godfrey's noble hand killed with one wound,  
And all his folk discomfit, slain and lost,  
No coward was in this last battle found,  
But rode about and sought, nor sought in vain,  
Some famous hand of which he might be slain;

## CXXXVIII

Against Lord Godfrey boldly out he flew,  
For nobler foe he wished not, could not spy,

Of desperate courage showed he tokens true,  
 Where'er he joined, or stayed, or passed by,  
 And cried to the Duke as near he drew,  
 "Behold of thy strong hand I come to die,  
 Yet trust to overthrow thee with my fall,  
 My castle's ruins shall break down thy wall."

## CXXXIX

This said, forth spurred they both, both high advance  
 Their swords aloft, both struck at once, both hit,  
 His left arm wounded had the knight of France,  
 His shield was pierced, his vantbrace cleft and split,  
 The Pagan backward fell, half in a trance,  
 On his left ear his foe so hugely smit,  
 And as he sought to rise, Godfredo's sword  
 Pierced him through, so died that army's lord.

## CXL

Of his great host, when Emiren was dead,  
 Fled the small remnant that alive remained;  
 Godfrey espied as he turned his steed,  
 Great Altamore on foot, with blood all stained,  
 With half a sword, half helm upon his head,  
 Gainst whom a hundred fought, yet not one gained.  
 "Cease, cease this strife," he cried: "and thou, brave knight,  
 Yield, I am Godfrey, yield thee to my might!"

## CXLI

He that till then his proud and haughty heart  
 To act of humbleness did never bend,  
 When that great name he heard, from the north part  
 Of our wide world renowned to Aethiop's end,  
 Answered, "I yield to thee, thou worthy art,  
 I am thy prisoner, fortune is thy friend:  
 On Altamoro great thy conquest bold  
 Of glory shall be rich, and rich of gold:

## CXLII

"My loving queen, my wife and lady kind  
 Shall ransom me with jewels, gold and treasure."  
 "God shield," quoth Godfrey, "that my noble mind  
 Should praise and virtue so by profit measure,  
 All that thou hast from Persia and from Inde  
 Enjoy it still, therein I take no pleasure;  
 I set no rent on life, no price on blood,  
 I fight, and sell not war for gold or good."

## CXLIII

This said, he gave him to his knights to keep  
 And after those that fled his course he bent;  
 They to their rampiers fled and trenches deep,  
 Yet could not so death's cruel stroke prevent:  
 The camp was won, and all in blood doth steep  
 The blood in rivers streamed from tent to tent,  
 It soiled, defiled, defaced all the prey,  
 Shields, helmets, armors, plumes and feathers gay.

## CXLIV

Thus conquered Godfrey, and as yet the sun

Dived not in silver waves his golden wain,  
But daylight served him to the fortress won  
With his victorious host to turn again,  
His bloody coat he put not off, but run  
To the high temple with his noble train,  
And there hung up his arms, and there he bows  
His knees, there prayed, and there performed his vows.